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OF

## POPULAR LITERATURE

*Science and Arts*

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# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

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# THE LAST OF THE HADDONS.

BY MRS NEWMAN, AUTHOR OF 'TOO LATE,' &c.

## CHAPTER I.—'INCONGRUOUS MATERIALS.'

'No. 81. Yes; this must certainly be the house,' I murmured, turning my eyes somewhat disappointedly towards it again, after consulting an address in my hand. A large, gloomy, dilapidated-looking house, in a respectably dull street in Westminster, its lower windows facing a dead-wall, and its upper ones overlooking venerable ecclesiastical grounds. The lower rooms appeared to be the only portion of the house which was occupied; and, to judge by the shabbiness of the blinds, they were kept but in a mean condition. None the less dreary was the present aspect of the house for the suggestions of by-gone prosperity in the noble proportions of the entrance, with its link-extinguishers on either side, and great massive doors opening from the centre. It would require a vivid imagination to picture those doors flung hospitably open, and light and warmth from within streaming down upon a gay party of the present generation, alighting before the broad steps.

'Not very promising,' was my mental comment, as I gathered courage to ascend the steps and lift the heavy iron wreath of flowers, which used to be considered high-art in the way of knockers. Nor was I certain that the house was inhabited at all, until I heard footsteps within, and presently one of the doors was opened a few inches and a bony hand thrust out.

'A pretty time this to be bringing coffee that was wanted for breakfast!'

'Does Mr Wentworth live here?'

A tall, thin, grim-visaged woman looked out, and shortly replied: 'Yes; he does.'

'Is he at home? Can I see him?'

'He 's at home,' she slowly and reluctantly admitted; adding, as she determinedly blocked up the doorway: 'But he can't see anybody; he 's engaged.'

'Please give this card to Mr Wentworth, and say'——

'If it 's the advertisement, you should have come before. Ten to twelve was the time.'

'Please give this card to Mr Wentworth, and'——

'It won't be any use.'

'And say I shall be greatly obliged if he will see me for five minutes.'

Evidently this was a woman accustomed to have her way, at anyrate with such callers as came there. The very novelty of my persistence seemed for the moment to disconcert her, as she eyed me from beneath her bent brows before replying: 'Haven't I just told you?'

'Please give this card to Mr Wentworth, and say I shall be greatly obliged if he will see me for five minutes.'

She appeared for a moment undecided as to whether she should shut the door in my face or do my bidding; then ungraciously moved aside for me to pass into the hall, which I unhesitatingly did. Mumbling something to herself, which, to judge by her countenance, was the reverse of complimentary to me, she left me standing on the mat, and went into a room on the right of the square hall, the stone floor of which was sparsely covered here and there with old scraps of carpet. I had just time to note that, poor and forlorn as everything looked, it was kept scrupulously clean, when I heard a man's voice, and the words: 'Did I not tell you?' uttered in a stern low voice.

'I know you did; and I told her, but she wouldn't take "No" for an answer.'

'Nonsense! Say I 'm engaged; it 's past the time.



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I have all but arranged with some one already. Get rid of her somehow, and do not disturb me again. I thought you prided yourself upon your ability to keep off intruders.'

'This one isn't like the others,' grumbled the old woman. 'She goes on hammering and hammering. However, I'll soon send her off now.'

A nice introduction this! I had not really believed that she was acting under orders, and I had too grave a reason for desiring an interview, to allow a disagreeable old woman to prevent my obtaining it. I felt that an apology ought to be made before I was 'sent off.' Advancing to the door of the room from which the voices came, and standing on the threshold, I said: 'Allow me to exonerate your housekeeper, sir' (it was really a pretty compliment to give that gaunt personification of shabbiness so sounding a title, and she ought to have been touched by it). 'I am afraid I was more pertinacious than are the generality of intruders, in my anxiety to obtain an interview.'

A gentleman sat facing me, frowning down at my card. A pen still in his hand, and the quantity of papers and pamphlets covering the large library-table at which he sat, seemed to shew that it had been no mere excuse about his being engaged. A tall, broad-chested man, with a fine massive head, and good if somewhat rugged features, looking at first sight, I fancied, about forty years of age. I saw that there were a great many books in the room, and two or three fine specimens of old carved furniture, in curious contrast with the small square of well-worn and well-mended carpet at the end of the room where he sat.

At sight of me he laid down his pen, and pushed his chair back from the table, ruffling up his already sufficiently ruffled-up hair with a look of dismay which was almost comical. As he appeared somewhat at a loss how to answer me, I added: 'I set out immediately I read the advertisement; and I hope you will excuse my being an hour and thirty-seven minutes late;' looking at my watch in order to be quite correct as to time.

A smile, which had a wonderfully improving effect upon him, dwelt for a moment on his lips, and remained in his eyes.

'Will you take a seat, Miss—Haddon?' consulting my card for the name. Then to the old woman: 'You need not wait, Hannah.'

Throwing a look over her shoulder at him, as though to say, 'I told you,' she went out and shut the door.

He placed a chair for me, then returned to the old-fashioned library-chair he had risen from, and courteously waited for me to begin. So far good—he was a gentleman.

'I will be as concise as possible, Mr Wentworth. I am seeking a situation of some kind, and can, I think, offer as good testimonials as any one who has not had an engagement before could have. If you have not yet decided upon engaging any particular lady, I shall be much obliged by your kindly looking through these;' taking a little packet of letters from my pocket, and placing it upon the table before him.

He was eyeing me rather curiously, and I earnestly went on: 'I have been accustomed to use both my brains and hands, and I would do my very best with either to earn a respectable living.'

'I fear that I am committed in another direction,' he said courteously.

'In that case, I can only hope that the lady upon whom your choice has fallen needs an engagement as much as I do,' I replied, trying to stifle a sigh.

'I am extremely sorry that you should be disappointed.'

'You are very kind' (for I felt that he really was sorry); 'but I am accustomed to disappointments; and there is a sort of poetical justice in this, after intruding upon you as I have done,' I said, trying to speak lightly.

'I am very sorry indeed,' he repeated.

'Pray do not think of it, Mr Wentworth,' rising from my seat; 'allow me to'——

'A moment, Miss Haddon. It is of the first importance to find a lady thoroughly competent to undertake the office, and to be candid, I do not feel quite sure that I have succeeded.'

'But if you are committed?'

'I have been considering that, and I do not think that I am wholly committed—only so far as having promised to communicate with one lady goes. For the moment, I could not arrange matters with my conscience. Out of those who were good enough to notice the advertisement only one appeared to me at all suitable. But,' he added apologetically, 'I ought to explain that the requirements are of a somewhat exceptional character.'

'May I ask what they are, Mr Wentworth?'

'Principally tact in dealing with incongruous materials, and the exercise of a healthy influence over a sensitive girl.'

'Tact in dealing with incongruous materials,' I repeated musingly. 'Yes; certainly I ought to know something about that.'

Our eyes met, and we both broke into a little laugh, as he said: 'Most of us have opportunities for acquiring a little experience of the kind.'

'And I think I may claim to have made use of my opportunities,' I rejoined, after a moment or two's deliberation. 'But the healthy influence over a sensitive girl,' I went on more doubtfully; 'people hold such very opposite opinions as to what *is* a healthy influence. I certainly should not like to have my own weaknesses petted.'

'You have been accustomed to training?'

'I have been accustomed to *be* trained, so far as circumstances could do it, Mr Wentworth,' I returned with a half-smile at the thought of all that was implied by my words. I could not enter into my history to him; I could not tell him what I had resigned in order to remain in attendance upon my dear mother. Indeed, she had been a confirmed invalid so long a time, that the giving up had ceased to cost anything; the dread of losing her having become my only trouble, though year by year the difficulty of getting the little luxuries she needed and keeping out of debt, had terribly increased. When the parting came, it took something from the bitterness of regret to think that she knew nothing of the difficulties which had beset us. 'Still,' I added, desirous of making the best of myself, and led on by his evident anxiety to select the right kind of association for his child, or whoever she was, to be as frank as himself, 'mine has been an experience which ought to be worth something. One's experiences are hardly to be talked of; but I honestly

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think you might do worse than engage me, if it is any recommendation to have been accustomed to struggle against adverse circumstances, as I think it ought to be. My testimonials are from the clergyman of the parish, the medical man who attended my mother during a long illness, and an old friend of my father's. The last is more complimentary than could be wished; but the first two gentlemen knew me during a long heavy trial, and, as I begged them to do, they have, I think, stated only what is fair to me.'

He was smiling, his eyes fixed upon me; and I went on interrogatively: 'It is a chaperon and companion for a young girl required—your daughter or ward, I presume?'

He laughed outright; and then I saw he was younger than I had at first supposed him to be. At most, he could not be over thirty-five, I thought, a little confused at my mistake.

'No relation, and I am glad to say, no ward, Miss Haddon. I am simply obliging a friend who resides out of town, in order to spare both him and the ladies replying to the advertisement unnecessary trouble, by seeing them here. To say that I have regretted my good-nature more than once this morning, would of course be impolite.'

'It must have been very unpleasant for you sitting in judgment over a number of women,' I said; 'almost as unpleasant as for them.'

'Pray do not think that I have ventured so far as that, Miss Haddon,' he returned with an amused look.

But I had not gone there to amuse him, so I simply replied: 'I think you were bound to do so, having undertaken the responsibility, Mr Wentworth;' and returned straight to business, asking: 'Do you think there is any chance for me?'

'Your manners convince me that you would be suited to the office, Miss Haddon. Mr Farrar is an invalid; and his daughter, for whom he is seeking a chaperon, is his only child, and motherless. That may excuse a little extra care in selecting a fitting companion for her, which every good woman might not be. There is only one thing'—— He trifled with the papers before him a few moments, and then went on hesitatingly: 'The lady was not to be very young.'

Greatly relieved, I smiled, and put up my veil. 'I am not very young, Mr Wentworth. I was nine-and-twenty the day before yesterday.' It would be really too ridiculous to be rejected on account of being too young, when that very morning I had been trying to lecture myself into a more philosophic frame of mind about the loss of my youth, and had failed ignominiously. The loss of youth meant more to me than it does to most people.

'Ah! Then I think we may consider that the only objection is disposed of,' he gravely replied.

Relieved and glad as I was at this decision, I could not but think it curious that he had not first examined my testimonials. For one so cautious in some respects, this omission appeared rather lax. But I still allowed them to lie on the table, as his friend might desire to see them, though he did not.

'Am I to write to your friend, Mr Wentworth?'

'I was to ask the lady selected, to go to Fairview as soon as she conveniently could, Miss Haddon,' presenting me with a card upon which was the address—Mr Farrar, Fairview, Highbrook, Kent.

'To make arrangements with Mr Farrar?' I inquired, not a little surprised at the suddenness with which matters seemed to be settling themselves.

'To remain, if you are willing so to do, Miss Haddon. But I ought to state that the engagement may possibly be for only a limited period; not longer than a year, perhaps. Miss Farrar is engaged to be married.' ('Ah, now I understand your anxiety about her finding a suitable companion,' was my mental comment.) 'She will not leave her father in his present state of health; but in the event of his recovery, there is some talk of her marriage in a year or so.'

'I do not myself desire a long engagement, Mr Wentworth,' I replied, with a slight pressure of a certain locket on my watch-chain. If the illusions of youth were gone, certain things remained to me yet.

He looked a little curious, I fancied, but simply bowed; too much a gentleman to question about anything not connected with the business in hand.

'Was there any mention made of salary, Mr Wentworth?'

'Salary? O yes. I really beg your pardon. Something was said about eighty or a hundred a year. But there were no restrictions about it. You will find that Mr Farrar is'—— Whatever he was about to say, he hesitated to say; and after a moment's pause, substituted the word 'liberal. He is a man of large means, Miss Haddon.'

I was rather surprised at the amount; and in my inexperience of such matters, I failed to take into account the appearance a chaperon would be expected to make. The little I had hitherto been able to do in the way of money-getting had brought but very small returns. But then it had been done surreptitiously, whilst my dear mother was sleeping. She had been too anxious about me to be allowed to know that her small pension did not suffice for our expenses; and mine had been such work and for such pay as I could obtain from shops in the neighbourhood. 'Eighty pounds a year certainly is liberal; I did not hope for anything so good as that,' I replied. Then I once more rose, and bade him good-morning, begging him to excuse my having taken up so much of his time. 'In truth, Mr Wentworth, I was getting almost desperate in my sore need.'

'I can only regret that a gentlewoman should be put to so much inconvenience, Miss Haddon; although it bears out my creed, that gentlewomen are more capable of endurance than are their inferiors.'

All very nice and pleasant of him; but even while he spoke, I was painfully conscious that I should have the greatest difficulty in getting out of the room as a gentlewoman should. The sudden revulsion—the great good fortune—coming so swiftly after bitter disappointments, told, I suppose, upon my physical strength, lowered by a longer fast than usual. In fact, a course of discipline in the way of bearing inconvenience, was telling upon me just at the wrong moment; and it seemed that his pretty compliment about a gentlewoman's capability of endurance was about to be proved inapplicable to me. The furniture appeared to be taking all sorts of fantastic shapes, and he himself

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to be expanding and collapsing in the most alarming manner. But angry and ashamed as I felt—could anything be more humiliating than an exhibition of weakness at this moment—I strove to smile and say something about the heat, as with some difficulty I made my way towards the door.

'But I fear—— Pray allow me,' he ejaculated, springing towards the door, where I was groping for the handle, telling myself that if I could only get into the hall and sit there in the fresh air a few moments, all would be well again.

## ITALIAN BRIGANDAGE.

When we were at Naples a few years ago, and wished to make an excursion to Paestum—which would have occupied only two days altogether in going and returning—the landlord of our hotel strongly discommended the attempt. The roads, he said, were unsafe. Brigands might lay hold of the party, and great trouble would ensue. As this advice was corroborated by what we heard otherwise, the proposed excursion was given up. Perhaps, since that time things may have improved on the route to Paestum; but from all accounts, brigandage is as rife as ever in the south of Italy and Sicily, or has rather become much worse.

The Italians have generally been congratulated on their establishment of national independence. The many petty states into which the country had been divided for centuries, are now united into a single kingdom, with Rome as the capital. All that sounds well, and looks well. But here is the pinch. The south of Italy is now much more disturbed and kept in poverty by brigands than it was when under the Bourbons. A nominally strong and united government is apparently less able or willing to keep robbers in subjection than a government of inferior pretensions, which used to be pretty roundly abused and laughed at. Possibly, the political convulsion that led to the consolidation of power may have bequeathed broken and dissolute bands, which took to robbery as a profession. Possibly, also, the dissolution of monastic orders may have had something to do with the present scandalous state of affairs. A still more expressive reason for the corrupt state of society has been assigned. This consists in the feebleness of the laws and administrative policy of the country. Capital punishments have been all but abolished. The most atrocious crimes are visited by a condemnation to imprisonment for years or for life; but the punishment is little better than a sham, for prisoners contrive in many instances to escape, through the connivance of their jailers, or get loose in some other way. In a word, the law has no terrors for the criminal, who is either pardoned or gets off somehow. He is coddled and petted as an unfortunate being—looked upon rather as a hero in distress than anything else. In this view of the matter, the blame for the wretched condition of Southern Italy rests mainly on those higher and middle classes who are presumably the leaders of public opinion.

There is a moral blight even beyond what may be suggested by these allegations. It is absolutely asserted that there are vast numbers of persons, high and low, from the courtier to the peasant, who, for selfish purposes, wink at brigandage and theft. Strange tales have been told of a confederation in Naples, known as the *Camarista*, the members of which live by extorting under threats a species of black-mail on every commercial transaction. Shopkeepers are laid under contribution for a share in the profits of every sale they happen to make. And it has been said, that a cabman is expected to deliver up a percentage of every fare he pockets. As little has been lately heard of the Camarista, we entertain a hope that, taking shame to itself, the municipality has successfully stamped out this illegal and intolerable tyranny.

If we take for granted that the Camarista has disappeared or been abated, it is certain that in Sicily a much more cruel species of oppression, called the *Mafia*, is still in a flourishing condition. The Mafia might almost be called a universal conspiracy against law and order. Its basis is terror. All who belong to the confederacy are protected, on the understanding that they aid in sheltering evil-doers and facilitating their escape from justice. On certain terms, they participate in the plunder of a successful act of brigandage. Men in a high position, for instance, who are seen driving about in elegant style, derive a part of their income from the contributions of robbers, whom by trickery they help to evade the law. Just think of nearly a whole community being concerned in this species of underhand rascality! Neither law nor police has any chance of preserving public order. Society is rotten to the backbone. Who knows but the higher government officials, while ostentatiously hounding on Prefects to do their duty, are all the time pocketing money from the audacious wretches whom they affect to denounce? If the persons in question are not open to this suspicion, they at least, by their perfunctory proceedings, are chargeable with scandalously tolerating a condition of things disgraceful to their country.

No doubt, the government officials ostentatiously offer large rewards for the capture of certain notorious brigands; but they must well know that the public are in such a terror-stricken state that no one dares to bring malefactors to justice. The greatest ruffians swagger about unchallenged. Local magistrates are so intimidated and browbeaten by them, that they are fain to let them go about their business. It is perfectly obvious that the civil authorities are powerless. Nothing but martial law, firmly administered, is fit to check the disorder. The Carabinieri, a species of armed police, seem to be a poor-spirited set. A few companies of French gendarmerie, with authority to capture, try, and shoot every brigand, would very speedily render Southern Italy as quiet and orderly as any part of France or England.

Within the last two or three years several cases of brigandage in Sicily have been made known

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through the newspapers. One of the latest, which occurred early in November 1876, was that of Mr Rose, an Englishman connected with a mercantile firm in Sicily. 'Mr Rose and his brother with two servants (so runs the account) alighted at the railway station of Lercara. There Mr Rose mounted a horse, accompanied by one of the servants. His brother followed in a carriage with the other servant. Other carriages appeared immediately behind the brothers filled with apparently friendly people. At a turn of the road suddenly the celebrated brigand Leone, on whose head a reward of one thousand pounds has been set for three years, presented himself, with three other men, all well mounted. Leone caused Mr Rose to dismount and take another horse, and made for the village of Montemaggiore. Mr Rose, looking back, saw his brother in the carriage and other carriages following. He dismounted, ran towards his brother, thinking the party would outmatch the brigands, and called to them for help. But Leone riding up dared the whole party to raise a finger. All seemed paralysed. Mr Rose offered fifty thousand lire as ransom. Leone contemptuously shrugged his shoulders, made Mr Rose remount, and carried him off. Four hours after, the Carabinieri were informed of the matter, and the chase of Leone began, but came to nothing. It appears that Mr Rose had to ride for sixteen hours on horseback. His horse being at last exhausted, had to be abandoned. They arrived at a cave on the morning of the 5th inst., and remained there seven days, being abundantly supplied with provisions. On the eighth night the brigands, knowing that they were pursued by an armed force, abandoned the cave and remained on the march all night, the same thing occurring every subsequent night until the captive was released. From morning until mid-day they remained stationary in a wood, supporting themselves on poor fare, consisting of bread, cheese, and wine. In the afternoon the brigands, knowing that the troops were reposing, made prudent exploring excursions. Mr Rose never undressed from the time of his capture until he returned home. He was set at liberty near the Sciarra Railway Station, and the brigands gave him a mantle and a cap, with a third-class passenger ticket.' Mr Rose was liberated only on giving a ransom of four thousand pounds.

A Sicilian newspaper courageously commenting on this case of abduction, makes the following candid remarks: 'The putting of Mr Rose to ransom has proved incontestably two things—that ransoms in Sicily are not arranged by the brigands, but are the result of a vile and dastardly speculation of wealthy persons, and that round a band of brigands a vast association of evil-doers belonging to the upper class forms itself and enriches itself in different ways by means of brigandage. We ask, who furnished the brigand Leone with all the necessary indications to make the seizure? Who informed him in advance of the coming of Mr Rose? Who gave to the bandit the exaggerated audacity of going and seeking again his prey among thirteen persons in the midst of three carriages, at a short distance from three "Carabinieri?" Who communicated to the brigand the password that the mounted soldiers use with the "Carabinieri?" And again, who posted to Palermo the letters which Leone made Mr John Rose write to the members of his family? And who gave him the account, with such marvellous exactness, of the conversations which occurred in the house of Rose and with the friends of the family? Who gave complete information of the movements of the public force? Who furnished them in the plain country (for during twenty days the band did not come near a single house) with victuals, with warnings, and who had care of the bandits' horses? This is what we wish to know, what we ought to know. The civic power has the supreme right, the supreme duty, of bringing these things to light. The state of alarm is intolerable; the state of fear is unworthy of us. Citizens, arouse yourselves! you are sons of a free country—and there is no liberty where order is not—and let it be a blow of the executioner; put a price on the head and kill without pity. But the government does not believe that if it ought to arouse for itself the vigour of the citizens it would not have the duty of completing it. The security of the infected Sicilian provinces can only be regained by Herculean efforts and exceptional intelligence.' Very true; but where is that intelligence to be found?

A correspondent of *The Times* (December 11), dating from Naples, throws some light on the audacious proceedings of Leone, and the weakness of magisterial authority in dealing with Sicilian brigandage. 'To shew you (says this writer) what is the state of Sicily, I cite briefly the report of a recent trial at Assisi. The band of Leone, which lately carried off Mr Rose, some time ago carried off a gentleman of Termini called Paoli. As he was rich, money was supposed to be the motive of the capture, and a large ransom was offered, but vengeance was the object, and Signor Paoli was murdered. His friends, who were ignorant of the fact, sent a ransom amounting to between seventy and eighty thousand lire, not to be delivered until Paoli was in their hands. The brigands, however, insisted on the money being given up immediately, promising to send their prisoner to his friends. This the two messengers refused to do, and were returning, when they were riddled with shot, and the ransom money was seized. A companion of Leone, called De Pasquale, who had some regard for the murdered man and some sense of honour, resolved to take vengeance on Leone, but he was anticipated, for Leone murdered him treacherously, and placed his head on a cross in the commune of Alia, which, by-the-bye, has a population of from four to five thousand inhabitants. The trial which has been alluded to above concerned three of the band who had been arrested after these atrocious crimes. Each had his advocates, but on the day of trial they were not forthcoming. The president of the court assigned them three other advocates, but these were refused by the brigands, who demanded an adjournment. To this the court would not consent, and the accused then began to insult the president, jury, advocates, and witnesses, till it was found necessary to remove them and continue the trial in their absence. The result was, that two were condemned to capital punishment, and the third to the Ergastolo, in consideration of his youth, he having been under twenty-one years when the crimes were committed. As to the two condemned to death, no doubt a pardon or commutation will be granted, the more so that the abolition of capital punishment is resolved on; but whether pardoned or not, it will

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make little difference under the present weak system of judicial administration.'

Nothing, we repeat, but a stern course of martial law will remedy the disorder. But of that or any intelligent system of repression there is little prospect. The ministers of the crown, and likely enough other members of the legislature, will talk plentifully on the subject, and there will be an end of the affair. Mawkish philanthropy, to say nothing of black-mail, is keeping a large portion of Sicily in a state of chronic disorder. Capital has deserted that beautiful and productive island. Tourists are afraid to visit it. Roads are in a bad condition. Lands are uncultivated. Unless from some mercantile compulsion, well-disposed persons flee from a country so delivered up by misgovernment to a parcel of unscrupulous ruffians. A sad blot this on modern Italy, which it does not seem in a hurry to remove. Nor, we fear, will it be removed until a higher moral tone pervades the classes connected with the public administration. As regards the personal security of travellers, the southern parts of Italy at present rank below Turkey; and we advise all who have the power to do so, to refrain from visiting a country so unhappily delivered up to the demon of brigandage!

W. C.

## WITS AND WITTICISMS.

SHAKSPEARE'S statement, that 'a jest's prosperity lies not in the tongue of him who makes it,' is unhappily not quite correct. It often lies not only in his tongue but in his manner of speaking it, and in the occasion which brings it forth; and all these advantages are lost when it is re-told. In works, therefore, such as Timbs' *Anecdote Lives of the later Wits and Humorists* (Bentley) before us, the editor has a much more difficult task, and one less likely to be appreciated than may be supposed. With the exception too of Douglas Jerrold and one or two others, whose sayings have not only been 'extremely quoted,' as Praed expresses it, but published, it is very hard to discover what they said. A wit is in this view almost as unfortunate as an actor, since if we have neither seen nor heard him, we are not likely to be in a position to judge how great a wit he was. On the other hand, a work of this kind is very useful in putting the saddle on the right horse, and also in tracing the accepted witticism to its true source.

For example, no *bon mot* has been in more general use of late than that attributed to Sir George Cornewall Lewis. 'How pleasant would life be but for its amusements; and especially if there was no such thing as "a little music" in the world.' Now, the germ of this, as Mr Timbs shews us, is to be found in Talleyrand's *Memoirs*. 'Is not Geneva dull?' asked a friend of his. 'Yes,' he replied, 'especially when they amuse themselves.'

There has been no one like Talleyrand for cynicism; for though Jerrold has a reputation for bitter aloes, there was generally some fun about his satire, which prevented irritation on the part of its object. Imagine a lady hearing that this had been said of her: 'She is insupportable;' with the addition (as if the prudent statesman had gone too far, and wished to make amends): 'that is her only defect.' Thulieres, who wrote on the Polish Revolution, once observed: 'I never did but one mischievous work in my life.' 'And when will it be ended?' inquired Talleyrand. It was he who remarked upon the murder of the Duke d'Enghien, that 'it was worse than a crime; it was a blunder.' Curiously enough, Charles Buller said of this 'that such an expression could never be uttered by an Englishman, and could be heard by no Englishman without disgust;' and yet this saying has been more quoted of late—and seriously too—than almost any other, both by our statesmen and our newspaper writers. Madame de Staël drew a portrait of him, as an elderly lady, in her novel of *Delphine*, and also of herself as the heroine. 'They tell me,' said he, 'that we are both of us in your novel in the *disguise* of women.' Perhaps his very best witticism was upon an old lady of rank, who married a *valet de chambre*, and it was made at the whist-table. 'Ah,' said he, 'it was late in the game: at nine* we don't reckon honours.'

A very different sort of Wit was Archbishop Whately; for though he was caustic enough, he could be comical, and even did not shrink from a pun. This is generally a low species of wit, but it must be remembered that perhaps the very best 'good thing' that was ever uttered, Jerrold's definition of dogmatism (grown-up puppyism), included it. Pinel was speaking to the archbishop about the (then) new and improved treatment of lunatics, and mentioned that gardening was found to be a good occupation for them. 'I should doubt that,' replied His Grace; 'they might *grow madder*.' He once confounded a horse-dealer who was endeavouring to sell him a very powerful animal. 'There is nothing, your Grace,' said he, 'which he can't draw.' 'Can he draw an inference?' inquired Whately. It is curious how many now popular jokes and even riddles emanated from the brain of the Archbishop of Dublin: What Joan of Arc was made of; the difference between forms and ceremonies; why a man never starves in the Great Desert, &c. The answer to the following he withheld; it has puzzled many persons who make nothing of a double acrostic, and will probably continue to do so:

When from the Ark's capacious round
The beasts came forth in pairs,
Who was the first to hear the sound
Of boots upon the stairs?

One of his great pleasures was to poke fun at people who will think philosophically upon questions that only require the commonest of common-sense. He propounded to a whole roomful of divines the problem: 'Why do white sheep eat so very much more than black sheep?' There were all sorts of reasons suggested. One profound person thought since black attracted the sun, that black sheep could get on with less nutriment than the others. Dr Whately shook his head: 'White sheep eat more because there are more of them.'

The archbishop was the very personification of shrewdness, and he was not afraid to say what he thought.

'Concealment,' he observed, 'is a good spur to curiosity, which gives an interest to investigation, and the *Letters of Junius* would have been long forgotten if the author could have been clearly

* They played long-whist in those times; we should say of course 'at four' nowadays.

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pointed out at the time.' This is very true, though few would have had the courage to say it. The *Letters of Junius* are inferior to those of *The Englishman* (also, by-the-bye, anonymous), published in the *Times* newspaper some years ago, and even inferior to many of the biting personal articles (beneath contempt, viewed in that light) printed later still in the *Queen's Messenger*.

Lord John Russell, like 'Single-speech Hamilton,' said one good thing, on which we believe his reputation in that line rests; he defined a proverb as 'The wisdom of many and the wit of one.' Rogers observed it was the only saying for which he envied any man, and Rogers was a good judge. Sydney Smith said of the latter's slow habit of composition, that 'when he produced a couplet he went to bed, the knocker was tied up, straw laid down, the candle made, and that the answer to inquirers was, that Mr Rogers was as well as could be expected.' And he was almost as elaborate with his sayings as with his verses. When they were said, however, they were very good. 'When Croker wrote his review in the *Quarterly* upon Macaulay's *History*, Rogers remarked that he had "intended murder, but committed suicide."'

A great advantage bestowed on us by the publication of these volumes is that they contain several famous things which are not to be found elsewhere, or only with much difficulty. One of these is Lord Byron's *Question and Answer* upon Rogers, which (if we remember right) is suppressed, and at all events is not to be found in many editions of his works; another, of a very different kind, is Albert Smith's 'Engineer's Story,' which used to convulse the audience in the Egyptian Hall. Of course one misses the hubble-bubble of the pipe, and the inimitable manner with which the narrator informed us: 'He told me the stupidest story I ever heard in my life, and now I am going to tell it to you.'

There are some very disappointing things in this work, which, however, are not to be laid at the door of Mr Timbs; a good many wits appear in it, who—for all that is related of them—never made a witticism. Dr Maginn, for example, had a great reputation, but it has not outlived him, and nothing we read here of him impresses us favourably, or indeed at all. 'Father Prout' also, as the Rev. Francis Mahoney called himself, may have been a most charming companion, but he is very dull reading. We are afraid that whisky had a good deal to do with the exhilaration experienced in their society by these gentlemen's friends. Even John Hookham Frere—when he comes to be 'fried,' as the Americans call it—was not so much of a joker, and made a little wit go a very long way. It is true that the farther we go back the less likely it is that good *sayings* should be preserved; but those that *are* preserved should be worth hearing. On the other hand, all that is written stands on the same ground, and it is certain that the examples given of the more modern writers are much superior to those of their elder brothers.

Of the seniors, Canning is one of the most remarkable, though the impression that he was greatly overrated by his contemporaries is not to be eluded. In many respects he reminds us of the living Disraeli. Moore says of him, in his *Life of Sheridan*, that he joined the Tories 'because of the difficulties which even genius like his would experience in rising to its full growth under the shadowy branches of the Whig aristocracy;' and generally the interest attaching to him, as in the case of the present Premier, is of a personal character. His mode of life was, for statesmen of that day, domestic, and he is said to have invented the now popular game of 'Twenty Questions.' In the example here given of it, however, the answers are not simply 'Yes' and 'No,' so that the thing which is to be guessed must have been very much more easily arrived at, and his 'power of logical division' need not have been overwhelming. As a drawing-room wit he had a great reputation; but as a statesman, Sydney Smith gives this characteristic account of him: 'His being "in office" is like a fly in amber. Nobody cares about the fly; the only question is, How the mischief did it get there? When he is jocular, he is strong; when he is serious, he is like Samson in a wig. Call him a legislator, a reasoner, and the conductor of the affairs of a great nation, and it seems to me as absurd as if a butterfly were to teach bees to make honey. That he is an extraordinary writer of small poetry, and a diner-out of the highest metre, I do most readily admit.' He certainly said some very injudicious things in parliament; for example, his description of the American navy—'Half-a-dozen fir frigates with bits of bunting flying at their heads'—excited Cousin Jonathan, as it well might, beyond all bounds. He compared Lord Sidmouth (Mr Addington), because he was included in every ministry, to the small-pox, 'since everybody must have it once in their lives.' His wittiest verses perhaps occur in the poem composed on the tomb of Lord Anglesey's leg, lost at Waterloo:

> And here five little ones repose,
> Twin-born with other five;
> Unheeded of their brother toes,
> Who all are now alive.
>
> A leg and foot, to speak more plain,
> Lie here of one commanding;
> Who though he might his wits retain,
> Lost half his understanding. . . .
>
> And now in England, just as gay,
> As in the battle brave,
> Goes to the rout, the ball, the play,
> With one leg in the grave. . . .
>
> Fate but indulged a harmless whim;
> Since he could *walk* with one,
> She saw two legs were lost on him
> Who never meant to *run*.

A very lively poem, no doubt; but how inferior, when compared with one on a somewhat similar subject by Thomas Hood, namely, *Ben Battle:*

> Said he: 'Let others shoot,
> For here I leave my *second* leg,
> And the *forty-second foot*.'

Comparisons, however, are odious; and it would be especially odious to Mr Canning to pursue this one.

Of the once famous Captain Morris, we read that his poems reached a twenty-fourth edition. But where are they now? His verses were principally Anacreontic; his *To my Cup* received the gold cup from the Harmonic Society; but they are greatly inferior to Tom Moore's. In Hood's line, however, he was more successful, and his *Town and Country*

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might well have been written by that great humorist himself:

Oh, but to hear a milkmaid blithe,
Or early mower whet his scythe
The dewy meads among!
My grass is of that sort, alas!
That makes no hay—called sparrow-grass
By folks of vulgar tongue. . . .

Where are ye, birds that blithely wing
From tree to tree, and gaily sing,
Or mourn in thicket deep?
My cuckoo has some ware to sell,
The watchman is my Philomel,
My blackbird is a sheep!

The above is excellent; nor is the Captain less felicitous in describing the other view of the subject—which was no doubt his own—namely, the disadvantages of a rustic life:

In London I never know what to be at,
Enraptured with this, and transported with that;
. . . . .

Your jays and your magpies may chatter on trees,
And whisper soft nonsense in groves, if you please;
But a house is much more to my mind than a tree;
And for groves—oh, a fine grove of chimneys for me. . . .

Then in town let me live and in town let me die,
For in truth I can't relish the country, not I.
If I must have a villa, in London to dwell,
Oh, give me the sweet shady side of Pall-Mall.

It is sad to think that the last line will be almost the only one familiar to our readers, and that the memory of the gallant captain has died away, not indeed 'from all the circle of the hills,' but from the London squares he loved, and which knew him so well.

It is not as a wit that Samuel Taylor Coleridge is chiefly famous, but his *Table-talk* contains many things that would have made the reputation of a diner-out; sometimes they are metaphorical, as when, upon a friend of Fox's, who would take the very words out of his mouth, and always put himself forward to interpret him, he observed that the man always put him in mind of the steeple of St Martin's on Ludgate Hill, which is constantly getting in the way when you wish to see the dome of St Paul's. Sometimes they are philosophic, as when he remarked that all women past seventy, whom ever he knew, were divided into three classes —1. That dear old soul; 2. That old woman; 3. That old witch. And again, they are sometimes purely witty, as, 'Some men are like musical glasses —to produce their finest tones, you must keep them wet.'

Coleridge has also left some fine definitions, which are only not witty because of their wisdom. He compares a single Thought to a wave of the sea, which takes its form from the waves which precede and follow it; and Experience to the stern-lights of a ship, which illumine only the track it has passed.

His epigram on a bad singer is excellent:

Swans sing before they die; 'twere no bad thing
Should certain persons die before they sing.

With respect to the Irish wits who are introduced in these volumes, the reader is in many cases disposed to imagine that some of the joke must lie in the brogue, which print is unable to render; but Curran is a brilliant exception. There is nothing more humorous in the whole work than the account of his duel with Judge Egan. The latter was a big man, and directed the attention of the second to the advantage which in this respect his adversary had over him.

'He may hit me as easily as he would a hay-stack, and I might as well be aiming at the edge of a knife as at his lean carcass.'

'Well,' said Curran, 'let the gentleman chalk the size of my body on your side, and let every ball hitting outside of that go for nothing.'

Even Sydney Smith never beat this; but he said many things as humorous as this one of Curran's, and indeed was always saying them. Here is one, also, as it happens, respecting fat and leanness. Speaking of having been shampooed at Mahommed's Baths at Brighton, he said: 'They squeezed enough out of me to make a lean curate.' Every one knows the advice he gave to the Bishop of New Zealand, just before his departure for that cannibal diocese: 'A bishop should be given to hospitality, and never be without a smoked little boy in the bacon-rack and a cold missionary on the sideboard.' The above is perhaps the best example of the lengths to which Sydney Smith's imagination would run in the way of humour; as the following is the most characteristic stroke of Jerrold's caustic tongue. At a certain supper of sheep's heads a guest was so charmed with his fare that he threw down his knife and fork, exclaiming: 'Well, say I, sheep's heads for ever!' 'There's egotism,' said Jerrold.

There is nothing, it has been written, so dreary as a jest-book; and for fear our article on this subject should come under the same condemnation, we here bring it to a conclusion, with a cordial expression of approval of the cake from which we have extracted so many plums.

## RURAL LIFE IN FRANCE.

THE ordinary tourist has in general no time to get acquainted with the inner life of the people to whom his flying visits are paid. He has the largest possible space to get over in the shortest possible time, and thanks to railways and steamboats, he accomplishes his object. He goes to see Paris, and finds it not altogether unlike London; the people are not very dissimilar; the habits of life have a general resemblance; he need not even talk French unless he chooses; and except that he is generally pretty well got up in his Continental Bradshaw, he returns little wiser than he went away.

This ignorance about continental nations in general, and about our nearest neighbours in particular, Mr Hamerton does his best to remedy in his very interesting and instructive account of rural life in France.*

His first difficulty was to find a house there which should be tolerably convenient, and within easy reach of the picturesque scenery in which a landscape painter finds his treasure-trove. In company with his wife he visited a variety of places, such as Vienne, Macon, Collonges, and the wine districts of Burgundy; but with none was he satisfied. He next tried Nuits, Besançon, the

* *Round my House; Notes on Rural Life in France.* By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. London, Seeley.

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valley of the Doubs and other spots, without being able to find the particular one which could alone suit his wandering foot; and when about to give up the search in despair, a friend came to the rescue. 'Make a note of what you want,' said this sensible man, 'and I will find it for you.' He was as good as his word; the house was found (precisely where, we are not told); and a very charming little house it was, out of the world, but still sufficiently in it to be accessible, with fine natural scenery near, and an abundance of hills, valleys, and streams sufficiently large to be navigable by a canoe.

The roads around were good, having been made by the government of Louis-Philippe just before the introduction of railways; and good roads, as Mr Hamerton justly observes, are 'one of the very greatest blessings of a civilised country.' In looking out for and choosing his house he had thought very little of the society in which his lot might be cast, and yet he did not intend to live like a hermit; he was ready to make friends, but it must be in his own way. In England, when a stranger settles in a neighbourhood, the families around call upon him; but in France it is quite the reverse. There a new-comer must push his own way, and card in hand, call upon every one with whom he would like to become acquainted; and blowing his own trumpet as judiciously as he can, endeavour to impress them with the desirability of his acquaintance. This Mr Hamerton refused to do; and finally his neighbours, becoming convinced of his respectability, called upon him in the English fashion, and he had as much society as he desired. He found, however, that he had in a sense fallen upon evil times; the easy old-fashioned hospitality of the good country folks around him was *beginning* to decline, stifled by the demon of the *state* dinner, which some ambitious wretch had had the inhumanity to introduce from Paris; and which, with its many courses, expensive wines, and grandes toilettes, threatened to annihilate the enjoyable family meal, at which the only difference made for a guest was the addition of a few flowers, sweets, and candles. The society 'round my house' was not distinguished for intellectual culture, although there were a few brilliant exceptions to the general dullness of the small squires of the neighbourhood. One or two, he found, had studied painting in Paris under Delacroix; another was an enthusiastic ornithologist; another was an excellent botanist and entomologist; and there were one or two antiquaries; and a really first-rate musician, who was so modest, that when he wished to practise, he always locked himself and his violin into a cellar.

The ladies he found decidedly behind the gentlemen in point of culture and attainments. They invariably belonged to one of two classes—the women of the world, and the women who preferred domesticity and home. The latter were most respectable individuals, deeply read in cookery-books, and *au fait* in every housekeeping detail, but not interesting as companions. Nor were their more ambitious rivals greatly preferable to them in this respect; they were dressy, and had plenty of small-talk, but their conversation was confined to the gossip of the neighbourhood, or the latest things in the ever-changing Paris fashions. It is to this cause that Mr Hamerton assigns that separation of the sexes which most travellers have remarked as characteristic of French society. There is nothing else to account for it; the English custom of leaving the gentlemen alone over their wine after dinner is unknown; but still in most provincial salons it will be found that the men collect into one corner, and the women into another, and there discuss undisturbed the separate questions which interest them.

We are accustomed to consider the aristocratic feeling as much stronger with us than in France; but this Mr Hamerton found was a great mistake. Around his house, the caste feeling in all its genuine feudal intensity was peculiarly strong. Without the all-important *de* prefixed to a man's surname he was a *roturier*, an ignoble wretch, a creature sent into the world only to be snubbed. The social value of these two letters is incalculable, and as a matter of course, they are often fraudulently assumed by the vulgar rich; nor does it, curiously enough, when the transition is once accomplished, seem to make much difference whether the coveted prefix is real or borrowed. A false title steadily kept up for a series of years is found to answer quite as well as a true one; and while a constant manufacture of this *pseudo*-nobility is going on, there is side by side with it a continual process of degradation, by which the true nobles lose their nobility. They become poor; the necessity of earning their bread by manual labour is forced upon them; they drop the *de*, or if they try to cling to it, their neighbours drop it for them, and in the crucible of poverty, the transmutation soon becomes complete: the gold is changed by the roughness of daily toil into simple clay. The *de*, which is not to be sneezed at, at any time of life, becomes supremely important to the Frenchman when he is about to marry; then, without any trouble on his part, merely by getting a friend to act as his ambassador, it may, and often does procure for him the hand of a rich heiress.

Sometimes people are ennobled in spite of themselves, as when Mr Hamerton, much to his own annoyance, had the title of 'My Lord' bestowed upon him by his French neighbours. It was in vain that he protested against it; he was shewn the title duly registered in an official book at the prefecture; and half-angry, half-amused, he at last accepted his fate, and settled tranquilly down into the dignity of the peerage.

From the noble of the earth, who may be, and sometimes are very poor indeed, one glides by a natural transition into a consideration of the very wealthy. These do not abound in France. As a rule, it is difficult to find a Crœsus; but gentlemen with comfortable incomes, which, with careful management, may be made to procure all the luxuries of life, are very common. The law of the division of property militates against either very large estates or very large incomes, and has made great nobles, such as were common in the days of Louis XIV., an impossibility. The great castles built by these men still exist, and are out of all keeping with the establishments maintained in them. It is not unusual to find a stable with stalls for forty horses, and in a corner the family stud of four unobtrusively munching their oats; while in the great house beyond, the proprietor lives quietly with two or three servants in a tower or wing of his ancestral palace, often thinking very little of himself at all, and a great deal of those

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who are to come after him, and pinching and saving, that the old place may not require to be sold.

No one is ashamed of saving; thrift is the rule in France; and Mr Samuel Smiles himself cannot have a more genuine admiration of it than the French middle classes have. They are economical to a fault, and their thrifty habits form the great financial strength of their country. A middle-class Frenchman almost invariably lives so as to have something to his credit at the end of the year; if he is rich the balance is large; if he is poor it is small; but, unless in exceptional circumstances, it is always there. In the country the French rise early; five in summer and seven in winter is the usual hour. Ladies in the morning have generally a cup of coffee when they rise and a piece of bread; but the majority of men eat nothing until breakfast, which is the great meal of the day. There is always at breakfast one or two dishes of meat, vegetables, and dessert, and the beverage used is wine, *vin ordinaire*. A Frenchman never tastes tea except when ill, and then he regards it as a kind of medicine. In summer, white wine mixed with seltzer-water is often used at breakfast; and after the meal, coffee is drunk. Breakfast is usually served between ten and eleven in the forenoon, and dinner at six in the evening. Unless when guests are present, it is a much lighter meal than breakfast, and often consists of an omelette and salad, or *soupe maigre* and cold chicken.

In rural districts the usual hour for retiring at night is nine o'clock; and after dinner it is not unusual to find some of the elderly gentlemen so sleepy that they are almost incapable of conversation. This drowsiness is caused by their open-air habits and the great amount of exercise they take.

In the country, all the gentlemen shoot; the game consists of partridges, rabbits, hares, snipe, woodcock, wolves, and wild boars; the hunting of which last is by no means child's play. Few country-gentlemen ride; they all of them drive a little, and are most of them great walkers, thinking nothing of what we would count very long distances, such as fifteen miles and back in a day.

Formerly, country-life in France had a certain charming rural rusticity about it, which admitted of the utmost freedom in matters of dress and housekeeping; but now, Mr Hamerton tells us, the old liberty to do exactly as one pleased is disappearing, and fashion and a superficial veneer of external polish are greatly increasing the cost of living, without improving in any way the minds, manners, or constitutions of the people.

On one most important point, however, the old freedom is still maintained—no Frenchman burdens himself with more servants than are absolutely necessary for the requirements of his household. Mr Hamerton relates a case in point: he had an intimate friend in Paris, who went out into the best society and received at his house the greatest people in Europe, yet this man kept only three servants and had no carriage.

It is in this liberty to spend or not as you choose, in this freedom from the tyranny of custom in the matter of expenditure, that the cheapness of continental life lies. Added to this is the pre-eminently practical tone of the French mind, which is always striving with incessant activity to solve the problem, how to make the best of life. As a means to this end, the French almost invariably get on comfortably with their servants; and French servants, when frankly and familiarly treated, and considered as human beings and not as mere machines, generally make very good servants indeed; and the tenure of service, which with us is not unfrequently a matter of months, often continues unbroken in France until the servant is married or dies.

Such is life in the country. Life in a small French city is very different in many respects. It is full of a lazy, purposeless enjoyment, which is always ready with some trifling amusement to fill up every vacant moment in the too abundant leisure of men, who are either independent in fortune, or have professions yielding them an easy maintenance without engrossing much of their time. To such individuals the cafés and clubs of a small town, with their good eating and drinking and sociable small-talk, form a realisation of contented felicity beyond which they do not care to aspire, although it stifles all that is noblest in their nature, and too often lays the foundation of what we would call drinking habits.

The peasantry in France form a class, a world by themselves, full of prejudices, devoid of culture, and very independent in their tone of feeling. The French peasant is inconceivably ignorant, and yet very intelligent; his manners are good, and he can talk well; but he can neither read nor write, and his knowledge of geography is so small, that he cannot comprehend what France is, much less any foreign state. Freed from the grinding oppressions of the past, he is still under bondage to the iron slavery of custom. Every other Frenchman may dress as he chooses, but the peasant must always wear a blue blouse, a brownish-gray cloak, and a hat of a peculiar shape. Custom also prescribes to him the furniture of his house; he must have a linen press, a clock and a bed, and these must be all of walnut wood. Cookery, which is the national talent *par excellence*, does not exist for him. In the morning he has soup, cheaply compounded of hot water, in which float a few scraps of rusty bacon, a handful or two of peas, and a few potatoes; and if there is not enough of soup to satisfy his hunger, he finishes his meal with dry bread and cold water *ad libitum*. At noon he dines on potatoes, followed (as an occasional variety in his perennial diet) either with a pancake, a salad, or clotted milk. He never tastes wine or meat except during hay-making and harvest, when he has a little bit of salt pork, and a modest allowance of wine with a liberal admixture of water. Among the peasantry, many of the old superstitions are still prevalent.

Between husband and wife there is little love, but there is also little wrangling or disputing, and they are mutually true and helpful each to each. The children grow up in this cold home, under a rigid patriarchal discipline, in which personal chastisement plays an important part, and is continued even to mature age. In peasant as in town life, however, the tendency is towards change; the children now are in course of being educated; and the young men, although frugal still, are not so parsimonious as their fathers were. They smoke, heedless of the expense, a piece of extravagance which their stoic ancestors would have most sternly denounced; and in the train of tobacco the common comforts of life are slowly

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finding their way into the houses of the more wealthy peasants.

No subject is more interesting to the English observer in France than marriage, a subject, however, which has already been adverted to in these columns.* We conclude this notice of Mr Hamerton's interesting work by relating how he remained in the country during the Franco-Prussian war, and how he shared to the full the anxiety of his French neighbours, for he was constantly expecting that the district around his house would be included in the circle of the invasion, as eventually it was. First came Garibaldi and his army, a very unwelcome sight to the bishop and clergy, to whom the Italian hero seemed the very impersonation of evil. Then came the Prussians quite suddenly and unexpectedly; and naturally Mr Hamerton has very lively recollections of that day, which he spent in a garret of his house, surrounded by a bevy of ladies, reconnoitring the enemy through a very excellent telescope. Throughout the day he remained on the outlook, and when evening fell he went out into the birchwood above his house to bury a certain precious strong-box. When he had concealed his treasure, he returned home in the twilight, watching in the distance, as he descended from the wood, the red flashes of flame leaping from the cannon's mouths, and illuminating with their dusky glow all the surrounding scenery, and then—what does the reader think he did? Take refuge in immediate flight? He did no such thing; he went to bed, and had a comfortable night's sleep. The Prussians were still at the distance of a few miles, and there the armistice stopped them; peace soon followed; and the pleasant little house, which the Englishman had beautified and made comfortable and home-like, escaped the devastation which its occupation by a detachment of Uhlans would in all probability have entailed.

## A CURATE'S HOLIDAY.

### IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

FIFTEEN years ago I was a slim, tolerably good-looking young curate, addicted to long coats and Roman collars, condemned by poverty to celibacy, and supporting myself upon the liberal salary of seventy pounds a year. I am now a Liverpool merchant in flourishing circumstances, 'fat and forty,' with a wife, lots of children, and religious views somewhat latitudinarian. 'What a change was there!' it may well be exclaimed. And indeed, when I look back upon what I once was, and compare my present with my past self, I can scarcely believe I am the same man. I shall, therefore, conceal my name, in relating, as I am about to do, certain occurrences accidentally connected with my change of state, and substitute for that of each person and place concerned in the little narrative, some fictitious appellation.

To commence then. I had been for three years curate of St Jude's Church, Ollyhill, a populous agricultural district in Lancashire, when one morning in Easter-week, as I was disrobing after an early celebration, I fell upon the vestry floor in a dead-faint. The sacristan, who fortunately was at hand to render assistance, after accompanying me home, and observing that I was still weak and indisposed, thought proper to convey intelligence of what had happened to the vicar. The result was that in the course of the morning I received a visit from that gentleman, the Rev. Fitz-Herbert Hastings. He found me stretched upon the typical horse-hair-covered sofa of a poor curate's lodgings, suffering from a severe nervous headache, and to judge from his exclamation of concern, looking, as I felt, really ill. Taking a seat by my side, he condoled with me very kindly, expressed his opinion that I had been overworking myself; and went on to prove the sincerity of his sympathy by offering me a fortnight's holiday, with the very requisite addition of a cheque for expenses. Most gladly did I hail his proposition, affording me as it did an opportunity for which I had just been longing, of getting away for a time from Ollyhill. But neither my desire for change of scene, nor my illness, arose from the cause to which the vicar attributed them. It was true that I had of late, during Lent, been working very hard, as also had Mr Hastings himself.

But in producing the state of utter physical and mental prostration in which I now found myself, these duties of my sacred calling had had little share. My malady, unhappily, was not the effect of any mere temporary reaction of overstrained faculties—its seat was the heart. In that tender, though not hitherto susceptible region, I had been sorely wounded—loath as I am to admit it—by the mischievous little god of Love. Six months ago, Lily, only daughter of Squire Thornton, our principal churchwarden and most wealthy parishioner, had returned home from her Parisian boarding-school a lovely girl of eighteen, with rippling auburn hair and distracting violet eyes, but with tastes and manners which I considered a little frivolous. Fenced about by celibacy, and little dreaming of any dangerous result, I had, from our first introduction, set myself to effect an improvement in her taste, and to take a general interest in her spiritual welfare. Only too abundant had been the success which rewarded my efforts. Lily had proved an excellent pupil, looking up to her self-elected monitor (at the superior but not altogether fatherly age of twenty-five) with the utmost reverence, and obeying with an unquestioning childlikeness eminently charming, my slightest wish or suggestion. Under my directions she had given up novel-reading, and had become an active member of the Dorcas Society, a teacher in the Sunday school, and a visitor of the sick. As a matter of course, her attention to these good works had involved frequent meetings and consultations; and the constant intercourse had by degrees proved destructive of my peace of mind. In vain had I, tardily awakening to a knowledge of the truth, made every endeavour to exercise self-discipline. The mischief, almost before I was aware of its existence, had gone too far for remedy. There had been nothing for it, as I had eventually seen, but to avoid as far as possible all further intercourse with my charmer; and upon that principle I had accordingly shaped my action. Then had followed a time of very severe trial. Unable to understand my coldness, Lily at first had treated me to reproachful glances whenever we chanced to meet; subsequently, growing indignant at the continuance of what seemed to her my unaccountable change of demeanour, she

* *Journal*, No. 578, January 23, 1875.

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had scornfully seconded the avoidance. And finally, my breast had been wrung in perceiving that she too suffered, as was evidenced by her sorrowful air, and by the fact that she was becoming pale and thin.

For several days before that upon which my fainting-fit had occurred, I had missed her from her accustomed place in the church; forbearing, however, to make inquiries concerning her, I had failed to learn, as I might have done, that she had been sent for the benefit of her health to visit a relative residing at a sea-bathing place in North Wales. In ignorance of this, I set off on the morning following my vicar's visit, for the same country, bent upon a pedestrian excursion, and determined, during my absence from Ollyhill, to make vigorous efforts towards conquering my unfortunate passion.

About a week afterwards I found myself, at the close of a day's hard walking, at a small fishing village on the south-west coast, frequented during the summer season as I learned, from the cards in two or three lodging-house windows, by a few visitors. But as yet Lleyrudrigg was, I surmised, empty of all save its ordinary inhabitants. At any-rate, there appeared to be no other stranger than myself in the rather large hotel in which I had taken up my quarters for the night. It was a dismal dispiriting evening. The rain, which had been threatening all day, was now descending in torrents, beating against the windows of the coffee-room and swelling the gutters of the narrow street.

Not a living thing was to be seen; and the long, scantily furnished apartment of which I was sole tenant, looked very dreary as I turned away from the cheerless prospect. Its gloom was increased rather than otherwise, however, when presently that prospect was shut out and two uncompromising tallow-candles were set upon the table. On their appearance I drew a volume from my knapsack, and eliciting a feeble blaze from the smouldering fire, seated myself in front of it and commenced to read. But all endeavours to concentrate my attention upon the book failed; and at length, depressed by the solitude and my melancholy thoughts, I determined upon ringing the bell and begging the landlord to give me his company. I had just risen for the purpose of putting this resolve into execution, when my attention was arrested by the sound of approaching footsteps, and in another instant the door was unclosed and a gentleman entered the room. I say gentleman advisedly, although at a cursory glance there was little about the appearance of the new-comer to indicate his right to the title. He was a small spare man, with large features, and a head almost ludicrously out of proportion with his body. His dress, which was black, was of an unfashionable cut and very shabby, and he wore a voluminous white neckcloth. Pausing at a few paces from the door, he gave orders to the waiter for chops and tea. Then advancing towards the fireplace, energetically rubbing his hands together, he addressed me in perfectly good English, but with a strong Welsh accent, telling me that he had arrived at the inn some quarter of an hour ago, drenched through with the rain—having carried his own carpet-bag from a station distant about a mile—and that in consequence, he had been obliged to change all his clothes. 'And by the way,' he continued somewhat abruptly, 'I had the misfortune whilst doing so to drop my purse, and several pieces of money rolled out amongst the furniture of the room. I feel almost sure that I managed to collect all again; but if you would excuse me doing so in your presence, I should like to satisfy myself completely upon that point. The fact is,' he added with a frank smile, 'that the money in question does not belong to me, and I am the more anxious about it on that account.'

Whilst thus speaking, the little man had drawn from his pocket a huge wash-leather purse, and after waiting until I had bowed permission, he proceeded to empty its contents upon the table. They consisted of a large roll of bank-notes and a considerable sum in gold and silver—and as I watched him furtively over the edges of my book, which I had again taken up—I saw him carefully count and arrange the latter into heaps. A sigh of relief accompanied the announcement which he shortly made to me, that he had found the money correct; and he was in the act of opening his purse to replace it, when the landlord—a meagre, sharp-nosed individual—entered the room with a tray. Happening to glance at this man as he stood by cloth in hand, I detected a gleam of intense avarice crossing his face; and although the expression was but momentary—vanishing as the glittering piles were swept into their receptacle—it left me with the impression that the small Welshman's exhibition of his riches in the presence of strangers had not been an altogether judicious proceeding. No suspicion of its imprudence, however, appeared to disturb that gentleman's mind, and I soon forgot all about the little incident in the interest of the conversation which ensued between us.

From his dress and general appearance I had already conjectured my chance companion to be a Dissenting parson, and his first words as, having finished his tea, he drew a chair to the opposite side of the fireplace, confirmed my surmise. Throwing his eye over my attire, he remarked that he thought we were 'both in the same profession,' and inquired if I were not a 'minister of the gospel.' And upon my informing him that I was a clergyman of the Church of England, we were soon in the midst of a polemical discussion, which lasted a couple of hours and covered a large amount of ground; and which ended (at least as far as I was concerned) in producing feelings akin to sincere friendship.

The insignificant-looking, ill-formed, shabbily dressed Welsh minister had interested and attracted me more than any man I had ever met in my life. Endowed with a rich melodious voice, and with wonderful conversational powers, he was possessed also of an excellent memory and a keen intelligence. His reading, moreover, had been various and deep, as I found when, later on in the evening, the conversation turned upon other than ecclesiastical matters. But it was perhaps even more to his imperturbable good-humour, and to the singular innocence and candour which shone in his clear gray eyes and exhibited themselves in every word he uttered, than to his rare natural gifts, that he owed his ability to please. However that might be, I had certainly found the Rev. Peter Morgan a most charming companion, and when, just as we were about to separate for the night, I learned that he was going upon the following day to Twellryst, a town I was myself intending to visit, I eagerly proposed that we should make the journey together. The suggestion met with a

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ready and pleased acquiescence from my new acquaintance, and we then exchanged information as to the different objects which were taking us both to this rather out-of-the-way place.

Mine was a very simple one, that of examining the ruins of an ancient monastery in its vicinity. My friend's was a more business-like and, as he laughingly said, a more agreeable errand. It was to receive certain subscriptions which a friend of his, resident in the town, had collected on his behalf. These subscriptions were to be applied to the purpose of enlarging the chapel of which he was pastor at Pwlwyln, a rapidly growing village on the northern sea-board. The money which I had seen him count, the little man went on to state, was the fruit of his own labours for the same cause. He had obtained it by travelling about the country begging from town to town amongst the members of the denomination to which he belonged, and had been engaged in this manner nearly two months. The mission, he concluded, had been crowned with much greater success than he had anticipated. With the subscriptions he was to receive on the morrow, and those already in his custody, he expected to be able to return home (as he was intending to do on the day afterwards) with upwards of three hundred pounds in his pocket, which, together with another hundred raised by his own very poor congregation, would, he anticipated, be amply sufficient to cover all expenses of the alterations.

'And how, sir, do you propose to get to Twellryst?' I inquired. 'As you are no doubt aware, there is no railway line in that direction. I was intending to *walk* myself; but *you* surely were not thinking of doing so?'

'Indeed' no, my friend,' he replied with the sunny smile which upon the slightest provocation would break over his large plain features. 'At upwards of sixty, one doesn't undertake a walk of thirty miles unless it be under the pressure of stern necessity. No, no; I could walk well enough at your age; but now, alas! the infirmities of age, &c. &c. So if you please, we will go by coach. I have ascertained that one runs twice a week from Abermeulth to Twellryst, passing through Lleyrudrigg. To-morrow will be one of its days, though I do not yet know at what hour of the morning it will arrive here. The landlord, however, will be able to tell us that; and if you will kindly ring the bell, which I see is on your side of the fireplace, we can make inquiries forthwith.'

In bending forward to obey this request, I noticed that a door immediately behind my chair stood a little ajar, and it at once flashed upon me that for some time I had been vaguely conscious of a slight draught. The bell still in my hand, I remained for a moment after ringing, with my eyes fixed upon the door. When last I had looked in that direction it had, I felt quite sure, been closed; and as an instant's reflection convinced me, no person had entered the room by it throughout the entire evening.

Prompted by an unpleasant suspicion which had suggested itself against my will, I advanced quietly, and throwing it more widely apart, peered through. It opened into a small china-closet, connected by another door with a long passage. Both passage and closet were flagged. I had heard no sound of footsteps, yet there, within the latter, stood the landlord. Upon seeing me, he looked, I thought, confused, but immediately recovering himself, stepped into the room, as though he had been coming that way in answer to the bell. I had certainly no proof that he had been listening, but I felt, nevertheless, a moral assurance of the fact, and wondering what could have been his motive in the act, I eyed him sharply whilst he gave a not very satisfactory reply to Mr Morgan's interrogations respecting the stage-coach. According to his account, the vehicle in question was a most irregular and unpunctual one, starting at hours varying from ten to twelve in the morning, and being even less reliable as to the time of its return. This report naturally was not agreeable to the minister; but expressing a hope that the coach would be upon its best behaviour next day, he requested that bedroom candles might be sent in; and the landlord departed to order them. In a few moments, however, he returned, and made us a proposition which had apparently just occurred to him. It was to the effect that we should hire a horse and dog-cart belonging to the hotel. The horse, its owner affirmed, was a splendid animal, and would carry us to Twellryst in half the time it would take the coach to get there. We should, moreover, he promised, have the conveyance for little more than the amount of our coach-fares, since not only did the horse need exercise greatly, but he had besides some business of his own in that town, which could be transacted for him by a cousin who would drive us. By adopting this plan, too, he concluded, we could see the Spike Rocks. Everybody who came to these parts in the summer-time went to see the Spike Rocks, and Jonathan should drive us round that way.

A question or two convincing us that the rocks referred to would be well worth a visit, we gladly accepted the landlord's offer; and waiting only to make arrangements as to the time of starting, bade each other good-night and separated for our respective chambers.

## CHILDREN'S TROUBLES.

If children occasionally turn out to be 'Torturations,' their parents are not uniformly guiltless of bringing such a result on themselves. What with over-indulgence or neglect, or it may be harshness of discipline, there is little wonder that children fall short of expectations. We have known a father who paid no end of attentions to his girls, and let his boys grow up any way. We have also known the greatest mischief arise from unnecessary severity and snubbing. Some parents seem to imagine that they sufficiently perform their duty when they give their children a good education. They forget that there is the education of the fireside as well as of the school. At schools and academies there is no cultivation of the affections, but often very much of the reverse. Hence the value of kindly home influences that touch the heart and understanding. Children need to be spoken to and treated as if they were rational beings, and who are for the most part keenly observant of what goes on before their eyes. Good example along with gentle hints as to manners and conduct are consequently of first importance. As children learn much from being allowed to listen to conversations on subjects of

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interest, it is an unwise policy to turn them out of the room when any useful information may be picked up. Of course they must be taught to be discreetly silent, and not lend in their word on subjects they know nothing about.

It is useless to speak of the terribly real suffering which selfish, careless parents cause their children; but we shall advert to a few of the common mistakes of well-meaning persons who, from want of thought, prevent their children being as happy as they ought to be. How much happiness and improvement do those children miss who are never encouraged to observe the beauties and marvels of nature! Instead of this, they are put to books, containing dull abstractions, far too soon, and as a consequence they remain all their lives bad observers, seeing everything through books—that is, through other men's eyes, and ignorant of almost everything except mere words.

When a child begins to cross-examine its parents as to why the fire burns, how his carte-de-visite was taken, how many stars there are, and such like—grown-up ignorance or want of sympathy too often laughs at him; says that children should not ask tiresome questions, and, as far as it can, checks the inquiring spirit within him. 'Little people should be seen and not heard,' is a stupid saying, which makes many young observers shy of imparting to their elders the things that arrest their attention, until they stop learning and overcome their sense of wonder—the spur of all philosophy—from want of sympathy and encouragement. And yet grown-up people should surely be aware that Nature has implanted in us a desire to know and to communicate knowledge, considering how very much most of us love to hear and to spread gossip. Children 'would gladly learn and gladly teach;' but if they are early snubbed, they will not be glad to do either in after-life.

If we only reflected how 'queer' everything must appear to a mind newly arrived on such an earth as ours, children's questions would not appear at all foolish. During the first four or five years, which is occupied in distinguishing and naming the commonest objects, perhaps children solve more difficult intellectual problems than at any future period of their lives. How keenly, then, must young children feel want of sympathy and encouragement!

As an example of the physical misery which 'is wrought by want of thought as well as want of heart,' we may allude to the 'Can't you be quiet?' which puts young children to the unnecessary torture of sitting still like 'big people.' Why do not parents reflect that it is almost a physical impossibility for any young animal to remain quiet for more than a few moments?

Then, as regards food; some are too prone to put in practice ascetic theories in the rearing of their offspring, which they shrink from as far as their own personal conduct is concerned. And yet, why should not appetite be a good guide for childhood as it is for animals; as it is for infancy; as it is for every adult who obeys Nature's laws?

We must, however, thankfully acknowledge that people are beginning more and more to conform their education to children's opinion; that is, generally speaking, to the promptings of Nature. It is found that those turn out worst who during youth have been subjected to most restrictions. 'Do children take to this or that?' is therefore a common question. Good teachers now endeavour to make the acquirement of knowledge pleasurable rather than painful. They study children's intellectual appetites, in order to discover what knowledge they are fit to assimilate. Disgust felt towards any information is now considered a sign either that it is prematurely presented, or that it is presented in an indigestible form.

We shall say nothing about the sufferings endured by boys at public schools, because so many are the counteracting pleasures such places afford, that most boys would prefer school-life to remaining at home for a continuance. We are not sure, however, that the pains of school-girls are counterbalanced by their pleasures. They have not cricket, rowing, paper-chases, and the unequalled excitement of bolster-fights to compensate for indifferent food, home-sickness, the torture of 'deportment,' and the dreadful tread-mill exercise of the hour's promenade. We do not advocate girls adopting boys' sports; but surely they should have out-of-door games of some kind. Why will schoolmistresses care so little for health and happiness as never to allow the gardens of 'Establishments for Young Ladies' to ring with the laughter and shouts of romping children? Do they fancy that a miserable walk of one hour, during which the attention of the young ladies is on the rack about the proper holding of themselves, is as health-giving as out-of-door games in which the players can forget themselves?

In his book on *Responsibility in Mental Disease*, Dr Maudsley well says: 'There is hardly any one who sets self-development before him as an aim in life. The aims which chiefly predominate—riches, position, power, applause of men—are such as inevitably breed and foster many bad passions in the eager competition to attain them. Hence, in fact, come disappointed ambition, jealousy, grief from loss of fortune, all the torments of wounded self-love, and a thousand other mental sufferings—the commonly enumerated moral causes of insanity. They are griefs of a kind to which a rightly developed nature should not fall a prey. There need be no disappointed ambition if a man were to set before himself a true aim in life, and to work definitely for it; no envy nor jealousy, if he considered that it mattered not whether he did a great thing or some one else did it, Nature's only concern being that it should be done; no grief from loss of fortune, if he estimated at its true value that which fortune can bring him, and that which fortune can never bring him; no wounded self-love, if he had learned well the eternal lesson of life—self-renunciation.'

This may be called 'unpractical;' but we cannot help thinking that if parents would sometimes reflect on such ideals, they would have less of false and more of true ambition than they now have. They would wish their children to turn out useful rather than brilliant, good rather than clever. As it is, a dull child is too often snubbed and rendered miserable because he does not give promise of shining in the world; while his precocious brother, who will probably do far less (precocious brains being often the worst), is lionised to strangers, and regarded as a sort of Liebig's Essence for the support of the family. Perhaps it is owing to this association of early ideas that at school the clever boy who spends the shortest time possible at his books is considered by his companions a far greater

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man than his less clever class-fellow who wins in the long-run by working more conscientiously.

How much unhappiness then might children be spared if their parents would goad them less and sometimes cheer up that dullness which has fallen to the lot of most of us, by saying:

> Be good, dear child, and let who will be clever;
> Do noble things—nor dream them all day long;
> And so make life, death, and that vast for-ever,
> One grand sweet song.

If now we allow our thoughts to pass on from childhood to youth, we shall find that in the case of many young men the choice of a profession is attended with much anxiety and no little misery. Some there are who take kindly to the profession which their friends advise or which is cut out for them by circumstances. There is, however, a class of young men for whom we have much sympathy, who find it very difficult to get started in life, because they have no strong inclination or pre-arranged reason which would induce them to choose one profession rather than another. These are speculative rather than practical men, who are better adapted for taking college honours than for the struggle for existence. They do not wish to enter the clerical profession; they may not have sufficient money to enable them to live through the winter of discontented brieflessness at the bar; their tastes and nerves are not such as would qualify them for the medical profession; they may have no business connection. At last they begin to fancy that they are *de trop* in the world, and come to the very erroneous conclusion that mankind has no need for their service.

To such we would say: Go into the profession you dislike least, and habit will make it bearable. Remember that patience and conscientious plodding, though sneered at by shallow young men, are the highest virtues and synonymous with true genius. Life is too short to make ourselves miserable over the choice of a profession, or to spend years speculating about what is best to do, which would be better employed in doing it. We must not seek for mathematical demonstration that the road we propose to travel on is the right one, when we come to cross-roads in life. A certain amount of probability is sufficient to make us take either, especially if the wolf of Hunger be at our heels, or the nobler incentive of a desire to be useful to our fellow-creatures is urging us.

In the choice of a profession, as of a wife, there must be a certain venture of faith, and in this unintelligible world there is a rashness which is not always folly. Young men cannot always adapt circumstances to themselves, let them therefore endeavour to mould themselves to circumstances.

Medical men tell us that at every great physiological change in our systems the mind is apt to be for some time greatly out of tune. Now this is especially the case when boys and girls are becoming youths and maidens, and should not be overlooked when considering the sorrows of youth. At this period they see everything as it were upside down, and are sometimes tormented by strange fancies, which will vanish when the tissues of their flesh and of their characters become firmer. Mr Carlyle says that young men should be shut up in barrels and kept somewhere out of sight until they have passed their twenty-fifth year, because it is about this time that they 'attain to their maximum of detestability.' Now we are quite sure that this was not said in a cynical tone, for Mr Carlyle values the freshness and enthusiasm of youth, as every great man must. And indeed it must be acknowledged that some young men do make themselves very objectionable when they speak and act, as though they fancied that nothing half so valuable as themselves had ever been produced on this earth before.

Is it not probable, however, that young people would better attend to the lessons which their elders can teach them if these elders had more sympathy for their peculiar trials and sorrows, and were willing to consider the originality and fire of youth as little less indispensable to the movement of society, than is steam to the locomotion of a railway engine? Youth may make itself absurd, but it does not always become every old man to rebuke it. The old should not speak disparagingly of 'inexperienced young men,' unless they themselves make use of the experience they possess. One of the Earls of Chatham was once taunted on account of his youth, and his reply was: 'Sir—The atrocious crime of being a young man, which the honourable gentleman has with such spirit and decency charged upon me, I shall neither attempt to palliate nor deny, but content myself with wishing that I may be one of those whose follies may cease with their youth, and not of that number who are ignorant in spite of experience. Whether youth can be imputed to any man as a reproach, I will not, sir, assume the province of determining; but surely age may become justly contemptible, if the opportunities which it brings have passed away without improvement, and vice appears to prevail when the passions have subsided.'

We conclude these few random notes by saying that people should try to be the friends and companions as well as the parents of their children; for if true friends do not win their confidence, false ones will. Nothing is more difficult than to understand a thoughtful child; but if once you do so, you can bring him up in the way he should go. Do not solve your child's nature or anything else too quickly, for 'there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy,' or in mine, or in any man's. Certainly childhood ought to be the happiest period of life; but it greatly depends on the sympathy of parents whether it is so or not.

## THE BECHE-DE-MER.

On the reefs of the Southern Ocean is found a kind of sea-slug termed the Beche-de-mer. There are as many as sixteen different species found in Fiji alone, and known all over the group by the generic name of Dri (pronounced Endree); and this word we will continue to use throughout this article, as being shorter and more definite than the French term. It was the French who first came across the mollusc in China; and in that country it is held in great esteem, and commands a very high price, two hundred pounds a ton being paid for the best sorts. The mandarins and the porcelain-makers cannot do without their favourite dish of dri soup; and even in Paris it is coming into use; and in Melbourne beche-de-mer is by no means an uncommon dish. When cotton came down in Fiji from four shillings to one shilling a

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pound, many a planter not knowing what else to do, turned to dri-fishing; but several years ago, the price fell from one hundred and seventy pounds to seventy pounds a ton, and the inferior sorts became unsaleable. Some Chinamen say the fall was in consequence of the death of their emperor, and while in mourning for him (a year), they were obliged to give up their favourite soup; hence the fall. But some whites say that the Europeans in Sydney bought inferior dri, and shipped it to China direct on their own account in a leaky ship: the dri was all spoiled; the merchants lost heavily, and refused to have anything more to do with the article; and the Chinamen have the trade in their hands, and give what they like, and that the price in China still remains the same. However, it yet pays to fish for the two best sorts, the tit-fish* and black-fish, which are now (1876) worth from sixty to seventy pounds a ton in Levuka—ten or fourteen corn-bagsful making a ton.

The first thing required in dri-fishing is a good boat from twenty-five to thirty feet long with plenty of beam; then a dri station is settled on—an island, or on the coast close to the big reefs, as may be. The next thing is to get thirty or forty girls and boys, and curiously enough the girls are the best fishers and divers by far. At half-tide, all hands sail off to the reefs. Sometimes you fish the day, sometimes the night tides, according to the sort of fish you are getting and the stage of the moon; the tit-fish being a day-fish, and the black only coming out at night. When the tide is nearly low, you put your labourers on to the reef, and anchor yourself in a deep spot. The water on the reef is from six inches to three or four feet deep, according to the moon and state of the tide; and your labourers walk about and pick up the fish here and there, each having a basket and stick. Sometimes a shark comes up, looking for a tit-bit, when he is pelted off. If a black one (the most dangerous), it is hard to make him go; and if the water is deep (three or four feet), they generally sing out for the boat. You generally remain with the boat. Sometimes you go overboard and fish for yourself; but three hours in three-feet water is cold work, and if not accustomed to it one is apt to catch cold. The labourers pick up shell-fish, crabs, &c. for themselves. At the end of two or three hours, the tide begins to make fast; the boat is poled on to the reef, and you pick up your fishers and start for home.

After measuring the 'take' in order to pay your fishers, the fish are placed in large boilers. After being on the boil for half an hour they are done, taken up, a stick driven through them to clean and knock the water out; and are then taken to the smoking-house, where they are put on large frames of reeds over a slow smoky fire. These frames are technically called *vatas;* and they are left on the lower vata about three days, and then removed to the upper, where they are left eight or ten days longer. They are by that time smoked hard and dry; then sorted carefully (one improperly dried fish will injure the rest), and put in bags for sale.

Besides paying you also feed your labourers, giving them yams or Indian corn or sweet potatoes, with what shell-fish they get themselves. They work for two, three, or six months, or even a year; and on a good calm night an expert fishing-girl will fill what is termed a *qui* case and earn a shilling, occasionally two. Not bad for a little thing twelve or thirteen years old. In some parts of Fiji—Maenata, for instance—the natives get and smoke the dri themselves, and sell it to you cured; you giving about twenty shillings a bag for good cured fish. On dark nights, when there is no moon, torches are used; but the tit-fish is got during the day-tides. Five or six big tit-fish will fill a good-sized hand-basket. The labourers, after fishing, can hardly keep awake, and sleep all over the boat in every position.

Dri is an extraordinary sort of sea-slug; it moves very slowly, and has hundreds of little suckers or legs. It seems to feed on the small insects that live in the reef-sand, and very small fish. It has no bone. It has the power of covering itself with sand, to hide its whereabouts, and gives out a sort of gummy fluid, which makes the sand stick to it. This is only correct with regard to the tit-fish. The black-fish is not half the size of the other. The latter comes out only in calm sunshiny weather. Let a shower come, or even dark clouds, and hardly a slug will be got; it slips into holes in the rocks in no time. It has one or two young ones at a time, and is very domestic; where you find one, its mate is generally close by. Like many other favourite delicacies, such as the oyster of Great Britain, the beche-de-mer has been over-fished; and unless the government establish a close time the employment of gathering it must cease to exist.

* Though in commerce the Beche-de-mer is called 'fish,' it belongs to a family of invertebrate animals, and in consequence occupies a comparatively low rank in the scale of life. This delicacy is also termed trepang.

## EDITORIAL NOTE.

BEGINNING another year, and again taking a short retrospect, we are glad to announce to our readers that CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL continues to increase in circulation, and is to all appearance more acceptable as a Family Magazine than ever. This is encouraging. We feel satisfied that the resolution to exclude wild sensational fiction from our pages, however much that kind of literature may be in demand, has met with very general approval. We shall accordingly, as in the past twelve months, endeavour to sustain the reputation of the work on the basis which secured for it a high meed of popular favour pretty nearly half-a-century ago. We might be excused for indulging in some exultation, that our small periodical, without adventitious aid—without professing to lean upon great names, either as writers or patrons—has so successfully kept its ground for so long a period of time. But, while offering all proper acknowledgments for the esteem in which the work is apparently held, content ourselves with saying that now, as heretofore, no effort will be spared by the Editors of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL to maintain it as a weekly and monthly miscellany of recreative and instructive literature—a literature as free from political or sectarian bias as from aught that is morally objectionable.

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## A WASTED EXISTENCE.

IN every account of the French Revolution, there crop up names of actors in that terrible drama, not to be forgotten. The very vileness of these individuals has rendered their names imperishable. Execrated by successive generations, it would never occur to us that a time would come when, by a distortion of principle, literature would try to gloss over the evil deeds of these infamous personages, and hold them up to general admiration and pity. It would be imagined that Robespierre, Marat, St Just, Danton, Camille Desmoulins, Hebert, Couthon, and a number of others, were too bad—too persistently wicked—to evoke sentiments of compassion. Time, however, brings about unexpected changes. For anything we can tell, some plodding enthusiast may be ransacking archives, and gathering traditions to represent Robespierre as a noble-minded hero, whose character has been altogether misunderstood. Marat, too, may possibly soon be spoken of with gentle regret—as what a worthy young man he was when studying medicine at Edinburgh, and living in modest lodgings in the College Wynd, and so on; making him out to be a prodigy of excellence. As a commencement to this new and undesirable literature, comes a biography of Camille Desmoulins, by a French writer, Jules Claretie, purporting to be founded on hitherto unpublished documents, and which appears before us as an English translation. Not a paltry-looking book is it by any means, but a handsomely printed octavo, of nearly five hundred pages, embellished with a portrait of the hero Camille. After that nothing will surprise us.

Unless for a hope of drawing some useful moral for the benefit of young and ardent spirits, we should not have ventured on any notice of this extraordinary production. What the moral is, will appear as we go along. It may be worth while in the first place to say that Claretie, the writer of the book, almost worships his hero. He sets out by describing him as the '*gamin* of genius, whom Paris attracted, seduced, and kept for ever;' and then, to let us know the fullest particulars of the wonderful *gamin*, he makes a pilgrimage to the small town of Guise, in Picardy, where Camille was born, 2d March 1760. The antique little town is gone through from end to end; and the house in which Camille first drew breath, and spent his early years, situated in the street of the Grand Pont, in front of the Place d'Armes, is minutely described. Claretie was shocked to find that the inhabitants of the town had no remembrance of his hero. 'They have forgotten their unfortunate townsman, the generous fool, the madcap of genius, who gave his life to the Republic—they have forgotten, after having misunderstood, and perhaps calumniated him.'

Camille's father occupied a good position. Skilled in the law, he was lieutenant-general of the bailiwick of Guise, and a grave and industrious man, highly esteemed by all within his jurisdiction. His wife had brought him a small fortune, which partly paid for the education of his five children, of whom Camille was the eldest. As this eldest boy grew up, great hopes were entertained of his intelligence and general liveliness. He should receive a good college education, and be brought up a man of law. Who knows but he might one day become a member of the Parliament of Paris? With some financial scheming, and the presentation of a bursary, Camille was entered a student at the college of Louis-le-Grand. Here, studying with avidity, and quick in apprehension, he attained a singular proficiency in a knowledge of Greek and Roman classics. Unfortunately, the more deeply he became acquainted with ancient authors, the more was his enthusiastic temperament stimulated to uphold in its wildest form the cause of political liberty. Nothing restrained his impassioned notions. Poring over the Old Testament, he discovered, as he thought, in a passage in Ezekiel that the Revolution was predicted word for word. Then, in his perturbed imaginings he began to write poetry, full of frantic allusions to the harangues of Demosthenes and Cicero. Completing his education, he became a licentiate of law, and in 1785 was sworn in as an advocate of the Parliament of Paris. His choice of a profession was

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somewhat of a mistake; for in the opening of a speech he usually stammered awkwardly, by involuntarily repeating the words hon, hon; wherefore, in fun, he acquired the name Monsieur Hon. It was only at the outset of an oration that he stumbled on hon, hon; for when once fairly set agoing he spoke fluently and with precision. Yet, the hon, hon was against him as a pleader, and he did not rise to distinction at the bar. The truth is, he was more ready as a writer than a speaker; and at the dawn of the Revolution he is found to be one of those pamphleteers who inconsiderately helped to stir up the wildest passions of the mob. To his relations in the antiquated town in Picardy he offered a painful spectacle. It was felt that his education and his brilliant talents had only qualified him to be a reckless demagogue. Sad downcome to the hopes of old Desmoulins, who had not the slightest desire to turn the world upside down.

Camille's infatuation was that of thousands, whose brains had been deranged not less by the teaching of so-called philosophers, than by the scandalous condition of public affairs. From causes familiar to all who have read the history of France, abuses of every sort had attained dimensions which nothing short of the most earnest and patient consideration could peaceably redress. Patient consideration, however, was the last thing thought of. The unfortunate Louis XVI. was unable to allay the general effervescence; and his ministers, though well-meaning in their way, were unfit to stem the political ferment. In July 1789, on the exile of Necker, the popular wrath was great. The great court-yard of the Palais-Royal, which we now see a picture of tranquillity with its nurses and children, was crowded with vehement orators. The most fiery of the whole is Camille Desmoulins, who jumps upon a table, and for the instant overcoming his stammer, addresses and adds fury to the surging multitude. The spark of armed revolt was struck. A day or two afterwards (July 14), the Bastille was assaulted and taken. In the midst of the hideous saturnalia, Camille is seen with a drawn sword in his hand, joining in the popular triumph.

From this time Camille is one of the leaders of the Revolution, by speaking at the clubs and using his pen freely. His work *La France Libre* (France Free) helped materially to give him notoriety. The book, however, dealt too much with liberty in the abstract. He deemed it necessary to hint at the advantages of doing summary justice on suspected individuals. Here was a scholar and a gentleman so carried off his feet by political frenzy as to write ironically of assassination. His production, animated with a terrible demoniac fury, was entitled *Discours de la Lanterne aux Parisiens* —in plain English, the iron of the street lamps is invoked as a convenient gallows on which to perform the atrocities of 'Lynch-law.' From this extraordinary and disreputable production, Camille became known as the 'procureur-général de la lanterne;' a designation which he did not dislike. Will it be credited? Claretie, who tells all this minutely, expresses no horror at the revelation. Speaking of the work, he says: 'There was never anything more eloquent. Its wit, even when it seems ill employed in deadly personalities, dazzles us.'

Conferring a feverish popularity on Camille, which was satisfying to his vanity, these productions were, it appears, of little pecuniary avail. He was now thirty years of age, with barely means of subsistence; such was his extremity, that he was driven to ask doles of money from his father, which could very ill be spared. From this state of depression his fortunes rose by the exercise of his pen as a journalist. His periodical was styled the *Révolutions de France et de Brabant*. It was successful, but only by the vileness of its lampoons and libels on private character, which brought him frequently into trouble. In his wild indiscretion, he even cut libellous jokes on M. Sanson, the public executioner, who, not inclining to submit to his impertinence, raised an action of damages to the extent of three thousand livres. Considering the way in which public affairs were drifting, an attack on Sanson was very much like an act of madness. The guillotine was soon to be in full swing.

Towards the end of 1790, Camille passed through what may be called the romance of his existence. He formed an ardent attachment to Lucille Duplessis, a young lady of a good family, handsome, beautiful, of gentle temperament, and whom he called 'an adorable little blonde.' M. Duplessis, the father, offered some opposition to the proposed match; but in time he assented to what seemed the inevitable, and accepting Camille as a son-in-law, gave him a good fortune with his daughter. The marriage took place December 29, 1790, and we observe that among Camille's friends as witnesses are inscribed the names of Petion and Robespierre.

While still pouring out invectives in his journal, there occurred a fresh theme for vituperation. Alarmed for his personal safety, the poor king attempted to fly with his family, and was arrested, and brought back (June 1791). Roused at the idea of the king's desertion of his post, Camille's fury knew no bounds. He degraded his pen by writing of the 'male and female Capets,' and in his fervour headed a deputation to the municipality informing them of the project of deposing Louis XVI. Shortly afterwards, under some apprehension of rough usage, he dropped the publication of his journal, and for a time he resumed his occupation of advocate at the tribunals. In these vicissitudes he clung in a friendly spirit to Danton, and Danton liked him as an associate. They lived in different floors of the same building, in the Cour de Commerce, and betwixt their respective wives there was a kindly intercourse, the account given of which comes soothingly amidst details of public perturbation. Camille's son, Horace, was born July 6, 1792, 'the little Horace whom Robespierre danced so often on his knees'—a fine point this for any biographer of Robespierre!

Soon came the terrible convulsion of the 10th August 1792, when the Tuileries were sacked by a savage mob, and the royal family were forced to seek refuge in the National Assembly. What part Camille took in this brutal affair is not mentioned. We only know that he was somehow engaged in the disturbance, and, to the consternation of his wife Lucille, came home with a gun in his hand. The monarchy, at which he constantly railed, was now substantially at an end. A universal terrorism was let loose. Searching visits to private houses having filled the prisons with suspected aristocrats, it was resolved to massacre them *en masse*. The municipality taking in hand this atrocity, hired a band of three hundred

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assassins, who began the work of destruction on the 2d September. The massacre lasted five days, during which eight thousand individuals, convicted of no crime, were put to death with barbarous cruelty. Claretie indignantly denies that Camille had any hand in this iniquity, and throws the blame on Danton, who was now Minister of Justice and wished to strike terror into the royalists. An authority which we consider to be as trustworthy as Claretie, says distinctly that Camille, who was appointed secretary to Danton, 'organised with him the massacres in the prisons.' At any rate, Camille was the confidant and associate of Danton, with whose designs he could scarcely fail to be acquainted.

Camille was now appointed a deputy to the Convention by the city of Paris, and as such he was placed in close connection with the leaders of the Revolution. We have not space to follow him in this new line of duty. As a Dantonist, he roundly abused the Girondists. To his eternal disgrace, he voted for the king's death, and had not even the good taste to refrain from facetiousness on the occasion. Deeply and remorsefully did he pay for his obsequiousness to the vilest of mankind. Already there was a Nemesis on his track. Batch after batch of unhappy individuals were condemned by the Revolutionary Tribunal, not only in Paris but all over France. Camille began to entertain the notion that things had gone too far. His conscience was roused, and roused in a remarkable manner. Walking out one evening, the rays of the setting sun shining brilliantly, seemed to transform the waters of the Seine into a river of blood. To his poetical fancy the phenomenon was accepted as an appeal to mercy, and awakened him to a lively sense of the horrors produced by the revolutionary mania. We are led to understand that from this time he began to agitate for moderate measures. The change of views, though morally commendable, was fatal as regarded his own safety. Camille, who at first was thought to be recklessly extreme in his views, was now reckoned among the moderates, and was pointed at with the finger of scorn. He was chargeable with the grave offence of dining with aristocrats. Repudiated by the Cordeliers, of which club he had once been a shining light, he was in a sense a political outlaw. Such was the reward of his frantic extravagances. In his mortification he commenced a paper in numbers, the *Vieux Cordelier* (Old Cordelier). It was admirable as a brilliant effort of genius, but was of no more avail than if it had been addressed to a menagerie of wild beasts. The Old Cordelier advocated the institution of a Committee of Clemency to stay the Reign of Terror. The proposals for mercy were denounced at a meeting of the Jacobin Club, when Robespierre suggested that the numbers of the Old Cordelier then published should be burned. 'Burning is not answering,' said Camille. 'Well, your writings shall be answered,' replied Robespierre. The answer was to be of a sharper nature than was implied by the words. Robespierre resolved to get rid of Camille, as any further connection with him would imperil his own safety.

From the fragmentary documents which Claretie has strung together, it is learned that in the beginning of 1794 Camille was beset by fatal presentiments. 'He was weary; he felt that all was lost; and that he had brought about not his own destruction only, but that of his family.' Bitter consideration! We wonder—for Claretie does not tell us—whether Camille at this saddening period ever had a clear idea of the error he had committed? Did he now see that while his theories were possibly unchallengeable in the abstract, they had all along been unsuitable for practical application in France, where the bulk of the people were illiterate, and without any experience of the obligations incidental to constitutional government? Likely enough, like others about him, his head was too much in the clouds to see things in this light. The 'generous fool,' as Claretie calls him, he had, ever since commencing as tribune of the people, been contributing to widespread ruin and his own cruel death. Possibly, he reckoned that the friendship of Robespierre, who was now the arbiter of fate, would save him from the guillotine. Vain hope, if it ever existed. Robespierre, the 'Incorruptible,' knew nothing of friendship, in pursuit of his grand idea of cutting off three hundred thousand heads; and the heads of Camille Desmoulins and his wife Lucille would help as well as others to make out the tale. Besides, Camille's defection towards moderatism was not to be endured.

It was not pleasant for Camille to find that he was at the mercy of a man possessed with notions so very uncompromising; but he had brought this awkward position on himself, and felt he must take the consequences. Robespierre had no difficulty in finding a plea to ruin Camille. Passages of the Old Cordelier were quoted to his disadvantage. Camille foresaw his condemnation, and while anticipating his arrest, he received a letter from his father intimating the death of his mother. 'Camille's grief was profound; his eyes were still red with tears when the patrol charged with the duty of arresting him and Danton, took possession of the Cour de Commerce. The first words that Camille uttered when he heard the dull sound of the butt-ends of the muskets on the pavement were: "They have come to arrest me." Lucille listened to him, and looked at him bewildered. She felt as if she should go mad. Camille was calmer than might have been expected. He dressed himself, embraced his child, took from his library Young's *Night Thoughts*, and Hervey's *Meditations among the Tombs*, and then pressing to his heart his weeping wife, whom he adored, their lips met for the last time in an agonising kiss made bitter by burning tears.'

Camille and Danton were carried off to the prison of the Luxembourg. Friends endeavoured to interpose in Camille's favour. Lucille traversed Paris trying to reach Robespierre's ear, that she might move him to pity. All in vain. There was a trial, but it was little better than a sham. Danton, Camille Desmoulins, Lacroix, Herault de Sechelles, Fabre d'Eglantine, Westerman, and some others, fifteen in all, were condemned. It was done! The Dantonists were to die. For the short space they were in prison previous to execution, Camille crouched down and wept over his wasted existence, and of what his young and bereaved wife might have to endure on his account. He had committed a double crime. By his folly two existences were blighted. And it was agonising to think of being brought to a violent death at thirty-four years of age, when full of life and

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vigour—hard to be sent to the scaffold by a parcel of ruffians, for whom he had paved the way to power by his writings, and who were glad to get rid of him, as being no longer useful in their selfish designs. These were crushing thoughts for Camille, at this terrible moment. Danton took things more philosophically. He, too, had to leave a young wife, but besides being less remorseful, he was of a manlier nature, and he stood firm at the approach of death. When the executioner arrived at the prison with his assistants to perform the toilet of the condemned, Camille struggled unmanfully, and it was necessary to tie him to his seat while the collar of his shirt and his hair were cut. He asked Danton to place between his bound hands a locket containing Lucille's hair, which he had hitherto worn next his heart. Danton complied; then gave himself up in his turn to the scissors and cords of the executioner.

The condemned filled two tumbrils or carts. The cortège, environed by an immense crowd, pursued its way along the quay of the Seine to the Place de la Révolution. 'Wild with rage and despair, Camille tried to break his bonds, and tearing his shirt to rags, so that his shoulders, neck, and chest shewed through the tatters, he made a last appeal to the crowd.' 'Citizens, your preservers are being sacrificed! It was I who in '89 called you to arms; I raised the first cry of liberty! My crime, my only crime has been pity.' Vain words. Danton requested him to be quiet. It was a beautiful April evening in 1794, as the two cartloads of victims were driven to the foot of the scaffold, on which stood the hideous machine, which glowed in the setting sun. All around, the taverns were full of men drinking, who enjoying the spectacle, sung, and clinked their glasses. A few minutes sufficed to put the Dantonists out of existence. At the last, Camille recovered his composure, and died with the lock of Lucille's hair in his hand.

A terrible but just retribution, when we consider the part Camille had taken to stimulate the popular fury! There was something less justifiable and more heart-rending to ensue. Lucille had been seen hovering near the prison, trying to get a glimpse of her husband; and was seized on the preposterous charge of plotting to overthrow the Convention. She had been only guilty of love and despair. Along with eighteen other women, all under twenty-six years of age, she was condemned. There was a grandeur in the death of the unfortunate Lucille. She was a little pale but charming. Conscious of her innocence, and animated with the pious hope of speedily joining her dear Camille, her face bore a smile of happiness when placed under the guillotine. 'The fair child-like head retained its expression of profound joy and passionate ecstasy even after it lay bleeding in the dreadful basket.' The family tragedy was complete; for little Horace was too young to be beheaded. He grew up a fine boy in charge of his mother's family, but died young at Jacmel, in Hayti, 1817. There is some satisfaction in knowing that, in little more than three months after the judicial murder of the Desmoulins, Robespierre perished by the same violent death which he had fanatically meted to others.

For some not uninteresting particulars regarding the effects that had belonged to the Desmoulins family, we must refer to the work of Claretie, which at least deserves the praise of untiring industry and enthusiasm; while it will be admitted that much pains must have been taken with the translation.* In concluding his narrative, the author offers a number of laudatory remarks on the Revolution, with which we cannot possibly agree. A convulsion that destroyed the lives of upwards of a million human beings, besides leading to military despotism, and wars which for two-and-twenty years were the scourge of mankind, can never, among well-regulated minds, be spoken of without abhorrence. As eighty-six years have failed to give a settled government to France, nothing can be more certain than that the disorderly excesses promoted by Camille Desmoulins and others were an irreparable and ever-to-be-lamented blunder. W. C.

## THE LAST OF THE HADDONS.

### CHAPTER II.—SUCCESS.

'ONLY a little hungry.'

Was it my voice making the humiliating confession? Had I lost my self-command and self-respect to such an extent as that! The words seemed to come from my dry lips independently of my will.

Sundry ejaculations in one voice, and 'I thought she looked a poor half-starved mortal!' in another, brought my stray senses back, and I looked about me. I was lying on a couch in a back sitting-room, smaller, and more comfortable in appearance than that which I had first seen, Mr Wentworth and his sour-looking servant watching me. A strong unpleasant smell of burnt feathers pervaded the room. As I afterwards found, Hannah knew of no better remedy for faintness; and her master had hurriedly set light to a packet of quill pens, whilst she deluged my face and head with water.

'Bring some wine and the best you have in the way of food, at once,' said Mr Wentworth.

She quitted the room; and her master considerately went towards the window, and stood there turning over the leaves of a pamphlet until she re-entered carrying a tray, upon which were a glass of sherry, a small basin containing something with a savoury smell, and some bread.

'Have you nothing better than that?' he asked.

'It's the strong gravy I was making for your chicken,' she replied. 'She couldn't have anything better than that upon an empty stomach.'

I tried to utter a little protest; but I soon felt it was no use; I should never be able to get away decently without the little fillip which the food and wine would give me. So I took a few spoonfuls of the gravy and a little bread, trying to keep up appearances by saying that I had foolishly taken a very light breakfast, and so forth.

He accepted the explanation in an easy, matter-of-course way; adding, that he also frequently

* *Camille Desmoulins and his Wife.* By Jules Claretie. Translated by Mrs Cashel Hoey. Smith and Elder, London, 1876.

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got into disgrace with Hannah on account of his want of appetite in the early morning, and could quite understand other people's shortcomings in the same way. Then he courteously expressed a hope that I should rest there until Hannah had prepared luncheon. 'There is no one in the house besides us three, and therefore you will not be disturbed. Quietness is about the only thing this old place has to boast of now.'

'You are very kind,' I murmured, at a loss for words.

'In an hour or two, when you have had luncheon, and feel quite sure you are sufficiently rested, I will give you fuller particulars as to the best way of getting to Fairview. We shall meet there very shortly, I daresay, when I trust to hear that you approve of your new surroundings, Miss Haddon.' Then, touching my hand, and bowing low with old-fashioned courtesy, he quitted the room.

The old woman watched him with astonished eyes, and then turned them suspiciously upon me. I could not help fancying that she was mentally repeating the words, 'Meet there very shortly.' How weak I must have been to let this grim-looking, disagreeable old woman see the tears which forced themselves into my eyes. I intuitively knew that tears and weakness were the very worst weapons to use with one of her calibre. I felt that she had in her heart declared war against me from the very moment I succeeded in obtaining an interview with her master, and, so to speak, set her at defiance. This was but an armed truce between us, if truce it was. In course of time I learned that there was another cause for her antagonism.

Her forbidding suspicious looks had very soon the good effect of helping me towards recovery. Brushing away the tears which her master's kindness had brought to my eyes, I drank the sherry, set to work with the spoon again, and was presently able to eye her as steadily and speculatively as she eyed me.

'You will do now, till lunch is ready, I suppose?'

'I shall do now without luncheon; in five minutes I shall be able to go. Will you please tell Mr Wentworth so; and say if he will kindly send me the further instructions he spoke about, I need not disturb him again.'

'You are going to meet again?' I thought rather offensively.

'Yes; I hope so.—My bonnet, please. How wet you have made my hair!'

'I suppose it's most of it that new stuff, that can be easily dried or replaced,' she ungraciously replied, presenting my bonnet. (I did not take the trouble to vindicate my hair, simply using a towel which lay near to press out the water as much as possible.) 'I am sorry there is not a looking-glass in the room; but I can fetch one, if you like.'

I saw that this was meant for sarcasm, so pleasantly responded: 'Yes, please.'

'It's at the top of the house,' she grumbled.

'In that case I will excuse you from fetching it,' I replied, with amiable condescension.

She waited a moment to recover that, and then said: 'You are not going to stop to lunch then?'

'No. Does that surprise you?'

'Yes; it does.'

'Ah, that shews you may be mistaken sometimes.'

She seemed to hesitate a moment as to whether she should carry on the war or not; and then, I suppose, concluded to defer it, though she took unnecessary pains to shew that it was only deferred, frowning angry defiance at me as she went out of the room.

She presently returned with the message that her master thought I could not be sufficiently rested, and hoped I would stay to luncheon; adding, with a grim smile: 'He is not accustomed to ladies who are given to fainting; and does not know how soon they can sometimes get over it.'

'Your master is very kind; but I must go now.'

'If you would not be persuaded, I was to give you this.'

'I am much obliged to him,' I replied, taking the letter she offered; I really could not honestly add, 'and to you;' but bade her good-day as pleasantly as I could. She opened the room-door, and then the hall-door, still as it were under protest, and with the same expression of disapproval on her face. 'I suppose it is a disagreeable manner that is natural to her,' I thought, as I turned away.

I walked slowly to the Park, where I sat down and rested awhile; then went on again towards home—if I could give the place I found shelter in so euphemistic a name—trying to get used to the idea of my good fortune, and to think over the arrangements that had to be made for my flitting. But I was not yet equal to anything in the way of sustained thought, only conscious, in a pleasant, dreamy kind of way, that a heavy burden was lifted off my shoulders, and that life would now be more endurable for the next few months.

The fresh air was doing me good; and by the time I had reached the house where I lodged, situated in a by-street west of the Park, I had begun to recover my mental equilibrium. But I fancy my first proceeding after reaching my room made Becky, the small maid who occasionally did errands for me, think that I had taken leave of my senses.

'A chop, and a sixpenny cake, and a quarter of a pound of best butter, and an ounce of tea and sugar!' she repeated, staring at me with widely opened eyes, while she ran over the items, pausing at each, as though to remind me of what I was doing.

'I am expecting company, Becky,' I replied, with what was meant for a reassuring smile.

But Becky was not to be so easily reassured. 'Then give them a penny'o'th of shrimps, and keep the chop and the cake for yourself when they are gone,' she earnestly advised.

'But it is some one I care very much for, Becky,' I replied; 'and I can quite afford it now—I can indeed.'

Very reluctantly she took the money, and went off with a grave face to do my bidding. Then I sat down with pencil and paper to make certain calculations. I possessed fifteen shillings and sixpence in money, my clothes, and a certain packet of my dear mother's old-fashioned jewellery, with a few words written on the outside to the effect that, in the event of either illness or death, the contents were to be sold to defray expenses. I had spoken truly enough in alluding to my sore need. I had had a hard fight for existence for five long

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weary months, during which time I had been able to obtain no better employment than such as was to be had from shops. Embroidery, screen-painting, wool-work illuminating, I tried them all in turn, with very slight success in the matter of remuneration; 'ladies' being, I found, looked upon rather suspiciously as workers, and as a rule, expected to give a great deal more labour for small pay than do the 'regulars,' as they are called. This arises, or did arise—women are getting wiser in these days—from the false delicacy of a few, who preferred keeping up the fiction that they were only playing at work, and so deteriorated the value of gentlewomen as workers. I soon found that it was hopeless to expect to earn a living that way; and as I had not the experience in teaching which I believed to be necessary for a governess to have, there seemed little else to turn to than that of obtaining an engagement as companion. After the expenses of my mother's funeral had been paid, I found myself almost destitute; and though I had contrived to exist since, it was a kind of existence which could not go on much longer. And yet there was a bright future before me, if I could contrive to get through the next eight or ten months.

Eight years before the commencement of this story, I was on the eve of marriage with Philip Dallas, and we were to set out on a voyage to Jamaica immediately afterwards. Certain plantations there, belonging to his elder brother, were going to ruin for want of an interested overlooker on the spot. Edward Dallas did not wholly depend upon the property, and was not inclined to exile himself; but as he appeared still less inclined to advance his brother's fortunes in England, Philip and I agreed to go out and reside in Jamaica until he had made a competency, which we had every reason to believe might be done in the course of a few years. We were young (both one-and-twenty), and strong, and energetic; and hoped, by careful living, to be able to return in time to enjoy the best part of our lives in Old England. The one and only thing which caused us to hesitate was the dread of leaving my dear mother. But she would not hear of Philip sacrificing his prospects, or of my remaining with her. Unselfish as she was clear-sighted, she cheerfully assured us she would be more happy in the reflection that her child was the wife of a good man, and well cared for, than in keeping me by her side. She was so unmistakably in earnest, that we felt we were really doing what would most conduce to her happiness in obeying her. She had her small pension, which quite sufficed for her needs; and as she pointed out to us, she was altogether better situated than many mothers. There seemed every reason for hoping that she would live to a good old age, and we persuaded ourselves that we should be in England again in time to be a comfort to her declining years.

We had few friends, mother and I. Her limited means, and perhaps a little of the morbid sensitiveness which the refined poor are apt to acquire, prevented her moving in the society she was so well fitted for; and as years went by, she gradually drifted away from old associations without making new ones. By my father's family (in which my father was the only son) she had never been much noticed; and after his death, which took place when I was a child, they entirely ignored her. She had accepted the position—which now entailed straitened circumstances—and proudly kept aloof from them. It was perhaps natural enough that the Haddons of Haddon should not approve the marriage of their only son with the vicar's penniless daughter; the match was perhaps not a very prudent one, but they ought not to have forgotten that she was a gentlewoman. So little, however, did the loss of their favour trouble us, that it had come to be a jest between my mother and me to threaten each other with the Haddons of Haddon when any little financial difficulty arose; a jest which made us more inclined to be satisfied with things as they were. We could imagine nothing more humiliating than being obliged to apply to the Haddons of Haddon for aid of any kind.

My modest trousseau was prepared, and everything packed ready for transport to the vessel in which our passage was taken. It was the evening before our wedding-day, and Philip and I had been for a walk in a quiet silent fashion of our own, taking farewell of the old country. We walked through part of the city, at peace in the soft summer moonlight after its day of unrest; and turning into a church where evening service was going on, knelt down unseen in one of the high pews to join in the prayers. Then we turned our steps homewards—it would ever be home to us where my dear mother was—our hearts too full for words.

I was to spend the remainder of this last night alone with her; and as we had previously agreed to do, Philip and I parted at the door. Ah, Philip! how good and true, how handsome you looked as you stood there lingering to say a few last words, before I entered the house!

'Our last parting, Mary! God bless you, dear wife. Try to make our mother believe what you will be to me; it will be her best comfort; and remind her of our agreement. No tears to-morrow.'

Ah, me! had sorrow not been too deep for tears, there would have been nothing else on the morrow. I ran hastily up-stairs—we had secured comfortable lodgings with a respectable family for her—and opened the door, looking towards her accustomed seat as I half-uttered some little loving speech; only half-uttered it, and then broke down with a cry of alarm. My mother was lying on the floor in what, for the first few moments, I imagined to be a fainting-fit. Alas! it was more serious than that. Whether the cause was physical or mental, I know not; it is most probable that she had suffered more about the approaching separation between us than she herself would allow; but she was taken up a helpless and incurable invalid, who would never again be able to move from her couch. That was the fiat issued by the medical men on the bright May morning which was to have seen me a happy bride.

It was very hard for Philip; and as might naturally be expected, he for a while found it difficult to accede to the sudden change in his prospects. But I knew he was not likely to blame me for acting as I did, after the first bitterness of disappointment was over. After a hurried interview with his brother, in which the latter insisted upon his keeping to his bond, and setting sail with or without me, Philip entreated me to go through the ceremony with him, and let him at

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least feel that he was leaving a wife. I might soon be left motherless, he pleaded; and in that case, it would be so much easier for me to follow him as his wife.

My courage almost gave way. I was sorely tempted to yield. But the doctors had said that, though my dear mother might not live very long, there was just a possibility that she might linger for years. My mother might be excused for looking at the question only as it affected her child; and she entirely sided with Philip in wishing me to become his wife, since I insisted upon remaining with her. But I had to think for him; and strength was given me to act according to my perception. So long as my mother was spared to me, she must be my care, and Philip must remain unfettered. That was my decision; and they could not turn me from it by any amount of persuasion. The following day Philip set forth alone, and I remained with my mother. But if, in his disappointment, he was a little hard with me at the time, his first letter shewed that he blamed me no longer.

I know now it never occurred to him that my mother's income might die with her. He had been content to take a penniless bride; and if he gave a thought to my mother's money, it was only to rejoice that she had enough until he could more amply provide for her. Pride, self-reliance, or perhaps a little of both, prevented my telling him at the last.

She lived nearly eight years after his departure. Philip, with whom I had corresponded all that time, was beginning to write hopefully of being able to return within a twelvemonth, and I tried to struggle on unaided. What I should have done had things come to the worst, I know not. There was Edward Dallas; but he was a hard man, who had taken a great deal more kindly to the delay than he had to our marriage, and I did not choose that he should know his brother's future wife required his charity. And there were the Haddons of Haddon, I told myself, with a forlorn attempt at the old jest.

Meantime, Philip's letters arrived regularly, full of life, and love, and hope. He had succeeded beyond his expectations. The estate had rapidly increased in value under his management. Before he had been there a year, he was able to dictate terms to his brother, and had since acted as managing partner, with everything in his own hands. Before she died, my dear mother had the happiness of believing that Philip and I would soon be united and living in affluence. It was her greatest comfort to know that I never regretted my decision, and that Philip had come in time to say that he loved and trusted me all the more for having kept to it.

As years passed on, there had been observable in Philip's letters just the growth of mind which might have been expected in the man I had known at twenty-one. I on my side did my best to make my mental growth worthy of his. But of late, when I looked at the portrait in my locket of the fair, frank, almost boyish face of my lover, I was conscious of a certain uneasiness slowly but surely taking root in my heart, though I told myself that of course he could not look like that now. Did *he* also remember the years that had passed, when he looked at the portrait he had of me? Did he reflect that a woman of nine-and-twenty could no longer look like a girl? But these reflections disturbed me only occasionally, and were soon put aside as unworthy of the woman he loved. He loved *me*, so what mattered my age?

## FAMOUS BRITISH REGIMENTS.

### THE BRIGADE OF FOOT GUARDS.

This famous band of British soldiers has always played an important part in the annals of this country, and its services afford an example of what our army has been in the past, and what England hopes it will be in the future. The brigade consists of the Grenadier, Coldstream, and Fusilier Corps; the first having three battalions, and the others two each. Each regiment is distinct in itself, and is possessed of its own traditionary records, although the brigade has likewise traditions common to the trio which extend over a period of more than two hundred years; for these splendid corps have ever been inseparable, though each is in possession of an orderly-room of its own at the Horse Guards, where its affairs are conducted, and where are kept, amongst many interesting souvenirs, its records and State colour or flag. The latter is an elaborate standard, used only on special state occasions, such as the coronation, mounting guard on the sovereign's birthday, &c.; and is of crimson silk, richly embroidered with gold, and edged with gold fringe, and bearing in the centre of its silken folds the names of the battles in which the regiment to which it belongs has been engaged.

The oldest of the three regiments is the Coldstream, which, when the brigade is paraded, takes up its position as such on the left of the line; the Grenadier regiment comes next in point of seniority, and occupies the right; while the Fusilier—the youngest regiment—forms up in the centre. This formation may appear mysterious to non-military readers, as, according to popular notions, the oldest regiment always occupies the right of the line; but this is not so, for the true reason is, that the Grenadiers occupy the right because of the particular service which their title signifies, the grenadier company of every regiment being the first company.

The proper designation of the three corps is as follows: 1. The Grenadier or First Regiment of Foot Guards. 2. The Coldstream Guards. 3. The Scots Fusilier or Third Regiment of Foot Guards. This is the order in which they stand when on the right of the army, and it will be seen that although there is a first and third regiment of Foot Guards, there is, nominally, no *second*, the Coldstreams never being officially designated by any number. The reason for this will presently appear; and in the meantime we will take the regiments in regular order, and narrate, as briefly as possible, the history of each, together with some deeds of daring performed by individual members of them, and the collective achievements of the brigade.

The Grenadier Guards, as just mentioned, takes

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the right of the British army when in line. It is looked upon as the premier corps of our infantry, and was raised under the following circumstances. In the year 1655, Cromwell having allied himself with Louis XIV., Charles (II.) quitted the French coast and joined the Spaniards in the Netherlands against the king of France. The loyal English who shared the prince's exile were enrolled in 1657, and formed into six regiments. The first of these was called the 'Royal Regiment of Guards.' There after a time it became disbanded, through the inability of the exiled prince to maintain it intact; and its members were compelled to wander about the continent, many of them being reduced so low as to beg for their daily subsistence.

On the Restoration of Charles II. the regiment was again assembled, and returned to its native land, where, under circumstances which will be narrated in connection with the Coldstreams, it became the First Regiment of Foot Guards.

At Waterloo, this regiment particularly distinguished itself by totally defeating the Grenadiers of the French Imperial Guards, and thus won a chaplet which will for ever be associated with its name, for after the battle the Prince Regent conferred upon it the title of 'Grenadier Guards' in honour of the event. Every Briton must remember with pride the glorious charge of the Guards on that occasion, when, lying down (to avoid the galling fire of the French artillery) until their opponents were within a few yards of the supposed breach in the British line, they sprang up at the magic and heart-thrilling words of 'Up, Guards, and at them!'—ascribed to the Duke of Wellington; and after pouring a tremendous volley into the devoted ranks of Ney's followers, rushed madly forward to a splendid and complete victory.

The Duke of Cambridge is the present colonel of the regiment, and its colours bear the words Lincelles, Corunna (at which battle it was the only regiment of the Guards present), Barrosa, Peninsula, Waterloo, Alma, Inkerman, and Sevastopol. The badge of the regiment is a grenade, which is likewise borne on the colours, together with the royal cipher within the garter, and the words, '*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*'

The Coldstream Guards was raised in the year 1650; but it was in 1660 that it marched from the little town of Coldstream (from whence it derives its name), near Berwick-on-Tweed, to London, under the command of its first colonel, George Monk (afterwards Duke of Albemarle), for the express purpose of restoring the monarchy by placing Charles II. on the throne. Monk was a general in the Parliamentary forces and an admiral of the fleet, and owing to this latter fact the regiment is permitted to bear upon its Queen's colour a small Union-jack, in honour of its first colonel's naval rank; a proud privilege not appertaining to any other regiment in the service.

The 'gallant Coldstreamers,' as they were called, materially assisted in the happy restoration of the English monarchy; and while marching to London they met with an enthusiastic reception in the towns and villages through which they passed. In the meantime Colonel Russell, an old loyalist officer, had raised a corps which he called the 'King's Regiment of Guards;' and on the arrival of Charles it was united with the 'Royal Regiment of Guards' which came with him. After the Restoration, the three regiments which now form the brigade of Guards were assembled on Tower Hill to take the oath of allegiance to the king; and as a sign that they repudiated the Commonwealth, they were ordered to lay down their arms. Having obeyed this order with the utmost alacrity, they were commanded to take them up again in the king's service as the First, Second, and Third Regiments of Foot Guards. The First and Third Regiments did so with cheers; but the Coldstreamers, to the astonishment of the king, who was present, stood firm.

'Why does your regiment hesitate?' inquired Charles of General Monk.

'May it please your Majesty,' said the stern old soldier, lowering the point of his sword, 'the Coldstreamers are your Majesty's devoted servants; but after the service they have had the honour of rendering to your Highness, they cannot consent to be *second* to any corps in your Majesty's service.'

'And they are right,' said the king; 'they shall be second to none. Let them take up their arms as my Coldstream Regiment of Foot Guards.'

Monk rode back to the line and communicated the king's decision to the regiment. It had a magical effect. The arms were instantly raised amid frantic cries of 'Long live the king!' Since this event the motto of the Coldstream Guards has been '*Nulli Secundus*'—Second to None.

The regiment has had a part in every important campaign which has taken place during the two hundred and twenty-six years of its existence, and has on many occasions greatly distinguished itself. Its colours bear the words Lincelles, Egypt (with the Sphinx), Talavera, Barrosa, Peninsula, Waterloo, Alma, Inkerman, and Sevastopol. And the badge of the regiment is the star of Brunswick with the garter and motto, '*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*'

The Scots Fusilier Guards was raised previous to the Restoration, and did good service as a part of the Parliamentary army. Though generally believed to be of Scotch origin, such is not the fact, for the regiment originally came from Ireland, and was an Irish corps, its name being taken from its first colonel and founder, Scot; hence Scot's Fusiliers; or as it now stands, Scots Fusiliers. The regiment has, however, for many years past been composed principally of Scotchmen; and after the Crimean War the Queen's permission was given to the appointment of a band of pipers in Highland garb to each of the two battalions. But, as we have seen above, the Coldstreamers are the genuine Scotch corps. There is little known authoritatively about the movements of the Fusiliers previous to the time when they took up arms in the king's service as the Third Regiment of Foot Guards. Since that interesting and important event its brilliant services have equalled those of its sister regiments on every occasion.

The regimental badge is the star of the order of St Andrew, with the thistle, and the words,

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'*Nemo me impune lacesset*' (No one touches me with impunity). On its colours are the words Lincelles, Egypt (with the Sphinx), Talavera, Barrosa, Peninsula, Waterloo, Alma, Inkerman, and Sevastopol.

Here we must remark that time-honoured traditions are amongst the most treasured possessions of British regiments, for there is hardly a corps in our army without a history of its own. And by some means or another, every soldier, from the colonel to the smallest drummer-boy, who takes a pride in his profession, becomes acquainted with these traditions, and cherishes them with jealous care; for in those tattered colours which are borne proudly before him, he views the record and visible embodiment of deeds of valour, and resolves, when in the battle-field, that no action of his shall sully the proud history of his corps. Nelson's celebrated signal at Trafalgar trebled the strength and pluck of the force under his command; and so likewise, in the heat of a battle on land, the magic words 'Coldstreamers!' 'Fusiliers!' 'Black Watch!' (whichever the regiment may be) have precisely the same effect, by conjuring up in every man's breast that *esprit de corps* without which a regiment would be an utter nonentity. The soldier of every nation is, as a rule, very sensitive with regard to the name and distinctive badges of his regiment, and none more so than the British soldier. Take these away, as some have actually proposed to do; simply number the regiments from right to left; give them a universal badge, with clothing of the same pattern; or, in other words, destroy that regimental organisation which has made the British army famous, and much of the romance and heroism of the British soldier is gone.

The uniform of the Guards has undergone many changes since the Restoration, at which time it was of a very neat and picturesque character. The bearskin head-dress of the present day is a comparatively modern adoption, and was introduced into the English army by the Duke of Wellington, in imitation of those worn by Napoleon's Imperial Guard; while the present pattern tunic and waist-belt superseded the swallow-tailed coats and clumsy cross-belts which were in use so recently as the year 1855.

The three regiments, although doing duty principally in London, have at all critical moments in the nation's history been ordered abroad, to share in the glorious task of facing the foreign enemies of their country; and we find them acquitting themselves nobly beneath the banners of Marlborough, Moore, and Wellington. At the battle of Fontenoy occurred that ever-memorable scene, when for the first time the English and French Guards found themselves face to face, and both corps hesitated, from a noble sense of chivalry, to commence the attack. At length, Lord Charles Hay, a captain of the English Guards, called out: 'Gentlemen of the French Guards, fire!' But with characteristic courtesy and *sang-froid*, the French commander replied: 'Gentlemen, we never fire first; fire you first!'

The Coldstreamers and Fusiliers in 1801 proceeded to Egypt, where, beneath the shadow of the Pyramids, they gained fresh laurels against the French; and the former so distinguished themselves as to win the distinctive badge (a red plume) which they wear to this day on the right side of their bearskin caps. For their [illegible] Egypt both corps were permitted to bear on their colours the word 'Egypt' with the Sphinx above it. Again, all through the Peninsular War the Guards did gallant service, which culminated in that noble and irresistible charge at Waterloo which crushed Napoleon's power, and placed England upon the pinnacle of fame.

Many are the deeds of daring which have been done by individual members of these famous regiments, both officers and men; but as those of the former rarely fail to be blazoned forth to the world, it will be our pleasant task in these pages to record a few instances of the deeds performed by heroes of humbler rank. Unrecorded deeds are like hidden jewels, and it is not until they are exposed to the light of day, that the world marvels at their value and worships them accordingly. At Waterloo the defence of Hougoumont was intrusted to the flank companies of the brigade of Guards, for it was the key of the English position, and orders were issued that it was to be defended until not a stone was left of it. It consisted of an old farm-house and outlying buildings composed principally of wood; and no sooner were the Guards posted there, than they began to loop-hole the walls and make every preparation for its defence. Against this place Napoleon sent the finest of his troops, who, to the number of many thousands, made a desperate attack upon it, which lasted nearly the whole day. Again and again were the French repulsed, only to renew the onset with greater vigour and determination; but those five or six hundred Guardsmen were invincible in their dogged tenacity, and would not yield even when the buildings were blazing around them. In the midst of the mêlée, a young sergeant of the Grenadiers approached his commanding officer, and with tears in his eyes asked for a few moments' leave to perform a brotherly duty. The astonishment of the officer was great, for but a few moments before he had occasion to remark the bravery of his subordinate's conduct.

'It must be something very important to take you away from your duty at this critical moment,' said the officer with a gesture of impatience and a reproachful look.

'See!' said the sergeant, pointing to a building which was in flames from top to bottom; 'my brother lies there severely wounded, and in a few moments more the roof will fall in: am I not, sir, to make an effort to save him?'

'Go!' said the officer; 'and may you be successful.'

Away sprung the young soldier; and dashing into the midst of the flaming pile without the least hesitation, he emerged in a few seconds, singed and scorched all over, but bearing upon his shoulders a precious burden—his wounded and still living brother. Scarcely had he left the building ere the roof fell in with a terrific crash, that was heard above the crackling of muskets and the booming of artillery. Bearing his brother to a protected spot, he laid him gently down, and instantly rejoined his company, where he arrived just in time to save his captain's life!

In another part of the old farmyard of Hougoumont stood the heavy wooden gate, which, of course, became a special object of attack on the part of the French; and after several hours of hard and desperate fighting (during which

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many useless attempts to open the gate had been made), they at last succeeded in forcing it. The moment was a critical one for the little garrison, and for a second or two, the defenders of the gate seemed stupefied; but there is, seemingly, a hero for every occasion, and a stout-built sergeant of the Coldstreams, named Graham, stepped forward just as the enemy began to push in at the gate, and placing his shoulder to the heavy structure, he, with almost superhuman energy, shut it against the foe. The shoulders of twenty or thirty stout men were instantly laid against the gate until it could be barricaded more strongly than before; and when the battle of Waterloo was won and lost, Hougoumont, though razed to the ground, remained untaken. In addition to this brave act, Sergeant Graham had also saved his captain's life several times during that eventful day; and when, some time afterwards, the Duke of Wellington was made trustee of a legacy of one hundred pounds left for the bravest man at Waterloo, and had sent it to Captain Macdonald (the commander at Hougoumont), the latter immediately returned it to the Duke with the reply, that Sergeant Graham was the hero of Waterloo, for he had by his own strength saved the British position. The sergeant eventually received the legacy and a commission.

At the battle of the Alma, on the 20th September 1854, numerous instances of bravery occurred in the ranks of the Guards, foremost amongst which was the act of Sergeant Davis of the Scots Fusiliers, who, when the officer who was carrying the regimental colour was surrounded by the Russians and shot down, seized the sacred emblem of his regiment's honour, and battling his way forward single-handed, planted it triumphantly on the summit of the hard-won height.

At Inkerman, the soldiers' battle, the brave Coldstreamers—George Monk's *Nulli Secundus* men—made heroes of themselves, and immortalised their name. They went into action with sixteen officers and four hundred men; and of this small number they had thirteen officers and more than two hundred men killed and wounded. Eight of these officers were killed, amongst them being Colonels Cowell, Elliott, and Mackinnon, who fell in the act of leading their men on to the charge. At length the Grenadiers and Fusiliers, after much severe fighting, cut their way to the spot where their gallant comrades were being annihilated. Thus united, the three regiments bore down upon the enemy in a line of *single file* (so fearfully had they suffered), and beat them back down the ravine.

When peace was proclaimed the Guards returned home to receive the well-earned reward of their prowess. All London turned out to welcome them, and a right hearty welcome it was. Her Majesty the Queen and the Prince Consort witnessed the march of the three regiments from the balcony of Buckingham Palace, and the former waved her handkerchief to the brave fellows, as they passed on their way to Hyde Park, with their ranks broken by the people, who, in their enthusiasm, demanded to shake hands with the popular heroes. In Hyde Park, they were received by the home battalions with military honours, and were afterwards reviewed by the Queen, when, as a mark of high honour, the Crimean battalions were permitted to march past their sovereign with their tattered ensigns *flying* instead of being lowered in the usual way. They had nobly shewn their fidelity to Queen and country, and those *flying colours* was a simple but touching acknowledgment of the fact. Indeed, the reception of these regiments was quite an ovation; and never had soldiers better deserved the honours bestowed upon them.

## A RAILWAY TRIP IN JAPAN.

Five years ago the only means by which communication was kept up between the rapidly growing settlement of Yokohama and the capital of the empire, Yedo, was by the Tocaido—the great main road—or by sea. As the steamers on the latter route were under Japanese guidance, and as blowings-up and runnings-ashore were unpleasantly frequent, the majority of travellers chose the land-route. And even by this way the annoyances and accidents were so serious and so frequent, that few, except those who had pressing business on hand, or who were ardent explorers, chose to leave the security of the European settlement at all; so it may be said that until the introduction of railways, Yedo remained almost unknown to Europeans. A rackety four-horse van, barring accidents, made the journey and returned every day. The road was execrable, and the people of the villages along the route generally ill-disposed to 'white barbarians.' A week of fierce sun converted the track into a bed of dust, a day of rain turned it into an almost impassable quagmire. Overturnings and breakdowns were of daily occurrence; and the safe arrival at the capital was hailed as an unlooked-for pleasure and surprise. English enterprise, however, backed by English gold, has changed the order of things; and the pilgrimage which formerly occupied five hours and cost ten dollars may now be performed in forty minutes by *rail* at the comparatively reasonable price of one dollar.

The Yokohama terminus is admirably suited to the requirements of the public, and it is difficult to stand there, surrounded by waiting-rooms, cloak-rooms, refreshment-rooms, and ticket-offices, jostled by diminutive natives clad in the orthodox British porter costume, reading by-laws, advertisements, and notices in English, and realise the fact that one is in the mystic land of Japan, fifteen thousand miles from Ludgate Hill, King's Cross, or Edinburgh.

Everything is British belonging to the railway itself. The locomotives are Sheffield built, and are driven by brawny specimens of the Anglo-Saxon race, aided by native stokers. The carriages are from Birmingham—constructed on the American principle—that is, with a passage running from end to end, so that the guard may walk through the train. Every signal-post, switch, and lamp comes from England. The officials are almost without exception 'Samourai'—men of good birth, and have taken wonderfully to their change of profession; the guards are even learning to jump in and out of the trains when in motion with the precision and agility of those at home. In fact during the short journey between Yokohama and Yedo one is transported for a while into the old country; and one only has to shut the eyes to the quaint forms and faces of the passengers and the peculiarity of the scenery, to make the illusion complete.

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Leaving Yokohama, the train crosses the spit of land connecting the settlement with the promontory known as Kawasaki Point, passes through the pleasure part of the town—a sort of suburb, consisting entirely of large tea-houses and places of entertainment, and stops at the first station, Kanagawa. This was originally intended to be the foreign port, but objections were raised by the European merchants that the depth of water was insufficient to admit of large vessels anchoring conveniently near, so that, in spite of government opposition, the present port of Yokohama was chosen. To this day, however, all official documents are dated from Kanagawa, and not from Yokohama.

Kanagawa, a long straggling village on the Tocaido or great road, has always been a hotbed of disaffection towards foreigners. Many a bloody record still tells of the days when the proud 'Samourai' or officers felt that they were scarcely doing their duty towards their country in allowing a European to pass unmolested on the road; and even now, though feudalism, Samourai, and all have been swept away by the march of civilisation, one cannot ride or walk along the narrow street without being saluted as a 'beast' or 'foreign invader.' The temples which were the first residences of the foreign consuls still exist, but the natives have carefully wiped away all traces of foreign occupation, and they are now used, as formerly, for purposes of Buddhist or 'Shinto' worship. From Kanagawa the railway passes under the great road, and enters a broad fertile plain ablaze with many tinted crops, fringed on the left hand by a picturesque range of hills, and bounded on the right by the sea. The peasants are becoming accustomed to the sight of the locomotive and its string of carriages, and rarely stop on their path or rest from their work to gaze at what was but a few months back a wonderful phenomenon. But the pack-horses are less tractable, and dance and pirouette in all directions till the noise is over.

Tsurumi, a little village, also on the Tocaido, is the next station. It is the centre of the snipe district, and on Saturdays and Sundays the little platform is crowded with knickerbockered Britons with their dogs; Frenchmen, fantastically arrayed in sporting costume; Israelites; sailors and soldiers from the men-of-war in harbour, armed with every variety of rifle, musket, or blunderbuss, all bent on wading through the 'paddy' mud in the hopes of making some sort of a bag.

From Tsurumi, the train glides through a delicious stretch of scenery—on the one side little villages nestle amidst the trees, and the deep blue ocean glitters away into the distance; on the other, all is a romantic jumble of hill, and wood, and dale. Here and there a red temple roof breaks the sombre verdure of the hill-side, and at a certain point a depression of the hills affords the traveller a peep at the distant goblin-haunted range of mountains of which Oyama is the chief, behind which the pure white cone of the sacred mountain Fuji rises, solitary and grand, like a monarch in repose. All around is pure unadulterated rusticity. The iron road cuts remorselessly through pleasant vales and wooded hills, but nothing is changed; and if the visitor will take the trouble to explore on either side, he will find the old-world life of Japan still existing as it did centuries ago, when the only Europeans in the land were a few Portuguese missionaries and a small colony of Dutch traders cooped up in an island at Nagasaki.

After a fifteen minutes' run through this charming country, Kawasaki—exactly half-way between Yokohama and Yedo—is reached. Here the down-train from the capital meets us, and there is a stop of a few minutes.

Kawasaki was in the old days one of the most important towns on the great road. On their way from Kiyoto to Yedo, from the western capital to the eastern, the great lords made Kawasaki their last halting-place, and one may yet see the shadows of the great feudal age of Japan in the magnificent tea-houses scattered through the town. Like the old coaching inns on our great main roads in England, these tea-houses have lost almost all their ancient prosperity, as the turmoil of revolution, and above all the accomplishment of the railway, have diverted almost all the traffic from this part of the Tocaido. In one or two of the houses, however, splendidly adorned and painted suites of apartments, pretty gardens, and huge ranges of out-buildings, still attest the former splendour of the age; and although fowls and half-wild curs have made the stabling and out-houses their home, and although the numerical strength of the domestics is not sufficient to keep the dust and cobwebs away from the gaily screened rooms, the proprietors still shew the remains with some pride, and at the instigation of a cup of 'saké' will tell many a quaint story of the doings in those half-forgotten days and sigh that they can never return.

Moreover Kawasaki is the starting-point for pilgrims to two of the most celebrated shrines in this part of the country, so that notwithstanding the decay of its prosperity, Kawasaki is still sufficiently full of life and animation, well fitted to repay a visit from the student of Japanese life and manners. Within ten minutes' walk rises the huge fane of Kobo-Daishi, a Buddhist saint of great renown and the reputed originator of the syllabary now in common use. Hither repair on certain days annually, from all parts of the empire, troops of pilgrims of both sexes and all ages, attired in holiday costume, and though nominally on devotional exercise bent, from the exuberance of their spirits and the time they pass in the surrounding pleasure-houses, not at all inclined to forego the enjoyment of a holiday.

Farther away from the town is the almost equally celebrated shrine of Ikigami, dedicated to Iyeyas, the great self-raised priest who founded the Tokugawa line of emperors, beautifully situated on a solitary deeply wooded hill. This is one of the sweetest spots near Yokohama. The most complete calm reigns over everything, only broken occasionally by the tinkle of the old temple bell and the monotonous drone of the officiating priests, or by the wind murmuring through the great trees. Scattered about around a pagoda of quaint proportions are the tombs of many of the old feudal lords—quaint curious examples of that reverence for the dead so characteristic of the Japanese as of all oriental nations. Except during the pilgrim season, until the opening of the railway, one might wander about these solitudes for hours without any chance of being disturbed. Now, however, that the railway has brought Ikigami within easy access of

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Yokohama, the graves on the hill have become a favourite resort of picnic parties and pleasure-seekers from the great foreign settlement. New tea-houses have sprung up around the base of the hill, and the place is rapidly assuming the tea-garden character which has too often degraded beautiful spots near Yokohama. At Kawasaki, the river runs which nominally is the boundary beyond which foreigners may not explore. The law insisting on this, however, is far more honoured in the breach than in the observance, and not a day passes without scores of foreigners crossing the new bridge.

From Kawasaki the train speeds through huge apple-orchards, till the houses become more frequent and less detached, and now skirting the sea, one visibly approaches a large city, close to which are anchored men-of-war, merchant-vessels, and junks.

The train stops at Shinagawa, the last station, at which, from its want of interest, there is but little temptation for the visitor to alight. The only pleasing bit to break the monotony of dull-coloured hovels is the stately demesne and foreign-built mansion of one of the most ardent supporters of the 'Advance' School of Japanese politicians. Soldiers, coolies, and low-class women seem to compose the street population of this suburb; whilst every other house is either a 'rowdy' tea-house or a 'buvette' of the commonest type. Equestrians and pedestrians therefore, if Europeans, may look out for a repetition of the scowls and abuse of Kanagawa. Leaving the station, and proceeding towards the terminus within the city gates, the train passes the temple, formerly the seat of the British Legation, where the murderous attack was made by hired bravoes of the anti-European party in Japan on Sir Rutherford Alcock and suite, some years back. Farther on a collection of hovels—for otherwise they cannot be designated—situated on a high hill, was, till a year ago, the seat of English diplomatic power in Japan.

The train passes on over the sites of old 'Yashikis' or palaces, and through the once extensive hunting-grounds of the great prince of Tosa, skims the vast barren tract which still marks the disastrous fire of 1871, and finally enters the Yedo terminus. The station is the exact counterpart of that at Yokohama, and is situated in the busiest part of the capital, close to the 'Foreign Concession,' where the Europeans chiefly reside, and within ten minutes' walk of the celebrated 'Nihon Bashi' or Bridge of Japan, from which all distances in the empire are measured. Outside the station are waiting carriages, 'Jinrickishas'—or chairs on wheels dragged by coolies—breaks, and even a Hammersmith built omnibus; so that the traveller has but to take his choice and be taken anywhere. The Japanese and, strange to say, the Chinese (who have only just permitted a line to be made on their sacred soil) have taken wonderfully to travelling by railway. All classes avail themselves of it; and it is sometimes amusing to observe how Young Japan tries to assume an air of nonchalance, and endeavours to appear as if he had been accustomed to railways all his life. Every train is crowded, especially on Sundays; and the pilgrims bound for the capital from Mount Fuji or Oyama, hail the foreign engine and train waiting for them at Kanagawa as a godsend and a saving of many hours of weary travelling and, what is more important, much cash. The childish delight of the natives at being rattled over the ground at twenty miles an hour is ludicrous; and although the novelty has worn off, there are still numbers who simply travel up and down the line for the sake of the sensation.

## A CURATE'S HOLIDAY.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

Mr John Williams, landlord of the *Ship and Anchor*, Lleyrudrigg, had not deceived the little minister and myself with regard to the qualifications of his horse. It was a high-stepping thoroughbred; and notwithstanding that the roads were heavy with the rain of the previous day, we bowled along next morning at a famous rate on our way to Twellryst. Clouds of a somewhat suspicious character floated overhead, occasionally depriving us for a space of the sunshine, and the wind was perhaps too high to be altogether agreeable. But on the whole the weather was favourable; and enlivened by Mr Morgan's instructive and cheerful conversation, the day's trip promised to prove a pleasant one. For some time after leaving Lleyrudrigg we followed the regular coach-road, which, though running for a little way on a line with the coast, very soon turns inland. Then quitting it for one upon which was much less traffic, we found ourselves, at the close of three hours' quick driving, again coming within sight of the blue ocean with its foam-flecked billows, and were told by Jonathan Williams, our hunch-backed, sinister-looking little driver, that we were nearing the Spike Rocks. The Spike Rocks! how I shudder at the bare mention of that name, recalling as it does—— But I will not anticipate. Drawing up before a five-barred gate which led into an extensive piece of meadow-land bordering the shore and, as I afterwards found, crowning precipices which for nearly a mile in length descended in sheer walls to the sea, Jonathan rose in his seat, and pointed out with his whip the two rocks which we had come hither to visit. They stood at some distance from the land—small, conical-shaped islands, bleak and sharp-pointed—their interest consisting, as we had been told, in their being a peculiarly favourite resort of a species of sea-bird. At certain seasons of the year, of which the present was one, the birds would collect here in thousands, covering the rocks from base to summit with a compact living mantle of whity-brown feathers. From the point at which our carriage stopped, however, the rocks were too far away for their clothing to be clearly visible; and we accordingly set off for a nearer inspection, warned by a shout from our driver, when we had taken a few steps, to beware of the 'Devil's Holes.' (So Mr Morgan translated the barbarous-sounding Welsh word he used.) 'Devil's Holes! Why, what can *they* be?' I inquired. But my companion was no wiser with regard to the matter than myself, as he confessed with a shake of the head; so we walked on, trusting to our observation for enlightenment.

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The enlightenment came sooner than we anticipated, and was accompanied for me by a great shock. Under the influence of my new friend's inspiriting society, I was feeling a light-heartedness to which I had long been a stranger; and upon observing before me a small round hollow in the field we were crossing, I was seized with a momentary impulse to run forward, as I might have done when a boy, and let the impetus of descending the near side carry me up the sloping grassy bank which I saw upon the farther one. Had I followed out that impulse, however, I should not now have been writing this story; for when close upon it, but not before, I perceived to my horror that the innocently seeming indentation of the ground was in reality an awful natural pit. Where the grassy slope terminated, instead of the green level I had expected to see, yawned a black chasm; and looking downwards, I positively trembled as my eye sank into an abyss some hundred feet in depth, at the bottom of which, as though it had been a gigantic caldron, appeared a seething mass of water, rolling and dashing itself against the rocky sides, and sending up a booming sound like the explosion of cannon.

An exclamation of horror burst from my lips as this unexpected phenomenon met my sight, and drawing Mr Morgan backwards, I nervously entreated him not to stand so near the edge. That 'Devil's Hole' had filled me with the strangest sensation of creeping dread; and when presently we came upon a second hollow in the meadow, I shrank from approaching it. The little minister, however, would not be deterred from doing so; and from the manner in which I saw him walking round and round, curiously peering over its side, I was prepared for the announcement which he made upon rejoining me, that that too was a 'Devil's Hole'—larger but in other respects similar to the one I had seen. An involuntary shiver was almost the only comment I made upon this communication; and as we continued our course, I looked apprehensively in all directions for further suspicious undulations of the ground. But none presented themselves; for like the Spike Rocks, these holes are but two in number; and when we had taken a survey of the Rocks—to my mind the lesser curiosities of the district—we returned to our dog-cart.

Words can scarcely express the relief I experienced as I felt myself being carried swiftly away from the neighbourhood of these horrible pits. The state of my health possibly may have had something to do with it; but my imagination certainly had been powerfully impressed with what was perhaps an exaggerated idea of their danger, and throughout the remainder of our drive I could talk of little else. Interested only in a lesser degree than myself, Mr Morgan joined me in conjectures as to the way in which they had been formed; the probable depth of water contained in them; the manner in which they were connected with the sea, and so forth. But though each of us endeavoured by turns to draw Jonathan into the conversation, in order to extract information from him, our dwarfish driver either could not or would not afford us any. He did not know, he said, whether or not there had ever been an accident at the spot, and replied to all our questions with a shortness which—considering that he had chattered incessantly during the former part of the journey—made me think that for some reason or other the subject must be distasteful to him.

Upon reaching Twellryst the little minister and I separated, with the understanding that we were to meet again at the inn at which we had put up, at four in the afternoon—that hour being as late a one as we thought it wise to appoint, on account of the necessity of getting back to Lleyrudrigg that night.

A careful exploration of the ruins, which turned out to be very interesting; a walk in the country; and a saunter round the town, filled up my time very agreeably; and arriving exactly as the clock struck the appointed hour, I found Mr Morgan already at the rendezvous. Our conveyance was then called for; but to our annoyance, the driver was not forthcoming. He had strolled away from the hotel some time ago, we were told; and when, eventually, the search for him ended in his discovery in a neighbouring public-house, he appeared to be a good deal the worse for liquor. The delay thus occasioned in starting upon our backward journey was the more vexatious because of the threatening aspect which during the last hour the weather had been assuming. Thick dark clouds had gradually spread themselves over the entire sky, and the wind, as it moaned amongst the trees of a neighbouring orchard or whistled round the corners of the inn, had a decidedly stormy sound. Naturally I am rather a passionate man, and at the time of which I write my private troubles made me more than usually prone to irritation. It is scarcely to be wondered at then, that when, upon my friend's calling Jonathan's attention to these signs of the times, I observed an impish look of satisfaction stealing over his face as though he were inwardly rejoicing in the anticipation of our getting a good wetting, in return for the scolding we had given him. Indeed, I had some difficulty in restraining my inclination to seize his horse-whip and lay it across his shoulders. I did restrain it, however; and when ready at length, we set off at full speed. This was so well kept up by Mr Williams's excellent horse, that although we could not hope to escape a drenching, we began to congratulate ourselves that after all we might get to Lleyrudrigg before very late in the evening.

We had been for more than an hour upon the road and had made first-rate progress, when on a sudden the looked-for storm broke upon us with the utmost violence. In a few moments the wind had risen to a hurricane, rendering our umbrellas entirely useless; and it was only by enveloping ourselves in a large horse-rug with which the landlord had provided us, that the little Welshman and I had any chance of keeping dry. Taking off our hats, we passed the rug over our heads, and had been riding in this way for a considerable distance, when my companion observed that the vehicle was jolting very much; and removing the covering from my face, I saw that

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we had turned off the highway into a narrow lane. On being questioned by Mr Morgan, to whom I uneasily communicated this fact, Jonathan declared that the lane was a short cut which would presently bring us out again upon the road we had quitted. I can scarcely tell why, but from the very first I doubted the correctness of this statement; and when, after twisting and turning times without number, the lane appeared yet as far as ever from its promised termination, my suspicions became confirmed. That our driver was purposely taking us in a wrong direction, I could hardly think, since I could conceive of no object for his doing so; but that he had, either through drunkenness or carelessness, lost his way, I felt assured. Bending forward, I angrily charged him with the mistake; and though at first holding doggedly to his former assertion, he admitted by-and-by that he thought he must have turned up the wrong lane—adding, however, that as I might see for myself, he could not get his horse round in so confined a space, and would be obliged therefore to drive onwards. That obligation I was of course forced to allow; and muttering something as like an anathema as my clerical character would permit me to use, I re-covered my head and resigned myself, along with my more even-tempered associate, to the inevitable. But our misadventures were not to end with this contretemps. We were still in the lane, and had been going more and more slowly on account of its increasing roughness, when all at once the dwarf affirmed that something was wrong with the horse's right fore-foot, and precipitately descended to examine it. The examination occupied a long time; and peering from beneath the sheltering rug, I noticed Jonathan's arm working about as he bent over the hoof he had raised, and thought I distinguished, mingling with the roar of the wind, a faint sound as of grating metal. I remarked upon this to Mr Morgan, and we both called out to inquire what was the matter. But the fellow would vouchsafe us no reply until he had remounted to his seat, when he informed us sulkily that the shoe upon that foot was coming loose, and that he had been trying to refasten it. Apparently, however, he had not succeeded to his satisfaction, for he shortly got down to look at it again, and kept on repeating the action at intervals. At length just as we emerged from that seemingly interminable lane, the horse stumbled slightly; and once more descending from his box, the hunchback, with an ejaculation, in which it struck me there was a tone of triumph, brought forward the shoe, which had now indeed come off.

For a few moments the little minister and I sat in silence interchanging glances of dismay, which it was becoming almost too dark to read. Then simultaneously, we inquired of Jonathan what was to be done. The driver's answer was prompt and decisive. We must, he said, stop at the first house we came to and beg a night's lodging, since upon no account dared he proceed towards home at the risk of laming the horse. His cousin, he added, would be furious should any harm come to it, as it was very valuable, and he was, besides, much attached to it. Recognising its necessity, we acquiesced in this plan without demur, and in fact without unwillingness, the idea of a speedy shelter from the still violent storm being by no means ungrateful. But where, the question remained, could that shelter be found? We rose in the dog-cart, looked eagerly to right and left, but could discern no habitation. Jonathan, however, after applying himself to a similar scrutiny, declared that he perceived, just beyond a small plantation or orchard, about a hundred yards distant, what he felt sure was the corner of a building; and taking the horse by the bridle, he led it in that direction. His keener sight, as we shortly found, had not deceived him. When upon stopping again, we displaced the rug in which we had once more enveloped ourselves from head to foot, we saw in front of us, through the battering rain and gathering gloom, a low straggling farmhouse.

A small garden, entered by a wicket-gate, led to the door; and begging us to sit still, Jonathan ran towards it, returning almost immediately with the information that we could be accommodated here for the night. Blessing our good fortune, we accordingly alighted, and were met, as we passed into the house, by a hard-featured elderly man in a smock-frock and leathern gaiters, who after bestowing upon us a gruff welcome, shewed us into a large sanded kitchen. An unpleasant odour of bad beer and stale tobacco greeted our entrance, and my first impression, in the uncertain light which filled it, was that the apartment contained a numerous company. Upon candles being produced, however, as they speedily were by the farmer's direction, its occupants resolved themselves into seven. These were, a stout red-visaged woman, the wife of our host; and six tall strongly built young men, varying in ages from sixteen to thirty-five—his sons. With much courtesy the whole family proceeded at once to busy themselves for our comfort—one of the sons placing chairs for us in front of the peat-fire, another assisting to remove our damp coats and hang them to dry, whilst a couple more accompanied Jonathan to an out-building, where our horse and carriage were to be disposed for the night. The woman, upon her part, hastened to prepare us something to eat; and grateful for all this attention, Mr Morgan (whom I began by this time to look upon as quite an old friend) chatted away to our entertainers in his usually pleasant manner. I too for a while exerted myself towards their amusement, giving them an account of our day's excursion, and speaking of other matters which I thought calculated to interest. But with the exception of the woman, who had a harsh disagreeable voice, and was sufficiently loquacious, none of the party possessed much conversational power, and the talk gradually flagged.

Upon lapsing into silence, the men's faces naturally fell into their ordinary expressions, and as my gaze now wandered from one to another, a feeling of dislike and mistrust of the entire group seized upon me. The feeling was one that I could not well account for, and for which indeed I blamed myself severely. Nevertheless, far from diminishing as the evening wore on, it increased to an almost painful degree; and upon my mind suddenly reverting to the large sum of money carried by my companion, I took an opportunity of anxiously whispering him to beware of any allusion to it. The suggestion implied in this warning appeared to startle the little minister; but his nature was eminently trustful, and as I could see, a short cogitation ended in his mentally condemning my suspicion as uncalled for. Shortly after it

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had been uttered, however, he proposed, to my satisfaction, that we should go to bed; whereupon the farmer (whose face and figure, though I knew I had never seen him before this evening, seemed somehow familiar) slipped from the room, and returning directly with a black bottle in his hand, pressed us before retiring to rest to take a glass of spirits. Being a teetotaler, I declined for myself the proffered hospitality. But thinking, as he remarked, that it might prevent his taking cold from the wetting he had sustained, Mr Morgan accepted a somewhat stiff tumbler of whisky-punch. This, in order not to keep me waiting, he drained almost at a draught; and our host then preceding us to an upper story, pointed out the rooms in which we were to sleep. They were situated at each end of a long passage; the first, which opened at the head of a rather steep flight of stairs, being assigned to my companion, and the farther one to myself. Upon following Mr Morgan into his chamber for the purpose of bidding him good-night, I noticed with astonishment that he staggered slightly in crossing the floor. He complained too, as we shook hands, of feeling 'terribly sleepy;' and smiling to myself at the rapidity with which the whisky-punch was taking effect upon the little Welshman, I recommended him in an under-tone to lock his door; and leaving him to his slumbers, betook myself, under the farmer's guidance, to the apartment appointed for my own occupation.

## SOME UNCOMMON PETS.

Proud Wolsey, it will be recollected, was on familiar terms with a venerable carp; Cowper doffed his melancholy to play with his hares; and Clive owned a pet tortoise. Less noted folk have taken kindly to snakes, frogs, lizards, hedgehogs, and other animals not usually included in the category of domestic pets. The driver of a London Hansom was wont to carry a little cub fox on the top of his cab, to their mutual enjoyment, until returning from the Downs one Derby-day, the cab overset, and the cabman and his odd companion were both killed. Mr G. F. Berkeley made a household pet of a young stoat, rendered motherless by his gun. Totie soon accommodated himself to circumstances, and would leave his cage to wash himself in a finger-glass on the dinner-table, trotting back again as soon as his ablutions were performed, taking a piece of sponge-cake with him.

Sir John Lubbock contrived to win the affection of a Syrian wasp; but the game was hardly worth the candle, or sufficiently entertaining to encourage others to follow suit; although it is said that, strong in the new feminine faith that what man does woman can do, three maiden sisters sought to relieve the tedium of single-blessedness by devoting their leisure to the domestication of English-born wasps. Before a week was out, one fair experimentalist wore a large blue patch over her left eye, another carried her right arm in a sling, the third was altogether lost to the sight of anxious friends, and all had come to the conclusion that wasp-taming was not their forte. Better taste and greater discretion were shewn by the lady, who, becoming possessed of two butterflies of different species in a chrysalis state, resolved to try how far they would be amenable to kindness, and placed them for security in a glazed cabinet in her well-warmed bedroom. A few days before Christmas she was delighted by the appearance of a little yellow butterfly, but was puzzled how to cater for the delicate creature. Taking a fairy-rose then in bloom, she dropped a little honey and rose-water in a blossom, and put the plant in the cabinet, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing the butterfly take its first meal. In a fortnight it would leave the rose to settle on her hand when she called it by its name Psyche. By-and-by a peacock butterfly emerged into active life from the other chrysalis. The newcomer accepted the sensation of active life at once, and like its companion, delighted in being talked and sung to, both especially enjoying being waved in the air and danced up and down while quietly resting upon the hand of their mistress. Upon the coming of summer the cabinet was moved close to the window, and its doors thrown open. For some days neither of its tenants cared to venture beyond the window-sill, but one bright afternoon their protectress 'with many bitter tears' beheld them take wing and join some wild companions in the garden; at night, however, they returned to their lodgings. Next day they took the air again, and were not seen until September. One afternoon there came a heavy thunderstorm, and when it was over a yellow butterfly was found dead on the window-sill—which the lady, with some warrant, lamented over as her own particular one; the 'peacock' too would seem to have met a like fate, for it was never seen again.

The butterfly tamer had an eye for beauty, but ugliness is no bar to a lady's favour, so far as animal pets are concerned. It would be hard to find a more repulsive-looking reptile than the iguana, nevertheless the society of one afforded much pleasure to an American lady residing in Brazil. Pedro, as he was called, was well provided with raw meat, bananas, and milk; allowed to bask in his mistress's room in the daytime, and to make himself cosy between the mattresses of her bed when the sun went down, he cheerfully accepted the novel situation, like a wise iguana. His loving lady was wont to carry him abroad in her arms—a practice that kept acquaintances at a respectful distance—for, however they might pretend to admire Pedro's beadlike spots of black and white, his bright jewelled eyes, and elegant claws, they were careful not to make any near approaches. Nothing pleased Madame so much as to drop her pet without warning at the feet of unsuspecting gentlemen, and elicit from naval officers symptoms of terror such as would not have been drawn forth by an enemy's broadside or a lee-shore. Of course Pedro came to grief. Rambling one day unattended, he came across 'a marauding Frenchman,' his owner's maid arriving only in time to rescue his lifeless body. It was sent, wrapped in black crape, to a neighbour with a weakness for fricasseed lizard; but having seen this especial one fondled

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and caressed, he could not find the appetite to eat it; and so Pedro was consigned to the earth instead of the pot.

De Candolle tells of a fair Switzer who, unmindful of Red Riding Hood's sad fate, made a companion of a young wolf, and had the melancholy satisfaction of seeing the fond beast fall dead at her feet in a paroxysm of joy at her return home after a long absence. But although one wolf was faithful found, it does not follow that the fair sex are justified in going to the forest or jungle for pets. The proprietress of a loving leopard that came regularly to her chamber door in the dead of the night, and howled loudly enough to wake the Seven Sleepers, until its mistress turned out of bed and quieted her disturber with an offering of warm milk, might well doubt if she had bestowed her affection wisely. Such favourites, however kindly they take to domestication, are very undesirable additions to an orderly establishment. When Captain Burton was domiciled in Syria, the famous traveller left the management of his live-stock to his wife, and under her fostering care that department assumed formidable proportions. Not content with horses and goats, a camel, turkeys, geese, ducks, fowls, and pigeons, Mrs Burton must have her own especial pets—a white donkey, a young St Bernard dog, four English terriers, a Kurdish puppy, a snow-white Persian cat, a lamb, and a leopard. The last-named, according to the lady's account, became the pet of the household; which it deserved to be, if the household abhorred a quiet life, for the leopard behaved much after the manner of the gazelle whose owner sang:

> **He riled the dog, annoyed the cat,**
> And scared the goldfinch into fits;
> He butted through my newest hat,
> And tore my manuscript to bits!

Mrs Burton, with pretty good grace, confesses her husband had fair cause for saying his happy family reminded him of the House that Jack built; for the fowls and pigeons ate the seeds and destroyed the flowers; the cat fed upon the pigeons, the dogs worried the cat; while the idol of the household harried the goats until one of them drowned itself in sheer disgust, and frightened the donkey and camel by jumping upon their backs, and indulging in a shrieking solo, horrible enough to scare any animal of a well-regulated mind into madness.

Lady Hornby, while ambassadress at Constantinople, obtained, as she thought, a Turkish street dog, with whom she was soon on the best of terms. Introducing her pet to a gentleman who knew a dog when he saw one, he exclaimed: 'That's no dog; it is a common brute of a wild jackal!' 'Well,' rejoined the enlightened lady, 'anyhow, I have tamed him, and dog or jackal, don't mean to part with him!'

It was to her husband that Mr Frank Buckland was indebted for the Kurdish dog, whose prowess delighted him, despite the trouble entailed by its exhibition; for Arslan, imbued with the notion that he was created to rid the earth of his kind, conscientiously tried to fulfil his mission by killing every dog so unlucky as to cross his path. Fortunately for his master's serenity, Arslan's unkind attentions were confined to his own species; otherwise there would have been anything but joy in the house of Buckland, since that general lover of animal-kind was never yet without pet bears, beavers, or monkeys, calculated to excite the ire of a brave dog; and priding himself upon the brown rats, black rats, piebald rats, and white rats with pink eyes, which swarmed to the door of their cage to welcome his coming, and allowed him to handle them as he listed, while at the advent of a stranger they were up on their hind-legs in fighting position instanter.

Much, however, as he loved them, they increased and multiplied so quickly that Mr Buckland was by cruel necessity compelled, now and again, to carry a bagful away wherewith to regale the snakes of the Zoological Gardens; a method of riddance unavailable to the gentleman who tried his hand at porcupine-petting, and found the creature thoroughly deserved Shakspeare's epithet of 'fretful,' its inquisitiveness and restlessness rendering it the most unpleasant of all quadrupedal pets.

Strange pets usually come to some untimely end; as Miller Luke says, 'Things out o' natur never thrive.' But your animal lover need not go far afield for worthy objects upon which to expend his kind care, for he was a wise man who wrote, 'If we were to pet our useful and hard-working animals, we should find it both to our credit and advantage.'

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## THE LEAF PROPHETIC.

*This year—Next year—Some time—Never.*

How I laughed at some one's folly,
As in play he read my fortune,
On a leaf of shining holly.

'NEXT YEAR!' said the leaf prophetic;
'Next year,' softly whispered some one,
While I said, with voice coquettish:
'I shall wed next year with no one.

'Christmas comes, and Christmas goeth;
You shall see—for I have said it—
When the next year's Christmas cometh,
It shall find me still unwedded.'

. . . . .

But the Spring-time came with blossoms,
Left a bud so sweetly hidden,
Which the perfumed breath of Summer
Fanned into a flower unbidden.

And when Autumn's golden glory
Gleamed o'er fields and purple heather,
Then our love reached its fulfilment
When two hands were clasped together.

And the frosts and snows of Winter
Brought us not one thought of sadness,
For the outer desolation
Made more bright the inner gladness.

Christmas came! and some one fastened
In my hair a leaflet golden:
'Wear this as a penance, darling,
For the sake of memories olden.'

H. K. W.

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# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

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## HYGEIA: A MODEL CITY OF HEALTH.

A REMARKABLE attempt has been made to bring into one focus numerous suggestions put forth within the last few years by social improvers and sanitary reformers. These suggestions, as our readers are aware, take a very wide range. Matters relating to water-supply, drainage, disposal of refuse, lighting, ventilation, dry foundations and dry walls to houses, stoves and fireplaces, cookery and kitchen arrangements, washing and drying appliances, cleanliness of person and of garments, cleanliness of rooms and of bedding, special arrangements for unwholesome but necessary trades and employments, provision for the sick that may not be perilous to other persons, moderation in diet and regimen, avoidance of vicious indulgences—all these and many other subjects have engaged the attention of thoughtful persons in a marked degree; and it can be indisputably shewn that the annual death-rate is lowered in districts where improvements in such matters have been extensively adopted. Mr Edwin Chadwick, perhaps the chief worker in this laudable direction, is so confident in the eventual success of such endeavours, that he announces the possibility of building a city that shall have any assignable death-rate or annual mortality, from a maximum of fifty or more in a thousand to a minimum of five or less in a thousand. Dr B. W. Richardson, a physician and physiologist of eminence, has taken hold of Mr Chadwick's idea, and sketched the plan of a city that shall shew the lowest rate of mortality. No such city—we need hardly say—exists, and he has neither the time nor the means to build one; but his purpose is to shew that it *can* be done, whenever public opinion is ripe for it.

Dr Richardson, in an Address to the Social Science Association, afterwards published in a separate form, speaks of his *Hygeia* or City of Health in the present tense, as if it already existed. This is done for vividness of description and brevity of language, and will be understood by the reader in the proper sense.

Hygeia, then, is a city for a hundred thousand inhabitants. (The main principles could be worked out in a much smaller community, but in a less complete form.) It has twenty thousand houses on an area of four thousand acres of ground: apparently rather densely populated, but not too much so when good sanitary arrangements are adopted. There are no very lofty houses. In busy thoroughfares, where shops are required, there are three stories or floors over the shops; and some of the best streets in private or 'west-end' neighbourhoods have four stories in all; but in others the general number is three. Underground living-rooms and kitchens there are none; instead of these, every house is built upon arches of brickwork, which form channels of ingress for fresh air, and of egress for all that is required to be got rid of. Running along beneath each main street is a railway for the transport of heavy commodities. All the streets are wide enough to admit plenty of cheerful sunlight and fresh air, and rows of trees are planted between the foot-ways and carriage-ways; the carriage-ways are paved with wood set in asphalt, and the foot-ways with stone pavements ten feet wide. Tramways are not permitted, as they cut up the roadway; omnibuses above ground and railways below will suffice instead.

All the interspaces between the backs of the houses are laid out as gardens. Churches, hospitals, theatres, banks, lecture-rooms, and other public or large buildings, follow the same alignment as the houses in the streets, but all detached; and every one flanked by a garden-space, however narrow.

There is no occasion for those unsightly concomitants of London sanitation, scavengers' carts. The accumulation of mud and dirt in the streets is washed away every day through side-openings into subways, and is with the sewage conveyed to a destination apart from the city; there are neither gratings nor open drains; and there are no 'gutter children,' because there are no gutters for children to paddle and dabble in, and because we may hope that, eventually, 'young Arabs' will disappear from our towns.

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There being no rooms or offices whatever below the level of the street, how, it may be asked, are the domestic arrangements carried on? The kitchens and offices are at the top of the house instead of the bottom. Plenty of light and ventilation are thus obtained; while hot odours, being lighter than common air, pass away without contaminating the living and sleeping apartments. All the larger houses are provided with lifts, up which provisions and stores can be conveyed. As there is a constant service of water, available to the highest story of every house, the kitchen boiler may be kept constantly filled; hot water from the boiler can be distributed by conducting pipes to the lower rooms, as well as cold water from the tank or cistern—an inestimable advantage, especially in bed-rooms. Every floor or story has a sink for waste water, whereby the carrying of the uncomfortable slop-pail up and down stairs is rendered unnecessary. The scullery, adjoining the kitchen, has an opening to the dust-shaft; and so have the several floors or stories, every opening being provided with a sliding-door or shutter. The dust-bin, into which the shaft descends, is under the basement of the house. The roof of the house is nearly flat, paved with asphalt or tiles; it serves either as a pleasant little garden or as a drying-ground for clothes—the wherewithal for a laundry being provided in connection with the scullery.

The houses are built of a kind of brick which has the following sanitary advantages—glazed, so as to be impermeable to water and moisture; perforated, so as to admit of circulation of fresh air through the very substance of the walls; glazed in different colours for the interior of the rooms, thereby dispensing with the necessity for paint, paper-hanging, or whitewash, and affording scope for tasteful design in the selection and arrangement of the tints; smooth and hard, so as to be easily cleaned by washing; and some of them flattened into tiles for more convenient use as ceilings. Sea-sand is excluded from the mortar employed, on account of its tendency to imbibe and exude moisture. The chimneys, arranged on a plan prepared by Mr Spencer Wells, are all connected with central shafts; the smoke, drawn into these shafts, is passed through a gas-furnace to destroy the free carbon, and finally discharged colourless into the open air. 'At the expense of a small smoke-rate, the city is free from raised chimneys and the intolerable nuisance of smoke.' On the landing of the middle or second stories is a bath-room, supplied with hot and cold water from the kitchen above. The houses being built on arched subways, great facilities exist for the admission of gas and water into the several domiciles, and for the exit of sewage and refuse. All pipes are laid along the subways, and up thence into the houses; and workmen have easy access to these subways for the adjustment and repair of the several pipes. Abundance of water is at hand for flushing the sewers, which are laid along the floor of the subways. All the domestic offices of every kind being within the four walls of the house itself, there are none of these unsightly outhouses which so much disfigure most of our towns, and so greatly lessen the available garden-space.

In the living-rooms an oak margin of floor about two feet wide extends round the room; this is kept bright and clean by the old-fashioned bees-wax and turpentine, the centre only of the floor being carpeted or otherwise covered. In the bed-rooms twelve hundred cubic feet of space is allowed for each sleeper; and all unnecessary articles of furniture, bedding, and dress are excluded—the use of a bedroom as a lumber-room being a fertile source of weakened health to the inmates. The lift already spoken of, for conveying provisions and stores to the upper story of the house, is a simple affair: a shaft runs up in the party-wall between two houses, and in this a basket-lift is raised by a rope; while side-openings connect this lift with the middle story or stories. The living-rooms have the open cheerful fireplace which English folks so much prefer to the closed stoves of many continental countries; but at the back of the fire-grate is an air-box communicating by a passage with the open air, and by another opening with the room; the heated iron box draws in fresh air from without, and diffuses it in the upper part of the room—on a plan similar to that devised by Captain Galton.

Walking through the streets, what kind of aspect does Hygeia present? There is an absence of places for the sale of spirituous liquors. Whether by permissive bills or by temperance pledges, this kind of abstinence is so far enforced; and a drunkard would be forced out of the city by the frown of public opinion. Another moral restraint which, however, is one extremely difficult to impose—we will mention in Dr Richardson's own language, as it evidently expresses his opinion as a physician: 'As smoking and drinking go largely together—as the two practices were, indeed, original exchanges of social degradations between the civilised man and the savage (the savage getting very much the worst of the bargain)—so do the practices largely disappear together. Pipe and glass, cigar and sherry-cobbler, like the Siamese twins who could only live connected, have both died out in our model city. Tobacco, by far the most innocent partner of the firm, lived, as it perhaps deserved to do, a little the longest; but it passed away, and the tobacconist's counter, like the dram counter, has disappeared.'

The streets have plenty of life and movement in them, but a minimum of rattling jarring noises, owing to the heavy traffic being conducted through the underground railways. Most of the principal factories are at a short distance from the city; as are also large clusters of workrooms let out singly. A workman can have a workroom on payment of a moderate weekly rent; in it he can work as many hours as he pleases, but must not make it his home. Each block is under the charge of a superintendent, and under the supervision of a sanitary inspector. The artisan goes away from his home to work, like the lawyer, the merchant, or the banker. There might appear to be some waste of time in this arrangement; but it is more than compensated, in the opinion of the citizens of Hygeia, by comparative immunity from disease: 'It has,' says Dr Richardson, 'been found in our towns generally, that men and women who are engaged in industrial callings, such as tailoring, shoe-making, dressmaking, lace-making, and the like, work at their own homes among their children. That this is a common cause of disease is well understood. I have myself seen the half-made riding-habit that was ultimately to clothe some

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wealthy damsel rejoicing in her morning ride, act as the coverlet of a poor tailor's child stricken with malignant scarlet fever. These things must be, in the ordinary course of events under our present bad system. In the model system we have in our mind's eye, these dangers are met by the simple provision of workmen's offices or workrooms.'

Public laundries are a feature in Hygeia. If the washing of a small family is done at home, the housewife knows with what she has to deal; but when 'the washing is put out,' the linen of the family may, for aught she knows, have been mixed before, during, or after the process of washing with the *linen* from the bed or the body of some sufferer from a contagious malady. Some of the most fatal outbreaks of disease are known to have been communicated in this manner. To avoid these evils, public laundries are established in the outskirts of Hygeia, each with an extensive drying-ground, and all under sanitary inspection.

There is no one gigantic hospital, nor any hospital for special diseases—with perhaps one or two exceptions. Numerous small hospitals are distributed equidistant throughout the city; each constructed according to the most approved and efficient plan, and surrounded by its own open grounds. One of these would suffice for about five thousand inhabitants. The current system of large hospitals is abandoned, as being equivalent to 'warehousing diseases on the largest possible scale;' while special hospitals are deemed unnecessary—'as if the different organs could walk out of the body and present themselves for separate treatment.' Each hospital has an ambulance ready to be sent out to bring any injured persons to the institution; the ambulance drives straight into the hospital, where a bed of the same height on silent wheels receives the patient, and conveys him or her to a ward. The staff is so appointed that every medical man in the city has in turn the advantage of hospital practice; whereby the best medical and surgical skill is fairly equalised through the whole community.

Homes for little children are abundant. In these the destitute young are carefully treated by intelligent nurses; so that mothers, following their daily callings, are enabled to leave their children under efficient care.

In a city so organised, it is believed that insanity would be very small in amount, and that a few small special establishments would suffice for its treatment. For the same reason huge buildings as workhouses for the destitute would be neither desirable nor necessary; small well-managed establishments, with useful work for all who are not really incapacitated, will be better both for the unfortunates themselves and for the ratepayers of the city. Ablution-baths, swimming-baths, playgrounds, gymnasia, public libraries, public schools, fine-art schools, and lecture-halls, are good and plentiful in Hygeia.

At a distance from the city are the water and gas works, and the sewage-pumping works. The water, drained from a river unpolluted by sewage, is *filtered*, and conveyed to the houses through iron (not lead) pipes. The sewage, brought from the city partly by its own flow and partly by pumping apparatus, is conveyed away to well-drained sewage-farms at a distance, where it is utilised as a fertiliser. Scavengers traverse the streets in early morning, and remove all refuse from roads, pavements, yards, and stables in covered vans to the sewage-farm. The public slaughter-houses, at some distance from the city, are under the control of inspectors, who examine all animals before being killed for food; and painless slaughtering, which is now known to be practicable, is adopted. The city cemetery is artificially made of fine carboniferous earth, on which vegetation springs up quickly. The dead, either in shrouds or in baskets or cradles of wicker-work, are placed in the earth, and vegetation soon covers them; and anything in the nature of a monumental slab or inscribed stone is placed in a spacious covered hall built for the purpose. The burial system is thus a compromise between the old graveyard usages to which England has been accustomed for a thousand years or more, and the very un-English process of cremation which has a few advocates among us.

Such is Hygeia, the imaginary City of Health. Dr Richardson states his reasons for thinking that mortality would lessen to eight per thousand per annum in the first generation, in a community thus domiciled and organised; and afterwards lessen to five per thousand. He says, to the audience he addressed: 'Do not, I pray you, wake up as from a mere dream. The details of the city exist; they have been worked out by the pioneers of sanitary science; I am but as a draughtsman who has drawn out a plan, which you in your wisdom can modify, improve, perfect.' Whether by speculative landowners, architects, and builders, or by social reformers who have no interested or professional motives, a scheme has been brought forward for a City of Health to be called *Hygeopolis*, somewhere on the Sussex coast; but it is only in the rough, without any detail of 'ways and means.' We fear that the whole project is little better than a dream. It is certain that a city such as Dr Richardson portrays in imagination could not be established without a revolution in our social habits; that a species of communism would supplant a good deal of individual enterprise; and that the local rates, however imposed and however collected, would be enormously heavy. Nevertheless, many of the suggestions are admirable, and could be singly worked out in most of our existing towns.

## THE LAST OF THE HADDONS.

### CHAPTER III.—FLITTING.

On opening the envelope sent to me by Mr Wentworth, I found a five-pound note, and a few words to the effect that Mr Farrar desired to do what was usual in the way of paying all expenses incidental to the journey and so forth, which might be incurred by the lady who accepted the engagement.

How can words express my appreciation of the good fortune which had come to me? I sat thinking over it in deep thankfulness; realising its blessedness in the sudden renewal of faith, and hope, and trust which it had brought to my fainting spirit. Then I presently recollected what had to be done, and went down-stairs and tapped at the door of the back-parlour, which was my landlady's sitting-room.

I occupied one room at the top of the house at

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the modest rental of five shillings a week, slipping in and out on sufferance, as it were; and I had hitherto seen very little of Mrs Sowler, sending down my week's rent and receiving the receipt by the small maid Becky. Becky had not yet arrived at the dignity of waiting upon the first or second floor lodgers; being only a drudge to the other servants, of whom I had seen as little as of their mistress. Indeed I had no right to expect much in the way of attendance for the sum I paid. Such small services as I had received from Becky had been for the most part rendered from good-will, and so to speak surreptitiously, as was the little I had been able to do for her. There was a sort of freemasonry between us. We had been some little comfort to each other in a quiet way, and without injury to any one else; it being understood that complaining or ill speaking was undignified, and beneath people who knew how to endure. We simply helped each other to make the best of the position we found ourselves in.

Mrs Sowler, who had been a ladies' maid, had married the butler in the family she lived with, and they had invested their joint savings in furnishing a lodging-house. She was a very great personage in the eyes of Becky, who had great reverence for elegance of attire, and considered it quite natural to be 'a bit set up, when you were dressed better than your neighbours.'

From the little I had seen of Mrs Sowler I judged her to be sufficiently 'set up;' but that in no way offended me.

Obeying a request to enter, I opened the door and walked in. Mrs Sowler had half-risen from her seat; but at sight of me she sank languidly back again.

'Oh, it's you, Miss—Miss'——

'Haddon,' I smilingly suggested, taking a seat unbidden. 'I have come to pay my next week's rent, and to say that I am going away, and shall not require my room after to-morrow morning, Mrs Sowler.'

'Going away!' she repeated, in a somewhat raised voice. 'I am sure you've had nothing to complain of here. Very few houses such as this let rooms at five shillings a week, with a member of parliament on the first floor, and a—— Why, it's worth five shillings to any one who wants to be thought respectable, to have letters addressed here! Not that it makes any difference. A paltry five shillings a week is not of much consequence to me, of course; and if you are not satisfied, you are quite welcome to go as soon as'——

'But I am, and always have been satisfied, Mrs Sowler. I can assure you I have quite appreciated the advantage of having a respectable shelter at so small a cost. It is not that'——

'Then what is it? I think I have a right to ask that much?' said Mrs Sowler, looking as though there was no exaggeration in certain rumours which had reached me to the effect that the partings with her lodgers were not always got through in the most amicable way. 'If Becky has been saucy'——

'No, indeed: she has'—I was going to say, 'been extremely good to me;' but reflected in time that Becky's goodness to me might not impress her mistress so favourably as it did me, so quietly added—'done quite as much for me as I had any right to expect, Mrs Sowler. I am leaving simply because I have succeeded in obtaining a situation.'

'A situation! O indeed!' ejaculated Mrs Sowler, sinking languidly back into her seat again; graciously adding: 'Well, you have conducted yourself in a quiet respectable way since you have been here, and I hope you will do well.'

'Thank you, Mrs Sowler;' putting down the money for the week's rent as I spoke.

'*Good*-evening; I will send a receipt up by one of the servants. And if Becky can be of any assistance in cording your boxes or what not, I have no objection.'

'I am much obliged. Good-evening, Mrs Sowler.'

Having thus taken leave of my landlady, I informed Becky—who had returned with her purchases, still in a state of wonderment at my extravagance—of my intended departure.

'I thought there was something the matter!' she ejaculated, sitting down on the edge of my small bedstead and gazing forlornly at me, as the tears began to make for themselves a channel down the poor grimed cheeks.

'I have found a home, Becky,' I said gently.

'I know I ought to be glad, for you could never have bore going on much longer like this; but I can't be just yet. O Miss Haddon, dear, it isn't your mending my stockings and things; please don't think it's because of that.'

'I do not think it, Becky. I am sure you care for me as much as I do for you, and we will both try to prove our friendship by sparing each other as much as possible at parting.'

'You will soon find other people—lots.'

'I shall find no one who will make me forget an old friend.'

'O miss, how can I be your friend?'

'You have been my only one here, Becky. But we will now put away sentiment, and try to make the most of the afternoon. You are to be my company.'

'Me!'

'Yes. Go down to Mrs Sowler; give my compliments to her, and say I shall be much obliged if she will kindly allow you to spend the rest of the day with me.'

'No good,' returned Becky, with a very decided shake of the head.

'Tell Mrs Sowler that I have a dress and a few other things to spare which we might easily alter to fit you,' I replied, feeling that that was the best way of appealing to Mrs Sowler's feelings. Becky had been taken from the miserable home of a drunken mother out of charity, as she was very frequently reminded, and was not as yet considered to have any claim to wages; depending upon such odds and ends in the way of clothes as fortune might bring her.

She was quick enough to see that I had hit upon the best means of inducing her mistress to consent; and at once went down to make the request. It was graciously granted; and Becky presently returned with the front of her hair well greased, and her face red and shining from hasty friction with soap and water and a rough towel, which was as much preparation for being company as she had it in her power to make.

I had some little difficulty at first to induce her to share my feast. She resolutely turned her eyes away from the cake. 'I'm not hungry, thank you, miss.'

But I soon succeeded in proving to her that I should enjoy it a great deal more with her assistance,

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and that much would have to be wasted without. 'Think of having to throw plumcake away, you know, Becky'—plumcake being an acknowledged weakness of Becky's. Her scruples once overcome, Becky and I feasted in good earnest, enjoying our strong tea and all the rest of it in the most convivial manner. She at first tried hard not to laugh at my little jests, with, I fancy, the notion that laughter was not proper for the occasion. But I soon had her stuffing her handkerchief into her mouth, and burying her head in the bed, to prevent the sound reaching the other lodgers, in the old fashion. Such very small jokes did for Becky, and I was not going to have my first tea-party made flat and dismal. Afterwards we passed a pleasant evening patching and contriving.

'O Miss Haddon, do you think you'd better? Are you *quite* sure you can afford it?' again and again ejaculated Becky, quite overwhelmed by the magnificence of the gifts, and afraid I should afterwards suffer for the want of such treasures.

I smilingly unlocked two of the largest boxes, and shewed her the contents—my wedding outfit, which had remained untouched, so far as linen and so forth went, for eight years. Fortunately for me, the fashion seemed to be veering round again to that which it was when they were purchased, and the two dresses I had carefully preserved as too good for ordinary wear, would serve me for best at Mr Farrar's, until money was due to me.

'They *are* clothes!' exclaimed Becky, looking in extreme surprise at the little heaps of linen and what not.

'What did you think my boxes contained, Becky?' I inquired in some amusement.

'Well, we knowed you paid for everything you had; but missis said you'd never be living a-most upon dry bread if there was much left in your boxes; and as to their being heavy, master said bricks would do that!'

It was impossible to divest Becky's mind of the idea that I had suddenly become recklessly and extravagantly generous, as her heap of belongings increased; and when I added a small box to contain them, with a key, her gratitude knew no bounds.

'My very own! What's give me is my own; isn't it, Miss Haddon, dear?'

I was very decided about that.

'And if I was to run away in them, it would not be thieving, would it?'

'No; it would not be thieving; but I should be very sorry if you were to run away, for then I should not be able to find you, in case I am able to obtain a situation for you near me, by-and-by. It would be wiser as well as braver to endure a little longer, Becky.' At which Becky screwed up her mouth, and gave me a little nod, which I knew meant enduring and staying.

Thus pleasantly was spent my last evening in the small room where I had many a time passed half the night anxiously speculating upon the chances of being able to earn sufficient to keep me. It had seemed but a forlorn-hope answering that advertisement, without being able to offer any testimony of previous experience. But I was becoming desperate, knowing that if I once began to sell my small belongings in order to obtain food, it would very soon be out of my power to accept an engagement, should one offer.

I set forth for the railway station the next morning on better terms with myself and the world than I had been for many a long day, Becky and I comforting each other at parting with a smile instead of a tear, as we had agreed to do.

What was my new home going to be like? The only impression which had been conveyed to me about Mr Farrar had been that he was rich and liberal. Mr Wentworth had given me no clue to the characters of either father or daughter beyond saying that the former was liberal and the latter sensitive. Liberality seemed to speak for itself; but sensitiveness might or might not be a charm, according to circumstances. A refined, self-depreciative nature is not sensitive from the same cause as is a self-loving one; and unfortunately it is not the latter kind of sensitiveness which is least prevalent. But I comforted myself with the reflection that they must indeed be difficult to please, if one so desirous of finding a home as I was could not please them.

## CHAPTER IV.—FAIRVIEW.

The station at which I stopped was about twelve miles from town, and I found that Fairview was distant a short drive from thence. I took the advice of the driver of a solitary fly in waiting, and engaged it to convey me and my luggage, instead of having the latter sent, and walking, as I had intended to do. 'They'll charge you eighteenpence for the barrow up to Fairview, and I'll take you and the luggage too for half-a-crown, miss,' said the man, in a fraternal kind of way, which seemed to indicate that he understood the cause of my hesitation, and put the case accordingly.

Very curiously did I gaze about me as the fly jogged slowly through part of a primitively built little village, and turned into a high-road, rising ground the whole way. I caught sight of some exquisite bits of Kentish scenery; beautifully wooded hill and dale, with picturesque-looking homesteads dotted about it; and pictured to myself a delightful old family house to match the scene—a gable end or mullioned window appearing here and there amidst grand old elms, with rooks cawing about them. Dwelling upon this picture, I did not notice that we had left the main road, and turned into a newly-made one branching from it, leading to the top of a hill. It was only as the fly turned sharply in at some showy-looking lodge gates that an enormous structure of bricks and mortar—a modern palace—met my view. Even as I was driven round the sweep, something, which I then tried to persuade myself was size and grandeur, but to which I now give a different name, jarred upon me, and dispelled all my rosy visions of a country home.

A man-servant came out to see to my luggage, looking somewhat surprised at my paying the driver myself, and methodically counting my boxes before ascending the steps. At the hall-door I was received by another servant, and conducted to what he termed the library—a large and lofty room, furnished in costly modern fashion. 'But where were the books?' I asked myself, gazing around. How jealously they were guarded, if they were kept in those closed and lined bookcases! There was not a book nor a paper to be seen, and all the elaborate appliances for study looked new and entirely unused. I could only

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suppose that Mr Farrar had taken a dislike to the room, and gathered his favourite authors about him in some cosy study, where ideas would flow more freely.

I sat waiting, as patiently as might be, for about ten minutes, when the man-servant looked into the room: 'Will you come this way, if you please, miss?'

I rose and went across the hall, where he threw open a door and ushered me into a large drawing-room, gorgeous with amber satin hangings, and gilded furniture, immense pier-glasses, and every conceivable expenditure in the way of decoration. Still no one to be seen! It almost looked as though I had been taken from room to room in order that I should be duly impressed with the Fairview grandeur. But I presently found that there were other things besides furniture in the room; beautiful works of art, collected from all parts of the world. Indeed they were in such excess as to destroy the general effect, by fatiguing the eye. One longed to isolate them from their too brilliant surroundings and examine them at leisure.

I had contrived to forget where I was and what had brought me there, in examining some treasures on an engraving-stand, when the man again made his appearance: 'Mr Farrar will be glad to see you, if you will please to step this way, miss.'

Mr Farrar at last! I rose and followed the servant across the hall again, feeling anything but as calm and collected as I tried to appear. I was, in fact, oppressed with a sudden dread lest I should not find favour in Mr Farrar's sight, and the consciousness that when I had given the change out of the note to him, I did not possess sufficient money of my own to pay my fare back to my old lodgings again. I suppose the self-restraint which was necessary to conceal my anxiety made me appear to greater disadvantage than usual. Whatever the cause, I was very soon made to understand that first impressions were unfavourable to me.

'I did not expect you to arrive so early, Miss Haddon,' were the first words, not very graciously uttered, which met my ears as the doors closed behind me.

'I thought it best to come at once, Mr Farrar, in case you should require'——

'O yes; very right—very right and proper.'

The *haut en bas* in the tone strengthened me in a moment, bracing my nerves as suavity and gentleness would not have done.

'I presume you have heard from Mr Wentworth respecting'——

'Yes, O yes; I received a letter this morning apprising me of his success in finding a lady to act as chaperon to Miss Farrar. Pray be seated, Miss—O yes—Haddon, Miss Haddon. Unfortunately, I am just at present an invalid. It is that, in fact, which necessitates the engaging a lady to act as chaperon to Miss Farrar.'

Miss Farrar again; not his child; not his motherless girl, but Miss Farrar! I bowed, leaving him to proceed.

'Not that she is the only lady here; my—sister resides with me, Miss Haddon. But she—in point of fact, she belongs to the old school, and therefore is not altogether fitted—that is, she is independent of anything of the kind, and does not care to undertake the duties required. I came to the conclusion that a somewhat younger lady would be more fitted for the office, and consequently begged my friend, Mr Wentworth, to undertake the selection of a lady for me.' He paused a moment, then went on, half interrogatively, I thought. 'He understood that it was a desideratum that the lady should be one accustomed to the best society, and in other respects a suitable companion for a young lady who will, at a future period, be the wife of a man of family holding a distinguished position in the world.'

This was serious. A lady accustomed to the best society, and capable of inducting a young girl into the mysteries (they were mysteries to me) of fashionable life. The only society I had been accustomed to was that to be found in my dear mother's sick-room, and such faded gentility as people who live about in second-class lodgings are likely to meet with. Undoubtedly my mother was a gentlewoman, and Philip a gentleman according to my creed; but what *society* might think about it I did not know.

I anxiously debated the matter in my own mind for a few moments. Was I justified in accepting the position? What if I gave Mr Farrar an exact account of my past life, and left him to decide? I could have done so without a moment's hesitation to Mr Wentworth. But I very quickly came to the conclusion that it would not do here. The cold, calculating eyes, narrow brow, and heavy, loose lips, seemed to indicate a very different character to that of his friend; and it was therefore probable that he had a very different standard as to what constitutes a gentlewoman. Then there arose the difficulty—could I satisfy my own conscience in the matter? which presently brought me back again to the question, what constitutes a gentlewoman? and I resolved to make the attempt.

He had been drumming his fingers on the arms of his chair, waiting, I suppose, rather impatiently for some sort of rejoinder to his peroration; but I was obliged to think the matter carefully over in my own mind, and he had to wait a few moments. He was probably not in the habit of being kept waiting for a reply, as he went on in a somewhat irritated tone: 'Mr Wentworth informs me that you are well connected, Miss Haddon?'

The very best speech he could have made, in the way of leading up to what I felt obliged to say, and yet rather shrank from saying.

'My father was a Haddon of Haddon, and held a commission in the Guards, Mr Farrar,' I replied, hardly able to repress a smile at the thought of making them useful to me at last and in this way. If they were of any service to me now, it would be for the first time.

'Oh, indeed; very good; the Haddons of Haddon. Yes; that is satisfactory certainly—Haddons of Haddon; *quite* satisfactory.'

I could only smile, making a deep mental courtesy to the Haddons of Haddon. To think of my former want of reverence for so great a power!

With a wave of the hand he graciously went on: 'I was sure I might trust to Mr Wentworth's discrimination. I hope you will soon feel at home here, Miss Haddon' (I could not help noticing that the name was uttered in quite a different tone now); 'I keep a good housekeeper; and I trust you will find all the servants in my establishment treat you with proper respect.'

'I expect one generally gets one's deserts in that

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way, Mr Farrar,' I replied smilingly; 'I will try to deserve their respect.'

He looked a little dubious. 'A strong hand—a firm hand.' Then, I fancy, reverting to the Haddons of Haddon again, he added pleasantly: 'But of course they will be kept in their place by you. And now, perhaps you would like to see my daughter.'

'Allow me first to give you this change from the five pounds, and to thank you, Mr Farrar.'

'O yes; Wentworth mentioned something about it. He knows I like everything of that kind done in a large spirit. No consequence—no consequence at all, Miss Haddon,' as I put the change *on to* the table at his elbow, and mentioned *something* about third class, the cost of which was all I had deducted.

'I am sorry you came third class, Miss Haddon. But in future it must be always first, as befits a lady of gentle breeding.'

'You are very kind.'

'Not at all—not at all.' He rang the bell within reach of his chair, and inquired of the man who obeyed the summons: 'Is Miss Farrar in, Drew?'

'No, sir.'

'Shew this lady to the morning-room;' adding, after a moment's hesitation: 'Mrs—Tipper is there, I suppose?'

'Yes, sir.'

He half rose from his chair, keeping his hands on the arms, and bowed to the Haddons of Haddon. Their representative bent low in return, and then once more followed the man-servant.

What a palace the place seemed in size! I was ushered into a fourth great room, although I was much relieved to find that this last had an entirely different aspect from the others I had seen. A cheerful homelike room, with windows to the ground, looking on to terraces and flower-gardens, and different, in every other way, from the show-rooms to which I had previously been introduced. I breathed a sigh of relief; quite refreshed by the sight of books, work, an easel, &c., the usual pretty feminine litter of a morning-room. Some one at anyrate played at having ideas here.

But a slight cough drew my attention to a corner of the room near one of the open windows; and I saw a lady rising from an easy-chair—a short, stout, little lady, of about sixty years of age, who could never have resembled her brother at any time, and was a great deal pleasanter to look at now. To me she was quite pretty, in a homely, motherly way, with bright blue eyes, a mouth used to smile, and a dear little button of a nose, which combined charmingly with all the rest. The simple honesty and thorough good-nature so evident in every line of her face, appealed directly to my heart; and I felt that if she and I did not become friends, the blame would rest with me. The sight of her was my first welcome to Fairview.

'You are the lady'—— she began, a little hesitatingly.

'My name is Mary Haddon, and Mr Farrar has just engaged me to act as companion to his daughter, madam.'

'Oh, indeed—O yes, I am charmed I am sure. Charmed to make your acquaintance, Miss Haddon. Lovely weather we are having, are we not?' with a tone and manner in such singular contrast with her appearance, that I was for the moment dumb with astonishment. She half extended her hand, then drew it back again, and gave me a stiff little bow instead. 'May I offer you any refreshments after your journey, Miss Haddon?'

I declined rather stiffly, not a little chilled and disappointed. One really had a right to expect something different from this homely, good-natured looking little woman. She appeared rather at a loss what to do next, and presently hoped I was not fatigued with the journey.

No; I was not fatigued with the journey. Then, after a moment or two's reflection, I went on: 'The truth is, I am not a fine lady, Mrs Tipper; I have been accustomed to all sorts of endurance, poverty amongst the rest, and it takes a hard day's work to fatigue me.'

It was an inspiration. In a moment, her whole bearing changed to one which appeared to come a great deal more naturally to her.

'I 'm heartily glad to hear it, my dear. I mean, about your not being a fine lady, you know. It does make such a difference, does not it? Do come and sit in this chair, and make yourself comfortable, if you are *quite* sure you won't have a little snack before lunch! Or perhaps you would like to be shewn to your room at once? Make yourself at home—now do.'

I smilingly seated myself on the chair by her side, explaining that I preferred sitting a short time with her, if she would allow me. Half an hour with this kind old lady—I knew now that my first impression had been a correct one, and that she was as kind and good as she looked—would help me to become better acquainted with Fairview. After once more suggesting refreshments, in a kindly, fussy, homely fashion, she drew her chair closer to mine, and proceeded to take me into her confidence.

'To tell the truth, I have been quite uncomfortable at the thought of your coming—no, not *your* coming, my dear; but the sort of lady I was afraid you were going to be. The relief it is to see you as you are, instead of being some grand lady too fine to speak to me, as some of the great people who come here are, is more than I can tell.' Here she became amiably afraid lest I should think that she meant to imply that I was not a lady; and anxiously began to apologise and explain. But I soon succeeded in setting her mind at ease upon that score; and she was chatting confidentially on again. 'You see, my dear, I 'm not a lady.'

I smiled. 'Like myself, you are not a *fine* lady, perhaps, Mrs Tipper.'

'It's very kind of you to say it; but *I* know the difference between us, my dear,' she replied, her eyes beaming with kindness. 'Jacob would be very vexed with me if he knew I said it to you; but if I did not, you would soon find it out for yourself; and I am sure you would not like me any the more for pretending to be different in the beginning, would you?'

'I should be very sorry to see you different, Mrs Tipper,' I replied in all sincerity.

'I don't know, my dear. It's been very trying for Jacob. But I tell him it's no use beginning now. I am too old to learn new ways, you know; not that I haven't tried; no one could have tried harder than I did, when Brother Jacob brought me to live with him; it was only my duty so to do. Between ourselves, I took lessons of a lady who advertises to teach ease and elegance to those unaccustomed to society. Worked hard, that I

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did, making courtesies and all the rest of it; but it wasn't much use. I can manage pretty well when there's a large party and I've only got to smile and bow, and say I'm charmed to see you, and all that; but as I told Jacob, it would never do with a lady living with us. You must not think that Jacob is not kind, for he is very kind. He was not so ashamed of his old sister as to let me live somewhere out of the way by myself, as I wanted him to do, when first I was left a widow. He wouldn't hear of it, my dear; and though I know he feels the difference between me and his great friends, and of course it's trying to have a sister named Tipper, he always treats me in the kindest way. You must excuse my saying all this to you, my dear; but really you look so kind, and I thought it was just as well for you to know the worst about me in the beginning.'

'You have begun in the kindest way possible for me, in giving me the hope that I have found a friend, Mrs Tipper,' I replied, lifting the hand she had laid upon mine, to my lips.

'You said you have seen my brother, and that it is all settled about your staying with us?' she inquired, looking a little doubtful; not,' I fancy, quite understanding how it was that I could satisfy tastes so very opposite as were her brother's and her own.

'Yes; Mr Farrar was quite satisfied,' I returned, half smiling as I thought of the very different means by which he had been satisfied. Not for the world would I have introduced the Haddons of Haddon here!

'And I am sure I am a great deal more than satisfied, and so will Lilian be; though you must not think she is like me; no, indeed: my darling is quite a lady, like her mother before her. My brother's wife was a beautiful young creature, and as good as she was beautiful. It was said that she had married him for his money; but no one who knew her would believe that. It was a love-match on both sides; and poor Jacob was never the same after her death. Lilian was almost a baby when her mother died, and Jacob kept the promise which he made to his wife on her deathbed. Lilian was sent to a lady who was a connection of her mother's, where she was brought up, and did not come home to stay until six months ago, when her education was finished. You will find her everything a lady ought to be.'

I was a little dubious upon that point. The idea of Mr Farrar's daughter 'finished,' was rather depressing; and I became somewhat *distraite* as Mrs Tipper went gently ambling on about Lilian's beauty, Lilian's accomplishments, elegant manners, and so forth. But it presently occurred to me that a 'finished' young lady might possibly be inclined to be critical about the appearance of her chaperon, so I asked the kind little lady to allow me to go to my room. She rang the bell, and the man-servant summoned a housemaid, by whom I was conducted to a bedroom so large and luxuriously furnished that, in my ignorance, I imagined she must have made a mistake, and brought me to one of the state chambers, until I noticed my boxes with the covers and straps off. She pleasantly offered her assistance in unpacking, adding the information that she was appointed to attend to my bedroom bell for dressing or what not. This was grandeur indeed! I could not help noticing the contrast between this well-trained and well-dressed servant and poor Becky, and made a mental vow to procure equal advantage for the latter as soon as I had it in my power so to do.

I told Lucy that I was accustomed to wait upon myself, and should therefore trouble her very little, dispensing with her assistance for the present.

## MR MARGARY'S JOURNEY FROM SHANGHAE TO BHAMO.

For a period of nineteen years the western provinces of China, embracing a rich and fertile region of great extent, were the scene of a disastrous civil war. This was terminated in 1874 by the complete subjection of the Mussulman insurgents, and the establishment of the Emperor of China's dominion throughout the Burmese territory. The return of the country to a state of tranquillity afforded the Indian government what seemed to them a good opportunity of reopening a trade-route between India and China through Burmah. The great advantages that would result from the establishment of such a route, both of a diplomatic and commercial kind, had been long apparent to the Indian authorities; in fact, as early as 1868 an expedition commanded by Major Sladen had been equipped for this purpose. It had penetrated as far as the city of Momien, in the province of Yun-nan, when its further progress was checked by the opposition of the two hostile factions then struggling for dominion in Burmah.

But now a fresh opportunity arose, and it seemed good to the Indian government to avail themselves of it. In 1875, accordingly, a mission was got ready, led by Colonel Browne, for the proposed undertaking. Having received assurances of safe conduct from the Pekin government, and being provided by them with the necessary passports, Colonel Browne started to traverse China from Burmah to Shanghae. It was also deemed advisable that some one should be despatched from the China side to meet the mission on the Burmese frontier, and act as escort to it during that portion of the route which led through Chinese territory. For this post, Mr Augustus Raymond Margary, a young officer attached to the British consulate in China, was chosen. Mr Margary possessed, as was subsequently most fully proved, all the qualifications requisite for the difficult task to which he was appointed, chief among which was that in the course of a six years' residence in China he had made himself master of the language of the country, and thoroughly familiar with the ways and customs of its people.

The leading facts of Mr Margary's journey and its sad termination are known to the general public; but lately there has been issued the journal* which he kept on that occasion, which gives many details hitherto unpublished, the whole forming a record interesting and valuable, for several reasons. No book that has yet appeared presents us with so clear, simple, and exact a picture of the people among whom Mr Margary's journey led him; and it has thus supplied us with an amount of accurate knowledge that may prove of the greatest service to future travellers through the same regions.

Mr Margary started on his journey under what

* *A Journey from Shanghae to Bhamo.* By Augustus Raymond Margary. London: Macmillan.

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seemed the most favourable auspices, himself in high spirits, despite that he was only recovering from a trying illness. He was of course supplied with passports, and also with Chinese despatches from the Tsung-li-Yamen at Pekin to three governors-general who were in authority over the territories he was about to traverse. These latter, he was assured, would secure him every protection and assistance in his enterprise from the magistrates and their officials along his route. He had to pass through nine hundred miles of a country hitherto almost unknown to Europeans, his journey being estimated to extend over about six months. His suite consisted of a cook, an official messenger, and a writer. He started from Shanghae on the 22d of August; and in one of his letters home, dated on the eve of his departure, he writes that he expects to be 'completely buried out of sight till the end of November, and shall probably hear no news of you or the world in general till next year.'

The first portion of Mr Margary's journey was performed by steamboat up the great river Yang-tse-kiang, which is now navigated for upwards of seven hundred miles of its course by American steamers. On reaching Hankow, five hundred miles up the river, he embarked in a small native boat, and still following the main channel of the Yang-tse, traversed the province of Sze-chuen, along the gorges and rapids of Ichang, on through Chung-khing, lat. 29° 30′, long. 107° E.; thence to Yunnan-fu, lat. 25° 30′, long. 102° E.; and thence travelling nearly due west to a town called Yung-chang-fu, on the Chinese borders.

Although unable, from frequent illness and debility, to enjoy the country through which he was passing to the full extent he could have wished, Mr Margary contrived, nevertheless, to make pretty careful observations of its main characteristics, which he sets forth in fresh and vivid language. The river Yuan, which waters the province of Hou-nan, he describes as a marvellous stream, winding through mountain gorges of great beauty, full of wonderful rapids, the hills on its banks clothed with the most luxuriant vegetation and fine forests of pine and ash. Several prolific beds of coal were also passed, in which large solid blocks lay bare to the view. These deposits were worked by the natives in a very primitive and miserable fashion—namely, by simply scraping the coal-dust into baskets and carrying it down to the towns. In these regions, the lover of botany fares better than the geological student. The plant-collector is regarded as in some sort a doctor, and accordingly held in respect; while the geologist and his hammer are looked upon with doubt and suspicion.

From Ch'en-yuan-fu, Mr Margary continued his journey by chair. Among the steep mountain passes there was not a little discomfort in this mode of travelling, and sometimes danger. The accommodation with which the traveller had to be content was often of a sufficiently meagre kind. The inns were dirty; there was sometimes a scarcity of food, and little or no variety in the daily fare. Against these disadvantages the very moderate hotel bills which Mr Margary was called upon to settle may have been some set-off. The sum of fourpence generally covered his expenses for one night.

Bending his course westward, Mr Margary entered the fine and fertile province of Kwei-chou. This region is slowly recovering from an incursion made upon it some few years ago by the Maiotsze, a wild and lawless mountain tribe, who swarmed down upon the valleys, spreading desolation everywhere in their path. They were at last quelled by the imperial troops, and the country is now gradually returning to a condition of cultivation and prosperity.

From the province of Kwei-chou, Mr Margary passed into that of Yun-nan. This extensive and important province was for more than seventeen years as good as lost to China owing to the Mohammedan rebellion which lasted during that time. It was at length put down by the government troops, hardly a rebel being suffered to survive; but the country still shews traces of the desolating effects of the rising, and the war of extermination which was its sequel.

Mr Margary had scarcely entered Yun-nan, when the most formidable part of his enterprise began. He soon experienced a marked decrease in the amount of civility and assistance which he received from the local authorities. This was no doubt in a great measure due to the fact that, seven years previously, Major Sladen, during his expedition, had sought to treat with the Mohammedan insurgents as friends—a circumstance that was still in the recollection of the people and their rulers. The manner in which Mr Margary was received generally throughout his journey deserves consideration, as shewing the amount of protection and aid which despatches and passports from the Pekin authorities may be expected to secure for a traveller in remote parts of the Chinese empire. Mr Margary's experience varied considerably, but his treatment at the hands of the provincial magistrates and officials was on the whole as favourable as could be expected. By the terms of his despatches, he was entitled to ask two escorts from any magistrate to whom he should apply for such aid. Sometimes an attempt was made to put him off with only one guide, and sometimes his escorts were of a very inefficient kind, as on the occasion when the Yao-yuan magistrate, having provided for his progress to the next magisterial town a small boat of the commonest sort, sent as guides 'a couple of disreputable-looking rascals—dirty scullions or some other such menials out of the nasty crowd that infest all yamens.'

Occasionally he suffered considerable inconvenience and discomfort from the crowding and hustling of the mob. In one instance a rabble, consisting chiefly of soldiers, 'the fruitful source of trouble everywhere,' would not allow his luggage to be brought into their town. On appealing to the local magistrate, he was treated by that functionary with great discourtesy. Mr Margary indignantly remonstrated, and produced his passport and letters; whereat the magistrate lowered his tone and consented to provide him with a body-guard. But the crowd was too much for the guard, and Mr Margary and his party were obliged again to seek protection in the magistrate's house. It was attempted to upset his chair, and he had to be carried backwards through the mob. While all this was going on, to give an instance of Chinese apathy, a military mandarin of distinction was passing close by, 'under whose command were half the rioters round, and yet he made no more effort to repress them than a private individual.'

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The above are instances of the more disagreeable of Mr Margary's experiences. But he had many others of quite a different character. At Kwei-chou he was received with much courtesy by the magistrate, 'a brisk old man full of energy and intelligence,' who, on Mr Margary's taking leave of him, did him the honour of conducting him to his chair, bestirring himself in so doing to a much greater extent than many mandarins of far lower rank would have deigned to do. In fact, during the latter portion of his journey Mr Margary was treated with great consideration and civility by all the local authorities, with one or two exceptions only.

Between China and Burmah there stretches a wild tract of hilly country known as the Kakhyen Hills. These are inhabited by a bold and lawless tribe of people, in travelling among whom Mr Margary had to be very watchful and cautious. He was at this stage of his journey accompanied by a guard of forty Burmese, whose whole assistance he now required.

At last all Mr Margary's difficulties were overcome, and his journey drew to a close. He descended from the hills to the Burmese plains, and on the 17th of January met the English mission at Bhamo, receiving a warm welcome from Colonel Browne, 'with hearty congratulations on his splendid journey.'

The mission started from Bhamo early in February, and progressed as far as the bases of the Kakhyen Hills without interruption. But here indications appeared of dangers in advance. It was reported that the savage Kakhyens were determined to oppose the mission. Mr Margary, however, laid little stress on these rumours. Had he not passed safely through the Kakhyen territory alone but a fortnight previously? Why should there be any more danger now? He proposed, therefore, to Colonel Browne that he should go on in advance, and prepare the way for the mission's further progress. To this Colonel Browne consented; and Mr Margary started, having as escort a few Burmese muleteers, in addition to his private servants who had accompanied him from Shanghae.

Mr Margary reached Manwyne in safety, and sent back word to Colonel Browne that all was so far secure, and that the mission might advance; which it did as far as Seray, the first frontier town in Burmah. Here it was observed that the Seray chief and all his soldiers were armed; a suspicious circumstance. More reports of a threatening nature also reached the mission. And no further news came from Mr Margary at Manwyne. On the morning of the 22d the camp was attacked by a large armed force, and it was with great difficulty that the mission managed to make good its retreat back into Burmah. But for the fidelity of the Burmese guard, who, besides resisting all attempts at bribery, fought bravely in defence of the mission, it is probable that Colonel Browne and his party would all have lost their lives. Just previously to the attack upon the mission, letters reached Colonel Browne from Manwyne announcing that Mr Margary had been treacherously and cruelly murdered; news which filled the party with deep sorrow. During their brief acquaintance with him, all had learned to esteem Mr Margary as an old and dear friend.

The manner of Mr Margary's murder is not certainly known. There are two reports of it: one that he was attacked while riding out to visit a hot spring in the vicinity of Manwyne; and another that he was set upon at a dinner, given professedly in his honour by one of the local dignitaries. It may be expected that when the report of Mr Grosvenor's recent inquiries into the circumstances of Mr Margary's murder is published, it may throw light upon this point, as well as upon that as to who must be charged with the crime, a question which, while we write, remains also in doubt.

Thus then ended the second attempt to establish a trade-route between China and India. In a concluding chapter to the work under notice, Sir Rutherford Alcock reviews at some length the subject of the two missions, that of Major Sladen's and that of Colonel Browne's. His remarks are very suggestive, and seem to set the question before us in its proper light. On the whole he thinks that the second expedition was not well timed. Considering the great suspicion which the Chinese have of any attempts made to extend the rights of foreigners in the interior and western provinces, and that they still bore resentment from recollections of Major Sladen's expedition, which had sought to make terms with the Mohammedan rebels, he is of opinion that the authorities at Pekin were not made sufficiently aware of the nature of the mission, and had some cause for complaint. But this is in no way an excuse for the treachery and barbarity to which Mr Margary fell a victim, and for which it is absolutely necessary that reparation should be made.

Moreover, having once made the attempt to open up a highway for foreigners through Central China, it is not advisable that we should give up the endeavour without renewed effort; for this would be to acknowledge defeat, which, since our position in the East is one of prestige, would be most damaging to the British influence among Asiatics. It would tend greatly to weaken the moral power by which, more than by physical force, we hold sway among those peoples, and by which alone our presence in their midst may affect them for good. Having once attempted to advance, we cannot, either with safety to ourselves or what we believe would be real benefit to the Chinese, retreat.

As to the commercial value of a trade-route between China and Burmah, Sir Rutherford Alcock is doubtful; but still he thinks that renewed effort must be made on our part to establish such a route, for we have now committed ourselves to it, and the question is no longer one of money cost. The only proper way by which what we seek can be accomplished is by 'direct negotiation with the Chinese government, without concealment or disguise as to what is required, and the real object in view.'

But with the desirability of opening up a commercial highway through China and Burmah, or whether our last attempt to do so was well timed or judiciously planned, it will be seen that Mr Margary had nothing whatever to do. He was appointed to perform a work, and he performed it. A hazardous and responsible enterprise was by him nobly gone through, and that it terminated so fatally as it did for himself was due to no want of foresight, energy, or courage on his part.

The impression which we gather of Mr Margary from his own journal, simple and unconscious

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revelation of character as it is, is a very pleasing one. We see him pressing on through his long and wearisome journey patiently, steadily; determined upon doing his duty under whatever difficulties; lonely and often sorely tried, hampered continually on this hand and on that, attacked by one disease after another of the most prostrating kind, yet always undismayed, hopeful, and cheerful. When placed in some difficult situation, in dealing with the people about him, his tact and good temper never desert him, and his experiences all tend to prove how much further a kindly and sympathetic attitude towards races of different civilisation from our own go than 'treaties, gun-boats, and grape-shot.' Day after day he encountered vexations and crosses of *all kinds*, both grave and trivial. These had of necessity to be met with firmness, but while so meeting them he always preserves his self-control and courtesy. Only thus could he have passed through such an extent of wild and unknown country so rapidly and securely as he did. Despite the not unfrequent, to say the least, indifferent usage he meets with, he generally contrives to find 'the people everywhere charming, and the mandarins extremely civil.'

The information contained in Mr Margary's journal is, as we have said, valuable. The geography of the country, its physical aspect, climate, and scenery; the products and natural resources of the different provinces; the character and habits of the people; the amount of consideration which imperial letters and passports are likely to insure for European travellers in distant parts of China: on all these important points, Mr Margary's journal supplies us with new and exact knowledge.

It is not too much to say that most of the pioneer work of the world has been done by our fellow-countrymen. Whenever a call has seemed to come from some hitherto little known region of the earth, either simply to explore its trackless wilds, or it may be to bring succour to the oppressed, it has very frequently been England that has answered it; and prominent on the noble roll may surely be placed the name of Augustus Raymond Margary.

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## A CURATE'S HOLIDAY.

### IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER III.

When left alone by the farmer at whose house I had so unexpectedly become a guest, I looked around the room in which I was to pass the night. It was small, ill furnished, and carpetless, but not uncleanly; and as I listened to the gusty wind, and heard the rain pelting against the casement, I felt thankful to be under cover of a roof, however lowly. Securing the door by the only means it possessed, a rough wooden bolt, I said my prayers, got into bed, and was soon fast asleep.

How long I had slept I have no means of judging, before I awoke with a start from a dream in which one of the farmer's six sons—magnified into a giant—had been poising me by the hair over the 'Devil's Hole' at the Spike Rocks.

The dream disturbed me so greatly, that for a long time I could not again compose myself; but at length I was just upon the point of relapsing into unconsciousness, when a sound, too confused to be at once explicable, but which appeared to come from the neighbourhood of Mr Morgan's room, struck upon my ear, rousing me in an instant to renewed wakefulness. Wondering what it could be, I strained my attention to listen; but it was not repeated. Presently, however, I became conscious of other sounds, faint in themselves, and partially drowned beneath the wail of the wind, but which, nevertheless, my hearing, rendered acute by anxiety, distinctly reported. They were an intermittent creaking of the distant staircase, accompanied by a shuffling kind of tread upon it, such as might be occasioned by the cautious descent of several persons bearing a heavy weight. That at least was the interpretation which, with a sickening conjecture as to what that weight might be, I put upon these mysterious midnight noises. Slipping from bed, I crossed the room on tiptoe, applied my ear to the crevice of the door, and bent all my faculties to hearken. I am not, I think, a coward; but I must own to experiencing a strong sensation of alarm when, after standing there for a few moments, during which I not only heard the wind whistling through the passage below, but actually felt a powerful draught, I knew from the cessation of both that the entrance-door, which must have been opened, had been again closed.

Noiselessly but swiftly I passed over to the window, and pressed my face against it, in the hope of discovering who and *what* it was that had left the house at so strange an hour. But the night was pitchy dark; I could see nothing beyond a foot from the pane; and shivering, less from exposure to the cold than from a horrible idea which had taken possession of me, I crept back to bed.

Several hours appeared to have elapsed, though I have no doubt it was in reality less than half a one, before, by an intuitive perception, I became aware that the individuals who had quitted the farm had returned to it. Trembling with dread, none the less overwhelming from its being in a measure vague, I once more concentrated all my powers upon the act of listening, and was soon informed by my terror-quickened senses that the stairs were again creaking—this time beneath a lighter tread. Then—yes! I was sure of it—a stealthy step was coming down the passage, slowly approaching my room! It paused before the door, and in another instant a wary hand was at work upon the fastener. Some kind of instrument had been inserted between the door and its frame, by means of which the bolt was being gradually pushed backwards in the socket.

With a rapidity not unusual in moments of excitement or danger, my mind flew in an inconceivably short space of time through a course of reasoning, which shaped all my previous surmises and brought me to the following conclusions.

Firstly, that my friend and I had fallen into bad hands, and that by some means or other the villainous inmates of the farm had found out about the money in Mr Morgan's custody. Secondly, that the poor gentleman had been robbed and perhaps murdered upon its account. And lastly, that those who had done the deed, having returned, were now meditating the commission of a similar offence upon myself.

Scarcely, however, had I arrived at this terrible judgment ere there darted upon me a hope of escape from the apprehended danger. It was brought about by the reflection that in my case

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there was no booty—save the very insignificant one of a few sovereigns and a clumsy silver watch—to tempt to the commission of so great and dangerous a crime. If therefore, I sanguinely endeavoured to persuade myself, I could but manage to deceive the amiable individual who was so considerately striving to force a way into my room without disturbing my slumbers, into the belief that he had made it unobserved, an examination of my effects might end, possibly, in both them and myself being left untouched. The experiment, at all events, I resolved should be tried, the more especially as upon further consideration I felt sure it offered my only chance of safety; for, as I recollected with an access of consternation, it had been arranged that Jonathan should sleep in a hayloft apart from the house, and consequently, should my solution of those ominous sounds be correct, I was alone amongst these wretches, and entirely in their power. Resistance, whatever might be their design, would, I saw, be worse than useless; and accordingly, though my heart throbbed violently when I knew that the door had at last yielded and that the intruder was in the chamber, I lay perfectly still, breathing loudly and regularly.

The adoption of this line of conduct in all probability saved my life, for as the issue of the event proved, it was not to rob me, but to discover whether or no I were asleep, that my surreptitious visitor had entered my apartment. This fact became sufficiently patent when, after leaning over my bed for what, measured by my mental suffering was an eternity, during which, with a difficult exercise of self-control, I continued to respire like one in heavy slumber, he stole away again, without having meddled with my clothes or gone near the rude dressing-table upon which lay my watch. But my trial was not yet over. For I should think fully an hour after he had quitted the bed-chamber and carefully replaced the bolt, my unknown watcher remained listening outside the door; and throughout that time I neither dared stir a limb nor remit my sonorous breathing. Eventually, however, an exchange of whispers with some person or persons, who had evidently been awaiting, not far off, the result of this protracted test, was followed to my intense relief, by the sound of retreating footsteps.

Upon how I passed the remainder of that dreadful night, with the long-drawn-out hours of early morning which succeeded, I am not about to dwell. But that no sleep visited my eyelids, and that, tortured by suspense and enforced inaction, my hard couch was by no means a bed of roses, it will readily be believed. Upon that couch nevertheless I forced myself to remain until considerably after seven o'clock; then, rising and dressing, I bathed my face in cold water, and studying it in the tiny mirror, strove carefully to remove all traces of solicitude or want of rest.

But when ready at length to go forth from that chamber of horrors and satisfy myself, as I had been so feverishly longing to do, as to the truth or falsity of the theory (for after all it was little else) which I had based upon the events of the night, I shrank from doing so.

After another earnest prayer, however, for strength to meet whatsoever might be in store for me, and to act the part upon which I had determined, I summoned up courage, drew the bolt, and passed out. On reaching the room allotted to Mr Morgan upon the previous evening, I found the door standing wide open, and with mingled feelings of awe and curiosity, I entered. It was, as a single glance shewed me, in perfect order. The bed, of which the coverings were turned down, was ruffled no further than it would have been by a peaceful slumberer, and the coarse sheets were unstained by the slightest mark of blood. Nowhere could the faintest indication of disturbance be discovered; and as the welcome thought suggested itself, that had any deed of violence really taken place, its evidences could scarcely have been so cleverly effaced, I turned with a heart lightened by hope, which was well-nigh assurance, and went downstairs. A clatter of crockery greeted my ears as I neared the kitchen; and upon arriving there, I found the farmer with his family and Jonathan the driver seated at breakfast by a large centre table. A smaller one, laid with cups and plates for two, stood nearer the fireplace; but the little minister, a rapid survey of the apartment satisfied me, was not present. Instantly my strong hope perished, giving place to a pang of keen disappointment. But commanding my features to an expression of unconcern, I returned the good-morrows which were showered upon me, and replied to a question from my host as to how I had slept, with the assurance that I had passed an excellent night, and that indeed I was at all times a remarkably sound sleeper.

Whilst making this statement, however, I was fully conscious that in each of the several pairs of eyes which I saw directed towards me there was a hard, scrutinising look. But instead of disconcerting, that inquiring gaze rather emboldened me. Convinced thereby of the absolute necessity for enactment of the rôle upon which I had decided, I felt my spirit rising to meet the occasion. Crossing the floor, I seated myself by the smaller table, and inquired in a firm voice, and with a smile upon my face, where Mr Morgan was, remarking, that in passing his room, I had noticed that it had been vacated.

'Well, inteet yes sir; it is more as an hour I should think since the goot gentleman will be come down-stair, and that he is gone out for a walk,' composedly returned the farmer, to whom I had addressed myself. 'It is to see the Spike Rocks that he will be gone, it wass no doubt. But I 'ould be glad he came now to breakfast, for he is a long while away, whatever.'

'The Spike Rocks!' I exclaimed, feeling that I was turning pale, and almost losing my self-possession. 'Surely, we are not near the Spike Rocks?'

'But yes inteet sir,' rejoined the old woman, who was standing up, cutting bread for the rest, and in whom I detected a large amount of suppressed excitement. 'It wass but very little way off the Rocks, this farm. And it is name, sir, the Spike Rock Farm. In the summer-time there wass a many ladies and gentlemen will call here to'——

'Spike Rocks!' I cried, interrupting her rudely, and turning to Jonathan in a violent rage, which for the moment swallowed up all thought of caution—'how dared you, sirrah, bring us again to this horrible spot? You *must* have known where you were driving. You—you; or,' I added, stammering, as a highly discomposing suspicion flashed across my mind, and finishing the sentence differently

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from what I had intended—'or you must have been more drunk than I had imagined.'

'But sir, I wass *not* drunk no more than you wass yourself,' rejoined the hunchback in a threatening tone, glaring at me fiercely. 'And it is of no use that you will scold me sir, not of any at all; for, sir, I did not know that we wass come here myself—not till this morning whatever. And by'——

'Silence, man!' I interposed, with an assumption of dignity and a strenuous effort to appear collected; 'swearing and passionate language will not convince me that you are speaking the truth any better than quiet words would do. But I will go and meet Mr Morgan,' I concluded, rising as though to put an end to the incipient quarrel; and taking up my hat, I prepared to leave the house.

Following me to the door, the farmer politely proposed that he, or one of his sons, should walk with me for company. But upon my declining the attention, it was not pressed; and contrary to my fears, I was allowed to pass out alone. Owing to the storm, I had on the previous evening been able to pay no attention to the farm's surroundings, and my bedroom window, as I had this morning found, looked out merely upon an orchard by its side. But now, scarcely had I opened the wicket of the little garden, than, with a start of surprise, I distinctly recognised the locality in which I stood. There, to my right, at not many yards distant, appeared the identical white gate by which our conveyance had waited yesterday whilst the little minister and I paid our visit to the Spike Rocks. It was down this very road we had driven; and upon looking back thereat, I even recollected the farm itself. I recollected *something else too*, which made me involuntarily quicken my steps, and which confirmed beyond doubt the suspicion which I had just conceived—that Jonathan might be in collusion with the people at the farm. I had thought nothing of it at the time; but I now well remembered, upon our return to the dog-cart, observing a man, who, it struck me, was our obliging host himself, walking away from it in the direction of the house.

The longer I ruminated upon the aspect of affairs, the uglier they now became, and the more clearly did I begin to perceive that the whole thing had been a preconcerted plot. It was by no *mistake*, I presently told myself, that Jonathan had turned up that lane, and by no *accident* that the horse had lost its shoe. We had been expected last night at that farm-house, and we had been taken there deliberately, in order that Mr Morgan might be robbed of his money. Jonathan had either discovered the existence of the three hundred pounds, or he had been informed of it. But how or by whom? The answer to this question was not far to seek, and being supplied, it furnished the completing link in the chain of evidence I was mentally working out. The landlord of the *Ship and Anchor* was the dwarf's cousin; he had seen the minister's money. I recalled his covetous glance, his suspicious presence in the closet, the fact that he had proposed our taking the dog-cart; and everything grew transparent as daylight. But had the little Welshman really been *murdered?* And was my method of accounting for the noises of last night accurate? I could not doubt it; nor could I dismiss a hideous idea as to how his body had been disposed of, which, directly upon learning that I was in this vicinity, had taken possession of me. It was in fact with an implicit belief that my late companion was lying at the bottom of it, that I now approached that Hole which on the previous day had affected me so disagreeably. Leaning over the brink upon gaining it, I experienced that peculiar kind of fascination which attends the horrible, as gazing into its depths, I watched the water foaming and whirling, and occasionally rising in great sheets to cast itself with angry impatience against the confining barrier. Noting its fury, which appeared to have increased since my former visit, I saw to a certainty that, even were it possible to reach the bottom without being dashed to pieces upon the rocks, no life could be retained for an instant in that boiling pool. To fall or to be thrown down here would be certain and instantaneous death. There would be no chance of being exhumed for interment in a more hallowed spot, for what diver could be found daring enough to descend below those gyrating waters! No! had my friend been cast into this 'Devil's Hole,' here he must remain. There could be no tales told by his body as to how he had met with his death, for that body would be seen no more by mortal eye.

But to me the manner of that death had now become no longer a mystery. Shut out from the supposition that there had been actual violence, by the total absence of any proof of it, I had lighted upon another hypothesis respecting the crime, which to my mind, however, was no hypothesis, but a well-assured fact. It was, that by means of something mixed with the whisky of which he had drunk just before retiring to rest, the poor little minister had either been drugged into unconsciousness or actually poisoned, and in that condition conveyed from the house and disposed of as I had said. But although all this appeared to myself so lucid and certain, I knew well that I could bring forward no legal proof of the well-arranged villainy, and that consequently, the scoundrels who had perpetrated it would in all probability escape punishment, and Mr Morgan's disappearance be attributed to accident. Inwardly raging at this thought, I was about to move away from the place of his entombment—for so I felt confident it was—when something occurred which arrested my steps, and made my heart leap. What that something was, I will endeavour to relate in as simple a manner as possible.

For some time, during which the reflections I have recorded had been passing through my brain, my eyes had been resting quite unconsciously upon an abutting fragment of rock some twelve or fourteen feet below the level of the ground. The rock sloped sharply upwards, forming an acute angle with the well-nigh perpendicular walls of the 'Hole,' of which it constituted perhaps the chief irregularity. My gaze, I repeat, chanced to be resting upon this inclined abutment, when, with what indescribable amazement and awe may be imagined, I all at once saw a human hand and arm emerge from what appeared to be the solid granite of the upright side, and grasping the projecting shelf, draw after it the head and shoulders of a man. During the first moment the back of the head only was presented to my view; then slowly, and as though with difficulty, a white face

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was turned upwards! Although pale, and drawn as though in intense pain, I recognised it perfectly: it was that of the little minister. But before my bewildered faculties could collect themselves, or my paralysed tongue articulate a syllable, the hand had relaxed its hold, and the figure had slid back as it were, right into the rock. The suddenness and strangeness of this appearance so upset my nerves that my knees trembled and shook beneath me. Yet not for an instant did I entertain the idea that I had seen an apparition. That face I felt sure was the face of a living man, and belonged to none other than Mr Morgan himself. But notwithstanding my assurance upon this point, I was so startled by the unexpected phenomenon, that until I could hit upon some way of accounting for his presence in and disappearance from that singular spot, I could not even rejoice in the knowledge that my friend was alive. I did, however, hit upon a way of accounting for it, directly the dazing effect of my astonishment passed sufficiently to allow me to consider at all. And in truth the explanation was obvious enough. Behind that projecting crag, and entirely concealed by it, there must be, it was plain, a hole or cavern so large in size as to admit a man's body. Upon being cast over the precipice (about which there could now be no further question), the little Welshman, in a state of insensibility, had by a merciful providence fallen upon that rocky escarpment, and had either crept into the sheltering crevice upon coming to himself, or—what was the truth of the case—had rolled into it by force of the descent.

This problem worked out to my satisfaction, and with the blood now coursing through my veins with delight and excitement, I leant forward with the intention of calling out to attract Mr Morgan's attention, in order that I might warn him to keep carefully hidden, and assure him that if he did so, I would undoubtedly effect his rescue. Happily, however, the warning which I was just preparing to utter had not left my lips before a voice at my elbow inquired: 'Is it something in the hole, sir, you wass seeing?' The shock of this abrupt address almost sent me over the precipice. But recovering my self-possession by a suddenly inspired effort, I turned, and seeing two of the farmer's sons close behind me, angrily addressed the nearer: 'You stupid fellow, you!' I exclaimed, 'don't you see that you had nearly been the death of me? Why did you so suddenly speak before letting me see you! You might have known, surely, that I couldn't hear the sound of your footsteps over the soft grass. I was listening to the booming of the waters down there. What an unearthly noise they make! But come away; it's an awful place,' I added, moving a step backwards, and striving not to betray the uneasiness I felt.

'Ay inteet sir, it *is* an awful place—as awful a place as there is in the whole 'orld, I wass well belief,' returned the young man to whom I had spoken, fixing upon me a curious searching gaze. Then letting his keen black eyes follow those of his brother, he peered eagerly into the chasm, and observed: 'Pless us! it 'ould be a pad job, look you, if a man wass to fall over here. The prains of him 'oold soon be dashed out; 'ooldn't they, sir?'

'There's not much doubt of that, truly,' I replied, not daring again to direct my own glance into the Hole, and praying, as I had never prayed in my life before, that the little minister might not at present emerge from his hiding-place. 'But where *can* Mr Morgan be?' I subjoined, shading my eyes with my hand, and affecting to look carefully in all directions. 'Do, pray, come and help me to look for him, like good fellows, for I want my breakfast;' and in the hope that they would follow, I began to walk slowly away.

My request was obeyed, though not immediately. But as a matter of course, the pretended search proved fruitless; and returning to the farm, I breakfasted alone, forcing myself to eat, and expressing the while much displeasure at my companion's lengthened absence.

The meal over, I paced the sanded kitchen for nearly an hour, looking every few minutes from the window, and simulating increasing impatience and anger. My estimable host meantime, with his wife and several of their hopeful sons, remained with me, observing me closely though stealthily, and alternately making testing suggestions as to what had become of the 'goot gentleman.' All these, however, I pooh-poohed, and obstinately adhered to the opinion I professed to have formed myself respecting the matter, namely, that in a fit of absent-mindedness—to which I declared he was subject—Mr Morgan had extended his walk to a great length, and not having noticed where he was going, had ended in losing his way.

My acting I could see completely lulled all suspicion; and when presently, I informed the company that I was engaged to preach in England upon the following day—which was Sunday—and affirmed, that unless I returned to Lleyrudrigg at once, I would be unable to catch the train by which I must travel, no opposition was offered to the proposition that Jonathan should forthwith drive me there, and return again for Mr Morgan.

The horse (already re-shod by one of the sons, who had learned the trade of blacksmith) was accordingly put into the dog-cart; and promising, as a further blind, that before setting off for England, I would inform the landlord of the *Ship and Anchor* about my friend's disappearance, and leave it to him to take the proper steps for his discovery, in case he should not have reached the farm before Jonathan's return to it, I tendered the farmer a sovereign, and with an exchange of civilities, drove off.

## CRIME IN ITALY.

As a Supplement to our recent article on Italian Brigandage, we give the following, which appears in a newspaper from a Roman correspondent. Referring to the effort now making in Italy for the total abolition of capital punishment, he says: 'It is a wonderful reply to the urgent demands from every part of the country, and I might almost say from every part of Europe, that the brigandage, which is rapidly destroying the civilisation of large districts of Italy, and is portentously and undeniably increasing, should be put an end to. The real truth, however, is that the proposed alteration of the law would but bring it into conformity with

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the universal practice. And it would be but another step in the same direction to legalise brigandage. We are not far from it. Take as a proof the following story, told in the *Opinione*, on the 17th instant: Ten men, all Sicilians, all old convicts of the worst possible antecedents and character, have been tried at Naples under the following circumstances. They had all been condemned to *domicilio coatto*—a species of imprisonment somewhat resembling transportation—in the island of Ischia. There these ten men forthwith established a *camorra*. Among other things they imposed a tribute of ten centimes (a penny) a day on all the other prisoners. There was, however, one, and only one, who persistently refused to pay this demand. A meeting of the camorrists was therefore held, in which he was condemned to death; and lots were drawn to decide who should be the murderer. The man to whom the task fell undertook to do it; but his heart failed him, and he went to the authorities and revealed the whole affair. The first thing done was to place him in an inaccessible prison, to secure his life. Then the man who was to have been murdered was summoned and questioned, and all his replies entirely confirmed the relation of the other, even to the telling that he had been warned that he was condemned to death. One morning the informer was found by the jailer hanging to the bars of his window. He had tried to kill himself from terror of the camorrists, who, he felt assured, would sooner or later wreak terrible vengeance on him. However, the jailer was in time to save his life. The ten men were all taken to Naples to be tried, the public prosecutor demanding two years of imprisonment for nine of them, and six months for the informer. The tribunal, however, acquitted them all! The *Opinione* with much indignation asks what could have been the motive of such an acquittal. Not want of sufficient evidence, certainly. But the reply to the question asked by the *Opinione* is but too clear and unmistakable. These men were acquitted because if they had been condemned the lives of all who had any part in condemning them would have been in danger—and no little danger—nay, would in all probability have been taken. But under such circumstances it was very evident that the thing to do was to change the venue, and take these criminals, say, to Turin to be tried. But Europe, in the face of the line Italy is taking, has the right to say, if not that Italy does not wish to eradicate crime, at least that she is very far from being duly impressed with the necessity of doing so, and does not wish it at such cost as is absolutely necessary to pay for it. Perhaps the commission which has just followed the instinct which impels Radicals to diminish the strength of the law in deciding on the abolition of the punishment of death, were moved to their decision by the declaration in court of a man who had murdered his wife in Tuscany, where capital punishment has for some years past been erased from the code, to the effect that he had come to Tuscany for the express purpose of committing the crime, because he could not there be punished with death for it.'

## ARCHIE RAEBURN.

### A FRAGMENT FROM THE BERWICKSHIRE COAST.

### CHAPTER I.—HOGMANAY.

I HAD been but three years married—short and happy years they were—when Archie, my husband, was called away to Queensland in Australia, where an uncle of his, long settled there, was ill, and required the presence of one whom he could trust to keep, as the old saying is, goods and gear together on his farm. I do not mind owning now that I was very unwilling that Archie should go far away from his bairn and me, to the opposite side of the world; but go he would. 'My darling!' he said, bending down his tall head to kiss me, for I am but a little thing—'don't cry; and don't fear for me, for have I not been, as an engineer, in worse climates than that of Australia? See, Alice, my dear; I cannot refuse to go to Uncle Scott now, he that was so good to me as a boy, and first put me in the way of earning a living. But with Heaven's help I'll be back next year, safe and well, wifie!' So Archie Raeburn went over the waste of waters to the far-away lands that lie beneath strange stars that never shine upon us at home in Britain; and his poor little wife, with our one child, wee Lilian, went back to live at my native place, East Craig, on the sea-coast, where I was known, and felt less lonesome than elsewhere. I was an orphan when Archie married me, and there was none of my kindred left living there; but still I loved the old place and the familiar scenes, and chose to wait there for my husband's return.

We lived in a bit cottage close down upon the sea-shore, so near to the tide-mark that the roar and roll of the waves in rough weather, or their plaintive plash when it was fine, were seldom absent from my ear; and often I looked for hours together over the changeful surface of the sea, dreaming rather than thinking of Archie, so far off. Then came ill news. The *Good Intent*, the ship in which my husband had taken his passage for the homeward voyage, was given up for lost. She was long, hopelessly overdue. No vessel had spoken her, no tidings been received concerning her, for weary months. There could be no doubt but that the *Good Intent* had gone down with crew and passengers.

I was a widow then, and I so young, and with my baby child to support as best I might. Brave Archie, my own only gallant love, was gone! Weeping and pale, the mere ghost of myself—so folks said—I went about, in my new-made mourning, that I felt I never should put off again, striving to live, for the sake of the helpless bairn in her black frock, that nestled to my side and clung to my hand. We were poor—sadly poor; for the small stock of money waned cruelly fast; and the embroidery and other needlework for which I had received such praise when a girl

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brought in very, very little, though I worked with aching eyes and heavy heart deep into the night.

How it jarred upon my ear, the merry talk of the neighbours on the blithe Hogmanay (New-year's eve) that followed the sad news about Archie! They all seemed—young and old—so gay and full of hope in the glad incoming of a new year, while I—what had the year to bring to me? What I had saved and gained had waned so low that soon we must leave the cottage and East Craig, and go to some great noisy city, where employment might possibly be found. That night, as the bairn lay peacefully asleep in her cot, I could not close my eyes through the long hours of the darkness, but turned my throbbing head from side to side. Archie, Archie! How I sorrowed for the loss of my man. Weariful and wae, how thankfully would I have rested beside him for ever; but then there was the bairn to claim my care. Towards morning I fell asleep.

### CHAPTER II.—NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

I awoke, after my short sleep, in the gray dawn, to find the world astir already, the great sea before my window spreading far away, calm and glistening as a lake, and the sun shining cheerily in the pale blue of the morning sky. The people without, in their holiday attire, seemed happy and hopeful; but for me, alas! there was not much of either hope or happiness. I began to think very seriously of the future. Yes; I must leave East Craig, and try in Edinburgh or Glasgow, or, who knew, even in London! to earn a livelihood for Lilian and myself. I could surely sew, or work, for the bread we both needed. My bonny Lilian unconsciously added to my sorrows on that bright, sad morning of the new year, by the way she lisped her little prayer for 'dear father;' but I managed, for her sake, to be strong and brave again, and came down-stairs with a smiling face.

'I 'm wishin' ye a happy new year, ma'am!' blurted out Jeanie, the lassie from a cottage hard by, who performed the rougher household duties of our modest household for such wages as content a girl of thirteen. Oh, but it was hard, to preserve a steady demeanour, and acknowledge Jeanie's well-meant greeting, and sit down to breakfast with little Lilian in her black frock beside me, and—— A knocking at the door, quick and strong. The heavy tread too of a man's impatient foot upon the shingly path that led up from the wicket of the narrow garden. My visitors, I need not say, were few, and I knew none who were likely to come thus early. 'I can see no one now!' I cried apprehensively to Jeanie, as that active lass bustled forward to answer the peremptory summons.

'Not even me!' answered a voice, the sound of which made me tremble and grow white, as they told me later, to my very lips, while the door burst open, and with dilated eyes I gazed as on a vision. Yes; the tall, bronzed, bearded man who rushed into the room and caught me to his heart, and kissed me and the bairnie again and again, was Archie, my Archie, my dear goodman that I had believed to be dead and cold, far off beneath the measureless waters of the Pacific.

'And you thought me dead, did you?' said Archie, when, feeling safe in his strong arms, I had sobbed out some portion of my short and simple story. 'No wonder, for the *Good Intent* was cast away, but luckily without loss of life, on the Van Ruyter Islands, so called from some early Dutch navigator; and being out of the track of ordinary ships, we wrecked folks had trouble enough to keep alive on shell-fish and sea-fowls' eggs, until we were rescued by an American whaler. Many 's the night, Alice, love, that as the wind moaned around the wave-worn rock, I have knelt and prayed, with the bright stars of the Southern Cross shining overhead, that God's mercy would lead me back to my wife and child; and here at last I am!—We are rich now,' said Archie later, when we could talk more calmly, and the first transport of my half-incredulous joy was spent; 'for poor Uncle Scott, who is dead, left me heir of all he had, land, cattle, and money; but the land is the best of it; and if you do not fear to follow me so far, Alice, we will settle in Australia.'

'Gladly and thankfully,' I answered him; and had Australia been a land of cold and barrenness, instead of one of warmth and plenty, I would have followed him cheerfully to the very ends of the earth. As it is, we are all happy and healthy in Queensland, and it is there that I write these lines; and Lilian and I, I need scarcely say, wear black no more, and can look back smilingly to the day, now long ago, when all our joy and happiness came to us with the glad New Year.

## SONG OF THE CARILLONEUR.

Ring out, my bells, in accents clear;
Ring soft and sweet,
And take a message true and dear
To hearts that beat.
Soothe the soul with sorrow aching;
Cheer the life when all 's forsaking;
Sing of joy to hearts now breaking;
Ring on, my bells!

Ring out, my bells, across the plain;
Ring wild and free,
And wake the echoes back again
To melody.
O'er the mountains waft my dreaming,
Where the sunset glory 's streaming,
Where the purple vines are gleaming;
Ring out, my bells!

Ring out, my bells; ring full and strong.
My soul, to-day,
Upon inspiring notes of song
Would float away.
From the gray old minster sending
Tones that, in such concord blending,
Tell of harmonies unending;
Ring out, my bells!

Ring out upon the listening air
Your silver spell;
Ring out the music quaint and rare
I love so well:
Hope to every faint one bringing,
Peace on earth for ever ringing,
And of Love eternal singing;
Ring on, my bells!

H. K. W.

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# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

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## THE BANFFSHIRE NATURALIST.

Our old friend, Samuel Smiles, now a veteran in literature, who has been indefatigable in writing of the power of Self-help, has, as one of his late exploits, narrated in a most amusing and instructive manner the *Life of a Scotch Naturalist*, Thomas Edward, who at an advanced age modestly occupies the position of a working shoemaker in Banff. This is a curious and interesting book. Few persons would have taken the trouble that Mr Smiles has done to narrate the efforts in pursuit of a knowledge of Nature of so very obscure and poor a man as is the hero of his remarkable biography. The thing is altogether unique. Nothing but vast kindliness of heart, along with the pleasure of shewing what can be done by constant self-denial and industry, could have influenced the benevolent writer. As probably not many of our readers have yet had an opportunity of seeing the work —a beautifully embellished duodecimo of four hundred pages, published by John Murray, London —we shall try to give a sort of abridged history of the now famed Scotch naturalist, with such observations as occur to us.

Thomas Edward, born in 1814, is the son of a private in the Fifeshire militia, who on the breaking up of his regiment, resided for a short time at Kettle, his native place in Fife, and then, for the sake of work as a handloom weaver, settled with his wife and child at Aberdeen. Here the boy was brought up in the usual rough way experienced by the humbler class of Scotch children. He ran about barefooted, was poorly fed, and required pretty much to find his own amusement. His parents, while willing to do their best for him, soon found that he was far from being easily managed. He was intractable, and in a very strange way. While still a child, he demonstrated an extraordinary love of animals of all kinds. He took delight in dogs, cats, pigs, hens, birds of every kind, and every description of small creatures, down to bees, beetles, flies, spiders, and so on—in fact, any living thing he could lay hold of; even rats and mice did not come amiss. This idiosyncrasy considerably puzzled and vexed the father and mother. Not understanding him, he was scolded and cuffed, but all to no use. The boy was moved by a predominant passion, amounting to a species of mania. When asked what he meant by his eccentricities, he said he could not tell. His love of Nature was an unconquerable instinct.

Tam Edward, as he was ordinarily called, was thought to be in some degree out of his senses. At from four to five years of age he was sent to a dame's school, but did not long continue at it; for being found to have a kae or jackdaw in his pocket, that caused some trouble, he was summarily dismissed by the schoolmistress. Another school received him, and here ensued a similar catastrophe. The teacher was plagued beyond endurance by his bringing all kinds of disagreeable little creatures to school. On one occasion he brought with him a bottleful of horse-leeches which he had gathered in a neighbouring pool. All went on smoothly until one of the leeches escaping, crawled up a boy's leg, and a fearful commotion ensued. Telling the culprit to take his bottle of leeches and begone, the schoolmaster turned Tam to the door, at the same time bringing down the taws so heavily upon him that he thought his back was broken. Another school was tried; but there he was worse used. One morning the master felt something creeping on his arm, which shaking from him proved to be a centipede. Edward was at once called up and accused of bringing the creature to the school. The charge was quite erroneous, for he had not done so. His denial was unavailing, and by the enraged teacher he was beaten in a most unjust and unmerciful manner. Finally, he told the poor boy to take his slate and books and go about his business. Thus he was expelled from his third and last school. Disgusted with the cruel treatment he had received, he positively refused to go to any other school. So there, at six years of age his education ended. He could read, knew a little of arithmetic—nothing of writing and grammar. He had already acquired somewhat idle habits vagrandising in quest of

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animals, but he was honest, exceedingly truthful, and by no means indisposed to work for a livelihood. For about two years he was employed at a tobacco-work at a short distance from the town. This was a happy time, for in going to and returning from his labour in the factory, he had pleasant rambles in the woods and plantations, which afforded opportunities for picking up a knowledge of birds, insects, wild-flowers, and plants, the like of which he had never seen before.

It was a hapless thing that this eagerly inquiring child had no one to direct him in a way likely to be useful. His father and mother had no sympathy for his love of nature. All they cared about was to have him apprenticed to some regular trade, by which he would gain his living. At length they succeeded in apprenticing him to a shoemaker, named Begg, who proved to be a dissolute drunken vagabond, very ill qualified to teach the boy his business. Tam, however, learnt to make upper-leathers, and was proceeding to make shoe-bottoms, when all went wrong on the discovery that he brought boxes of butterflies and such like to the workshop; the sight of them usually throwing Begg into a rage. Doubtless, it was indiscreet to bring his pet animals with him; but there ought to have been allowances on account of his youth, as well as from the fact that he never spent a moment of his master's time on his amusements. One afternoon, when waiting till his master came in to allow him to go to dinner, and while he had no work to do, he amused himself with a young sparrow which he had taught to do a number of little tricks. The master, entering in a drunken fury, struck Edward such a blow as laid him flat on the floor, and then trampled the bird with his foot. Picking up the poor and innocent creature, Tam found it was still breathing. He put it tenderly in his bosom, and went home crying over the unprovoked outrage. Shewing the mangled and dead bird to his mother, he said he did not care so much for himself, if only the bird had been spared, adding that 'if Begg struck him again without a cause, he would certainly run away. She strongly remonstrated against this, because, being bound apprentice for six years, he must serve out his time, come what would.'

Persuaded to return to the shoemaker's shop, young Edward struggled on till three years of his wretched apprenticeship had passed over. Then, there was a climax. The boy had brought three young moles ensconced in his bonnet. Begg, now more drunken than ever, discovered the moles, killed them on the spot, knocked down his apprentice with a last, dragged him to the door and threw him into the street. A good deal hurt, Edward resolved he would no longer serve under such a monster. And he kept his word. Begg threatened the terrors of the law; but, perhaps, conscious of his brutality, he did nothing. For a time the youth was a kind of loose waif. He thought of being a sailor, but could get no one to take him to serve on board a ship. He had an uncle at Kettle in Fife; and without telling any one, he went off to walk all the way to Kettle, a distance of about a hundred miles, living on morsels of bread he had in his pocket, and sleeping at night among whins or under the shelter of a haystack. All the money he possessed was sixpence, which was just sufficient to pay his fare in the ferry-boat across the Tay. But how was he to pay a pontage of a penny to cross the Esk at Montrose? That was a distressing consideration, yet he would not beg, nor would he break in upon the sixpence for the ferry. He tried again and again to sell his pocket-knife for a penny, and only succeeded in doing so when he came in sight of the bridge. The toil and privation endured in the journey were fruitless. The uncle, a mean-spirited wretch, would do nothing for him, and sent him back to Aberdeen with a present of eighteen-pence to pay his expenses on the road.

The parents of Thomas Edward were glad to see him again, for they were afraid he was lost. By their advice he procured work in making shoes of a light kind, his new employer being of a kindlier nature than Begg. In this situation, and at another shoemaking concern, he completed his knowledge of the craft, which, however, he never liked, and stuck to it only as a means of livelihood. As a kind of interlude in his occupation, he enlisted in the Aberdeenshire Militia in 1831. For the period he served as a soldier he acquitted himself creditably. His only escapade consisted in having on one occasion quitted the ranks while on drill to try to catch a butterfly which struck his fancy. It was a grave military offence; but at the intercession of some ladies with the officer on duty, was passed over lightly. When Edward was about twenty years old, he left Aberdeen with his father and mother to reside in Banff, a much smaller town, where his chances of advancement were materially lessened. The removal was a blunder, and entailed on the young naturalist a life-long depression of circumstances. Situated on the shore of the Moray Firth, where that fine estuary expands into the German Ocean, Banff is doubtless favourably adapted for explorations in Natural History. Edward was so far highly favoured, but the poor fellow had to live by his daily manual labour, and unfriended as well as unsympathised with in this remote sea-side town, there was no prospect of improving his position.

Good or bad, here Edward was fixed; and how, in the midst of daily toils and cares, he found time to accumulate a vast store of knowledge concerning animals and plants, is truly wonderful. Some may think he made a mistake in marrying when no more than twenty-three years old. But his wife was a sensible, prudent woman, and gave him a happy home. 'Mutual affection,' as our author observes, 'makes up for much.' Perhaps they occasionally felt the bitterness of poverty, for Edward's earnings did not yet amount to more than about nine shillings and sixpence a week!

With nothing but the most elementary education,

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without books, without advisers, the young shoemaker made up for everything by immense diligence, by sobriety, and a keen disregard of personal inconvenience. In his assigned hours of labour he worked hard. He never spent a moment idly. He never entered a public-house, nor drank anything stronger than water. In his expenditure he was rigorously economical. All his spare time was devoted to his favourite pursuit, that of acquiring a knowledge of animals by painstaking practical inquiry. When he began these inquiries, he did not even know the correct names of the animals he sought for, because he had no books and nobody to tell him. He was a thoroughly original student of nature. He learned everything by personal observation. Nothing but a degree of enthusiasm amounting to fanaticism could have impelled him to endure cold, wet, hunger, want of sleep, in order to add to his stock of facts. His fellow-shoemakers jeered at him for not joining in their vicious and costly indulgences; but he held on his way. There, we think, was manifested his heroic, his noble struggle—not that he ever esteemed it to be a struggle, for he only followed the bent of a simple self-sacrificing character; but his conduct in this respect was not less worthy of admiration.

Whatever were the sacrifices made by Edward, he was compensated, as an intense lover of Nature. Describing his tastes and pursuits, Mr Smiles says: 'Everything that lived and breathed had charms for him. He loved the fields, the woods, the moors. The living presence of the earth was always about him, and he eagerly drank in its spirit. The babbling brooks, the whispering trees, the aspects of the clouds, the driving wind, were all sources of delight. . . . He felt himself free amidst the liberty of Nature. . . . As his wanderings were almost invariably conducted at night, he had abundant opportunities of seeing not only the ocean, but the heavens in their various aspects. What were these stars so far off in the sky? Were they worlds? Were they but the outposts of the earth, from which other worlds were to be seen, far beyond the ken of the most powerful telescope? To use Edward's own words: "I can never succeed in describing my unbounded admiration of the works of the Almighty; not only the wonderful works which we ourselves see upon earth, but those countless orbs which roll both near and far in the endless immensity of space—the Home of Eternity. Everything that moves or lives, everything that grows, everything created or formed by the hand or will of the Omnipotent, has such a fascinating charm for me, and sends such a thrill of pleasure through my whole frame, that to describe my feelings is utterly impossible."'

Early in the spring of 1838, Edward began to form a collection of specimens in natural history, for which he taught himself to stuff and prepare the animals he was able to secure. In his researches he was aided by an old gun, which he had bought for four-and-sixpence. Sallying out at nine o'clock at night, when his day's work was over, with his gun and some insect boxes and bottles, and putting a piece of oat-cake in his pocket for supper, he scoured the country as long as it was daylight for any living thing that came in his way. 'When it became so dark that he could no longer observe, he dropped down by the side of a bank, or a bush, or a tree, whichever came handiest, and there he dozed or slept until the light returned. Then he got up, and again began his observations, which he continued until the time arrived when he had to return to his daily labour.' On Saturday evenings he returned home by twelve o'clock, so as not to encroach on the weekly day of rest. On Monday mornings he contrived to have a few hours' observation before six o'clock. As he was known to live soberly and honestly, there was no suspicion that he was either a poacher or a burglar, yet these nocturnal ramblings were incomprehensible. People at length gave him up as an oddity. Gamekeepers did not think of molesting him in his explorations. Occasionally, he took up his quarters for the night in a ruined castle, in some disused building, a sand-hole or cavern amidst the rocks by the sea-shore, the shelter of a table-shaped gravestone in a churchyard, or anywhere. This was a most dismal mode of spending the night; for independently of exposure to the weather, he was liable to be visited by polecats, weasels, badgers, or other wild animals sniffing about him. There was, however, always a chance of catching moths and other creatures that flutter or roam about in the dark. Sometimes he was bitten on the hands by weasels and rats during his disturbed sleep, and on one occasion he had a tremendous encounter with a polecat. When morning broke, he had excellent opportunities of studying the habits of the skylark, blackbird, thrush, and other early choristers.

By these assiduous labours he had, by 1845, collected two thousand specimens, consisting of quadrupeds, birds, reptiles, fishes, crustacea, starfish, zoophytes, corals, sponges, and other objects. He assorted the whole in cases made from old tea-boxes, fashioned by his own hands, and which he neatly papered and glazed. With some pride, he made a public exhibition of his collection at a local fair; and by it not only paid his expenses, but had something over for future purposes. This measure of success induced him to exhibit his collection at Aberdeen. Although advertised, and spoken favourably of by the newspapers, the exhibition was a failure. There was no rush of visitors, as Edward fondly expected. In fact, the exhibition did not nearly pay expenses. Dreading the horror of being in debt, he offered the collection for sale; and in desperation accepted an offer of twenty pounds ten shillings for the whole of what had cost him eight years' labour exclusive of outlay. The gentleman who bought this very fine collection unfortunately stored the specimens in a damp room, and the whole went to ruin. So ended this unfortunate enterprise. Aberdeen and Banffshires lost an opportunity of not only helping a most deserving man of genius, but of acquiring a splendid collection illustrative of the natural history of the two counties.

Though terribly crushed, on returning to his home in Banff, he went to work at his usual trade of making the lighter kinds of women's shoes, in which he was reputed to excel, and in he resumed his researches by the sea-shore,

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a short time began a new collection of specimens. Suddenly he met with a grievous accident. He rolled down a rocky precipice a depth of forty feet, falling on his gun, which was smashed to pieces, and receiving such bodily injuries as confined him for weeks to the house. To support his family during his illness, he was under the necessity of selling a portion of his newly formed collection.

About this time, Edward had the good fortune to attract the attention of the Rev. James Smith, of the parish of Montquhitter, a place a few miles from Banff. This gentleman having a strong love of natural history, and possessing a good collection of books, did an important service in offering hints to Edward, and in lending him books to enable him to define and classify various animals which he caught. So instructed he began to write observations on natural objects, which appeared in the *Banffshire Journal*. Afterwards, at the suggestion of Mr Smith, he sent papers to the *Zoologist*, the *Naturalist*, and the *Linnean Journal*, through which channels his name and qualities as a writer became known to naturalists generally. The result was a considerable private correspondence, and an enlargement of his knowledge regarding the names and species of animals, but with no improvement in circumstances—rather the reverse, for being ever on the brink of starvation, the expense for paper and postage stamps pressed severely on his resources. Yet, he willingly gave such information as he possessed to all who requested his assistance. Considering Edward's meagre education and his inexperience of literary composition, his papers, of which some extracts are given by Mr Smiles, strike us with surprise. Besides being correctly written, they have all the elegance and graphic force of Audubon. How, by those scientific inquirers, who had the best means of judging of his talents, Edward should have been suffered to drag on existence at a mechanical employment which never seems to have yielded him twenty shillings a week, is not very easily understood. No doubt, he was shy in pushing himself forward. He had none of the saliency of character which through devious adventure leads to fortune; but these palliatives scarcely explain the strange neglect which he experienced.

Nobly, but still obscurely struggling on, a great misfortune befell Edward in the death of Mr Smith in 1854. There, a true friend was gone. As some assuagement of his loss, he found a friend and counsellor in the Rev. Mr Boyd, parish minister of Crimond, whose hospitable manse was always open to him when he visited the neighbourhood. But ere long, Mr Boyd died suddenly, and here was a fresh and agonising bereavement. By 1858, Edward had accumulated a large and splendid collection, but at the cost of his health and strength. 'He had used himself so hardly; he had spent so many of his nights out of doors in the cold and wet; he had been so tumbled about amongst the rocks; he had so often, with all his labours, to endure privation, even to the want of oatmeal—that it is scarcely to be wondered at if, at that time, his constitution should have begun to shew marks of decay.' There was a fever and illness of a month, which led to a fresh sale of articles in his collection; and on getting well, he was distinctly told by his medical attendant 'that if he did not at once desist from his nightly wanderings, his life would not be worth a farthing.' From this time, making fewer pulls on his constitution, he more particularly devoted himself to investigations along the sea-shore, capturing rare fish, crustacea, and zoophytes.

In these sea-side researches he was considerably aided by one of his daughters, who poking about among fishing villages, procured the refuse material brought up by nets, in which many most interesting small animals new to science were discovered. From the stomachs of cod-fish he procured innumerable specimens of animals which had been voraciously swallowed. By these and other means he gained no little celebrity for his additions to a knowledge of the myriads of creatures which inhabit the depths of the ocean. Twenty-six new species of crustacea were discovered by himself alone in the Moray Firth.

Some honours—none of them of any value in a money point of view—were now awarded to Edward. The Linnean Society having discovered his genius and talent, unanimously elected him an Associate in 1866. Immediately afterwards, the Natural History Society of Aberdeen unanimously admitted him a member; and in 1867 he received the diploma of the Glasgow Natural History Society. 'Although Banff,' says Mr Smiles, 'possessed an "Institution for Science, Literature, and the Arts, and for the encouragement of native genius and talent," the members did not even elect Edward an honorary member. The scientific men of Banff fought shy of the native shoemaker.'

It is pleasing to know that Thomas Edward is still in the land of the living, and though broken down in health, is cheerful, contented, and able to a certain extent for his accustomed duties. Latterly, he has in many ways derived comfort and assistance from his grown-up daughters. His searches after strange sorts of animals are at an end. He has fought the fight of science unaided, and he has fought it well. He has likewise fought the fight of poverty; for he has always lived within his means, and owes no man anything. Therein, independently of his sacrifices in behalf of science, lies the grandeur of his character. In these days, when the gospel of idleness is so eloquently preached, and so readily responded to, we should be glad if it were in our power to fix the attention of the masses on what this humble shoemaker has done by dint of self-denial and the careful economising of time. Expecting no one to make such extraordinary sacrifices, we would say: Look, ye misspenders of idle time, ye wasters of existence, ye thriftless dram-drinkers, ye vacant-minded street loungers, what was done by one as poor, if not poorer, than yourselves! All we ask is that, reflecting a little on your responsibilities, you would endeavour to take to heart the thrilling and instructive instance we have presented of A Noble Struggle!

W. C.

*P.S.*—Since writing the above, we have learned that a fund to succour Thomas Edward has been commenced at Aberdeen. The still more gratifying fact is announced that 'the Queen has been much interested in reading his biography by Mr Smiles, and touched by his successful pursuit of natural science under all the cares and troubles of daily toil; Her Majesty, therefore, has been graciously pleased to confer on him a pension of

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fifty pounds a year.' The concluding days of the Scottish Naturalist will thus be passed in the degree of freedom from toil and anxiety which he so eminently deserves.

## THE LAST OF THE HADDONS.

### CHAPTER V.—'I AM LILIAN.'

I STOOD for a few moments at the window in contemplation of the beautiful view of the surrounding country, so wide and varied and well wooded; then, afraid of the sentiment which was creeping upon me again, I turned away, and set resolutely to work at unpacking. After putting my small belongings into something like order, I proceeded to make the best of myself for presentation to 'Miss Farrar.' It was the first time I had seen myself from head to foot as I now did in the large cheval glass, and I gazed not a little curiously, as well as anxiously and critically, at the *tout ensemble*. What should I look like to a lover, who I knew was an admirer of women's beauty in the way a good man can admire it? What did I look, to myself?

For the first few moments I experienced a thrill of altogether agreeable surprise. I really had no idea my figure was so good. 'Tall, *élancée*, head well shaped and well poised,' I thought, pleasantly checking off my perfections up to that point. With my face, I was far from being as well satisfied. I tried to persuade myself that it was because I was more accustomed to it, and that such familiarity breeds contempt; but is one ever familiar with one's own face? I can only say I was looking very discontentedly at mine, forgetting that the very discontent was reflecting itself.

Too much squareness about the brow, too decided a mouth and chin, and eyes—well, if they ever looked soft, as well as large and dark, *I* had not seen it. Then the complexion, it might do for some people, but Philip's wife ought to have more colouring and softness, more general loveliness than this. Philip's wife! She ought to be a child of light, 'beautiful with all the soul's expansion'—the expression of her face ever varying with the dainty colouring of her graceful poetic thoughts.

I was still picturing to myself the kind of woman Philip's wife ought to be, frowning the while at a dark discontented face, frowning discontentedly back at me, when the door was softly opened, and turning hastily round, my eyes fell upon a young girl standing upon the threshold.

'I beg your pardon; I do not think you heard me knock, and I could not wait. I am Lilian.'

How shall I describe Lilian Farrar? I *have* described her! A child of light, 'beautiful with all the soul's expansion'—the expression of her face ever varying with the dainty colouring of her graceful poetic thoughts. I need only add that she had deep-blue eyes, shaded by long lashes, straight, delicately chiselled little nose, sweet sensitive mouth, pale-brown hair, and the figure of a graceful child just merging into womanhood.

'May I come in, please?'

Might love and loveliness and youth and all that is true, and sweet, and good, come in? But I only bowed, and held out my hand with a smile.

'I am so sorry I did not know when to expect you, Miss Haddon.'

'I came earlier than I ought to have done.'

'O no; pray do not think that; only I should like to have been at the station to make friends at the beginning.'

'Let us call this the beginning.'

She drew nearer to me, and in a caressing child-like way, lifted up her mouth to be kissed, as she said: 'Welcome to Fairview.'

I am not considered to be demonstrative; but I know I kissed her as heartily as she kissed me, quite understanding that this was not like an ordinary first meeting. Then she gently impelled me towards a low chair, and knelt down beside me.

'If you could only know how very anxious I have been, and how relieved I am.'

'Relieved?' I asked, bending down to get a better view of the sweet face.

'Yes; indeed I am.'

'Then you can in a measure understand *my* sensations,' I replied, smiling down into her eyes.

'O yes; but you could go if you did not like us, you know.'

'And you could dismiss me if you did not like me.'

'I did not think of that; I was only afraid—companion means so much, does it not?—how hard it would be for me if I cared for you, and you only cared to be here because'——

'Of the salary I received?'

'Oh, pray do not think that I meant that.—May I say exactly what I was thinking of, Miss Haddon?'

'Pray do.'

'Then I meant that it would be bad for me if you looked down upon the Farrars, if you were ever so nice, or even if you looked down upon the Tippers. I have just seen papa, and he says you belong to great people. That rather frightened me, until I saw dear old auntie, and found that she only knew you were nice; when I began to hope.'

'I shall soon set your mind at ease about all that,' I cheerfully replied. 'Meantime, believe this much—I have begun to look up to Mrs Tipper.'

'What a nice kind thing to say, Miss Haddon.'

'What a pleasant thing to feel, Miss Farrar.'

She made a little *moue* at the 'Miss Farrar,' and I went on: 'You are very young, are you not?—younger than I expected to find you.' I was going to add for an engaged young lady, but thought it better to let the allusion to her engagement come first from her.

'Only just turned seventeen,' she replied with a little sigh.

'Is that so very depressing?'

'Dear Miss Haddon, if I may tell you about myself, we shall feel more at home with each other?'

'Tell me anything you please, my dear; and try to believe this much—you may trust me.'

'I believed that, the very first moment I looked at you. Yours is a face to trust.'

'Is it—is it?' I murmured, smoothing the hair back from her white brow. 'That is indeed something to be thankful for. And now I can ask with a clear conscience, why it is a trouble to be only seventeen?'

'Because—dear Miss Haddon, I am engaged; and

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Arthur—that is his name, you know—does not like waiting until I am older, to be married. Papa says he must wait at least a year, and Arthur does not like it. Of course I should prefer waiting. I am sure we could not possibly be happier than we are now, and I should not like leaving papa—I will not, until he is quite well again—but I do not like Arthur to be disappointed either.'

'Mr Farrar told me of the engagement.'

'But I do not think that papa told you of one thing which is the very best of all. Arthur first met me at a garden-party, given by one of our neighbours, just after I came home for good; and he had not the least idea that papa was rich when he began to care for me. He liked me for myself—only for myself!' with a grave little nod at me. 'He was quite surprised when he found that I am an heiress. Do you know, he often says that he should prefer having to work for me; only, of course, that need not be.'

I read her thought, and my heart went out to Lilian Farrar, as I smilingly replied: 'He gives one that impression.'

'Do you know him?' she inquired, looking a great deal surprised.

'Enough for that, I think. Mr Wentworth, is he not?'

'Mr Wentworth!' she ejaculated. 'What made you think that? No; but Arthur is an intimate friend of Mr Wentworth's.'

I saw that I had made a mistake. But I was so much impressed in Mr Wentworth's favour, that the fact of his being an intimate friend of her lover's seemed a sufficient guarantee of the latter's claims to respect.

'They were at Eton and Oxford together, and Arthur likes him very much,' she continued, as though she, on her side, considered that was saying a great deal in Mr Wentworth's favour.

'A barrister, is he not?'

'Yes; but he has not been very successful as yet, though he works very hard—writes for newspapers and magazines; and I am sure it is very good of him, for Arthur says he was brought up in the greatest luxury by a rich uncle, and always led to believe that he would be the old man's heir. But just as he was leaving Oxford, his uncle married a young girl, and when he had children of his own, he quite discarded his nephew. But he is like Arthur, and does not care about the money; he is a great deal more troubled about having lost the old man's good-will. Arthur says that he lives in an old tumble-down house—which is all he possesses of his own—with one servant, in the poorest way, and very rarely visits anywhere but here. Even here he does not come half often enough to please us, we all like him so much. Strange that both Arthur and he should commence life with large expectations, and both find themselves penniless; is it not? Mr Trafford was unfortunate in some speculations, I believe; and the estates had to be sold after his death.'

I said something to the effect that it was fortunate that they were equal to the position. Later, I found that her lover's father had squandered his property in the worst kind of extravagance.

A gong was being sounded, and she rose, putting her hand under my arm. 'You must be wanting luncheon, Miss Haddon. Auntie said that she could not prevail upon you to take any refreshment.'

I was beginning to feel hungry, and acknowledged that I was. As she went down, she explained that her father had of late taken to invalid habits, and did not join them at table. We found only Mrs Tipper in the dining-room; a large, lofty room, furnished with the same heavy grandeur of style which had struck me in the other parts of the house. But a change had come over Mrs Tipper since I had left her. Her genial good-nature was veiled by the same stiffness and constraint which had jarred upon me at first, as she politely trusted I should find something I could eat, regretted not having known that I should arrive early, so that she might have given orders accordingly; and so forth.

'The Haddons of Haddon!' I thought. She had seen her brother, and been awed by them. But I really could not allow them to come between this dear old lady and me, and therefore replied, I had been accustomed to live so plainly that this was quite a banquet to me; as indeed it was. I saw that I lost ground a little with the man-servant in attendance by my candour; but I could afford to wait for his better appreciation. Mrs Tipper hesitated a moment, when she reached the head of the table, and signified by a gesture her wish for me to take my seat there; in fact, I know now, as I guessed then, that she was only too glad to slip out of taking any prominent position in the household. But I very decidedly shook my head, and passed down, replying to her little protest, that it was not to be thought of—it would not be right. I saw that she understood me to mean that it would not be etiquette, and sat down contented. Could the dear little lady have known it, my ignorance of the ways of the fashionable world was greater than her own. To my amusement, Mrs Tipper's superiors in such knowledge have succumbed to the magic words, 'It would not be right,' with which, knowing no other code, I have occasionally ventured to settle a question. With certain people, 'It is not right,' solely means 'It is not etiquette,' than to sin against which there is no greater wrong; and they have yielded, because they have supposed me better acquainted with the newest mode, rather than imagine that I could have the audacity to attempt innovations of my own.

I soon succeeded in making matters pleasant with Mrs Tipper again. In five minutes the Haddons of Haddon were forgotten, and we were getting through luncheon in friendly agreeable fashion. There was a slight obtuseness on Richard's side when I required anything; but he found that his forgetfulness did not in the slightest degree disturb me, nor prevent my obtaining what I wanted. I quietly waited; and as he could not let me repeat a request more than once without drawing the attention of the others to his negligence, he came at length to understand that it was just as well to do a thing at once as to be quietly forced to do it. The attention of both Lilian and her aunt was too much concentrated upon me for them to notice the man's remissness, and I did my best to prevent them seeing it. I knew that Lilian's eyes were turned upon me more than once when I was supposed to be unobservant, and thought of her words, 'Companion means so much,' with all the more respect for her judgment, whatever it might prove to be.

That we two should be friends, I knew. I

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should love her, and I believed that she might come to love me. But would ours be as the companionship of two of the same age? Should I ever be able to lay bare my inmost self, living so intensely and so differently to the Mary Haddon most people knew, to this young girl? She had spoken of her love to me; should I be able to speak of mine to her—the love which was deeper and stronger than a girl's love? It was with something akin to pain that I told myself no. Because it was not the love of a girl; because it was in its heights higher and in its depths deeper; because it was in its strength and weakness so much more human at eight-and-twenty than at seventeen, I could not talk about it to Lilian Farrar. The shadowy poetic sentiment which clings about a young girl's dream, the love which is more in love with love than with the lover, was not mine. I am an old woman now, writing a story for men and women, and therefore I will add that I have still quite as much romance and enthusiasm in my composition as I had at seventeen, which is an admission to make in these days; but at eight-and-twenty I persuaded myself that they were or ought to be dead. In truth, my eight-and-twenty years were pressing upon me rather too heavily for mental health. I could not take kindly to the idea that youth was gone, or recognise that the best of me was not necessarily gone with it. But there is no need for me to analyse and dwell upon my weaknesses here; they will be apparent enough as I go on, and will doubtless preach their own moral without my assistance.

After luncheon, we returned to the pretty morning-room where I had first seen Mrs Tipper, and devoted the afternoon to making better acquaintance with each other. I began by telling my own little story (so far as it could be told, with Philip left out) about my dear mother's long illness, the struggles I had had to obtain a living when alone, and so forth, because I wished to appear in my true colours to these two, and above all, wished to get rid of the Haddons-of-Haddon tone in our future intercourse. Then dear old Mrs Tipper came out grandly with her little story respecting past ups and downs; not even omitting the fact that her deceased husband had been messenger (between ourselves, porter, my dear) in the firm where her brother rose to be chief, and how he had been pensioned by 'dear Jacob,' and ended his days in peace and comfort in a cottage of his own at Holloway, all the grandest visions of his youth realised.

Afterwards, Lilian told how her father had risen in life entirely by his own efforts; whilst her colour deepened with an equally right pride as she added that her mother had been a gentlewoman, to whose foresight her child owed the education that was something better than any her father's money alone could have purchased. As Mrs Tipper had informed me, it had been Mrs Farrar's dying wish that the first fifteen years of her child's life should be spent with an old friend and distant connection of her own. She had not erred in her judgment. Notwithstanding her naturally good disposition, Lilian would have suffered from the disadvantages consequent upon being brought up in luxury, the petted heiress of a wealthy man, instead of spending her early years at a country vicarage in wholesome study and exercise. I could understand now how it happened that Mr Farrar's daughter was so refined and different from what might have been expected. I knew now why it gratified her so much to believe that her lover had not sought her for her money's sake. Any one but herself would have thought it natural enough that she should be sought for her own sake. How true, and good, and sweet she was, and how soon one knew it; there being no mysterious complications in her nature which it would take time to discover.

'To think of our having so dreaded the lady-companion, auntie; and to think of my having pleaded so much with papa against engaging one!' ejaculated Lilian, when, after a very pleasant afternoon, we rose to go to our rooms and dress for dinner.

'We did dread her, did we not, dear?' smilingly returned the old lady, putting her hand upon mine; 'though I had the most cause for dread.'

'Indeed you had not—your cause is mine,' very decidedly said Lilian.

That they could say so much before me was sufficient, had I not already arrived at the agreeable conclusion that I had found a home until Philip's return.

## AUSTRIAN ARCTIC DISCOVERY.

At a time when the attention of this country is again being specially directed to the question of Arctic exploration, it becomes interesting to take note of what other nations have recently achieved in the region of Polar discovery. It is not too much to say that it is with justice that England considers herself in the van as yet of Arctic enterprise; but we have little hesitation in affirming that the expedition the story of which is told in the two volumes under notice,* is worthy of ranking side by side with the most memorable of our own voyages of discovery; and when it is considered that the attention of Austria has but very recently been turned to the subject of Arctic exploration, the amount of success achieved by that nation is all the more creditable.

It deserves to be stated that the expedition of the *Tegetthoff* was partly due to the munificence of a private individual, the Count Wilczek, who contributed the sum of forty thousand florins towards its equipment, besides encouraging the enterprise by every means in his power. The *Tegetthoff* was a screw-steamer of two hundred and twenty tons burden, built expressly for this expedition, with engines of one hundred horse-power, and fitted out for a voyage of two-and-a-half years' duration. Her commander was Captain Weyprecht, and with him was associated, as colleague and as director of the land operations, the writer of these volumes, Lieutenant Payer. The crew, officers and men included, numbered only twenty-four. The ideal object of the voyage was the north-east passage; its direct and expressed aim, the exploration of the seas and lands lying to the north-east of Novaya Zemlya. Where the ship was to winter was not definitely fixed; and a return home by way of Behring's Strait was, though improbable, a possibility.

The *Tegetthoff* left Bremerhaven on June 13,

* *New Lands within the Arctic Circle. Narrative of the Discoveries of the Austrian Ship Tegetthoff in the Years* 1872—1874. By Julius Payer, one of the Commanders of the Expedition. Macmillan & Co.

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1872, and Tromsoe a month later. Immediately previous to the voyage of the *Tegetthoff*, a preliminary voyage of reconnaissance had been made in a small coasting-ship by Count Wilczek, who had found the sea between Spitzbergen and Novaya Zemlya almost entirely open and free from ice. It was hoped, therefore, that the water would be in the same condition when the *Tegetthoff* crossed it, and that where a small sailing-vessel had gone so far, a fully equipped steam-ship might penetrate almost indefinitely. But to the latter vessel the Spitzbergen seas presented a wholly dissimilar aspect. The ice was first encountered in seventy-four degrees—much farther south than was expected; and from that time it never entirely left the vessel.

Off Cape Nassau the expedition was overtaken by Count Wilczek, who had followed in the *Isbjörn*, the small sailing-ship in which the preliminary pioneering voyage had been made, with the object of placing a depot for the *Tegetthoff* on the north coast of Novaya Zemlya. Very shortly after the two vessels separated, the *Tegetthoff* was fairly beset and hemmed in by the ice in latitude 76° 22′ N., longitude 63° 3′ E. The good ship had made her first and her last voyage, for from that icy grip she was destined never to get free.

Long and desperate were the efforts made by officers and men to release the ship. Sawing the ice and blasting with powder, both above and below the surface, alike proved fruitless. Fissures that had been made with great toil, froze again as soon as made; and when the vessel tried to steam against the ice, it was unable so much as to set the floe in motion. The *Tegetthoff* was now entirely at the mercy of the terrible foe by which she was beset on all sides.

It might be supposed by such as are only imperfectly acquainted with the Arctic regions, that the ship thus firmly locked in the ice would be safe at least from immediate danger. But this was very far from being the case. For some time indeed, the ice by which she was encircled remained motionless, but this condition of things was not to last. The 13th of October—a Sunday—was a day ominous for the fate of the expedition. In the morning, the ice-floe burst across immediately beneath the ship. Officers and crew rushed on deck to behold the ice heaving around them on all sides. The aft-part of the vessel was already nipped and pressed; and the rudder, which was the first to meet the shock, trembled and groaned. The crew were unable to unship it by reason of its weight, and had to be satisfied with lashing it securely. All then leaped out upon the ice, and as quickly as possible got on board whatever articles had been left lying outside the ship. Next, the fissures in the floe were hastily bound together with ice-anchors and ropes, and filled up with snow, in the hope that they might freeze over, though it was felt that at any moment a sudden heave might undo the whole work.

During all this time meanwhile, the ice was tossing and trembling from its bases, while the air reverberated with the most awful sounds, as of shrieks and howls. Mountains lifted themselves suddenly above the level surface, and the low groan that rose from the depths grew into a deep rumble, and finally increased to a roar of fury with the volume of myriad voices. Uproar and confusion ruled supreme, and destruction seemed every moment drawing nearer the ship as the ice crashed against her. Now huge blocks reared fathoms high above the vessel, forcing themselves against her hull; now masses fell down beneath her, until they began to raise her above the level of the sea, the explorers being in readiness at any moment to abandon the ship, in the event of her being crushed. The pressure approached its height at about noon, at which time the vessel was straining and groaning in every plank and spar; but the crisis had now been reached, the pressure abated, the *Tegetthoff* righted herself, and all immediate danger at least, was past.

But the above terrible experience indicated to the explorers what they might at any time expect. Henceforward every noise in the ice was heard by them with apprehension and fear. It was worse than living within the continual influence of earthquakes. At night, officers and men always slept with their clothes on, ready to rush on deck whenever the ice was heard beginning to groan and heave; and this state of things continued *for one hundred and thirty days*, the whole of that period being one of almost constant darkness.

The first winter passed by the expedition in their icy prison was at best but a time of gloom, though all on board combined to render each other's lot as little wearisome as possible. The conduct of the crew throughout the enterprise was exemplary and praiseworthy; and it is pleasant to read of the kindly feeling and sympathy that prevailed between officers and men. Only by the maintenance of complete harmony and mutual consideration could an existence passed under the circumstances described in these volumes be rendered tolerable. The devices resorted to, to employ and pass the time, were various. Constant occupation on the part both of officers and men was found not only to be beneficial, but absolutely necessary to ward off ennui and depression. The duties connected with the daily routine of work were not sufficient; occupation had to be invented. The chief officers had their scientific observations to employ and interest them; but the resources of the men were fewer. At first the building of snow-houses was resorted to as a means of filling up the time. Then a school was begun, in which were passed many hours daily; besides which, there was seal-catching and bear-hunting. On an average, two bears were killed weekly, and roasted bear-flesh was relished by all; and the flesh of the seal, which was at first but little appreciated, was by-and-by found to be at least palatable.

It is well known that the getting-up and performance of theatricals have been found a source of great beneficial occupation and amusement during winters passed in the Arctic regions, where it is a matter of prime importance that the spirits of the men should be kept as even and jolly as possible. But there were several reasons why the crew of the *Tegetthoff* were compelled to forego such recreations. Their numerical strength was too small; the languages spoken on board were too diverse; for the crew was a very mixed one, including Germans, Italians, Hungarians, and Slavs, all orders, however, being issued in Italian; and the performance must have been given in four separate languages. There was no other place available for a theatre than the barricaded deck, where the spectators would have had to sit enduring a temperature of from twenty to

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thirty degrees of cold; and lastly, there was a general feeling that the situation of the party was a far too serious and critical one for such diversions to be so welcome as other Arctic expeditions have found them.

During the first winter the *Tegetthoff* drifted through the wandering ice for the most part in a north-easterly direction. When a little north of seventy-four degrees, she took a turn towards the west in February 1873. Her course was now a generally westward one, but with variations. In the spring and summer of 1873 every effort was of course again put forth to free her from the ice. All endeavour in this direction, however, still proved ineffectual, and the little party again prepared, though with very anxious and depressed hearts, to face a second winter. But through the long gloom of that second winter they were to be buoyed up by hope and expectation. In August the ship took a turn northward, when suddenly, 'as if by magic,' the mists lifted, and behold! a vast shape, high, bold, and rocky, loomed out of the fog on the vessel's bows. It was land beyond a doubt, new land; and fresh hope and life filled every breast at the sight. The whole aspect of things suddenly changed for the explorers. They had now something to look forward to through the long winter—namely, the exploration of that new land which they had discovered, or as it may be said, which had discovered them.

When the land first revealed itself to the explorers, it was too late in the season to leave the ship for purposes of exploration, and so the *Tegetthoff* remained close by it, still fast in the ice, all through the succeeding winter, during which one disturbing thought troubled the minds of all on board, the fear, namely, that the vessel might drift away again from the land, and all the hopes of the expedition end in nothing. But no such untoward fortune awaited them. When the spring came round, and the long darkness waned, the light revealed the land still in the same position. And now preparations began to visit the new-found land. Three separate sledge-journeys were made from the ship, all under the command of Lieutenant Payer. The first journey began early in March 1874, and was a short one. The party comprised six men and three dogs; but as Lieutenant Payer contemplated making his second journey the most important one, he reserved the pick of the crew for it. It will be understood that it required no little courage and patient endurance on the part of the handful of men engaged in this first sledge-journey across the desolate wastes of ice, when it is stated that their physical condition was very far from being perfect. 'Pospischill suffered from lung-disease; Lurkinovich from palpitation of the heart; Haller from chronic rheumatism; Lettis from a tendency to bronchial catarrh.' It is therefore all the more creditable to these men that they bore up so well, and accomplished so much, for the first sledge-expedition did all that its leader expected from it. The position of the new land and its general character were determined; Wilczek Island and the south part of Hall Island explored; and from the results thus arrived at, Lieutenant Payer was enabled to arrange a plan for a more protracted journey towards the north.

The second sledge-expedition was by far the most important of the three. It started from the ship on the 26th of March in the thick of a snow-storm. After enduring the most excessive toil and hardship, the party penetrated northwards to a distance of one hundred and sixty miles, as far as it was possible to go with sledges. The cold endured during these sledge-journeys was often most intense. The men never dared to bring their lips in contact with a metal cup in the act of drinking. One shook the liquid into his companion's mouth. The strongest rum seemed to lose all its strength, and had the taste of milk and the consistence of oil. The bread was frozen so hard that there was danger of breaking the teeth in eating it, and it brought blood as it was being consumed. The instruments used by Lieutenant Payer in surveying burned when he touched them; and the medals worn by some of the men felt like hot iron, proving the truth of the saying that 'extremes meet.' The furthest point northward reached by Lieutenant Payer and his party was Cape Fligely, 85° 5′, where the Austro-Hungarian flag was planted for the first time in the far north. Gladly would the Lieutenant have visited the lands beheld from that northern peak, could he have done so with any degree of safety. But he felt that he had gone as far as the resources at his command warranted, and wisely shrank from further risking the lives of his brave followers.

The work accomplished by the second sledge-journey was a sufficiently thorough exploration of Kaiser Franz Joseph Land—named after the Austrian emperor—and the exploration of Austria Sound, which divides Franz Joseph Land into Wilczek Land and Zichy Land. Lieutenant Payer returned to the ship well satisfied with the results achieved; and we think he had every reason for being so. He had, by careful investigations, surveys, and drawings, arrived at a very satisfactory conception of the newly discovered land.

Kaiser Franz Joseph Land is an archipelago, of about equal dimensions to Spitzbergen, extending from eighty degrees or thereabouts to at least eighty-three degrees north latitude, but how far from east to west was not determined. It is a very barren region, as may be believed, containing mountains from two to five thousand feet high, glaciers of great size, and many deep fiords. Animal life is abundant, bears and seals and Arctic birds in great variety, vast numbers being found by the explorers in many parts. No trace of human beings was anywhere discovered, and Lieutenant Payer believes the region to be uninhabitable by man. By the geological formation of the islands, which seem to be of volcanic origin, the explorer was reminded of the north-east coast of Greenland. A third and final sledge-journey was made by which the north-west coasts of M'Clintock Island were visited. The sledge-expeditions began on March 10, 1874, and ended May 3d, during which period a distance of four hundred and fifty miles was traversed.

While these expeditions were being made, the ship was all the while fast in the ice; and as there seemed no prospect of getting free, it was resolved to abandon her. To remain another winter with the hope of further discoveries, would have been, under the circumstances, a very great risk. Provisions were becoming scant, and the physical condition of the men, so severely tried by the two winters already passed amid the ice, was far too low to make it safe to face a third. And all

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now felt that they could return to their country at least with honour. The *Tegetthoff* was abandoned on the 20th of May 1874, and the return journey to Europe began. But the dangers and hardships of the explorers were by no means yet over. The progress southward, now in the sledges, now by boats, was toilsome, painful, and slow in the extreme. To convey a conception of this it is sufficient to state that 'after two months of indescribable efforts, the distance between us and the ship was not more than two German miles;' a space that would be equal to about nine English miles. Does not this rate of progress correspond in a striking degree with the experience of our own recent Arctic expedition in traversing the terrible 'sea of ancient ice?' But had the ice of the Novaya Zemlya seas remained much longer as formidable as it did to the sledge-parties of Commander Markham and his colleagues, the Austrian expedition party must have one and all perished. But fortunately, at the end of two months' travelling, and when the men had almost begun to despair, 'leads' unexpectedly opened up in the ice; and after one more month of sledging and boating, the open ocean was reached in 77° 40′; an unusually high latitude. Ultimately the party were picked up, as they had hoped for, by a Russian fishing-vessel, off Cape Britwin, minus one only of its members, poor Krisch the engineer, who had died of consumption shortly before the abandonment of the ship.

The literary skill with which the writer of these volumes has told the story of the Austrian Arctic Expedition is quite equal to the best of similar narratives by any former Arctic explorer. He describes the really wonderful fortunes of the expedition, through all its many vicissitudes and perils, simply and modestly, yet with great vividness and realistic power. His story purports to be no more than a popular narrative of what Austria has accomplished in Arctic discovery; but it is really more than this. In addition to their interest as a record of courageous enterprise and patient resolution and endurance in the face of the most excessive hardships, the volumes possess a distinct scientific value; for their author is an accomplished man of science, as well as a brave navigator and explorer. In a portion of the introductory chapters, Lieutenant Payer treats at length and with great clearness the various theories that have at different times been put forward as to the existence of an open Polar sea. He unhesitatingly concludes that no such sea exists; a conclusion which agrees with the actual discoveries of our own Arctic expedition. From this opinion, however, his colleague Commander Weyprecht, dissents, as does also the eminent German geographer Dr Petermann. 'The Pole impracticable;' such was the brief telegraphic summary with which the announcement of the return of the *Alert* and *Discovery* was heralded. But Captain Nares has since modified this expression. He wishes it to be understood that all he means to affirm is, that the Pole is impracticable by the route taken by the *Alert* and *Discovery*, and with the present existing scientific appliances.

Impracticable the North Pole may perhaps ever remain, if the state of the ice encountered by our expedition and by Lieutenant Payer be its normal one. But of this we have as yet no certain proof; nor yet, in spite of our author's well-reasoned conclusions, that in some seasons an open sea may not exist. Some of our readers may remember that the American expedition in the *Polaris*, under Captain Hall, found open water where the sledging-parties of the *Alert* and *Discovery* found only vast ice masses of a hundred and fifty feet in height. It appears to us then that nothing dogmatic can be said on one side or the other in respect to this question.

One other point raised by Lieutenant Payer is deserving of note, which is, that in all Arctic exploration there are two objects to be considered, and that these are distinct, and not, as has been too often supposed, identical. These are—the 'reaching of the North Pole,' and 'the exploration of the Polar regions.' The former appeals more to the imaginative and romantic side of our nature; but Lieutenant Payer takes a broader view of the question. He believes, in conjunction with Commander Weyprecht, that the Polar regions afford special facilities—greater perhaps than any quarter of the globe—for observations of natural phenomena—magnetism, the aurora, &c.; and for the study of geology, zoology, and botany. In short, while not undervaluing the importance of geographical discovery, he holds that the prime object of future Arctic expeditions should be the increasing of our knowledge of natural phenomena, for the observation of which these northern regions offer such great advantages.

## A CURATE'S HOLIDAY.

### IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER IV.

It was not long past noon when I alighted before the door of the *Ship and Anchor* at Lleyrudrigg. But instead of entering that inn, I waited merely until Jonathan had driven the dog-cart to a stable-yard round the corner, and then walked away at a quick pace towards the beach. Arrived there, I collected a number of fishermen whom, in accordance with my anticipations, I found loitering about the sands, and told them my story. I did so in as clear and succinct a manner as possible, commencing with an account of Mr John Williams's suspicious conduct, and proceeding in regular order to its termination. The narrative, however, was frequently interrupted by excited exclamations from the sturdy Welshmen, and its progress considerably delayed by the necessity for interpretation to those amongst them who did not understand English. By the time it was finished quite a small crowd had gathered around me; and when finally I made an appeal for assistance in rescuing Mr Morgan from his dangerous situation, a dozen stout fellows volunteered to accompany me to the spot. Thanking them with no hypocritical cordiality, I inquired, albeit with some doubt, whether conveyance for so large a party could be obtained in the village. Unhesitatingly a chorus of voices assured me in reply that the best and speediest method of returning to the Spike Rocks would be by sea—one of the sailors adding the agreeable intelligence, that with wind and tide both in our favour as they were at present, we might hope to reach them in little over an hour.

The suggestion meeting, as I need scarcely say, with my delighted approval, a friendly contention ensued as to which of the fishing-smacks offered by their respective owners for the purpose should have the honour of making the little voyage. But

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hastened by my impatient entreaties, the question was quickly and amicably settled; and the anchor of the selected vessel having been weighed, I embarked along with my rough but kindly natured companions. As might be expected, all conversation during the short sail turned exclusively on the one theme, and over and over again I was called upon to repeat to those of the fishermen not engaged in working the vessel, portions of the tale I had already related. But the information was not all on one side, since for my part I learned from my seafaring associates one or two very significant facts—the chief amongst them being that the owners of Spike Rock Farm and of the *Ship and Anchor* inn were brothers; and that two other gentlemen who had visited the Spike Rocks, after staying at the hôtel in Lleyrudrigg, had also mysteriously disappeared from that neighbourhood. With light thrown upon the matter by the former of these facts, I now understood how it was that the farmer's physiognomy had impressed me as familiar—the resemblance between the brothers, though not very striking, being quite sufficient to account for it—and by the latter I was, if possible, more thoroughly convinced than ever of the diabolical premeditation with which the intended murder had been committed.

The sailor who had made it proved to be not far wrong in his calculation as to the length of time it would take to reach our destination. Exactly one hour and a quarter after quitting Lleyrudrigg we landed, with some difficulty, a little beyond the bird-haunted crags, and at once started, almost at a run, for the farther of the two 'Devils' Holes,' the seamen, by my direction, carrying with them a coil of strong rope. But although upon attaining it, we all shouted in concert, urging my reverend friend to make some sign from his place of concealment, no response was given to the summons. And when time after time it had been repeated without other result than a series of echoes, loud enough to be heard above the din of the restless waters below, I could see some of the men beginning to look at me askance; then gradually upon the faces of one or two the air of questioning doubt gave place to an angry scowl; and from certain low mutterings which reached my ear, I gathered that an impression was beginning to be formed that I was either mad, or that I had mischievously brought them upon a fool's errand.

Determined at once to alter this state of affairs, I adopted what, with my sensitiveness to giddiness, was certainly a bold measure. Requesting that the rope might be fastened about my waist, I directed my companions to lower me to the spot in which I asserted that I had seen the minister. Reassured by the confidence implied in this step, the men obeyed; and accordingly, I shortly found myself swinging within that awful chasm, with the rope vibrating to and fro, and a deafening roar coming up from beneath. Presently my feet touched the slanting granite shelf described in the previous chapter, and immediately I felt them slip from under me; then, as the rope paid out with a jerk, I slid downwards through a narrow opening into a minute cave in the rock, and lay there for a few moments stunned by the violence of a blow which my head had received in the fall. Upon recovering consciousness, I found myself resting upon the body of my friend; and moving so as to obtain a view of his face, I soon discovered why there had been no reply to our reiterated calls.

The little minister—I saw it with deep thankfulness—was still alive, but his ears had been rendered obtuse by the delirium of a raging fever. His eyes, wide open, were fixed upon the roof of the tiny cavern, and though, upon my addressing him, they wandered during several seconds over my countenance, it was without the slightest sign of recognition. He commenced a rigmarole of rambling disconnected sentences, at all times painful to hear from the lips of the poor sufferer from a perturbed brain, but which, uttered in that weird and awful place, was naturally invested with double horror. My fingers trembling in the attempt, I now hastened to undo the rope from about my own person, in order that I might secure it round that of Mr Morgan. But owing to the opposition offered by the unconscious man, the task proved to be one of no small difficulty. At length, however, it was accomplished; and signing to those above to draw in the rope, I gently guided the body of the little Welshman through the entrance to the cavern, noticing as I did so that his right leg was fractured and terribly swollen. Not caring to witness the perilous ascent, I remained within the cave until a loud 'Hurrah!' proclaimed his safe arrival upon *terra firma*. Then scrambling out, I watched the rope re-descending, once more adjusted it round my waist, and in a few moments afterwards was kneeling by my friend's side upon the grass, and at the request of the excited fishermen, searching his pockets for the huge wash-leather purse of which I had spoken to them.

Its absence, as well as that of his watch and chain, appeared to settle beyond question in their minds the fact that there had been foul-play; and a motion emanating from one of their number that we should take the law into our own hands, and proceed to arrest the farmer and his family, was unanimously carried.

Accordingly, leaving Mr Morgan under the care of a couple of the elder men, we adjourned in a body to the Spike Rock Farm; but only to find it, to our extreme mortification, entirely untenanted. Evidences, however, of hasty flight existed in such abundance, that we could not but conclude that its late inmates had only just departed. And confirmation of this supposition was not wanting; for one of the sailors, gazing from an upper window, presently espied, far down the winding lane up which I had yestere'en driven, a mass of heads progressing rapidly, but with a jolting kind of motion, as though their owners were being carried along in a spring-cart or some such vehicle. Drawing the obvious inference that our large party must have been seen by the criminals, surrounding the supposed grave of their victim, and that conscious guilt having excited their alarm, they were now endeavouring to escape from the justice which would follow detection, we consulted with each other as to what it were best to do. The result of the conference was a decision to take the vessel farther round the headland, to a small town where better accommodation could be found for the sick man than at Lleyrudrigg, and in the vicinity of which was a station of coast-guardsmen. This resolution being promptly carried out, Mr Morgan was conveyed upon landing to a comfortable hotel, where a physician was speedily

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procured to attend him; and accompanied by my corps of witnesses, I proceeded to lay before the proper authorities a full statement of the events I have described, and to place the case in their hands. Then bestowing upon my quondam companions a good dinner, and promising to obtain for them a reward for their services, which I was myself unable to afford, I walked with them to the landing-stage, and saw them off upon their return voyage. A message directed that same afternoon to Mrs Morgan, Pwlwyn, brought with great celerity to the side of the little minister the tenderest and most devoted nurse in the world; and before many days, he was so far recovered as to be able to supply any further testimony which was wanting for the conviction of his intending murderers. Such testimony, however, had by that time become almost unnecessary, since upon being captured (as they had been with prompt despatch), the youngest of the culprits had consented to earn a pardon by turning king's evidence. By this lad's confession it was now clearly proved that the minister's glass of spirits had, as I had suspected, been heavily drugged, that his three hundred pounds had been stolen, and that he himself had been cast into the 'Devil's Hole;' and from the same source it was also ascertained that two other gentlemen—one of them a jeweller, known to be travelling with valuable diamonds in his possession—had by Abel Williams, owner of Spike Rock Farm, and his two eldest sons, and at the instigation of John Williams of Lleyrudrigg, been done to death by being precipitated into the same chasm.

At the following summer assizes, Abel, Robert, and Thomas Williams were condemned to suffer the full penalty of the law; Jonathan Williams the hunchback and the farmer's remaining sons received sentences of imprisonment of more or less severity; whilst to the landlord of the *Ship and Anchor* was awarded the well-merited punishment of transportation for life.

A few sentences will now suffice to complete my story. At the urgent request of the good couple, to whom I had become sincerely attached, and to whom indeed my services for the journey were, I thought, almost indispensable, I consented to return with them to their home. I did not, however, when giving that consent, intend to remain longer than one evening at Pwlwyn—my leave of absence from my duties having long since expired. But strange to say, when a full week had elapsed I was still lingering in that small and in itself unattractive Welsh village; and it was not until an entire change in my sentiments and in all my prospects for life had been wrought by my visit, that I eventually left it for Ollyhill.

During the time she had spent at the hotel whilst engaged in nursing her husband, and especially when upon the way home, Mrs Morgan had made frequent allusion in my presence and in terms of the highest praise to a certain young cousin under whose charge she had left her house and children. But little did I dream that *that* cousin—the *Lily* whose name I had so often heard repeated—was *my* Lily—Lily Thornton! Such, however, upon arriving at Pwlwyn, I found to be the case; and in the surprise and uncontrollable joy of that unexpected meeting, I knew that I, in fact that both of us, had betrayed ourselves. Then followed days full of a bliss so sweet, that resolve as I would, I *could* not forego it, when in the delightful consciousness of tacitly confessed love, Lily and I wandered forth together, seeking the shady woods and conversing in confiding tones—principally about nothing. At length there came a certain sunny afternoon when, seated side by side upon a rustic bridge, we bent in silence over a little babbling stream, our heads coming into closer and closer proximity, until in the end, with a sudden movement, 'our spirits rushed together in the meeting of the lips.' After that, as any person of the slightest experience in such matters will readily believe, it was—to use a slang phrase—all up with me. I left that bridge an affianced man; and upon returning to Ollyhill I resigned my curacy; and upon receiving Squire Thornton's somewhat reluctant consent to my engagement with his daughter, I obtained a situation in a mercantile house in Liverpool, the principal of which was an uncle of my intended bride. With indefatigable industry I laboured for two years to earn for myself a good position; and at the close of that time took to my bosom, for weal or woe, the wife for whose sake I had quitted the Church and joined the Merchants' Service.

In conclusion, the events I have here faithfully related, involve a virtue which every one ought to endeavour to practise—the virtue of Presence of Mind. In cases of sudden peril, a moment or two of calm thought on the part of *one* person, has frequently been the means of saving not only his own but the lives of his fellow-creatures. In the case of a theatre on fire, or in a runaway carriage, he (or she) who has the presence of mind to sit still, has the best chance of saving his (or her) life. In my case, feigning sleep probably saved mine.

## TOY-LAND.

In a romantic and beautiful district of the Southern Tyrol, at no great distance from the town of Botzen, stands the flourishing village of St Ulrich. It is indeed more a small town than a village, and extends itself widely along the right bank of one of those rushing streams that dash through nearly every valley, and are fed by the melting of the snow on the lofty mountain-ranges of the neighbourhood. It contains several good and comfortable inns; and boasts of two churches, one of which is old and small; the other new and large, and handsomely carved and decorated outside, while in the interior, besides some richly painted windows and a good altar-piece, there is a great variety of statues and small figures, all of wood, most of them very delicately carved, and many of them, as well as much of the internal ornamentation of the church, tastefully gilt and coloured. This wood-carving is indeed the staple manufacture of the place, and has raised it to its present condition of evident prosperity. There are no signs of poverty anywhere visible; the people look healthy, happy, well fed and well clad, and their houses roomy and clean. Let us see how this pleasant state of matters has been brought about.

Wood-carving is the chief occupation of many a mountain village both in the Tyrol and in Switzerland; but in no place has it been carried to greater

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perfection or been entered into more thoroughly by the inhabitants than at St Ulrich. One branch of it indeed, the manufacture of wooden toys, particularly dolls, may be considered almost a speciality of the district; for the little town of St Ulrich is the great storehouse from which the chief toy-traders of Europe, we might almost say of the world, draw those rich and inexhaustible supplies which brighten so many nurseries and gladden the hearts of so many little ones. The art is said to have been introduced into the valley about the beginning of the last century, since which time it has been the principal employment of the inhabitants, male and female, young and old alike; for ancient grandfathers and grandmothers may be seen steadily pursuing the vocation that has been theirs from their earliest years; and as soon as the little boys or girls can be safely trusted with knives, they begin their rude endeavours to carve the form of some animal or toy which is the peculiar line of their family. This is one of the odd things in connection with the trade, that, as a general rule, each family or group of families has its own special department, from which they do not deviate. Some carve, some paint, some gild; the painters often working only in one particular colour; while the carvers constantly stick to the manufacture of one or two, or at the most of half-a-dozen animals, of certain toys or certain portions of toys and dolls, and so on through all the endless ramifications of their Lilliputian industry.

It is a most curious sight to watch them at work. They use no models, and work entirely by rule of thumb; long practice having made them so perfect that they turn out the tiny articles without the slightest hesitation, every one as precisely alike as if they had been cast in a mould. In this way are manufactured the varied collection of animals found in a Noah's Ark. Some families will cut out lions, tigers, camels, and elephants; others, sheep, oxen, and deer; others, chiefly birds; while another group will produce the wonderfully dressed little men and women popularly supposed to represent Noah and his seven human companions. The colouring of these productions is quite another branch of the trade; and while the carving goes on at all times with unabated regularity, the painting of the various articles is only added as they are required; that is, when orders come from the toy-dealers; and this frequently varies according to circumstances; so that the colouring and gilding business is not on the whole so steady and profitable as the carving.

There are several shops and warehouses where the articles thus manufactured are sold; but there are two leading merchants who act as wholesale exporters, buying the carved work either from the people themselves, or from minor agents, who realise a small profit by acting as middlemen. Permission can readily be obtained to visit those establishments; and it is a curious and amusing sight to walk through their vast repositories, and inspect the extraordinary collection of dolls and toys gathered together under one roof. The dolls are in themselves a very wonderful exhibition. There are rooms upon rooms quite filled with them, of every size and style, small and large, painted and unpainted; their size varying from tiny atoms scarcely an inch long, to huge figures of nearly a yard in length, most of them jointed, and the greater part uncoloured, and just as they came from the hands of the carver. They are carefully sorted according to their various sizes; and great shelves and cases in every direction are crammed with them. Some sizes are more popular than others; a very favourite length being about two inches; of this size one of the great doll-merchants of St Ulrich buys thirty thousand every week during the whole year! The makers of this kind can turn out about twenty dozen a day, each skilful worker; the painting being quite an after concern, with which the carvers have nothing to do. Here also are bins filled with wooden animals, also of different sizes and different degrees of excellence; for while some are merely roughly shaped and the production often of very young children, others are carved with very great care and dexterity, and are faithful representations of the creatures they are intended to imitate. All the numerous toys with which we are familiar in the shops, or which we have played with in childhood, here first spring into being. Noah's Arks, empty and full; armies of wooden soldiers on horseback and on foot; farmyards of various dimensions, stored with every article needful for the juvenile agriculturist; dolls' furniture of every shape and pattern; sets of tea-cups and saucers, and all kinds of domestic utensils; little wooden horses, little wooden carts. In short it is toys, toys everywhere; and even with all our experience of the capacity of children for acquiring such possessions, it is really difficult to credit the fact that this enormous manufacture and unceasing distribution go on, like the poet's brook, 'for ever.'

Quitting the premises, the visitor is still pursued by the prevailing occupation. Carts are coming and going, all carrying the one universal load — toys; while at every cottage door are seated some of the inmates, busily engaged with their own special branch of the trade; mothers singing to the children on their knee while they yet deftly carve a cow or a goat; old men and women whittling away, the ground at their feet strewed with the chips and shavings; and quite little boys and girls gravely cutting the portions intrusted to them, and soon acquiring a skill which enables them to add materially to the family gains. The men are usually employed on carving of a higher class, chairs, boxes, brackets, or on the superior quality of toys; as well as on that special branch which has attained very great perfection in St Ulrich, the cutting out and ornamentation of crucifixes, figures of Christ, the Virgin, and the Saints, and of numerous other articles employed for the decoration of churches and sacred buildings.

As we have already said, it is an interesting sight to watch the people at their work. They are very willing to gratify the curiosity of visitors, and will readily communicate all the information in their power regarding their trade and its emoluments. The trees from which the different articles are made are a soft kind of pine, very easily cut and worked. They grow in abundance in the district, and are the main source of its prosperity. But with this prosperity the steady and industrious habits of the people themselves have also much to do. The youngest members of a family begin to work as soon as they are able to do so; and this regular occupation is continued through

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life till the trembling fingers can no longer hold the carving-tools.

As a rule the inhabitants of St Ulrich are simple and domestic in their tastes; they are fond of flowers, and their little gardens are carefully cultivated, and gay with bright colouring. As yet their isolated position, remote from the track of the ordinary tourist, has preserved them from many of the hurtful follies and vices too often found in more frequented districts, and but few of the villagers have ever passed beyond the bounds of their own secluded valley. And yet this little hamlet has a world-wide reputation. The toys of St Ulrich have delighted generations long passed away; they are to be found in palace, hall, and cottage; in the populous cities and quiet country homes of Europe, in far-distant nurseries of Asia and America; and in all probability they will continue to be poured forth in inexhaustible profusion when this and many a succeeding generation have gone from the whirl and bustle produced by the less innocent toys and amusements of maturity, to that silent land whose shadows are still deeper than those of the dark and majestic pine-trees that close in round the little valley of St Ulrich.

## THE MONTH:

### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

We have more than once mentioned the Australian 'gum-tree'—*Eucalyptus*—and the remarkable properties by which it checks malaria and the noxiousness of marshes. Dr Angus Smith, F.R.S., whose valuable paper on Peat-bogs we noticed a few months since, believes that the neighbourhood of Rome, the malarious, unhealthy Campagna, might be rendered habitable by large plantations of the eucalyptus. He has visited the locality, and saw an experiment on a small scale, about four miles from Rome, which appeared to be satisfactory. 'As one enters the garden,' he says, 'there is a peculiar odour perceptible: it is fragrant, pleasant, and resinous; some compare it to that from turpentine, some to the black currant; but every one attempts to give the name of some other odour as evidently mixed with this more prominent one. . . . This experiment shews that men may live in health in one of the worst parts of the Campagna with proper precautions. Instead of a neglected country with scarcely a house, it might be a pleasant habitation, as it once was, for many thousands. . . . We are informed that the tree itself with its exhalation is quite sufficient to render a district healthy; and it is perfectly certain that if the oil is efficacious, and the evidence gives faith, those who live near must be continually taking in doses which must soon equal in amount that usually given as a cure. They must in fact be living in a constant vapour of this healing oil.' More on this interesting subject may be found in the *Proceedings* of the Philosophical Society of Manchester, vol. 15.

At the last annual meeting of the Royal Cornwall Polytechnic Society (Falmouth) there was, as usual, an interesting display of works of art and mechanical inventions, and prizes were offered which may, perhaps inspire further inventions. As examples we mention five hundred pounds for the best boring-machine applicable to Cornish mines: fifty pounds 'for the discovery of a new mineral in Cornwall or Devon likely to become commercially valuable;' and 'for a method, mechanical or chemical, of making marketable, with commercial advantage, ores or minerals produced in Cornwall or Devon, and hitherto regarded as worthless, or of little value.'

The so-called diamonds in the Diamond Rock Drill are in reality carbonite, a mineral found in Brazil. When first offered for sale, the price was fourpence a carat; now it is from fifteen to twenty shillings. These pieces of carbonite being firmly set in a 'crown,' form a drill which, when driven by steam, will pierce the very hardest of rocks. According to the nature of the rock, the progress will be from one inch to two and a half inches a minute, which in ten hours would amount to a considerable number of feet. The wear of the carbonite is so small that in boring quartz, which is not a soft rock, to a depth of thirty feet, not more than one sixty-fourth of an inch would be worn off. The dangerous reef in the estuary of the Tees is in course of removal by means of the diamond drill. Holes are bored; blasting charges are inserted; the rock is blown to pieces; two thousand tons a day are lifted by a dredger; and the total cost for all this is not more than four shillings a cubic yard.

Mr Handyside exhibited at the Cornish meeting above mentioned a locomotive which will ascend steep slopes of one foot in ten, or one in eight if required, and therefore may be turned to good use in a hill-country. The Brenner Railway, by which trains cross from Tyrol into Italy, has a rise of one foot in forty: on railway lines generally one foot in eighty may be taken as an available gradient: hence it will be understood that a locomotive able to run straight up hill without miles of zigzag will admit of much economy in railway construction. This new locomotive has, at its rear, a drum wound round with a chain, and is provided with self-acting grips, which descend at the proper moment, and biting the sides of the rails, after the manner of a vice, so fix the locomotive to the spot that it becomes a stationary engine. Some of the wagons are fitted with similar grips, to prevent the train from running back during the ascent. When preparing to mount a hill, the free end of the chain is made fast to the foremost wagon; the locomotive moves on the whole length of the chain and fixes itself; the drum begins to turn, and by winding up the chain, hauls the train up; and this process is repeated until the hill-top is reached.

Here then is a new appliance for the engineering profession. Its capabilities have been proved, as stated in the Report, at the new Avonmouth dock, where a Handyside locomotive has hauled the excavated material from the bottom of the basin, and deposited it wherever required for filling on the top.

Other advantages possessed by this locomotive are: that it can be used with rails much lighter, and consequently less costly than those in general use: that the drum and chain facilitate the passage of curves; that a train of coal-wagons may be close

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coupled as a passenger train; and that its break-power is complete, and being applied to the sides of the rails, does not injure the surface that bears the traffic.

We are informed that a steam tram car has been invented at St Louis, United States, which travels seven miles in fifteen minutes. The boiler, cylinder, coal-box, and water-barrel are ingeniously planned to occupy as little space as possible; and the inventor states that 'under ordinary circumstances the cost of fuel will not exceed three shillings a day.' For further particulars, inquirers must write to St Louis.

On looking at a map, one often feels a desire to tell off-hand the distance between two places. Among the instruments exhibited at Falmouth, Morris' Patent Chartometer, which may be carried in the pocket as easily as a watch, will enable any one to get the desired information. The 'works' of the chartometer are moved by a wheel projecting on one side. To measure any distance on a map, we are told it is only necessary to hold the instrument upright, and run the wheel along the line between two places, or the course of a river, or the sinuosities of a coast, and the indicating fly denotes the number of miles or parts of a mile. The distance is shewn at once, without the trouble of calculation, which is an important advantage. A Patent Measuring Instrument, by the same maker, is described as 'somewhat similar in character, being run along the surface to be measured. It measures up to one hundred feet; and is of the size of an ordinary watch.'

The practice of using leather belts for transmission of power in foundries and factories, which prevails largely in the United States, has been imitated in Lancashire and Yorkshire with satisfactory results. With belts there is less noise and less vibration than with iron shafting and bevelled wheels; the walls of the building are consequently not weakened by perpetual shaking, and diminution of roar and rattle cannot fail to be a benefit to all concerned. Nevertheless leather belts are costly articles, and if hemp could be substituted for leather there would be a saving of two-thirds of the cost. This has been proved in Dundee, where in one of the factories (Messrs A. & J. Nicholl's) rope-gearing is used for transmission of power to all parts of the building, and during an experience of five years, has given full satisfaction. The size of the ropes varies with the work required; the largest, in the instance here under notice, being six and a half inches circumference. The power is communicated directly from the fly-wheel, the rim of which, instead of cogs, is filled with circumferential V-shaped grooves. The 'life' of a rope is said to be from three to five years, though some ropes last much longer; which considering that they travel from three thousand to six thousand feet per minute, may be regarded as long enough.

The *Proceedings* of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers contains a description of Frisbie's Mechanical Fire-feeder—a contrivance which economises fuel, increases heat, and saves trouble when applied to the fireplace of a steam-engine or furnace. Underneath the fireplace is a mechanism which carries a movable hopper; the hopper is filled with coal, and by the turning of a winch, is raised until the fresh coal is pressed against the bottom of the fire. The smoke, having to rise through an existing fire, is nearly all consumed; and the pressure from below breaks up the clinkers, and causes them to fall away to the circumference of the fireplace, from any part of which, as the bars are made to rotate, they can be easily removed. Among the advantages of this method are: that 'the fire is not reduced in intensity by the cold fuel damping the flame,' as is the case in fireplaces of the usual construction: that 'each successive charge of fuel lifts up and most effectually pokes the fire:' that 'the cooling of the furnace by the admission of a large volume of cold air when the fire-doors are opened for stoking, is avoided;' and that 'a smokeless flame is readily attainable with a thick fire, although using smaller fuel than can be employed in ordinary furnaces.' Accepting this information, it is not out of place to mention that the furnace by which steam is generated for driving the machinery by which this *Journal* and our other works are printed, is fed upon a somewhat similar principle. Small coal (dross) is placed in a hopper at the near end of the furnace, and rests upon and is gradually carried into the interior and on to the far end (where it is dropped as clinkers) by closely connected parallel bars which traverse the furnace from end to end and slowly revolve round a 'drum.' The strength of the fire is regulated by a door, which may be raised or lowered by a winch, to admit of a greater or less supply of fuel, as necessity may indicate. The result is that combustion *begins* at the near end of the furnace, the smoke is consumed before it can reach the flue, a steady fire is maintained without admitting an unnecessary amount of cold air or necessitating the constant attendance of a fireman, and the economical desideratum of a perfect smoke-consuming apparatus is achieved. The apparatus goes by the name of Jukes' Patent, and has been in constant use for over twenty years. In comparison with ordinary furnaces, a saving of seven per cent. of fuel is effected. Why this patent apparatus for prevention of smoke is not in universal use, we cannot explain.

A curious fact was mentioned at a meeting of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers (Newhall Street, Birmingham). The boiler of a locomotive engine that had been working on a branch of the London and North-western Railway near London had become very foul through the constant use of hard water. Recourse was then had to a supply of water which had been softened, 'and at the end of a month the boiler was perfectly clean. The soft water had taken out the whole of the deposit, and not a handful of scale could be got when the boiler was washed out.'

Another fact: the water of a well at Camden Town (London) was so unfit for locomotive purposes that it could not be kept in the boilers on account of priming. 'To get over the difficulty, the railway company arranged with the canal alongside, by putting down a double acting-pump with separate outlets and inlets, so that in one stroke the pump would have a measure of water from the canal and put it into the tank for the locomotives, and the return stroke would take the water from the well and put it into the canal.'

Many attempts have been made to turn kite-flying to practical uses, but with scarcely any other result than to shew that in the art of kite-flying we are far behind China and Japan. Success depends on the shape of the kite; and if a kite

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presents a flat surface to the wind, it will be unsteady, and cannot be employed in a successful experiment. The proper form for a kite is that of a hemisphere with the convex side to the wind: no wings and a light tail. The string should be fastened a little above the centre. A kite thus constructed will, as is stated by Dr Joule of Manchester, 'stand in the air with almost absolute steadiness. He found that by pulling strings fastened to the right and left sides of the horizontal bow, the kite could be made to fly thirty degrees or more from the direction of the wind, and hence that it would be possible to use it in bringing a vessel to windward. One great advantage of such a mode of propulsion over ordinary sails would be that the force, however great, could be applied low down, so as to produce no more careening than that desired by the seaman.'

Another measuring instrument likely to be useful to engineers, architects, surveyors, and travellers who require to measure the heights of buildings, trees, cliffs, or hills, in some instances difficult of approach, has been described by Mr Laslett at a recent meeting of the Institute of British Architects. It is the 'Metroscope,' 'an instrument for measuring inaccessible heights and distances, and for levelling.' To be able to measure the width of a river, or the height of a tower to the very top of the weathercock, is a manifest advantage, which is further increased by the instrument being provided with a scale, on which the measure can be read off in feet and inches, or feet and decimals. To give a clear idea of the construction, diagrams would be necessary; and it must suffice here to say that it combines adjusting screws, spirit levels, reflecting mirrors, and a telescope; as may be seen by any one who will call at Pastorelli's, 208 Piccadilly, London.

The third volume of the Report on the Geological Survey of Victoria (Australia), by Mr Brough Smyth, has been published. It furnishes interesting information concerning the surveys going on in different districts—the several goldfields—the volcanic rocks—the palæontological remains—the various methods of treating auriferous pyrites—the gold found in the water of mines—the mineralised woods, and precious stones. Apart from its scientific statements, the book is valuable for the historical particulars it gives of the discovery of gold, and of the 'rushes' of enthusiastic diggers. The total amount of gold produced up to 1875 exceeds L.182,000,000 sterling. Announcements of discoveries of minerals are often made for speculative purposes, and the process of 'salting' appears to be as well understood in Victoria as in Nevada; and in one instance a rumoured discovery of coal—a seam of lignite—proved, on examination by a government geologist, to be a trick: the specimen lumps had been ploughed in.

A line of telegraph from one end of Africa to the other is talked of. From Alexandria to Khartoum, 1100 miles, a wire is already erected, and is to be carried on to Gondokoro. From this place to the northern termination of the South African lines stretching from Cape Colony, the distance is about two thousand miles; and it is thought that to erect and maintain a line across that wild region would not be more difficult than it was to carry a line across the great continent of Australia. Travellers in the interior might then flash their messages to Cairo or Cape Town at pleasure.

## LINES TO A LATE-BORN MOUNTAIN LAMB, ON A BLINK OF SUNSHINE IN WINTER.

Wee lammie, on yon Scottish hill,
Sport while ye may, and tak your fill
O' this bit glint o' simmer still,
Puir feckless[1] thing;
Winter a routh[2] o' cauld and chill
Too soon will bring.

Sport while ye may, my bonnie fay;
'Twill last na lang this autumn day;
For sour and dour,[3] without delay
Auld Winter 's bound
His heavy hand o' skaith[4] to lay
On all around.

Unsheltered on the bare hill-side,
The sleety storm is sair to bide;
Caught in its arms, O wae betide
The hapless hour!
In thy sair stress, whar will ye hide
Frae its fell power?

What tho' the snaw-wreath cover thee!
An' frosty hand shall close thy e'e,
Thy young life in adversity
Thus pass awa;
'Tis surely best thou shou'dstna dree[5]
What *might* befa'.

I wadna hae ye like to me,
Aye fu' o' care for what may be,
Thy glad hour clouding waefully
Wi' threatened ill;
Rather wi' careless thoughts and free,
Thy bright hour fill.

*We* look behind! wae worth the day!
Aft miry path and feet astray,
Our guiding light a flickering ray,
No frae aboon—
An ignis-fatuus 'mid decay
And earthly gloom.

How aft wi' heart's ain dool[6] opprest;
How aft wi' ithers' pain distrest;
How afttimes pained, how seldom blest;
Joy's fairest bloom
Grows on a slender stem at best,
A touch its doom!

We come but with a fretfu' cry,
A wailfu' note to trouble joy;
We go, and Nature's agony
Doth still attend;
The sinking heart, the weary eye,
Proclaim the end.

We look beyond, and there we dreed!
Frae folly shall we e'er be freed?
We hope, we trust, that there indeed,
In time to come,
We may attain the heavenly creed,
And leal become.

And there, my lammie, like to thee,
Passive and pure, nae mair to be
Assailed wi' doubt or fear that we
Shall lapse or fa',
But evermair frae trouble free,
And earthly thraw.[7]

[1] Weak. [2] Plenty. [3] Stubborn. [4] Harm. [5] Endure. [6] Grief. [7] Pain.

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# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

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## FEMALE PROFESSIONALS.

DISCUSSIONS respecting suitable employments for women have for the last few years caused much unpleasant excitement. Society is divided on the subject. Shall women study to be medical practitioners or not? Are they not entitled to compete fairly with men in such occupations as are consistent with their strength and abilities? Surely you are not going to treat them as inferior beings? These are the sort of questions that have been debated, and not always in a very placid humour. Having never interfered one way or other in this matter of dispute, we approach it in a perfectly impartial spirit, and desire to treat it not from any of the partisan views usually presented, but in the broad light of Nature—for to that every temporary and local interest must in a great degree eventually give way.

Let us go practically to the point, as that is better than any abstract reasoning. In a late number of our contemporary, *The Queen*, a London periodical partly devoted to illustrations of ladies' fashionable apparel, it is intimated that a wood-engraver of high standing had opened a class in London for instructing ladies in the art of wood-engraving. The announcement proceeds to say that wood-engraving is a lucrative art, in which partial training is valueless, and that the artist referred to being 'deeply interested in the extension of this work as an employment for women, does his utmost to impress upon all whom it may concern that no one can hope to succeed as a wood-engraver who is not willing to devote six hours a day for six years to learning the work. It has often been a matter of surprise to us that ladies did not study wood-engraving as a profession. If any novelty in dress or millinery is brought to us, and we desire to illustrate it in our pages, experience has taught us—and we only say this after repeated trials—that to Paris it must go to be both drawn and engraved. We have tried artists of fame, as well as unknown men, and always with the same result—utter failure. The figures may be more natural, and the faces better drawn perhaps, but as illustrations of dress or bonnets the English engravings failed to convey any definite idea of them, and were practically useless. Now that the use of illustrations in the literature of the day is constantly on the increase, and the number of periodicals devoted to ladies' requirements, are legion; also now that catalogues issued by the leading London mercers of their latest novelties yearly become more complete, we marvel why ladies who have a talent for drawing do not attempt to bring it into the market, and acquire the French knack of drawing, even such trifling matters as bonnets, on wood. Delicacy of touch rather than strength of hand is required; the cost of the requisite tools is nominal; it is essentially a home occupation, cleanly in its nature, and free from any unpleasant accompaniments. Wood-engraving is certainly worth a trial to any ladies who have studied drawing, and like the occupation, but to succeed it should be taken up seriously, and not as a pastime.'

We should be exceedingly glad to learn that the artist mentioned was successful in finding a numerous class of young women, who having little or nothing to do, would patiently and intelligently 'devote six hours a day for six years' to acquiring a satisfactory proficiency in the art of drawing and cutting illustrations on wood. It is an elegant art, requiring taste and accuracy of observation. In London especially it is, as is stated, largely in request, and accordingly to the skilled who are ready with their services, can hardly fail to be fairly remunerative. Nor should we forget that it involves no more severe bodily labour than needlework, if so much, while it is ten times more interesting.

Unfortunately, there is a *per contra* in almost everything, and particularly as concerns the prosecution of industrial occupations by women—wood-engraving and doctoring included. We frankly own that in many employments women are qualified to come up to men in proficiency, if not to go beyond them. We see this in various departments. It is much more observable in France than in England, perhaps because the draining away of

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men for the army has long been much greater in France than in our own country. In Paris, as we have seen, the man struts about in uniform, while Madame, under the pressure of domestic necessity, paints pictures, keeps the shop, or in some other way employs herself to secure a living, and sends baby to nurse with the chance of never seeing it more either alive or dead. That may be called making the most of women as bread-winners.

In England, society has not got this length, and we hope it never will. The foundation of our polity, civil and religious, is the family system, and it is the natural and proper system, anything else being abhorrent to cherished feelings and convictions. The destiny of man has been indicated with a plainness not to be mistaken. 'Man goeth forth to his labour.' In the old texts we do not hear of women having, like the over-drudged shop-keeping females in Paris, to toil for the support of husband and family. Knowing, and in no respect objecting to his fate, a young man learns and sticks to his profession. There is his work before him. It is the thing by which he proposes to live, as well as to maintain those for whom he may incur a responsibility. He may in the progress of affairs enlarge and improve upon his original employment, but unless he be a downright ne'erdoweel, or by good-luck falls into a fortune, he never entertains the idea of giving up work altogether as long as he is blessed with health and strength. The truth is, in most instances, work becomes so much a pleasure and a habit, as not to be readily relinquished, even when the pressure of necessity has passed away.

Such is the destiny of men according to the order of Nature. That of females is very different, or at least it is only modified by special and unavoidable circumstances. The young woman does not naturally look out for a trade which she will have to pursue for life. If she selects an employment to support herself, it is a kind of make-shift. It is something that may honourably provide for her wants in the meantime, or for a few years, as the case may be, but is not seriously viewed as a profession for life. The result is a degree of training and self-sacrifice inferior to that to which men feel obliged to devote themselves. Miss Nightingale has said that 'three-fourths of the mischief in women's lives arises from their excepting themselves from the rules of training considered needful for men.' Just so. Women might in many departments of labour be equal to, or outshine men, but they will not take the trouble. They are thinking about something else, as it is quite natural they should do.

Miss B. B. M'Laren, a lady in Edinburgh, who has interested herself in the instruction of young women in wood-engraving as a pleasant and remunerative profession, does not speak very hopefully on the subject, in a small pamphlet which she has issued. Her words are worth quoting: 'In some of the novels of late years, in which a heroine is suddenly thrown on her own resources for maintenance, she at once becomes an engraver on wood, the profession being invariably acquired in the course of a year! Accuracy had to be sacrificed for the exigences of the tale, and anything can be accomplished on paper; but in real life *several* years of daily work will pass before proficiency is acquired. This does not mean to say that a proficiency very pleasing to the amateur may not be reached at a much earlier period, and pictures for admiring friends to praise grow under her hands; but the amateur standard and the professional one are widely apart. Partial training has been the ruin of many attempts to gain new employment for women. It is often spoken of as desirable that they should do "a little" work, but the "little" which is meant to apply to the matter of quantity, is easily transferred to that of quality, and this effectually bars the way to success. It is very undesirable to see a lowered standard for women's work, and yet what reason is there to expect the attainment of the higher one in any way but with the same amount of time and labour given by young men? No one asks for more. It is sometimes said that girls "take up things" more quickly than boys; but even where this is the case, the intuitive quickness of perception which rapidly obtains some knowledge of art, will not do away with the need for that time and experience which alone will give the power to practise it.'

In the education of women, according to this lady, there is usually a fatal want of 'thoroughness.' Things are learned superficially. This she laments; but from what we have already hinted at, it does not seem strange. The ordinary professions are not the vocation of women, and by no contrivance can we make them so, any more than we could make water run uphill. The hope of woman from the outset is some day to be married, and fall into the range of duties imposed on a wife and mother. Now, there is nothing wrong in aspirations of this kind. They are, on the contrary, to be commended, and at all events spring from moral and intellectual conditions which Nature has demonstrated from the earliest girlhood. Take, for example, the love of dolls. In every country in the world, dolls are the solace of female children. In the most savage nation, where the neatly manufactured doll, or *poupée*, as the French term it, was never seen, the little girl instinctively dresses up a piece of bone, and fondles it with an affection as ardent as that shewn by an English female child for a poupée of the most life-like and costly description. What is this but an inherent idiosyncrasy in the female mind, obviously implanted for a beneficent purpose. The girl playing with her dolls is the incipient mother loving and nurturing her children.

So is it in tracing girls up to womanhood. In their education, their domestic training, their style of dressing, and love of personal adornment, are recognised the position they are destined or hope to assume. Acute and clever as they may be, they seldom fail to make themselves as attractive as possible. From youth to age, dress runs in their head. The largest mercantile concerns in the world are got up and maintained purely for decorating their person. We find no fault with this prevalent taste, unless when it degenerates into something grotesquely absurd, as it occasionally does under the impulse of fashion. Every woman is entitled to make the very best of herself, to insure if possible the admiration of those whose good-will she especially cares for. But all such, and often very costly efforts, as regards dress are significant of the fact, that professional labour lies not within the course of life appointed for women. Their rôle is in the region of the heart —the domestic circle—not within the hard lines

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in which men find it incumbent on them to struggle for a subsistence.

Doubtless, through various exigences, large numbers of women betake themselves to professional employment of some kind. They become domestic servants, governesses, teachers, dressmakers, shop-assistants, and so on. While still young they work in factories. But we repeat that whatever they do in these several respects is done on the principle of a temporary make-shift; the predominant hope they indulge being that they will some day settle down as the happy and respected mother of a family. In this candid view of the matter it is hardly to be expected that women—taking them all in all—will ever make that resolutely persevering effort to attain the proficiency in a profession which is universally aimed at by men. To expect anything of the kind, is to hope for more than human nature can justify. In the notification which has been made respecting wood-engraving, it is specified that young ladies must make up their minds to study six hours a day for six years. Of the propriety of this obligation, we have no doubt. What concerns us to know is, how, besides paying fees, young ladies driven to the expedient are to live in the meanwhile, and how many will persist in giving six years of assiduous diligence in learning a profession which any day may be tossed aside on marriage, the paramount object in life, being happily achieved.

As far as we know, there are few or no instances of any regular trade being successfully appropriated entirely by women. Such, indeed, is not to be looked for, and, properly speaking, no blame ought to rest on females for essentially following a primarily assigned duty. We have known cases in which, from motives of benevolence, young women alone were invited to conduct a trading experiment, and they failed, not from want of skill, but want of perseverance. The members of the establishment broke away piecemeal, and went to other and more attractive pursuits. Where young men are employed along with young women in any commercial undertaking, there is less chance of disruption; and the reason why is so obvious as to need no particular explanation. No accusation can be made on this account. Celibacy is a violation of every instinct and sense of social obligation. It is often nobly submitted to as a duty by females, but the instinct is indestructible and to be respected.

When one reflects on the many reasons why young women are not, as a general rule, likely to give that close and lasting attention to any branch of scholarly or mechanical art qualifying them to excel, the vehement objections sometimes made to female professionals seem not a little ridiculous. We should like to see the subject treated in a more practical and sympathising spirit. A little consideration might shew that only in a few remarkable instances—such as that of Mrs Somerville—do women possess that resolute spirit of study which leads to eminence in scientific or other learned pursuits. The thing is not to be done off-hand, or by fits and starts, and half-formed resolutions. Look at the hard and tedious work that young men must undergo before attaining proficiency in the practice of medicine. Success with them is a matter of life and death. No one can reasonably expect that any large number of young ladies are ever likely to make similarly enduring efforts.

To us there is something melancholy in the exigent circumstances that often in this old country drive ladies to look for subsistence in pursuits not very accordant with the delicacy of their sex. The redundancy of unmarried young women should set people thinking on the causes for so much enforced celibacy. That is a broad department of inquiry somewhat strangely neglected. Neither emigration nor drafting for the army will account for the phenomenon. We have space here only to hint at one or two prevalent errors—or call them failings—in which society is intimately concerned as regards the number of female celibates.

Let us first point to the extravagant modes of living—extravagance in dress, extravagance in house-furnishing, extravagance in nearly everything—that has conspicuously gained ground among the middle classes within the past forty years, and in the face of which marriage has become a much more serious affair for men to encounter than it ought to be. There, plainly enough, lies the basis of innumerable mischiefs. For such a state of things, both sexes must bear the blame. Fathers of families are seen misexpending means, and leaving daughters unprovided for, but with tastes and habits which are incompatible with their position, the result being that they are reluctantly obliged to swell the already overswollen ranks of governesses. On the other hand, the lofty expectations erroneously entertained by many young women, drive away suitors who have still to make their way in the world. Hence, from various preventable causes, the vast numbers of young unmarried women crowding public places of resort.

Pondering on these social mistakes, who need feel surprised that women of an independent spirit should try to make their way as professionals. Applauding, we yet pity their meritorious endeavours. Only a few out of groups of aspirants are likely to be eminently successful; and we are prepared to learn, that as opportunity offers they will drop into the line of duty for which they were destined by the imprescriptive ordination of nature.

W. C.

## THE LAST OF THE HADDONS.

### CHAPTER VI.—FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

I DID the best I could in the way of adorning for dinner with some of my dear mother's old lace, and a cherry-coloured bow or two on my black silk dress, and flattered myself that I was presentable enough for a family party. But on entering the drawing-room, I was somewhat dismayed to find Lilian in full evening dress. To my unaccustomed eyes her elaborate toilet appeared more suited to a ball-room than for dinner, and my taste in this case served as well as knowledge, for I know now that it was too much for home-dress, according to the decrees of Society. I think she saw what was passing in my mind, for she apologised in her half-shy graceful way by asking me to excuse it. It was 'a fancy of papa's to see her so; and she liked to gratify his lightest fancies now.'

Mrs Tipper had also made more change than seemed necessary for home toilet; and did not look at home in her rich moire and too massive

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jewellery, put on haphazard as it were: brooches stuck in upside down and on one side, as though it were enough for them to be there; rings, bracelets, &c. glittering with diamonds and other precious stones, not combined in the best taste.

But I soon had something to think of besides our toilets. Lilian whispered to me that 'he' had arrived; and when presently Mr Trafford entered the room and was introduced to me, my attention was concentrated upon him. Interested as I already was in Lilian Farrar, I was more than curious to see her lover. Moreover I was altogether inclined in his favour. No one could be more prepossessed in another's favour than was I in Arthur Trafford's; and yet I had been in his society barely half an hour before I was conscious of being not a little disappointed. Whether my expectations had been too exalted, or there was some graver cause for the disappointment, time would shew. I certainly had expected to find Lilian's lover and Mr Wentworth's friend very different from the fashionable-looking young man before me.

His bearing was that of a gentleman, and he was handsome—some might say very handsome. I would not allow even that much, in my disappointment, telling myself that his head wanted more breadth; that his features were too delicately chiselled for manly beauty; and that his hands were too small and soft and white. The very grace of his figure offended me, as indicating lack of power. What does the world want with graceful men, with hands incapable of grasping anything?

I had been prepared to like him for Lilian Farrar's sake; and already I was unpleasantly conscious that I might learn to dislike him for her sake. I tried to persuade myself that I was too hasty in my judgment—that his might be the type of manly beauty—the refined delicacy which in certain instances has accompanied a fine order of intellect. But no; Shelley had a different brow from that, and something very different looked out of Shelley's eyes.

While I was summing him up in this uncompromising way, I am bound to acknowledge that he was most courteously trying to make talk with me. Lilian had introduced us in her pretty graceful way, informing us that we were to become great friends; and he had taken the hint, making himself specially attentive and agreeable to me during dinner. He talked well, and appeared well read; and I must do him the justice also to say that his bearing towards Mrs Tipper was all that it should be, with no perceptible undercurrent of pride or satire. Above all, I must acknowledge that his love for Lilian was sincere; no woman could for a moment have doubted that; whatever its value in other respects, it was sincere. And yet I was perverse enough not to be satisfied with him. Why could I not take to him? I irritably asked myself, conscious that I had not sufficient grounds for my prejudice, and ashamed of feeling it. But there it was, and I could not overcome it.

Mr Farrar joined us in the drawing-room, which was lighted up as if for a large assembly, for an hour after dinner; and I, who had been accustomed to note certain signs and symptoms in an invalid, could see that the effort cost him a great deal. He was, however, not too weak to tell me the cost of building and furnishing Fairview; that he had paid two hundred and fifty pounds for the grand piano; a guinea a yard for the curtains; that the carpet had been made to his special order, &c.; whilst Mrs Tipper was smiling amiably in her after-dinner nap, her fat little jewelled hands folded at her capacious waist; and Lilian and her lover were sauntering amongst the flowers in the moonlight outside.

As soon as he was sufficiently recovered, Mr Farrar told me there were to be all sorts of entertainments given at Fairview; dinner-parties, garden-fêtes, and so forth. Then he named two or three City magnates as his friends, and went more fully into the Trafford pedigree for my edification, dwelling enjoyably upon the idea of being father-in-law to a Trafford. 'The Warwick Traffords, you understand, Miss Haddon; it is very essential that should be remembered.' Going on to point out the great things which might be expected from such an alliance. 'With money as well as birth, Arthur Trafford would enter parliament and make some mark in the world.' All of which proved that he too had faith in the young man's capabilities. I know now that it was Arthur Trafford's evidently sincere admiration for things great which misled so many who knew him. Were he capable of doing the deeds he could admire, he would have been what he had the credit for being. When I heard him dilate with glowing eyes and heightened colour upon some heroic deed, I could understand how he had obtained an influence over a young imaginative girl. He not only made her believe him to be endowed with the qualities of a hero, but honestly believed it himself; persuaded that he only lacked opportunity to prove that he was made of very different material from that of ordinary men.

I listened to Mr Farrar politely, as I was bound to do, and not a little pitifully too. All this was what he had set his heart upon; and he would not live to have his ambition gratified, even had Arthur Trafford been all he was imagined to be. Had no one warned him? Did not the sight of his own pinched and drawn face warn him that he was already on the threshold of the other life? Had I been speculatively inclined just then, I might perhaps have carried on the thought which suggested itself to me. I will only say that I felt more respect for the etherealised body at that moment than for the earth-bound soul. I think now that Mr Farrar would not be warned of what was approaching, and contrived to deceive his child and those about him as he deceived himself respecting his real state.

There certainly was at present no foreshadowing of the coming separation, in his daughter's face. She was altogether free from care; and I was presently very glad to find that my first estimate of her had been so far correct; she was not the kind of girl to be selfish in her happiness; in small things she shewed herself to be considerate for others. Mr Farrar was presently wheeled away in his invalid chair, bidding me good-night with the information that he was just at the period of convalescence when rest and seclusion are essential; and as soon as his daughter found that I was left companionless in the drawing-room, she came in, her lover's protests, which were carried on to the very threshold, notwithstanding.

But I begged to be allowed to make acquaintance

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with the garden; and went out into the moonlight, leaving the lovers at the piano together. It was the very best light in which to see the Fairview grounds where there were no trees higher than shrubs, and too much statuary, with vivid patches of colour, so fatiguing to the eye—masses of flowers without scent or leaves, arranged with mathematical precision, as though they had become strong-minded, and would only speak to you in problems. In fine, it was the newest fashion in gardening, which Mr Farrar prided himself upon keeping up at great expense. To my unaccustomed eye, it lacked the poetry of the old less formal styles. But it looked its best in the softening and subduing effect of moonlight; one got some hints of shadow, which was as lacking during most of the day as in the famous Elizabethan picture. In the light of day the silvan gods and goddesses looked specially uncomfortable, for want of a little foliage. One 'Startled Nymph,' placed at the corner of a gravel-walk, without so much as a shrub near her, appealed to one's sense of justice in the most pathetic way.

My best enjoyment, as time went on, was to go down (the grounds sloped down a side of the hill upon which the house was built) through the kitchen gardens, seat myself upon the low wall which bounded them, and turning my back upon the glories of Fairview, refresh my eyes by gazing upon the beautiful undulating country, stretching far into distance beyond. I never tired of gazing at the varied scene—pasture-lands, deep woods, ripening hop and wheat fields, pretty homesteads, an occasional glimpse of the winding river, and a primitive-looking little ivy-covered church. It was this little church that Lilian and I elected to attend, instead of going in state to the newly built edifice near Fairview, to which Mr Farrar had given large donations. There was one nest of a house, peeping out from its woody retreat, on the slope of a hill, rising from a small straggling village in a lonely valley, half a mile or so to the left of Fairview, which made a special appeal to my fancy. A long, low, old-fashioned house, with veranda and green terrace walk, I pictured to myself the lovely view as seen from that aspect; and what life might be with Philip in such a home—the rest and peace we two wanderers might find in such a haven as that. Had not I been a wanderer too? He was writing more and more hopefully of being able to return and settle in England in another year.

'Thank God, there will be no more need for money-grubbing, Mary. We can live with a few chosen friends and our books in some cottage-home free from care.' It was part of our arrangement to live simply as well as largely, our only ambition being to gather congenial friends about us. Ah, me—ah, Philip! what a glorious dream it was!

Lilian was very impatient to hear my praises of her lover—or to talk them; it did not much matter which—and that first evening instituted a custom to come to my room the last thing every night. 'If you do not mind, Miss Haddon?' in her sweet pleading way. Mind, indeed! It would be the very best way of finishing the day which she could invent, I told her; taking her face between my hands, and putting my lips to her brow.

'But—I fear you are engaged; you must not let me be selfish,' she murmured, glancing at my open desk.

I had commenced a letter to Philip, telling him of my change of abode, and doing my best to convey to him the impression that my engagement at Fairview was a less business one than it really was. I closed my blotting-book at once. Philip would get his letter quite as soon if I wrote later; and it was my fancy to write to him during the silent hours of the night.

She took a seat upon a stool at my feet, for that also was to be an institution, she laughingly observed; and commenced with a few words expressive of the hope that I should like Fairview; and then, in charming Lilian fashion, told me that '"Dear Arthur" (you must let me call him that to you when we are alone, dear Miss Haddon) is delighted at my good fortune in having you. He sees, as we all do, how very different it might have been.'

She seemed to think that nothing could be more gratifying than to find favour in 'Arthur's' sight. The possibility of his not finding favour in my sight, did not, I think, for one moment enter her thoughts. Fortunately, she took my admiration of him for granted. I should have found it difficult to satisfy her expectations upon the point. How pleasant it was to listen to her ideal talk of her lover—her vivid imagination investing him with all the grandest attributes of a hero; though it would have been even more pleasant, had I had no misgivings upon the point, or felt sure that she would never be disillusioned. As it was, the fear that she might some day be roughly awakened from her bright dream, and the knowledge of what such an awakening would cost her, caused me to listen rather gravely and abstractedly.

I was a little disturbed from another cause, not sufficiently appreciative of the wisdom which comes with years. Ah, me! how far apart that twelve years' difference between our ages seemed to set us! I was so sensitive upon the point, that it did not occur to me that the difference between our characters or temperaments might in some measure account for my reticence. I was not naturally so expansive in my manner as are many women. Though the thought of Philip would set my pulses throbbing and my cheeks aflame, I could no more have talked of my love to Lilian Farrar than I could have cried it aloud in the streets. The rhapsodies over a certain portrait—the kisses pressed upon the paper that *his* hands would touch—and sundry other vagaries committed after she had left me that night. Could she have seen it all, she would no longer have thought it necessary to apologise for talking so much love-talk to me. I was illogical enough to be wounded at her supposing it to be necessary to apologise; whilst I took no steps to shew her that no apology was needed. But the kisses and rhapsodies notwithstanding, the tone of the letter written that night to Philip was tinged with a *soupçon* of melancholy. It contained more than one reminder that he must not expect to find me exactly the same in appearance as the girl he had parted with eight years ago.

But I do not think mine is a morbid nature, apart from that one subject, and fortunately there were now too many demands upon me, and my time was too fully employed in the duties of my position, to leave leisure for unhealthy study of my feelings.

Mrs Tipper at once left everything in the way of management to me; only too glad to resign the

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reins of government, which had been but loosely held, into my hands, and cease to have any recognised individuality in the household.

'My dear, the servants all know that I haven't been used to it, and I'm sure they are no way to blame for that; of course anybody could see, only they won't mind what I say.'

Moreover, I received a hint from headquarters that it would be considered part of my duty to keep the domestic machinery under my supervision, the housekeeper with the high wages notwithstanding. The management of a set of servants who had been accustomed to do pretty much as they pleased, except with respect to their master—he was as exacting and ready to take affront as his sister was lax and good-natured—was, I soon found, no easy task. Lilian was simply the pet of the house, as she had been ever since her return home; seeing nothing the servants did not choose her to see, and with no thought of evil—no suspicion that others might be less trustworthy and unselfish than herself. Warm-hearted, sympathetic, and lavish with her large allowance of pocket-money, she was ready to give wherever she was told help was needed, and was made acquainted with all the requirements of the servants and their relations. Grandmothers, mothers, brothers and sisters, aunts and uncles—numberless needy people were made known to her, and all found sympathy and help. The servants at Fairview had good cause for their fealty to their young mistress.

I was too often obliged to look upon the reverse of the picture. Many a trait of human nature, of which it is painful to be cognisant, and still more painful to be the censor of, came under my notice, and for a time my position was a not very enviable one, the servants resenting what I suppose appeared to them as undue interference. But as time passed on, they learned to distinguish between my blame and their master's. They found that I blamed neither from pleasure nor anger, but simply because it was part of my business, which it gave me no little pain to be obliged to do.

Then they could not say that they found me either proud or ashamed of my position. Little half-speeches and innuendoes, with which I was first assailed, to the effect that 'People who took wages had no right to set themselves up above other people who did the same,' were met by the frank acknowledgment that they certainly had not a right. 'I was ready to take the blame for any undue assumption of superiority they might convict me of, whilst trying to do the work I was paid to do.' So at length we came to understand each other better; difficulties became fewer, and my work was less a task.

One step which I took, and which I quite believed would cause me to lose ground in the estimation of the servants, had quite a contrary effect to what I expected. I was very soon able, with dear old Mrs Tipper's ready sanction, to give Becky a step in life. An under-housemaid was required, and I contrived to win Mrs Sowler's consent for Becky to come to Fairview. As I laid no restrictions whatever upon Becky in the matter, I thought it quite possible that certain facts concerning my poverty, and consequent rather hard life, whilst at Mrs Sowler's, might become known amongst the servants at Fairview.

But I did not do Becky justice. As thoughtful and considerate for me as she was true, nothing relating to the past escaped her. Although she was at first awed and overwhelmed by the gorgeousness of her new home, and was, when alone with me, very frank in expressing her astonishment at the ease and readiness with which I accepted it all, I found that she said no word down-stairs about my past troubles. She only displayed her surprise at my philosophy and delight at her own good fortune, when we were safely shut in alone together.

'Ain't it lovely, when you have been used to things so different, Miss? Here's me sitting down to dinner every day like a lady born! No call to snatch bits off the plates as they come down now! And instead of washing and doing my hair in the back-scullery, there's a beautiful bedroom of my own to go to. Mrs Sowler wouldn't believe! And I've got you to thank for it all! Just see if I won't try. They shan't say you have recommended a girl as can't work; though Sophy says it isn't genteel to tear at it as I do.'

Becky's gratitude to me was even deeper and more enduring than I had expected to find it, and her love—I must have been very different from myself, to deserve such love as Becky's; though I knew that it did her no harm to indulge it.

Lilian who, from my description of past hardships, took great interest in her, and was extremely kind to her, did not, as I took it for granted she would, share with me in Becky's love. Nay, I verily believe that in her allegiance to me, poor Becky was jealous of a rival power. I could not get her to be enthusiastic about even Lilian's beauty. Becky always insisted that it was the pretty dresses which made her look more attractive than I did; and tried to persuade me to endeavour to outvie her. Her staunch friendship did me not a little good. It was especially cheering to me just then to find that I could keep love as well as win it without using any unlawful means.

## DECEPTIVE ADVERTISEMENTS.

Latterly, the newspapers have brought to light a variety of curious instances of credulous people being imposed on by deceptive advertisements. Human weakness appears to be specially preyed upon by medical pretenders. The practice of medicine without proper qualifications being illegal, the pretender takes care to avoid marked publicity, and works at a distance by way of advertisement.

We may give one or two instances. The illegal practitioner announces his power of curing an ailment by being furnished with a letter describing the symptoms. To this the ailing one receives a gushing reply, written upon showy paper, with embossed address, monogram, crest, and everything calculated to deceive the prey around which the empiric is about to wind his toils, not to be unwound until the uttermost farthing shall have been paid. The patient is informed that his symptoms indicate an unusually deranged state of health, which will necessitate the preparation of special medicines, and for a supply of which a fixed sum is to be immediately forwarded; the writer's conviction being expressed that this one supply will produce all the effect that could be desired; though, should it not, the case must be an obstinate one, and the patient is urged not to lose a day in renewing the supply, and again renewing that, if need be. There are not wanting instances in which these

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nefarious compounds (of which an average supply lasts about six weeks) have been imbibed several times a day for nine or ten months, the credulity of the consumer evaporating at that stage. And here we may mention that our statements have not had their origin in speculation, certain victims being of our own acquaintance. It is not our province to determine whether or not the trifling ailments referred to are the premonitory symptoms of the more serious maladies turned to advantage by the quack. Apart from our own knowledge on the subject, it is to be presumed that the exaggerated statements rest on some foundation; but we have no hesitation in pronouncing the vast majority of these advertisers to be nothing more than medical highwaymen, and wish that it were in our power by these lines to banish them for ever from the scenes of their abominable extortions and infamous exploits. Almost all of them are amenable to the law even in its present state, as is proved by the late successful prosecution of large batches in Lancashire, one of whom engaged to restore to health his detective-patient in a couple of weeks for the modest sum of forty pounds. But in general their security is undisturbed, and their unlawful operations carried on openly.

Not long since, we encountered an advertisement which purported to emanate from a gentleman who had suffered from polypus in the nose for many years; who had been treated by various medical men without any benefit, but who, after prolonged and intense suffering, obtained permanent relief, having discovered means by which every person so afflicted might *cure himself*, and which, actuated by feelings of humanity, he desired to make known. For this information—this means of self-cure—there was required nothing save a stamped directed envelope. Having our own ideas respecting such an advertisement, we applied for the recipe, though not nasally afflicted; and received in reply a printed letter, directing application to be made to another person possessed of an extremely high-sounding name, who, Number One declared, had been the instrument under Providence, &c. On application to Number Two we obtained—a pamphlet, with the usual exhortations to lose not a moment in forwarding a sum considerably in excess of a sovereign! At the present time there are quite a number of such advertisements to be seen; some of them are even published in the falsely assumed names of clergymen, who are prompted by feelings of humanity, &c., and contain disclaimers of any connection with quacks or quackery of any kind.

The advertisements of those private parties who profess to be systematic *money-lenders* are of two kinds—the one from those who do lend; and the other from those who do not. The former are almost universally deceptive; the latter, of course unquestionably fraudulent. The advertisements of those who do lend, addressed to certain specified classes, almost without exception contain assertions which the borrower will find abundant reason to doubt ere the loan is completed. On application the needy unfortunate will be puzzled to reconcile the terms named to him with those in the alluring advertisement, and will find the rate of interest to be truly 'six per cent. and upwards,' fifty per cent. being no uncommon demand, in addition to expenses incident to and deducted from the loan, and which, the applicant is usually informed, are necessitated by the existence of some special risk in his particular case.

To those who pretend to lend, but who do *not*, we shall now proceed to devote a little more attention. They are seldom found associated as a company; but for reasons of their own, most of them prefer to sail under amalgamated colours. Their advertisements are always more alluring than those of the usurers whose occupation they counterfeit. Those who require temporary confidential accommodation are informed that they can obtain the same by application to A. B. C. & Co., without the inconvenience of inquiries or sureties, on security of furniture, &c., or on personal security—at a small extra-risk-premium. Distance no object. Or occasionally it is varied by the falsehood that no preliminary fees or office expenses of any kind are charged. But when this stage of the transaction has been reached, the dupe always learns that these payments are dispensed with only in the cases of certain classes, to none of which, it is scarcely necessary to add, he is fortunate enough to belong.

The profits of those who do not lend are derived solely from booking fees, office expenses, and charges for the sham inquiry, which always, of course, is of so unsatisfactory a nature that the 'loan' cannot be granted.

We were recently informed by a casual acquaintance, that some time ago, when in reduced circumstances, occasioned by various losses, he resolved to obtain a loan of forty pounds, and for that purpose made his way to the office indicated in a very attractive advertisement. He found the advertiser occupying, as offices, two apartments in a dingy building used by various persons in a similar capacity. A single clerk represented the entire staff in the outer office. Within was an old oily-looking individual, whose get-up was quite in keeping with the wretched surroundings. His red face beamed with apparent pleasure as he beckoned his impecunious visitor to a chair. After having stated that he could give the security of his furniture (value for many times the amount he required), replied to a number of queries, and paid over two shillings and sixpence, the applicant was handed a form, to be taken home, filled up, and returned to the office, when the application would be considered. On suggesting that he should fill the form just then, urging his anxiety to obtain the loan as soon as possible, he was informed that, if received the following morning, it would be quite time enough, as the principal himself (just then absent) must first consider it.

The form contained a number of questions, one incorrect answer to which, a note informed the applicant, would invalidate the entire transaction. Another note furnished a scale of inquiry fees, in pursuance of which he inclosed with the form an ill-afforded seventeen shillings and sixpence. The receipt of this was acknowledged, and his suspense began. After about a fortnight of anxiety, during which he had several interviews with the aforesaid clerk (the principal being always absent), and had parted with an additional five shillings in payment of the legal document incident to the loan, the applicant received by post the gratifying intelligence that, as the result of the inquiries had proved unsatisfactory, Mr P. Q. regretted to have to inform

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him that the negotiations must be considered at an end. No further explanation was given; but the disappointed applicant resolved to obtain more explicit information. He called at the office, and learned from the clerk, who at first feigned ignorance of his person, that Mr X. Y. the man of business had just gone out. 'Was the principal in or at home?' brought the response: 'Neither: he is expected back this evening.' Another visit had a similar result; but while requesting to know the time of their return, he observed the clerk reach for a ruler which, rolling along the desk from him, fell heavily on the floor; and the visitor remembered with suspicion that a similar *accident* had occurred on the occasion of his previous visit. Having informed the scribe of his determination to see the principal or his manager, Mr O. took his departure. Next day he called again. Mr X. Y. was in, but engaged, and likely to be so for a considerable time. The clerk was again sufficiently awkward to let the ruler fall. The visitor, despite the endeavours of the clerk to dissuade him, persisted in remaining. After a while, the clerk, with a remark to the effect that he would mention Mr O.'s presence, knocked at the inner door, opened it, and vanished through. Presently he returned, apologising. The manager was alone. The gentleman who was with him must have passed out while the unobservant clerk was writing or calculating, or both. Just then Mr X. Y. himself appeared, expressing his regret, firstly in relation to the clerk's mistake; secondly, regarding the falling through of the negotiations, consequent on the receipt of a certain letter. In reply to Mr O.'s request to be permitted to see the letter, or even to be informed who was the writer of the unsatisfactory tidings, he was told that such would be a flagrant breach of faith with the correspondent, and so contrary to the practice of the profession, that Mr X. Y. could not possibly take upon himself to do so in the absence of the principal. As the conversation progressed blandness disappeared, the manager's red face assumed a redder aspect; and the visit was terminated by Mr O. being ordered out of the office—a command with which, under the circumstances, he could do nothing but comply.

This is the case as we remember having been told it; and our informant stated that, from further inquiries, he had no doubt the object of this advertiser was other than the lending of the needful. Few men, especially those who appear in comfortable circumstances, care to trumpet their poverty to the world; and this alone, we believe, prevented Mr O. from instituting proceedings against the swindling sham-manager and his accomplice.

Another class of deceptive advertisements are those offering remunerative employment to all persons without hinderance to present business, &c. We write of the *class*, and do not affirm that there are no exceptions. Generally the sum stated to be *very easily earned* is a tempting one to the class of people for whom it is intended. They send half-a-dozen or a dozen stamps, as requested, receive a reply, and then forward six or ten or sometimes twenty shillings in the nature of security, obtaining in return some articles of insignificant value for sale on commission. We have been informed that on one occasion the articles so sent were a few pencil-cases and trifles of like nature, by selling which, our informant stated, a very persevering man *might* realise one-fifth the income mentioned in the advertisement.

It is not often that the person defrauded finds himself amusingly hoaxed in addition; in this position, however, was the person who, reading an advertisement of a certain means of earning thirty shillings a day, which any one sending three stamps would be put in possession of, remitted them, and obtained the advice: 'Sell a ton of sugar a day at five per cent.'

We have seen that quacks, sham-usurers, &c. owing to the nature of their transactions, are generally safe from legal proceedings by any of their victims, who naturally are averse to appear before their friends and the public in such matters.

Some will suggest that the laws should be so amended as to punish severely persons guilty of the varieties of imposition we mention. We have no objection to such a remedy being sought for; but the best of all preservatives against flagrant attempts at imposition, is the exercise of a little shrewd common-sense, and, in time of need, an application to a legitimate quarter.

## A JOURNEY IN TURKESTAN.

A GOOD deal has been heard lately about Turkey and Turkestan. Leaving Turkey in the meanwhile to the newspapers, which have sad work in dealing with it, we wish to say a few words about Turkestan, a country that was taken possession of by Russia a few years ago. In the first place, where is Turkestan? It is a tract of country in Asia, lying on the east of the Caspian Sea, and having Persia and Afghanistan on the south. On the north, is that inland sheet of water known as the Sea of Aral, into which runs the river Oxus or Amu Daria. Near the left bank of this river, which drains Turkestan, is situated Khiva, the capital of the country. We should have heard little of this obscure Asiatic region but for the possibility of the Russians some day pushing their conquests onward through Afghanistan to India. On that we offer no opinion. The character of Turkestan has been materially cleared up by the work of Mr Eugene Schuyler, concerning whose travels we propose to say something.

Mr Schuyler started on his long journey in March 1873, travelling for some way in company with Mr M'Gahan, correspondent of the *New York Herald*, who a few months later, by reason of his interesting account of his desert ride to Khiva, awoke to find himself famous. Travelling on the smooth snow-roads with their tarantasses well packed with provisions, and strapped on to sledges, they struck across the Volga, through Orenburg to Uralsk, the capital of the Cossack settlement. Two or three native servants and an interpreter were added to the little party, which at first advanced by means of sledges, these being replaced by the luxurious tarantass—a carriage so built that the occupant can lie at length—when they suddenly passed from bitter winter into an oriental midsummer.

As the travellers steadily pursue their long way,

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the reader finds himself looking at an endless variety of dissolving views, all changing and shifting with the picturesque rapidity of kaleidoscope patterns. He sees in succession glimpses of the Aral Sea, great barren stretches of desert steppe, at first white with snow, and further on black, and then red, and afterwards more desolate than ever—the only human beings on it being wandering families of Kirghiz, going with their cattle, flocks, and kibitkas (tents), to seek pasturage south of Orenburg. The Kirghiz are a race of Turkish origin, speaking one of the purest Tartar dialects. They solicited Russian protection in the time of Peter the Great. They are Mohammedans, and possess as usual many wives, from whom they exact one very curious mark of respect. The women are not allowed to mention the name of any of their male relatives in conversation; and in illustration of the occasional inconvenience attendant on this custom, our author relates the following amusing anecdote: 'A Kirghiz woman wanted to say that a wolf had stolen a sheep and taken it to the reedy shore of the lake. Unfortunately, the men of the family bore names corresponding to most of these words, and she was obliged to gasp out "that in the rustling beyond the wet a growler gnaws one of our woollies."' This story shews that the Kirghiz are named after natural objects and animals, in the same way as in European nations.

Following the travellers along the river Syr Darya, and past the groves of dark-green trees marking the site of Turkestan, we see them at Tashkent, a flourishing quiet little town, where there is quite a colony of Russian officials and their families. Here is the palace of the governor-general, which stands in an immense garden, beautifully laid out; in summer every one migrates to the gardens outside the town, where they live in Kirghiz kibitkas, which are very spacious and comfortable. The native part of the town is interesting from the variety and unevenness of the buildings.

Tashkent was captured in October 1864 by General Tchernaieff, who seems to have behaved exceedingly well, and to have won golden opinions from the people. Mr Schuyler was several times in this town, and gives a very interesting account of native Mussulman life and customs. He shews us their occupations and amusements, and their civil and religious ceremonies. He takes us through the quaint bazaar, which forms such a characteristic part of every Asiatic town, and introduces us to the tea-houses, and various shops of the jewellers, sword-blade, and saddle and harness makers, dye, cosmetic and soap vendors, porcelain and pottery makers, &c. Whole streets are devoted to separate trades, such as tanning and shoemaking; and long rows of booths are filled with cotton and silk goods, the best of which latter come from Bukhara and Khokand. The entire care of the rearing of silk-worms and winding the silk is intrusted to the women—it being an occupation considered derogatory to the dignity of the men—and the methods employed are so rude, that the yield of silk is far less than it would be if managed by Europeans; but faulty as is the system pursued, the silk manufacture is of great importance to the country, and is more developed than other branches of industry.

Leaving Tashkent behind them, the little caravan slowly advances torwards Samarkand, crossing the Golodnayo or 'Famished Steppe,' which is a desolate waste, containing but a few wells of brackish water. Samarkand appears to be a beautiful city, possessing magnificent ruins, many mosques, and of course a bazaar, and is backed by dazzling snow-peaks. Of all central Asiatic towns, Samarkand is the most surrounded by old-world romances and traditions of bygone splendour. It was conquered by Alexander the Great, and afterwards by the Arabs. As the writer places before us in succession the beautiful medressés of Hodja Akhrar and of Shir Dar, with their partially remaining delicate facing of blue and white tile-work, vast ruins, and mighty domes; mosques, with their towers and minarets, and famous tombs (amongst them that of Timur), we seem to be looking at a wonderful city of the far past transplanted from the pages of the *Arabian Nights*. The city was finally captured by General Kaufmann, and taken under Russian protection in 1866.

Again the travellers advance; and we have shifting views of mountain and valley to Urgut, beyond which the peaks of the Zarafshan Range rise to from twelve to eighteen thousand feet high. The next halt across the mountains and steppes is Hodjent, from whence Mr Schuyler decided to take a journey to Khokand with a retired Russian officer, who was also going; and on June 9th they started, stopping first at Makralm, the frontier fortress of Khokand, and then continuing their way through cultivated country and pretty villages till they reached Khokand, which is modern, and has wider and more commodious streets than most Asiatic towns. Its population numbers about seventy-five thousand, and one of its chief characteristics is a large paper manufactory, where nearly all the paper used in Central Asia is made. The rule of the khan throughout Khokand is arbitrary and tyrannous; executions are very frequent, and are constantly accompanied by the most frightful tortures. After overcoming very considerable difficulties, and after much time had been wasted in the exchange of presents, compliments, and tiresome ceremonials, the travellers succeeded in obtaining an interview with the khan, to whom they had letters to deliver from the authorities at Tashkent.

The almond-shaped valley of the Khokand, about one hundred and sixty miles long and sixty-five broad, is an exceedingly fertile district; and owing to the excellence of the soil and the climate, the agriculture is in a highly flourishing condition, and its mountains abound in minerals. But in spite of so many natural advantages, Khokand has been the scene of constant rebellions, owing to the cruel tyranny and shameful exactions of the Khan Khudayar and of the Beks, to whom are intrusted, with absolute power, the various towns and provinces. Of all the Asiatic races the Khokandians seem to be the most fancifully superstitious, the simplest actions, movements, and affections, such as sneezing, coughing, whistling, drinking, &c., having a good or evil significance. A buzzing in one's ears means a death, and a prayer

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is repeated, connected with which fancy the writer gives the following legend: 'In heaven there is a tree, on each leaf of which is written the name of some soul; and what men call a buzzing in their ears is the rustling of one of these leaves as it falls from the tree. If the noise be a ringing as of bells, then it is a Christian soul whose leaf has fallen, and who is to die; and so for each faith the noise is different.' There is scarcely an occurrence of their daily life which is not similarly bound up with some poetical and fanciful story.

From Khokand our author proceeded to Bukhara, through a country that gave signs of an older and more perfect civilisation; and throughout Bukhara the treatment he met with from the inhabitants was very polite and obliging. The journey lay through a mountainous district; and wherever he staid on the road, he was welcomed with kind hospitality, if with rigid etiquette, by the various Beks. The hardships of the journey from Karshi to Bukhara were great—a bare sandy desert, great heat, very little and very bad water. On the road, the Amir Mozaffir Eddin passed with a guard of about eight thousand men, on his way to Shahrisabs, his usual summer residence. Having a letter to deliver to him from General Abramof, Mr Schuyler succeeded after some difficulty in obtaining an interview with him in person. The Amir, who is detested by his subjects, was polite although very curt, and gave his permission for the party to proceed to Bukhara, with the gracious injunction to pass the time pleasantly and to travel as his guest. The slave-trade, although supposed by the Russians to be utterly a thing of the past, was still carried on here, Mr Schuyler having been present at the sale of several Persian men and boys. He himself bought a boy, meaning to take him to Russia and then send him back to Astrabad, to his friends; but the boy was stolen from him on the day of his purchase by order of the Bukharan authorities. Determined to outwit them in his turn, he secretly purchased another boy; and this second rather dangerous acquisition was successfully taken to St Petersburg. On the return of the army from Khiva, General Kaufmann concluded a treaty with the Amir, which has put an end to the slavery in Bukhara for ever.

From thence the writer returned to Tashkent, then diverged to Aulié-Ata, on the rapid river Talas, which town was taken by storm by General Kaufmann in June 1864, that being the commencement of the campaign of that year, and which resulted in the Russian conquest of nearly the whole of Central Asia.

The subsequent journey through Kuldja was one of painful interest, as in many parts it led through scenes of ruin and devastation, caused by the late insurrection. On every side were dried-up canals, untilled fields, burned forests, and dismantled and ruined cities. From Suidun were visited the ruins of Illi, the former capital of the province, the road traversing a country that had once been highly cultivated, but was now a desolate waste; the town itself was almost entirely destroyed, the ground being everywhere strewn with fallen houses, remains of all sorts, broken pottery, human bones, skulls, and even entire skeletons. During the Chinese rule this province was extremely fertile, and in an altogether flourishing state; but since, it has been utterly crippled by the internal insurrections and wars waged against it by Yakub Khan, chief of the small Uzbek principality, who has given a great deal of trouble both with Kuldja and Kashgar, and who is at present making war on China. The Russian occupation of Kuldja is supposed to be only temporary, as its restoration to China has been promised as soon as a sufficient Chinese army is sent to enforce and maintain order; and indeed Mr Schuyler considers that the only way of successfully increasing the prosperity and productiveness of Kuldja, Kashgar, Khokand, Bukhara, and Russian Turkestan, will be found to be by introducing the patient and economical industry of the Chinese.

According to the statistical computations made by the writer, the expenses entailed on the Russian government by the conquest of Central Asia are enormous, being greatly augmented as they are by the reckless extravagance, and gross mismanagement and maladministration of the various officials in power, who are almost entirely exempt from the supervision of their government. The cost of the army is immense, and enormous sums have been all but wasted in attempting to build a fleet on the shallow Aral Sea, and to navigate the Amu and the Syr Darya to any great distance.

Once Central Asia was thought to be a very rich country, that would bring in large and increasing revenues to the government; but this has been found to be very far indeed from the case; and in the writer's opinion, could the Russian government but have known fifteen years ago as much about the interior of Asia as is known now, they would probably have hesitated long before making any movement in that direction. On the whole, and in spite of the great corruption of the troops, officers, and the authorities, and the local misgovernment, which exert a very bad and serious influence on the natives, Russian rule may be considered to have been beneficially exercised, and to have certainly relieved the different states in a great measure from the cruel despotisms of the Khans and Beks. Great good has also been effected, and facilities for trading much increased, by the improved communications and good roads that have everywhere resulted from the Muscovite occupation. In the matter of education little or nothing has been attempted. Mr Schuyler seems to consider that England has no need to fear Russian designs on India, and that in advancing she wishes only to round off the Asiatic boundaries of her dominions by China on the east, and Persia and Afghanistan on the south-west. The only danger to India from Russia, our author thinks, lies through Persia, as the nature of the country in Afghanistan is such as would render the transit of a large army extremely difficult if not impossible. In his opinion, it would be more dignified as well as wiser if England, instead of protesting and threatening at every new advance of the Russians, and then doing nothing, were to give the Russian government plainly to understand what limits they must not pass in their onward movement.

A chapter at the end of the book is devoted entirely to the Khivan campaign and its consequences; but as this is of a purely political nature, we decline to discuss it. Our impression is that the people of England have little cause to trouble themselves about Turkestan. We need only add that Mr Schuyler's work is one of the

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most interesting accounts of Central Asia that has ever been written, comprising as it does a history of a country hitherto but little known to the civilised world.

## READY-MONEY.

'So you are going to be married, Kate? Well, I hope you have made a wise choice.'

'O yes, uncle,' I replied lightly; 'I know I have. Henry is to make me perfectly happy.'

'What has he got?' was the next pleasant observation that fell from Uncle Jocelyn's lips.

'Got? uncle! I don't know what you mean,' I answered, growing rosy red at the unexpected inquiry.

'What are his means? What does he intend to settle upon you?'

'He has his business,' promptly interrupted my mother.

'And he is so clever, he is sure to get on,' I added, in my eagerness to assure Uncle Jocelyn it was all right as regarded my future.

'That will depend a great deal upon you, Kate,' he replied gravely. 'The wife has more to do in making or marring her husband than is generally suspected. A careless, extravagant, bad wife is the greatest curse a man can have; a good one is the greatest blessing.'

'Yes, uncle; O yes,' I assented, glancing towards my mother, who was smiling somewhat scornfully, I fancied, at his opinions.

'Take care of his pence and his pounds will take care of themselves,' continued uncle; 'and beware of ever getting into debt, Kate; it's the easiest thing to get into and the hardest thing to get out of. Take my advice; live well within your means, and always pay ready-money.'

'Yes, uncle; O yes,' I responded. 'I am sure you are right; and Henry is so prudent, he is certain to have the same ideas.'

'Well, keep them before your own mind. Don't despise an old man's counsel: buy nothing that you can't afford; and always pay ready-money.'

I remember that conversation so well with Uncle Jocelyn, some few weeks before my marriage; at the time it did not strike me so forcibly as afterwards, for my mind was too filled with other and to me more interesting matters.

Uncle Jocelyn was an old man, and the amount of his fortune had always been wrapped in some obscurity; but he lived comfortably, and possessed a small property in Berkshire, upon which he had built a pretty and substantial house, where I had often spent many happy days. He had always shewn a special affection for me, no doubt owing to the fact of my being the daughter of his only brother, who had died when I was quite an infant, leaving me to the sole guardianship of my mother. Unfortunately for me, there had never been any love lost between the latter and Uncle Jocelyn; the coolness had rather increased than diminished as years went by; and when invitations were sent for us to visit Conington, which was the name of my uncle's place, my mother invariably refused for herself, and only with great persuasion permitted me to go.

How I enjoyed these visits! How sweet were the hay-fields and clover-scented meadows! How cool and fresh the marble-slabbed dairy, with its rows of brimming basins of frothy golden cream! How fragrant was the old-fashioned garden, with its long grassy walks and great big dewy roses, and the old cedar-tree so shady, under which Uncle Jocelyn would sit of an afternoon smoking, listening apparently quite satisfied with my childish conversation! The sun always seemed to be shining in those days. I can recall no gloom then, and things all wore a charm, which I did not know lay chiefly in the fact of my own youth and utter ignorance of life and its cares.

However, not to digress, I had not seen so much of Uncle Jocelyn since I had grown up, partly on account of my mother's unabated dislike to him, partly because of the existence of a new interest in life. I had met Henry Arden. He was six-and-twenty, five years my senior. His position in life was a fairly good one, he having a small interest in a first-rate City business which gave him over three hundred a year; his character was irreproachable; and when I say that he was a general favourite wherever he went, it may be surmised that in my opinion he was, if not quite perfect, very closely akin to it. For myself I was passable—perhaps a little more than that; but I was penniless until my mother died; so it was a very astonishing thing to me how so desirable a *parti* had fallen to my lot. He was certain to get on; the senior partners had been known to say so themselves. Consequently our start in life promised to be a fair one. And to be brief, we were married. Our honeymoon was of comparatively short duration, but it was long enough to cost Henry, as I afterwards learned, something like forty pounds, which was a considerable cut out of three hundred a year; for it had not occurred to him to lay by any spare cash for those unavoidable expenses. I had felt rather uneasy at the expenditure; but it was too early days to venture on any remonstrance, had I been so inclined; we were sure to live very quietly when we once settled down, and could easily then make up for any little extravagance of which at the outset we had been guilty. We were to live in London, and we were fully agreed on one point—lodgings were not to be thought of, we must have a house of our own. The prospect of possessing one jointly with Henry was very pleasant to me. I pictured an endless fund of amusement and occupation too, in furnishing and adorning it; but the mansion had still to be selected; so our first business was to find one to suit us, the next to get into it as soon as possible.

We must have spent a small fortune in cab-hire before we finally found just what we wanted; even then, though the situation was good and the domicile desirable, the rent rather frightened us: it was eighty guineas a year unfurnished; but we should be so comfortable in it. The smallness of its size—and it was extremely small—was rather an advantage than otherwise, as it would require so little furniture; and two maids would be amply sufficient for our establishment, which in such a place would be a most creditable *ménage*.

We were delighted with the house, the balcony to the drawing-room being, as we enthusiastically agreed, almost worth the rent itself; and we made no resistance when the house-agent, who must have had some amusement over our innocence and inexperience, fixed us for a seven years' lease, representing to us that our advantages were almost

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unequalled, having no premium to pay. We consented—in consideration of all he enumerated in favour of our bargain—to make any repairs that were necessary; and in fact were in such delight with the whole affair that the agreement, as might have been expected, was very easily arrived at.

We knew nothing about furnishing; never dreamt of the dangers of green wood or the inevitable result of cheap investments; thinking ourselves very acute to get hold of two furnishing lists to compare prices; beside which we sat down with paper and pencil to calculate exactly how much we must spend; and I, remembering Uncle Jocelyn's advice, ventured to say we should resolve not to go beyond it. We came to the conclusion that actual necessaries might be bought, taking the prices from the books, for one hundred and fifty pounds; so Henry decided on borrowing two hundred, with which we felt sure the house could be really nicely done; and this sum he was to pay interest for until the principal itself was paid off.

Nothing could have surpassed our prudence—before we set out. When we got into the shop we had selected as the one to patronise, we found that the things we had thought of were very inferior to our imaginings; a trifle more here and a trifle there could make no great difference in the sum-total, and be everything to us in the niceness and prettiness of our house; besides which our estimate of necessaries proved a very inadequate one, when innumerable etceteras were declared absolutely indispensable by the attendant shopkeeper. We made apparently endless purchases, which we could hardly remember until they were deposited in Amberley Villas, where, with my newly engaged domestics, I awaited them with immense delight.

But vast as the importation appeared, I had yet to learn of the legion wants undreamt of by us. Scarcely a day passed without some new demand being made, which apparently it was perfectly impossible to do without. But at last I was thoroughly satisfied with our possessions, and the servants seemed to have come to the end of their requirements; so the only thing that we had to think of was the bill, which had not yet been sent in to us. I was frightened to think about it; but Henry was quite prepared for its being considerably over the two hundred pounds. Judge of our dismay when we did receive it to find it more than twice that sum—four hundred and fifty-six pounds odd! There were frightful entries for 'Time,' which in themselves represented a serious item, and upon which we had never calculated; and our small sundries, which we had hardly taken at all into account, came to something quite appalling.

But the first shock over, the offending document was thrust aside—it would be paid all in good time; and for the present we both resolved to dismiss it from our minds. Friends were rapidly gathering round us; we must receive and pay visits; so it was not very difficult to banish disagreeables, and to enter with the greatest enjoyment into the new life which lay before us. I had fancied our house was very complete and perfect until I saw some of the elegant drawing-rooms belonging to my new acquaintances; after that, many deficiencies were plainly visible; and in order to supply them, we went to different shops, making various purchases, which as usual, were put down to our account. Then came our first entertainment with its attendant expenses, which it was absolutely impossible to avoid; for in Henry's position it was, as we thought, most necessary for us to maintain a good appearance; and as his wife, it was also incumbent upon me to dress as well and fashionably as I could.

So things went on; and before we had been married two years I need hardly say we were hopelessly and horribly in debt. To retrench seemed utterly impossible. I hardly knew where the extravagance lay; but the fact remained, we were living far beyond our income; our bills were never ending, and every day we were sinking deeper and deeper into the mire. To add to our difficulties, a nursery had been established, and though one might imagine so small an addition was not a serious one, it cost us no trifling sum. I could not have endured to see my baby badly dressed. How could I have seen it go out except in the sweetest and freshest of garments? So it was duly adorned in the whitest and prettiest things, which insured a most satisfactory amount of patronage for our laundress, and most appalling bills for me. However, we managed to keep afloat in some wonderful manner; but Henry was beginning to have a strangely careworn look, to which I could not blind myself. He was worried and harassed. His business was all right; but there were bills to be met, difficulties to be disposed of which he could not quite see the end of.

To outward appearance, however, we seemed a very prosperous pair. Our house was now as elegant as our neighbours'. I had a thousand costly little trifles lying about in the drawing-room, got from time to time, and as usual not paid for; some of which the shopkeepers themselves had pressed me into purchasing. Sometimes a sharp pang shot through me when I thought over our position, and I wished when we first set up that I had had sufficient sense to persuade Henry to do so more in accordance with our income than we had done; but it was too late now; we must trust to some good fortune turning up. Henry had hopes that his partners meant to promote him; and if they were realised, we should be much better off. This idea was buoying us both up, and we were feeling particularly sanguine when Mr Trevor, the senior partner, a peculiar man, who never almost left his own house in Bedford Square, except for the office, announced his intention of coming to Amberley Villas to dine, if we would have him. In our anxiety to impress him favourably, we launched out into further expenses. He must be handsomely entertained, so much might depend upon his visit. Accordingly, I arranged a most recherché little dinner, and had the table laid out *à la Russe* to my entire satisfaction; when everything was completed, surveying the preparations with the utmost confidence in Mr Trevor's verdict. But alas! for Henry's hopes and for my dinner. Mr Trevor came, partook very sparingly and silently of our hospitality, and departed without having dropped one syllable on the subject which we were so hoping he would discuss.

Some ten days afterwards, the advance in the business was bestowed upon one of Henry's juniors who had never dreamt of getting it. We were terribly disappointed, having counted so surely

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upon an addition to our means; and when our wrathful feelings were at their height, who should suddenly walk in but Uncle Jocelyn! He had never been in our house since we were married. It was in fact a great event for him to leave Conington, but the freak had seized him. He wanted to see his old favourite and his new grand-niece, so he had come. He only meant to stay for the day; in the evening he intended to return home. In my inmost heart I was as fond of him as ever; but his visit was ill-timed. I could not rally from my disappointment for Henry, and our cares were now assuming too serious an aspect to be easily set aside.

'You have a beautiful little house, Kate,' he said. 'I had no notion Henry was such a rich man.'

'Hadn't you, uncle?' I said, trying to laugh unconstrainedly.

'I am truly pleased to see you so comfortable,' continued Uncle Jocelyn kindly. 'This room must have cost you a pretty penny, Kate; and I daresay you have a nest-egg somewhere as well.'

'Oh, it isn't very much,' I answered, really referring to the room, but as he thought to the nest-egg; and imagining I meant that the latter, though of small proportions, did exist, he responded most cordially:

'Doesn't matter how small, Kate; there's plenty of time to make it larger.'

It was no use undeceiving him, though at that very moment an ominous envelope was delivered to me with the announcement that the person who brought it was waiting for an answer; to which I returned the usual formula, that Mr Arden was out, but would call in a day or two. I tried to look as indifferent as possible; but I felt Uncle Jocelyn's eyes were upon me, and my face coloured painfully, nor did my confusion escape the kind scrutiny. I felt thoroughly convinced he had drawn his own conclusions. Soon afterwards, lunch was announced, and we descended to the dining-room, where Sophy my parlour-maid had, to my horror, arranged some of our best china on the table, with the best intentions I knew, meaning to impress my visitor with our grandeur, but little imagining the real effect such superfluities would have upon my uncle. He noticed it directly, and admired it very much.

'Where did you get that figure?' he asked, indicating a lovely china centre-piece.

'I am not quite certain,' I replied carelessly; 'we have had it for some time.'

'Was it very expensive?' pursued Uncle Jocelyn.

'O no; not very: at least I didn't think so,' I answered, recollecting with a painful throb that it certainly had not cost us much as yet, considering we had not paid for it.

I need not give all the details of Uncle Jocelyn's visit; suffice it to say that it was one long martyrdom that afternoon to me; and it was a positive relief when his kind old face vanished, and I found myself alone once more. He had gone away no doubt thinking our lines were in very pleasant places, feeling assured not only of our prosperity but of our happiness. Poor deceived Uncle Jocelyn! He little knew that I was just longing to throw myself into his arms and make a clean breast of all our extravagance and consequent troubles. How I envied him going back to quiet peaceful Conington! How I wished Henry and I were just one half as happy as he was!

However, our struggle then was just beginning, for we sank deeper and deeper. It was like a quicksand—the more we struggled the deeper we got. We dared not openly retrench—we lacked the moral courage; and our private attempts were the merest drops in the ocean of that mighty sea into which we had drifted, simply and solely because we had at the outset ignored the golden rule, so impressed upon me by Uncle Jocelyn, to live within our means, and to pay ready-money. And what had all our extravagance done for us? We had a large visiting-list, and I periodically paid a host of visits, always hoping to find my friends from home. We had a pretty house, and were able to entertain as elegantly as our neighbours. I had heaps of fashionable dresses and useless finery; and Henry was as perfect as ever in my eyes; but we were both miserable; debt stared us in the face whichever way we turned; and how long we could keep our creditors at bay was beginning to be a source of considerable anxiety to us.

Henry's position in his business depended solely upon the pleasure of the senior partners. There were curious conditions in their agreement with him; and if they heard of his embarrassments, no doubt it would injure him greatly, and might make them consider themselves justified in perhaps something far more serious than a remonstrance. O that we had acted differently! that the past could be lived over again with our present experience!

Once or twice I thought of confiding our woes to my mother; but I dared not; intuitively I knew that although in his prosperity Henry was a great favourite with her, she would regard him very differently if misfortunes came; and I felt I could bear anything rather than hear him blamed, especially as in my inmost heart I knew I was equally, if not actually more to blame than he was; for now I saw clearly how true it was what Uncle Jocelyn said, that a wife can make or mar her husband. If I had quietly set to work at the outset, and advised him aright, all would have been well; but now every day brought some hateful dun or threatening letter. A ring at the bell would cause me to start; and the sound of a man's voice in the hall parleying with Sophy, was enough to make me tremble all over.

'The crash could not be staved off for long; a crisis must shortly come.' So said Henry one lovely June evening, when we were sitting disconsolately discussing all manner of wild impossible schemes. It was an exquisite night; the heat of the day was over; not a breath of wind stirred the delicate blossoms of the plants which adorned our balcony, and the moon was rising in all her liquid loveliness, casting a clear cool light over the scene. Everything looked calm and quiet and peaceful; the pulses of the great city were hushed; there was nothing to break the silence, except poor Henry's hopeless tones repeating, 'A crisis can't be far off, Kate. What we are to do, I know not!'

We fancied the amazement of our friends—the nine days' wonder our misfortunes would cause, little dreaming that our ending had long been confidently predicted by them, and that our hospitality had been roundly censured and condemned by the very partakers of it. Still less did we imagine that Mr Trevor, so far from being

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favourably impressed with our surroundings, had gone away—fully aware as he was with the exact amount of Henry's income—shocked and sorry to see that Henry Arden had married a wife with so little sense and judgment; and no second glance from his keen eyes was wanting to prove to him how terribly beyond it we were living. His observations had satisfied him that serious embarrassments must ensue; consequently he and his partners had bestowed the desired post and increased emoluments upon one who, if he needed it less than we did, certainly understood its value better.

So no one except my mother and Uncle Jocelyn would be surprised, though we imagined so differently, as we sat on and on in our pretty drawing-room talking over the weary subject and pondering what we could possibly do. We should have to sell off everything, to leave Amberley Villas, and to begin life over again. Henry's prospects of course would be seriously damaged, and we could never hope to thoroughly regain the position our own folly had deprived us of. It was not pleasant to think of; but there could be no shuffling out of the question now; it must be met and answered immediately: What were we to do? Nothing very definite could be arrived at; but one thing was quite clear—the change could not be far off.

I can never describe the anxiety of the days that followed, nor tell the agony it cost me to write and tell my mother that we were hopelessly, desperately involved, and that our difficulties were so great, it was impossible for us ever to surmount them. What would she say? What would everybody say? Worst of all, what would Uncle Jocelyn say? For the worst had come to the worst—our house was our own no longer; a man—strange and to me most terrible—was comfortably making himself at home in our kitchen—in other words, had taken possession! How could Henry shew his face at the office! How could I ever venture out again!

I shall never forget the two days that followed after I wrote and told my mother; on the third, when I was almost stupefied with the magnitude of our misfortunes, and during Henry's (poor Henry certainly had the hardest part to bear, for he could not stay quietly at home) absence had shut myself up in my room, some one knocked at the door, and in answer to my very subdued 'Come in,' it was gently opened, and not Sophy, as I had anticipated, appeared, but the familiar friendly face of Uncle Jocelyn.

'My poor child!' he exclaimed—'my little Kate!'—and he folded me in his arms with all the tenderness of a father. 'I only heard of it all this morning,' he said, 'and I started off immediately. Cheer up, Kate; don't grieve your old uncle by tears. Things can't be past mending; and I wouldn't be here if I hadn't come to help you.'

And how he helped us! Without a word of anger or reproach, he listened to Henry's and my story; we told it truthfully, not sparing or attempting to justify ourselves for our culpable conduct; and when all was confessed, he simply wrote a cheque for the full amount of our liabilities. The total was a serious one; but we were saved not only from the disgrace but from Henry's dismissal from a partnership which afterwards was the means of our possessing a fortune far beyond what we had ever in our rosiest imaginings dreamed of.

By Uncle Jocelyn's advice we sublet Amberley Villas, and retired to a more roomy house in a less expensive and less fashionable locality; we sold all our superfluities, which had become actually hateful to me, and we started once more with a small but certain income.

How much happier we were, and how grateful to Uncle Jocelyn, it would require a far more eloquent pen than mine to describe. He often came to see us, and never had cause to regret the generous help he had so readily extended to us in our great need, for he saw how thoroughly repentant we were. My mother joined in the general rejoicing over our regained happiness; and out of gratitude, her old prejudice against Uncle Jocelyn faded and faded away.

She often goes to Conington now, where we all meet, a merry party, of which the generous old man is the well-beloved centre. He was giving me some gentle hints as to the training of my sons the other day. 'For it's a mother's influence that tells upon the man, Kate; it's the lesson she teaches in childhood that he remembers best.'

'Yes, Uncle Jocelyn,' I answered; 'I know you aright. I hope amongst the many things I desire to teach them, one especially mayn't be forgotten—you know what that is?'

'To fear God,' replied Uncle Jocelyn reverently.

'That first of all,' I answered; 'but I meant something else.'

'What?' queried Uncle Jocelyn.

'Never to buy what they can't afford, and always to pay ready-money.'

[Here ends a true story, which it would be well if young folks about to marry would lay to heart. Commencing married life with the best intentions to be frugal—to 'creep before they gang'—how often do we hear of troublous times for the young pair who ought to know nought but happiness. With a heedless disregard to future consequences, they but too frequently establish an appearance as showy as their richer neighbours, launching (perhaps unwittingly) into extravagance that may cost them years of misery to redeem. Though in the case above narrated a young couple were saved from ruin by the intervention of a relative, such convenient folks are not always at one's elbow; and even if they were, should be left out of consideration. A thousand times better to begin 'house-keeping' with a show modest in proportion to means; to furnish if need be, gradually; and from time to time add what can be reasonably afforded. Then indeed the husband will secure not only the respect of his employer, but his own; and his young and happy partner need not give herself much uneasiness about what it will cost to clothe baby.]

## ON SOME ODD FISHES.

A VERY singular little group of fishes is that known to the naturalist by the name Lophobranchii; this term meaning literally 'tuft-gilled.' Included in this division are two curious families, of one of which the Sea-horses or *Hippocampi* are the representatives; whilst to the other family belong their allies, the Pipe-fishes. No more interesting forms than these two groups can well be selected from the great class of which they are little known members. And the interest with which they are

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regarded by zoologists extends beyond the mere investigation of their outside form or appearance; since they present, in many points of their economy and habits, very marked deviations from what one may call the ordinary run of fish-life.

To visitors to the great aquaria which are now springing up in every part of the country, the Sea-horses will be familiar. Their hardy nature together with their curious appearance have marked them out as aquarium favourites; and they may fairly, in respect of their zoological fame, divide the honours with any of their companion-tenants. Imagine a little body from four to six inches in length, topped by a head which in outline exactly resembles that of a horse, and tapering off below or behind into a lithe, flexible, and pointed tail, and we may form a rough idea of the general appearance of one of the Sea-horses. This little body we shall find to be covered with plates or scales of hard horny or bony material, exhibiting ridges and angles all over its surface. A pair of large brilliant eyes, each of which may be moved independently of the other, add to the curious appearance of the head; whilst to the body itself, may be attached long streamers of sea-weed, serving to conceal the little beings as they nestle amid their marine bowers, each looking like some veritable creation mythological.

The flexible tail which terminates the body has the important office of mooring or attaching the fishes to any fixed object. As we see them in the aquarium, they are generally poised, on the tail, as it were; the latter being coiled around a bit of sea-weed, whilst the erect body and head look warily through the waters of their miniature sea. And when they detach themselves, they swim about in the erect position by means of the two pectoral or breast fins, which being placed close to the sides of the neck, project like veritable ears, and assist in rendering the equine appearance of the head of still more realistic nature. These fins move with a quick twittering motion, and propel their possessor swiftly through the water; whilst the back-fin, placed towards the hinder extremity of the body, also assists them in swimming.

Some curious points in the internal structure of the Sea-horses warrant a brief notice. As every one knows, the red gills of an ordinary fish are shaped each like a comb, the teeth of the comb being represented by the delicate processes, each consisting in reality of a network of blood-vessels, in which the blood is exposed to the oxygen of the water, and is thus purified. In the Sea-horses, however, the gills do not present this comb-like appearance, but exist in the form of separated tufts or bunches of delicate filaments, which spring from the gill-supports or arches. From this peculiarity, the name 'tuft-gilled,' already allnded to, is derived, and the Pipe-fishes agree in the structure of the gills with the Sea-horses. Then, also, as most readers are aware, the gills of ordinary fishes are covered by a horny plate, appropriately named the gill-cover, and it is by sharply compressing the gills with this cover, that the water used in breathing is ejected from the gills, so as to make room for a fresh supply. In the Sea-horses, however, the gill-cover is not open or free at its under and hinder edges, but is firmly attached all round to the neighbouring tissues, and so rendered immovable. But at one point in its circumference, a small aperture is left, through which the breathing water escapes from the gills.

The Sea-horses are found abundantly in the English Channel, around the coasts of France and Spain, in the Mediterranean Sea, and in the tropical oceans. A goodly number of different species are known to zoologists, but they all resemble one another in the essential features just noted. They are intelligent lively little creatures, learning in time to know the hand that feeds them. Fixed by their tails, they may be seen actively to dart the head at any passing object adapted for food. Whilst, when they wish to free their bodies from the attached position, they appear to manœuvre with the chin and head in order to effect their purpose. Their food appears to consist of small crustaceans, worms, and others of their marine neighbours, and they are known to be especially fond of such delicate tit-bits as are afforded by the eggs of other fishes.

Perhaps the most curious part of the history of the Sea-horses relates to their care of the young. Fishes generally take little or no care of their offspring, and it is therefore the more surprising to encounter in the little beings before us, a singular example of parental fidelity and attachment. Nor, as might be expected, is it the mother-fish who is charged with the task of attending the young. Contrary to the general rule, the male fish assumes the part of nurse, and well and faithfully does he appear to discharge his duties. At the root of the tail in the male Sea-horses, a curious little pouch is seen. In this pouch the eggs laid by the females—which do not possess a pouch—are deposited, and are therein duly hatched. Nor does the parental duty end here; for after the young are hatched and swim about by themselves, they seek refuge in the pouch during the early or infantile period of their life whenever danger threatens them. This procedure forcibly reminds one of the analogous habits of the kangaroos and their young; but the occurrence is the more remarkable in the lower and presumably less intelligent fish.

Some experiments made on Sea-horses seem to demonstrate the existence of a more than ordinary degree of attachment to their young. Thus when a parent-fish was taken out of the water, the young escaped from the pouch; but on the parent being held over the side of the boat, the young at once swam towards him, and re-entered the pouch without hesitation. Some authorities have not hesitated to express an opinion that the young are nourished within the pocket by some fluid or secretion from the pouch itself. But further observation is certainly necessary before this latter opinion can be relied upon.

The Pipe-fishes are very near neighbours of the Sea-horses, and derive their name from the thin elongated shape of their bodies, together with the fact that the jaws are prolonged to form a long pipe-like snout, at the extremity of which the mouth opens. These fishes are very lively in all their movements, and dart through the water so quickly that in many cases the eye is unable to follow them. Like the Sea-horses, the male Pipe-fishes protect and tend their progeny, and exhibit an equal attachment to their young.

These latter features are also well exemplified by the familiar Sticklebacks of our ponds and

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streams. The latter fishes actually build nests for the reception and care of their eggs, the nests being made chiefly or solely by the males; whilst on the latter, during the process of hatching and in the upbringing of the young, devolves the chief care of protecting and looking after the welfare of the progeny. These instances of the care and duties which devolve on the males, instead of on the mother-parents, appear to reverse the more natural order, which almost universally obtains in the case of both lower and higher animals.

Of the oddities which fish-life presents, probably none are more remarkable than those of the Archer or Shooting Fishes, which inhabit the seas of Japan and of the Eastern Archipelago. When kept in confinement, these fishes may be seen to shoot drops of water from their elongated jaws at flies and other insects which attract their attention, and to strike their prey with unerring aim at distances of three or four feet. Another notable species of Shooting-fishes is the Chætodon. This latter form possesses a prominent beak or muzzle, consisting of the elongated jaws; and from this beak, as from the barrel of a rifle, the fish shoots its watery missiles at the insects which alight on the vegetation that fringes its native waters.

The old saying which compares great helplessness to the state of 'a fish out of water,' does not always find a corroborative re-echo in natural history science. As every one knows, different fishes exhibit very varying degrees of tenacity of life when removed from their native element. Thus a herring dies almost immediately on being taken out of water; whilst, on the other hand, the slippery eels will bear removal from their habitat for twenty-four hours or longer; and we have known of Blennies—such as the Shanny (*Blennius pholis*)—surviving a long journey of some forty-eight hours' duration, when packed amid some damp sea-weed in a box.

But certain fishes are known, not merely to live when taken out of water, but actually of themselves, and as part of their life and habits, to voluntarily leave the water, and disport themselves on land. Of such abnormal fishes, the most famous is the Climbing Perch or *Anabas scandens* of India, which inhabits the Ganges, and is also found in Asiatic ponds and lakes. These fishes may be seen to leave the water, and to make their way overland, supporting themselves in their jerking gait by means of their strong spiny fins. They appear to migrate from one pool to another in search of 'pastures new,' especially in the dry season, and when the water of their habitats becomes shallow.

The Hindu names applied to these fishes mean 'climbers of trees;' and although statements have been made both by travellers and natives, that the Climbing Perch has been found scaling the stems of trees, these accounts, we fear, must be regarded as of equal value with the native belief that the fishes fall in showers on the land 'from the skies!' Of the power of the fishes to live for five or six days out of water, however, no doubt can be entertained; and their ability to support life under these unwonted conditions, is explained by the fact that certain bones of the head are curiously contorted so as to form a labyrinth, amid the delicate recesses of which a supply of water is retained, for the purpose of keeping the gills moist.

The curious *Lepidosirens* or Mudfishes, which occur in the Gambia of Africa and the Amazon of South America, exhibit a greater peculiarity of structure which still more completely fits them for living out of water. In the great majority of fishes, a curious sac or bag known as the *swimming* or *air bladder* is found. The use of this structure in ordinary fishes is to alter the specific gravity of the animals; and, by the compression or expansion of the air or gases it contains, to enable them to sink or rise in the water at will. In the Mudfishes, however, the air-bladder becomes divided externally into two sacs, whilst internally each division exhibits a cellular structure resembling that seen in the lungs of higher animals. Then also, this elaborate air-bladder communicates with the mouth and throat by a tube, which corresponds to a windpipe. The nostrils of the Mudfishes further open backwards into the mouth; whilst in all other fishes, except in one genus, the nostrils are simple, closed, pocket-like cavities. And it may lastly be noted that the *Lepidosirens* are provided with true gills, like their ordinary and more commonplace neighbours.

These remarks serve to explain the 'reason why' these fishes can exist for months out of water. Thus, on the approach of the hot season, the Mudfishes leave their watery homes, and wriggle into the soft mud of their rivers. Here they burrow out a kind of nest, coiling head and tail together; and as the mud dries and hardens, the fishes remain in this temporary tomb, breathing throughout the warm season like true land-dwellers, by means of the lung-like air-bladder. When the wet season once more returns, the fishes are aroused from their semi-torpid state by the early rains moistening the surrounding clay; and when the pools and rivers once more attain their wonted depth, the *Lepidosirens* emerge from their nests, seek the water, breathe by means of their gills, and otherwise lead a true aquatic existence.

With such a combination of the characters of land and water animals, it is little to be wondered at that the true position of the Mudfishes in the zoological scale should have formed a subject for much discussion. They appear, however, to be true fishes, and not amphibians, and they therefore may legally occupy a prominent position among the oddities of their class.

Other curious beings included among the fishes are the so-called Globe-fishes (*Diodon*, &c.), which derive their name from their power of distending their bodies with air at will; and their bodies being usually provided with spines, they may be judged to present a rather formidable front to any ordinary adversary, in their expanded condition. Then also we have the curious Trigger-fishes (*Balistes*), so named from the prominent pointed spine in front of the first of the back-fins; this spine firmly holding its erect position until the second spine or fin-ray be depressed, when the first spine is released by mechanism resembling that of the trigger of a gun. The obvious use of such an apparatus is clearly of a defensive kind; and it is remarkable to find a familiar mechanical appliance of man so accurately reproduced in the fish—or rather, *vice versâ*.

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## THE WOODEN LEG.

A NUMBER of years ago, when temporarily residing at a quiet sea-side resort in the south of England, time hung heavy on our hands. We had no conversable acquaintances, no books to fall back upon, nothing to excite any particular interest. Before quitting home we had promised to write to an aged invalid lady and her two daughters about anything that occurred during our stay at this sea-side retreat, but felt at a loss what to write about. At length something cast up. It was greedily seized upon, and formed the subject of a letter, which long after being forgotten, has been accidentally put into our hands by the elder of the two daughters, to whom it was addressed, with the remark that it had been the means of amusing her poor dear mamma, now passed away. The remark consoled us, for the letter was anything but brilliant. We offer our readers a copy, as a specimen of an attempt at squeezing literary material out of a dreadfully dull watering-place.

'Since coming to this retired spot, I have noticed two ladies with wooden legs. These require to be described separately, for the legs differ in character, and I daresay materially differed in price. They may be spoken of as legs Nos. 1 and 2. Leg number one consists of a rounded black pin of the old genuine wooden-leg type, and which is now very much less common than it used to be within my remembrance. The leg is neatly turned, with no disguise about it—a downright wooden leg as may be seen by all the world. To all appearance it does not form an entire leg. It evidently goes only as high as the knee. This half-leg, as it correctly should be called, belongs to a smart well-dressed young lady, who stumps about with it beautifully, though no doubt with considerable exertion. As the knee seemingly rests on a cushion, the lower part of the unfortunate limb projects behind, yet not in an ungainly way. Thanks to crinoline, the real leg and foot are to a certain extent shrouded from observation. However, one can see a kind of jerking out of the foot, on every movement of the red petticoat and tucked-up dress behind.

'While compassionating one so young and so beautiful on account of what appeared an irreparable misfortune, it is quite pleasing to see how smartly she goes about with her wooden leg. Gaily dressed, turban with a delicate feather, tucked-up dress, she walks on at a good pace, laughing, chatting, and in as high spirits as if nothing was the matter. With two young-lady companions she daily parades on the public Esplanade overlooking the shingly beach. Good manners of course forbid any one noticing the infirmity, and nobody pays any attention to it—a circumstance contributing to the young lady's sprightliness. It is at the oriel window of our apartments, which commands the Esplanade from end to end, that I have observed how cleverly the wooden limb is managed. Before moralising on the subject, let me say something of the other artificial leg.

'Leg number two, as I have called it, is an ambitious leg. It is a sham leg which makes an attempt to seem real, and I regret to say the attempt is not very successful. The owner is a lady somewhat *passée*. She is dull, I would almost say suffers under melancholy reflections. Beyond a doubt, her leg had been amputated above the knee, probably from having been seriously injured by some terrible accident. Looking at her as she walks along with a halt in her gait, I call up visions of the pain she has experienced, of her sufferings, of her blighted hopes, of her perpetual discomfort. I also picture the trouble she has had in seeking about for a good artificial leg maker. How she looked over an assortment of legs. How she at length fixed on a particular pattern, and was measured for one of the same kind. Just think of being measured for a leg! And think, also, of the servant coming into the parlour, and saying: "If you please, ma'am, the man has come with the leg you ordered." Next, think of going up to your room and trying on the leg! How awkward it would at first feel—stump, stump, as you walked across the floor. Weeks would elapse before the leg became at all familiar.

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'Although this artificial leg is to a certain extent a failure, it answers its purpose better than if it had been a mere unyielding wooden pin. The opinion I form is that there is a deficiency in the *mécanique*, for while the heel goes down, the forepart of the foot does not fall or take the ground neatly. I am told that all depends on the arrangement and easy working of the springs and other machinery. You may have a five-pound leg or a ten-pound leg, nay, I believe, a twenty or thirty-pound leg, according to the nature of the springs, pulleys, straps, and wheel-work. For anything I can tell, the leg in question was a five-pound leg. At least, it does not appear to be of a high order. A keen regard for economy in a matter of this kind is poor policy. I should say if you want an artificial leg that will look and act as nearly as possible like a real one, do not grudge the money. Get the best article in the market. Some people will remember the case of the Marquis of Anglesea, who lost a leg at Waterloo. His lordship procured an artificial leg which was so real in appearance and was so adroitly managed, through the agency of springs and so on, that he rode on horseback and danced at balls as if the sham leg consisted of real flesh and blood. There was a triumph of artificial leg making that would do credit to our own times.

'Reflecting on the two cases of ladies with artificial legs that have come under my notice, I am struck with the oddity of the whole affair. Until these later times, it was customary to see old soldiers and sailors with wooden legs, and seldom any one else. Except on rare occasions, civilians did not get their legs shattered, ladies almost never. The progress of national improvement has changed all that. Railway accidents—properly speaking blunders through carelessness—have begun to enlarge the number of persons requiring artificial legs of some sort or other. Travellers are now in the category of soldiers going to battle—legs and arms fractured, ribs broken, dislocations of various kinds. Fortunately, mechanical science keeps pace with these disasters. Latterly great improvements have been effected in the construction not only of artificial legs, but of hands and arms. So that with sufficient care and a suitable expenditure, mutilation is robbed of half its horrors. The modern artificial leg-makers, of whom there are several in London—one notably in Oxford Street—may be styled public benefactors. Such assuagements do not the less incline us to sympathise with young ladies, who all at once when on a railway excursion come out of "an accident" with so bad a compound fracture of the leg that amputation and an artificial leg become necessary. Ladies pride themselves on their neat boots and feet, these being usually points for criticism. An artificial leg of any description finishes all that. Sad to contemplate. Hopes of marriage at an end. No more dancing or flirting, or hooking on with chatty parties of young gentlemen going to church. And what personal inconveniences! Unbuckling the leg at night on going to bed, and having to hop about or use a crutch when the leg is off. Putting on the leg in the morning. In sitting down, always some consideration as to how the leg is to be adjusted. Going up and down stairs, the real leg first at every step, and the artificial leg brought up behind it. The unpleasantness of ordering boots and shoes, and the still greater unpleasantness of being generally pitied.

'Such were some of the thoughts that passed through my mind. One thing puzzled me. How did it occur that the young lady with leg number one was so happy-looking? All my preconceived notions were upset. I had ventured to think of the bare possibility of you and your sister stumping down the street to church with an artificial leg—even a good ten-pound leg full of springs—and what a calamity either of you would consider it. But here to my amazement is a sweet gleesome maiden going about with a wooden leg of the simplest structure, and she seems to be in no respect affected with the misfortune. Now, said I to myself, that girl's conduct is a fine example of philosophy and pious resignation. Knowing that she is destined to be lame all her days, she submits with a good grace, puts a pleasant face on the matter. Deprived of certain hopes of happiness befitting her age and position, she has in her dire misfortune learned to say and feel, "Thy will be done." That is the notion I have formed regarding her, and a consideration of the cheerful manner she endures her hapless infirmity does me good. The poor young thing is a practical example of resignation. She seems as if saying to me and others: "*You* pretend to have trials and vexations—look at me! You have been spared the discomfort of a wooden leg." I accordingly feel happier, than I might otherwise do. Thus Providence, while sending misfortunes, beneficently sends consolations, and in all circumstances we are not without reasons to be thankful.'

W. C.

## THE LAST OF THE HADDONS.

### CHAPTER VII.—VANQUISHED.

We were living very quietly. Mr Farrar was getting no nearer to convalescence, and all gaiety was still in abeyance. The few callers who made their appearance at Fairview were mostly new acquaintances, made since Lilian had returned home and her father had commenced giving large entertainments; and their visits were very 'few and far between.' They were politely interested in Mr Farrar's health; hoped his charming daughter would keep up her spirits; felt *quite* sure he was safe in Sir Clement's hands—Sir Clement was *always* successful; and so forth: then rustled smilingly away in their rich dresses; no doubt with the pleasant consciousness of having done all that could be expected. We on our side could well have spared them that amount of labour. Dear old Mrs Tipper was always depressed and conscious of her shortcomings after such visits; and Lilian would nestle up closer to me, as though making a silent protest of her own against such friendship as they had to offer. In truth, the greater part of those who came were merely rich; and the two or three elderly ladies who were not unlike Mrs Tipper, were too completely under the control of fashionable daughters to forget their grandeur and compare notes with her about past times, as they would have been only too glad to do. Mr Farrar had passed his

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old friends on the road to wealth, and had not yet quite succeeded in overtaking more distinguished ones. The little his daughter had seen of their great friends had not made her desire to see more.

'Arthur says I shall enjoy being in society when once I get used to it; but—— Do you think I shall, dear Miss Haddon?'

'There must be some advantage in mixing with people, dear; but you know I have been as little accustomed to what is called society as you have.'

'I sometimes think it is that which makes it so nice to be with you. You are so different from the people who come here, and so like those I knew in the dear old vicarage-life. You never say a thing merely because it is polite to say it.'

'I hope I do not say things it is impolite to say, goosy,' I smilingly replied. It was so pleasant to know that I found favour in her sight.

'I wish Arthur's sister were more like you, Mary;' hesitatingly and gravely. 'She makes more loving speeches—she is always saying that she longs for the time to come when we can be more together; and yet we never seem to draw a bit nearer to each other; sometimes I almost fear we never shall.'

No; they never would. I had seen quite enough of Mr Trafford's sister to know that Lilian and she would always be far enough apart in spirit. Mrs Chichester was a great favourite with, and in much request by the world to which she belonged. 'A young and attractive woman—a charming widow, who had been unfortunate in her marriage;' said her friends. 'A manœuvrer, who had married an old man for his money, and found too late that it was all settled upon his grown-up children by a former marriage;' said others. She was called very sensitive and good and sweet. I only know that her sweetness and goodness were of a very different texture from Lilian's.

As I watched them together, Mrs Chichester, with her pretty vapid face, graceful languid air, and soft voice, uttering a string of ultra-affectionate speeches, and Lilian shyly responding in her own fashion with a low murmured word, a warm flush on her cheeks, or a little half-gesture, I think I rated them both at their true value.

Mrs Chichester was the only lady who came to Fairview upon intimate terms; and she only came when she could make her escape, as she termed it, from a host of engagements. I had my suspicions that she did not find her 'dearest Lilian' quite so congenial as she affirmed. There was a grave uncompromising truth about Lilian which I believe Mrs Chichester found rather difficult to get on with for any length of time. In time I noticed something else: Mrs Chichester's visits were generally made on the days we expected Robert Wentworth.

For the first two or three times of our meeting, she took great pains to cultivate me, declaring that she foresaw we were to become great friends. But after a while I appear to have ceased to interest her; although she was none the less sweet and pleasant to me on the occasions we had anything to say to each other. In truth, I believe that neither her brother nor she took very cordially to me; though both seemed to consider it necessary to keep up the appearance of doing so. Had they been more open about their sentiments, they would not have offended me. I had no right to expect more from them than I gave; and I really gave very little.

Arthur Trafford might perhaps have been taken more into my favour than was his sister, but for his engagement to Lilian. As an every-day young man, with artistic tastes, there was nothing in him to positively object to. But such negative goodness was not, I told myself, sufficient for Lilian's husband. Her husband ought to be able to appreciate her in quite a different way from that of Arthur Trafford. I am not sure that he even knew the best part of her.

I think the principal reason for his not taking to me was jealousy. Lilian was a little too much absorbed in her new friend to please him. With his sister it was different; and I was very much amused by her tactics. It requires little intelligence to defeat schemers, who generally plan on the supposition that some complicated machinery will be used to circumvent them, and who are thrown out in their calculations when one does nothing. Mrs Chichester began to adopt the tone of being rather afraid of Miss Haddon; and some of her little speeches about my unapproachableness and so forth, reached the ears they were not intended for.

'If I did not see that you take to her so much, dearest, I should fancy her unsympathetic and cold—one of those natures one never can feel at home with.—O yes;' in reply to an earnest protest from Lilian; 'good of course; extremely, I have no doubt; but I am so enthusiastic in my friendships, and she quite chills me.'

It so happened that there was another hearer of this little speech besides myself. Our dinner-party had been enlarged that evening by the presence of Mr Wentworth as well as Mrs Chichester, and we had all dispersed afterwards, leaving Mr Farrar and his sister in the drawing-room for their after-dinner rest. I had contrived to slip away from the others, and went down to my favourite seat on the low wall a little more readily than usual, turning my back upon Fairview. As Mrs Chichester's speech sounded very close to me, I stood up. She would be able to see me across the gooseberry and currant bushes, and so be warned not to say more than she would like to do in my presence. But she and her companion had passed on, and were, I thought, already out of sight. I was sitting down again, when a voice by my side quietly asked: 'Of whom were they speaking?'

'Mr Wentworth!' I ejaculated in some surprise at his having found out my retreat. I thought no one penetrated beyond the kitchen gardens.

Robert Wentworth and I were becoming fast friends. The few times we had met at Fairview had been sufficient to shew me that I had found a friend, and no ordinary one. Moreover, I had built up a little romance about him. Though I had so soon discovered the mistake I had made in supposing that he was engaged to Lilian, I believed that he loved her, as only such men can love; and while I heartily wished he held Arthur Trafford's place in her heart, I felt all a woman's sympathy for one whose hopes were wrecked, and who yet could bear himself so manfully. This had in the outset inclined me to make friends with him more than with any one else who visited Fairview. The more I knew of him, the more I found to respect.

As I have said, I was not without a suspicion that Mrs Chichester regarded him with favourable eyes; and I will do her the justice to say that I

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believe she was in this instance false to her creed, and loved him for himself, though he was as yet said to be only a rising man. 'He had not worked and struggled in vain, thought one or two who had watched him with some interest; and there was now some chance of his succeeding at the bar,' said Arthur Trafford.

'Of whom were they speaking?' he repeated. It was his habit always to get an answer.

'Of me. I think you must have guessed as much as that.'

He laughed; sitting down by my side.

'Then why are you so philosophic about it? Do you think it is good to be cold and unsympathetic?'

'It may be good to be cold and unsympathetic—to *some* things.'

'What things?'

But I was not going to be drawn into a discussion in that direction. He was always trying to lead me into abstract talk, and sometimes I enjoyed taking a little flight with him; but I reserved to myself the right of choosing the direction we should take.

'What things?'

I jestingly replied that I would leave him to determine what things.

'You appear to very decidedly turn your back upon some things.'

'I enjoy that view.'

He turned his eyes upon it for a moment. 'It is pretty enough in its way.'

'In its way, indeed!' Then I presently went on: 'It is a way of quiet loveliness, which has a great charm for me in its suggestions of peace and rest. That house amidst the trees, by the hillside, has a special attraction for me. Even you must allow it is a charming retreat.'

'That low house? It is well enough; but'—turning his eyes upon my face, he added sharply: 'What do you want with rest and peace and charming retreats? What right have you to be sighing for them?'

'Right? Surely every one has a right to them that can get them?'

'The right is only *fairly* won by working for it; and what have you done? I mean of course, in comparison with what you have the power to do.'

I suppose I looked my surprise. He went on more gravely: 'Pardon me, but I gave you credit for being one of the last to desire "inglorious ease." I believed that even your life here, with its many demands, is not quite enough for the exercise of your full strength. Rest and peace are for the weak and vanquished.'

'Then I suppose it is feeling weak and vanquished which makes me incline towards them.'

'A little morbidness, more likely; the need of something to fight against. And yet,' he added musingly, 'there ought to be enough to exercise your energies here.'

'There is enough to satisfy the most belligerent,' I replied, laughing outright. 'I assure you there is ample opportunity for the exercise of any power I may possess in that direction.'

'And you acknowledge yourself vanquished?'

'Not by anything here, Mr Wentworth.'

'I beg your pardon;' gravely. Then, with the abruptness of friendship, he presently added: 'Did Trafford give you the *Westminster*? The paper I marked ought to interest you.'

'No; he forgot, I suppose.'

'Oh, I see. I must be my own messenger next time, or—employ Becky. You shewed some discrimination in giving her a step in life.'

'Becky! Do you know her?'

'A little.'

'Please do not be mysterious.'

'I made her acquaintance when—— You do not think I was so inhuman as to let you go that day without keeping you in sight, in order to make sure you came to no harm. And—— Well, I did not feel quite sure about you, so kept about the place until I came upon Becky; and we two struck up a friendship.'

'It was good of you.'

'Was it? I am too much accustomed to analyse motives to be quite sure about that.'

'And you have been in Becky's confidence all this time!' I murmured a little confusedly, with the consciousness of what that might mean.

'More than she imagines, perhaps; since she is no match for me in diplomacy. I need not tell you she is leal.'

'No.'

'How different the ring of those two voices!' he presently added, as the others again approached by the path running parallel with the wall upon which we were sitting, and on the other side of the kitchen garden, separating and screening us from observation, and across which came the voices of Mrs Chichester and Lilian.

'I am glad that is evident to others as well as to me,' I rejoined. 'I like to think they are dissimilar in the least as well as the greatest points. Lilian will never become a woman of fashion.'

'Not while what she typifies is out of date.'

I knew that he meant the enthusiasm and romance—the delicate purity of her mind, which was so harmoniously typified by her style of beauty. Then following out my thought, I absently added: 'And you are his friend.'

'We were together at Eton and Oxford. Our families are distantly related; and he being four or five years my junior, was placed by his father in some degree under my charge, though we were in different sets.'

'I can imagine that.'

'He was a favourite at the university; and'—as though searching about in his mind for some other good thing to say—'His love for her is sincere.'

'Yes; thank God, it is that!'

'Mr Wentworth and Miss Haddon! I had not the least idea of finding you here!' It was Mrs Chichester speaking, with the prettiest air of surprise as she emerged from the side-path, though the keen glance with which she measured the distance between him and me was not unobserved by one of us. 'What a delightful retreat! May I join you?'—sitting down by my side with a graceful little addendum about feeling fatigued, and having found herself somewhat *de trop* with the lovers.

'And gentlemen are so very frank with sisters in such cases—are they not? Are you blest with brothers, Miss Haddon?' And so on, a list of questions which brought out the facts that I was not only lacking in brothers, but many other blessings.

'Quite alone in the great world, and an orphan. How very sad!'

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Someway, whenever Mrs Chichester attempted to talk sentiment, it was apt to degenerate into bathos; more perhaps from the contrast between her face and manner and what she said, than from the words themselves.

'And past the age for charity schools, Mrs Chichester,' I smilingly replied.

'Oh, but indeed, indeed, you must not think I meant anything of that kind!' Then, turning towards Mr Wentworth in a pretty distressed way, she entreated him to help her to persuade me that she had really meant no harm. 'I assure you I had not the slightest intention to give offence; do, pray, believe it, Miss Haddon.'

Mrs Chichester was always so terribly afraid of offending Miss Haddon, and so extremely and obviously cautious lest any word of hers should remind me of my position.

'Unfortunately the facts remain, however kind you may be about it, Mrs Chichester,' I gravely replied. 'I *am* an orphan, and alone in the great world.'

'And so completely defenceless—so weak, and easily vanquished,' gravely put in Robert Wentworth.

'Ah, now you are laughing at me!' she ejaculated, an angry light in her eyes. 'I expected more courtesy from *you*, Mr Wentworth.'

'I assure you I was only repeating Miss Haddon's own sentiments, Mrs Chichester.'

This was too bad. I suppose he meant it as a punishment for my little exhibition of weakness. But I decided that the punishment was too great for the offence, so quietly took up the gauntlet and bided my time.

Mrs Chichester diverged to other topics. Dear Lilian, so sweet and good and trusting; so entirely unsuspicious of people, and so forth; to which we could easily assent. But I was not sufficiently enthusiastic upon the subject to please Mrs Chichester, it seemed; and she took great pains to assure me that she did not in the least degree exaggerate dear Lilian's perfections. But though he gravely assured me that she did not, and even went so far as to hope that in time I should become as fully alive to Miss Farrar's good qualities, I was not to be piqued into giving warmer expression to my feelings. I only gave him a smile for reply. Then I did what I believe was more satisfactory than words to Mrs Chichester; rose and walked away, altogether unheeding Robert Wentworth's almost pleading protest.

'The moon is just rising, Miss Haddon; and the view will be at its best presently.'

But I chose to punish him for his bit of treachery; and walked off, reminding them that it still wanted half an hour to tea-time. When the half-hour had expired, they re-entered the drawing-room, where I was sitting in pleasant communion with Mrs Tipper—both looking rather grave, not to say out of humour.

'Do you always avenge yourself in that crushing way, Miss Haddon?' he asked, coming to my side for a moment.

'I always defend myself in the best way I can when it comes to blows, Mr Wentworth,' I gravely replied.

'And this is the young lady who fears being weak and vanquished!'

'Not with such weapons as have been used to-night, Mr Wentworth.'

'Well, do not talk any more about wanting rest and peace after shewing how much you enjoy planting a home-thrust.'

'We were talking of a very different war and a very different peace to this.'

'I suppose we were; and in that case it is for me to cry *peccavi*.'

'Yes.'

'Well, I will think about it. One should never do that on impulse. Meantime, good-night.'

I gave him my hand with a smile. He then bade the others good-night, and took his departure.

Mrs Chichester seemed to have lost her self-control a little. She certainly found it difficult to be quite as sweet and gracious to me as usual that night. I believe, too, that she had tried her influence upon Lilian with respect to me, for the latter was more than usually tender and loving when she came to my room that night for our little *tête-à-tête*. There was just the difference which might be expected in one of her nature after hearing anything against a friend.

'I love you, dear Mary—I love you. You must let me say it to-night.'

'Why to-night, of all nights in the year?' I smilingly rejoined.

'Because it does me real good to say it—because I must.'

'And it does me real good to hear you say it. Dear Lilian, do not you see how precious your love is to *me*?'

I suppose that there was something in the tone which satisfied her. The shadow passed from her face, and she looked her bright happy self as she began to talk 'Arthur' again. She had long since divined that such talk did not fatigue me.

'I really believe you must have a love-story of your own locked away somewhere, or you would never be able to listen so patiently to me as you do,' she laughingly ejaculated, intuitively lighting upon the true reason for my sympathy, one evening when she had been more effusive on the subject than usual. 'Ah, now I am sure of it!' she added, her quick eyes, I suppose, detecting a consciousness in mine. 'And, O Mary, when shall I be thought worthy to hear it?'

'As though you were not that now! Dear Lilian, I should like you to know—of course you shall know; and yet I think I must ask you to allow me to defer the telling it a little longer?'

'Of course I will. But I really think I can guess—a little. If I am only right, how delightful it will be!'

Had I allowed her to go on—had I listened and explained, instead of shrinking nervously away from the subject, would it have altered the future? I was still shy and reserved about unlocking my treasure, even for Lilian's eyes. I have acknowledged my morbid weakness upon the point, and it did not decrease. But I very soon had something besides myself to think about.

## CHAPTER VIII.—'THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW.'

Mr Farrar grew suddenly and rapidly worse; and the doctors, hastily summoned, saw that it was necessary to be frank and explicit with Mrs Tipper and me as to his true state. His disease was approaching a fatal point, and his time was very short, they affirmed. Before we had time to prepare

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Lilian for the shock; the fiat went forth that the end might be expected in a few hours. Poor Mrs Tipper shut herself up with her grief; and to me was deputed the painful task of making the truth known to his child. She was at first completely overwhelmed. That his state was a critical one she had not had the slightest suspicion. She had got accustomed to his invalid ways; and hearing nothing to the contrary, had taken it for granted that he was surely if slowly progressing towards convalescence; telling herself that at the very worst he would go on in the same way for years.

I think that Mrs Tipper—and even he himself—was deceived in the same way.

I quietly tended Lilian through the first agony of her grief; but did not let it subside into despair, making an appeal (which I felt to be most effectual with one of her nature) to her unselfishness.

Her father needed her love more than he had ever yet needed it, and tears and grief must be kept back so long as it was in her power to comfort and sustain him. She responded at once. Choking back her sobs, and bathing her face to efface as much as possible the outward signs of her misery, she presently whispered that I might trust her now. 'Only you must promise not to leave me—promise to keep near me, Mary?'

'I will, Lilian; if there be no objection made to my doing so.'

At first it seemed as if no objection would be made. When Lilian was ushered, awestruck and silent, into the darkened room, where the spirit was already struggling to free itself from the weakened body, I saw the dying man's eyes turn upon us with a faint gleam of satisfaction; and I was about to follow her to his bedside, the nurse's warning looks telling me that my assistance would soon be required, when the latter beckoned me towards her, where she stood just outside the door.

'Something on his mind, Miss; can't die till it is told,' whispered the woman, as she made a gesture for me to close the door and leave the father and child together alone.

I was not a little startled; but stood hesitating on the threshold of the room a moment, not quite liking to leave Lilian alone, inexperienced as she was, with the dying man, yet still more averse to be present at any family revelations, when, in reply, I suppose, to some whispered question from him, Lilian said: 'Only the nurse and Miss Haddon, dear papa.'

'You have taken to her—and she likes you, I think—she may be able to help you;' slowly and brokenly said Mr Farrar. 'Yes; send the other away. Only Miss Haddon and yourself.'

I hesitated no longer. Telling the nurse to remain in the adjoining room, I re-entered, and carefully closing the door, advanced towards Lilian, on her knees by the bed-side, with her face hidden upon the hand she held. I put my arm round her, and said with quiet distinctness, for I saw that there was no time to be lost in words: 'I love Lilian, Mr Farrar; and if she needs a friend, you may trust me.'

His fast glazing eyes rested upon me for a moment, as he murmured 'Haddon of Haddon;' and then his gaze and his thoughts wandered away again.

'Is there anything you wish to have done, Mr Farrar?' I presently asked, fancying that he was trying to concentrate his mind upon something, and found an increasing difficulty in so doing.

'Send for—Markham—bring the draft'——

'Of your will?' I asked, rapidly connecting the name, which I knew to be that of his lawyer, with the word 'draft,' and hoping that I thus followed out his meaning.

'Yes—will—sign—Haddon of Haddon.' Even at that moment, I saw he attributed my power of catching his meaning to be a consequence of my being a Haddon of Haddon.

'I will send at once, Mr Farrar.' I went to the door, told the nurse to bring the butler to me without a moment's delay, and waited there until he came.

'Is my poor master?'——

'Do not speak, except to answer a question please, Saunders; but listen carefully. Do you know the address of Mr Farrar's solicitor, both of his private residence and the office?'

'Yes, Miss.'

'If you cannot ride, send a groom to the railway station without a moment's delay; and telegraph to Mr Markham, both at his residence and the office, these words: "Mr Farrar is dying; come at once, and bring the draft of the will." Please repeat it.'

He repeated the words; and then with an answering nod to my one word, 'Immediately,' went off to do my bidding.

I turned into the room again, closing the door. I had obeyed Mr Farrar promptly and literally, as at such a crisis it seemed best to do; but I could not see the importance of the proceeding. Lilian was his only child, and would not suffer any pecuniary loss even if there were no will. But one thing struck me, even at that moment: it was singular that a business man like Mr Farrar should have delayed making his will until now. And why did he appear so troubled and restless? Why did he look anywhere but into his child's eyes, raised so tenderly and lovingly to his?

'Dear papa, speak to me—look at me!' she pleaded.

'Eighty thousand, and business worth'——

'O papa, darling; one little word to your child. I'm Lilian, papa.'

'Keys—cabinet—Haddon of Haddon.'

I followed the direction of his eyes; went softly and quickly to the dressing-table, brought from it several bunches of keys, ranged them separately on the counterpane before him, and pointed to each, watching his eyes for the answer.

'This! And now which key?' I held each key up, and slowly passed it over the ring until his eyes told me that I had come upon the right one; then again following the direction of his eyes, I crossed over to a cabinet which stood between the windows opposite his bed, and unlocked it. It opened with doors, upon a nest of drawers; and I pointed to each, going slowly down one side and up the other until I had found the right one. It contained a small packet sealed and addressed, and a bundle of letters. I held up the letters first.

'Burn.'

'I will burn them, Mr Farrar.'

'Burn!'

I saw that it must be done at once; put them into the fender, struck a match, and set light to them, stirring them well about until they were

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only tinder. For a suspicion had crossed my mind that it was quite possible there might be something connected with Mr Farrar's past life, the evidence of which it was desirable to keep from his daughter's knowledge. At anyrate, he had a right to have his letters destroyed if he so wished it, and his mind was manifestly relieved by its being done.

'Parcel!'

I brought the little packet to his bed-side. 'Do you wish anything to be done with this, Mr Farrar?'

He looked at it a moment, and then turned his eyes upon his child. 'Forgive—be good to her.'

'To whom, dear papa?' murmured Lilian.

'Sister.'

'Auntie? Dear papa, do not you know that I love her?' she sobbed out.

'Haddon of Haddon—send it.'

'Send this packet to the person to whom it is addressed, Mr Farrar?' I asked, beginning to find a clue to the mystery, as I solemnly added: 'I will.' So far, I had interpreted his meaning; but I presently saw that was not sufficient. The eyes wandering from Lilian to the packet, and from the packet to me, told that there was still something to be done before his mind would be set at rest. I looked at the two or three lines in his own handwriting on the packet, and after a moment's hesitation, said: 'This is addressed to your daughter, Marian; and I think you wish Lilian to promise to be good to her sister, Mr Farrar?' I saw I had hit upon his meaning once more.

'Yes; good to her.'

'Sister!' ejaculated Lilian. 'Have I a sister, dear papa—living?'

He lay unconscious a few moments, murmuring something about 'mountains and peat-smoke and a cottage home,' dwelling apparently upon some familiar scenes of the past. But the thought presently grew as wandering and disjointed as the words, and the light was gradually fading out of the eyes. I now watched him with grave anxiety, all my fears aroused lest there should be some very serious necessity for making a will after all.

It was a momentary relief when the door opened and the doctor entered the room. But my hopes very quickly faded when I saw him stand inactive, looking gravely down at his patient's face, and then, with a pitiful look at Lilian's bowed head, and expressive glance at me, turn quietly away. I followed him out of the room.

'Will he rally again, do you think, Dr Wheeler, sufficiently to be able to sign a will?'

He stopped in the act of putting on his gloves, turning his eyes upon me in some surprise.

'A will! Surely a man of business habits like Mr Farrar has done that long ago. He has been quite sufficiently warned to be aware of his danger, Miss Haddon. But'—after a pause—'it cannot be of very vital importance. There is but one child, and of course she takes all; though I should have given him credit for tying it securely up to her, in the event of her falling into bad hands.'

'The lawyer has his instructions, I believe, Dr Wheeler, and we have telegraphed for him to come at once. Meantime, can anything be done? Is there no stimulant, no?'——

'My dear lady, Mr Farrar is dead already, so far as the capability of transacting business is concerned. It is the insensibility preceding death; and only a question of an hour or so—it may be only of minutes.'

Sick at heart, I silently bowed, and turned back into the room again, waiting in solemn stillness until Lilian should need me. The nurse moved softly in and out the room, and I knew why she drew up the blinds to let the last rays of sunlight stream in. The glorious sunset faded into twilight, twilight deepened into night, and then, with a long quivering sigh, the spirit stole forth to that other life.

The moment all was over there were innumerable demands upon my energies. Taking my dear Lilian to her aunt's room, I left them together, after giving a private hint to each that it was necessary to stifle her grief as much as possible for the sake of the other. Then I went downstairs again, to give the awestruck and confused servants the necessary orders, which in their first grief neither Lilian nor her aunt was capable of giving. They had deputed me to see that all was rightly done.

The demands upon me increased so rapidly, that I felt quite relieved when a servant came to tell me that the lawyer had arrived. I went at once to the library, too much absorbed in the one thought to remember that I was meeting a stranger.

'Too late, I am sorry to find, madam!' said a short, stout, brisk-looking, little man, making me a low bow as I entered. He evidently found it somewhat difficult to get the right expression into his jovial face, as he went on to explain that he had been dining out when the telegram, sent on by his wife, reached him. 'I lost not a moment; and have managed to get from Russell Square in an hour and a half.' Then, after a keen glance at me, which took in my left hand, he added: 'A relative of my late client's, I presume?'

'No; my name is Haddon. I have been living here as companion to his daughter, Mr Markham, and have always been treated as a friend of the family.' I said the last words in the hope of inducing him to trust me sufficiently to say anything he might have to say, forgetting that I was talking to a lawyer.

'Very fortunate for Miss Farrar; friends are needed at such times as this;' eyeing me sharply as he went on to add a few conventional words respecting his client's death, and the shock its suddenness must have given his friends; and so affording me an opportunity for the indulgence of a little sentiment.

But I neither felt any, nor desired him to think that I did, upon the score of my attachment to Mr Farrar; so quietly replied: 'Death is always solemn, Mr Markham; but I know too little of Mr Farrar to mourn him as a friend. His daughter, I love.'

He nodded pleasantly; satisfied, I think, so far; then, after a moment or two, tried another leading question.

'You were probably present with her at the last?'

'Yes.'

'Conscious?'

'Yes; until the last hour.'

'And you are aware I was summoned, I presume?'

'I sent for you, Mr Markham.' He waited; and seeing he was still cautious, I went on: 'It was

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Mr Farrar's wish you should be sent for. He appeared extremely anxious to sign the will; but it was too late.'

'Ah, yes; too late! Very sad, very sad;' watching me furtively, as he carefully measured the length and breadth of one of his gloves. 'And no last instructions, I suppose; no little confidences or revelations, or anything of that kind?'

I quite understood him; and after a few moments' reflection, replied: 'Yes; there was a revelation, Mr Markham; a very startling one; and as you have prepared the will, you doubtlessly know to what I allude?'

I waited a few moments for a reply; but waited in vain. He seemed lost in contemplation of his gloves again. This jovial-looking little man was not quite so effusive as he looked. I tried once more.

'It is unfortunate the will was not signed, since Mr Farrar so much desired it.'

'Certainly; much to be regretted—very much.'

I saw that the approach was to be made from my side; and as it had to be done sooner or later, I said: 'But I do not see that its not being signed can make any difference to Miss Farrar—from a pecuniary point of view.'

'No; none whatever: Miss Farrar will not be a loser.'

'Will her sister?'

'Ah! now we shall understand each other—now you have come to the point, my dear lady,' he replied, with brisk cheerfulness, placing a chair for me, and seating himself before me with a confidential air; a hand upon each of his knees. 'You see it was necessary to bring you to that; though you have fenced very well—very neatly indeed—for a lady. I could not desire a better witness in a case, I assure you—on my own side.'

I was not quite so charmed with the compliment as he intended me to be; not taking very kindly to the idea of being 'brought to it,' as he termed it. So I replied with an air which I flattered myself was as careless as his own: 'I thought it as well to tell you that much, Mr Markham.'

'Quite as well, my dear young lady; saving of time, you know. I may now tell you that the person to whom you allude will be a considerable loser by the will I have brought down with me not being signed.'

'Is there no previous will, Mr Markham?'

'There have been several others. But Mr Farrar was a very careful man, and always destroyed an old will when he made a fresh one. He could never quite satisfy himself as to the exact provision to be made for the—person you have named, and was continually altering his mind, making the sum now greater now smaller.'

'Fortunately, Miss Farrar may be trusted to do all that is right.'

'No doubt a very sweet and good young lady; brought up with relations on the mother's side, I understand. I have had the pleasure of meeting her two or three times, and was much struck by her amiability.'

'It is something stronger and better than amiability, Mr Markham,' I returned. Someway that word always offended me with reference to Lilian.

'I am glad to hear it; though amiability has its attractions—*for me*.' After a few moments' contemplative glance at me, he added: 'It will be some comfort to her, by and by, perhaps to know that the—other is at least three or four years older than herself, and that the mother died whilst her child was young.'

I understood what he meant; 'the other,' as he termed her—he did not once allude to her by name—had been born before Mr Farrar's marriage to Lilian's mother.

'Thank you for telling me that, Mr Markham; it will be a comfort to Lilian.'

He nodded and smiled, as though to say I deserved that little encouragement for acquitting myself so well; than became grave and business-like again, as befitted the occasion. Rising from his seat and taking the little black bag which he had brought with him, from the table, he said: 'You will require no aid from me until after the funeral, when Miss Farrar will have to go through a little legal formality. There will be no complications; everything will be Miss Farrar's, absolutely. A trifle *too* absolutely, I should be inclined to say, if she were an ordinary young lady, or likely to fall into bad hands—a money-hunting husband's, for instance.'

'You know, of course, that Miss Farrar is engaged to be married to Mr Trafford, Mr Markham?'

'One of the Warwickshire Traffords?' he said with a smile, which was instantly suppressed. 'Yes; I have heard something of the kind, certainly.'

He certainly had; since, as I afterwards ascertained, the will had been so made as to very securely protect Lilian's property in the event of such marriage. Then, in reply to a question of mine, he advised me to send to one of the best undertakers (giving me the names and addresses of two or three, but cautiously abstaining from recommending one more than another), and make him responsible for everything being conducted in a fit and proper manner. 'That is, I think, the wisest course to pursue; though you are free to carry out Miss Farrar's wishes in any way.'

'Thank you.'

'Do not name it. I hope to have the pleasure of meeting you again upon a less solemn occasion, Miss Haddon.' Then, looking at his watch, he found that he would have just time to catch the ten o'clock up-train; and declining my offer of refreshments, he bade me good-night, and hurried out to the fly which he had kept waiting for him.

## OUR HINDU FELLOW-SUBJECTS AND OURSELVES.

It is a remarkable fact, that although upwards of a century has elapsed since the foundation of our rule in India was first laid, the people of that country and ourselves are as far apart from each other, in all those feelings and sympathies which are calculated to unite different peoples together, as it is possible for us to be. Our religious views and social habits are so diametrically opposed, that the strongest prejudices are in active operation to keep us in a state of chronic alienation. The difficulty in the matter rests in a great measure with the Hindu. Hinduism will not admit us within the pale of free intercourse with its votaries, and its restrictions prevent them from mingling freely with others of another faith. For a Hindu to live

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under the same roof or to take a meal at the same table with us, would entail upon him expulsion from caste, and religious and social disabilities of the most serious character. In short, the only connection in which we can have any intimacy is that of business in the way of trade, or of duty as officially connected with the state.

It will easily be seen that under such circumstances, personal friendship of a disinterested nature can hardly exist between the Hindus and ourselves. It would be well indeed if we were drawn towards each other by feelings of partiality; but even this degree of attachment cannot be said to exist, except in very rare instances. In a word, open indifference, if not latent antipathy, is the feeling by which our intercourse with each other is characterised.

This state of matters is much to be regretted, more especially if our connection is to be perpetuated; and the good men and true of both races, of whom there are not a few, would rejoice to see the causes which give rise to these untoward feelings removed, the barriers which separate us broken down, and a kindlier feeling established between us; but the more the subject is thought over, the greater the difficulties seem in the way of this desirable end; and the conclusion forces itself upon us, that we must await the course of events, and see what time will unfold.

Meanwhile, it may be useful and interesting to consider somewhat particularly the manner in which our differences have operated to keep us for so many years in a state of social estrangement from each other.

It may be imagined that the relative positions which we hold to each other of rulers and subjects, is of itself sufficient to account for the prejudice against us of the Hindu people; but this view is not borne out by facts. The Hindus have for centuries been a subjugated people, a trodden-down race. The feeling of patriotism which was exhibited in the early period of their history has long since died out, and it seems of little consequence to them who rules, provided they are left undisturbed in the free exercise of their religious practices and social habits. The Mohammedan conquerors who preceded us, stood in the same relative position to them as we do, and it is well known that they were not disliked by the Hindu people, certainly not in the same degree that we are. Let us inquire into the reasons of the difference as regards the Mohammedans and ourselves, for in so doing we may discover what it is in which we have rendered ourselves distasteful.

First, the Mohammedans as orientalists, had no difficulty in accommodating themselves to a certain extent to the outward customs and habits of the Hindu people. The oriental garb, the custom of taking off the shoes on entering a dwelling, the daily ablution at the village well or stream, were habits in common; of no great moment in themselves certainly; still they had a tendency to soften down prejudices and draw the victors and vanquished towards each other. Moreover, after the first burst of conquest was over, and the conquerors began to settle down among the Hindus, the readiness with which a few Mohammedans, thrown entirely among them in the country towns and villages, would humour their religious prejudices, by carefully avoiding contact with impure out-castes, and by abstaining from the use of such articles of food as were repugnant to them, had a conciliatory tendency, which none but those who are conversant with Hindu feeling can fully appreciate.

Again, the avowedly religious character of the Mohammedans had a favourable effect upon the minds of the Hindus, whose every action is supposed to be regulated by their sacred Shastras. In every village a Mohammedan place of worship, a *durga*, was erected—rude and insignificant in many places, it is true; but in towns and cities, far surpassing in splendour the magnificent temples of the Hindus; and to witness the devout Mohammedans, under the guidance of their priests, or Mùlanàs, worshipping in their durgas, was calculated to affect the minds of any religiously disposed people; how much more that of the superstitious Hindu.

Most if not all the conciliatory traits manifested by the Mohammedans have been wanting in us. Many, as a Christian people, we could not indeed affect. But besides the difference in dress, and apparent discourtesy in uncovering our heads and retaining our shoes on entering a dwelling, and our contempt of external purity, as shewn in not avoiding contact with out-castes, there have been causes much more potent which operated to repel the people, Mohammedans as well as Hindus, from us.

There is no doubt that during the early period of our Indian career our style of living and social habits had a great effect in giving the Hindus the most unfavourable impressions regarding us. The cow is one of their principal objects of worship, and therefore to kill it and partake of its flesh is to the Hindu an offence against all laws human and divine, so grievous as to stamp the offender as an utterly vile and loathsome monster. To partake of intoxicating beverages was unknown among the better classes of Hindus; it was indeed a habit indulged in, but seldom to excess, and by the impure out-caste only; and yet they saw with horror that we felt no compunction in rendering ourselves, according to their ideas of this matter, as degraded as the out-caste himself.

Again, our women eating at the same table with their husbands was looked upon by them as a gross violation of female modesty; but when they saw that they moved unrestrainedly in society, and not only freely conversed with the other sex, but actually danced with them in public; the moral feelings of Hindus and Mohammedans alike were so outraged, that they looked upon us as thoroughly demoralised. We were known in the western presidency by the term *jangla*, wild men, from *jangal*, a forest; and it was suspected, if not believed by the common people, that we had tails. The jangla was the bogey of the village children; and many a pious Brahman would turn away his face on meeting a European in the streets, rather than pollute his vision by looking at him.

The reader will from all this see at a glance how hateful we must have seemed to the people of India in the days referred to; still these unfriendly feelings might in time have softened down, and our social habits been viewed with some forbearance; for there is no doubt that as we

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assumed the reins of power in one province after another, it dawned upon the natives, that these, to them degrading customs, were not inconsistent with high intellectual power, deep mental culture, and feelings of active philanthropy. Our administrative abilities, as shewn in our judicial and revenue systems, and the numerous measures adopted for the security of life and property and the general improvement of the country, were not lost sight of by the intelligent portion of the people; and as the different phases of our anomalous character passed under review before them, amazement if not admiration, and awe if not reverence, in turn filled their minds regarding us. Our officials were not unfrequently spoken of as incarnations of the benign Vishnu; and but for an overbearing disposition towards them, which began to develop itself in us at this stage, and which has continued with more or less intensity ever since, the natives might in time have ceased to look upon us, as they were wont, as one of the evil manifestations of the Kali Yuga, or age of vice. This overbearing spirit, arising no doubt from an overweening idea we have entertained of our great superiority as a people compared to them, may be attributed to two causes. First, although India was not conquered by us in a day, still, considering that with scarcely an exception we triumphed in every contest with comparatively insignificant forces, and that our ascendency was established without any great difficulty, we were led from the first to look upon the people as a totally effete cowardly race, utterly destitute of every quality indicative of manly prowess. Again, our subsequent experience has shewn us that a want of truthfulness in the commonest concerns of everyday life is the besetting vice of the Hindu people. It would seem indeed, that so far from honesty being the best policy with them, lying and chicanery are considered the surest means to success in all dealings between man and man. In short, we have found them wanting in the two very traits, which of all others we hold in the highest esteem; and we have made no secret of our feelings on the matter. Moreover, there is no denying the fact that the colour of the natives has had the effect of influencing us to some extent in our unseemly bearing towards them. We are apt to look upon the dark skin, unconsciously perhaps, as a mark of inferiority; and the idea of admitting the owner of it to intercourse on terms of equality is more than our self-complacency will permit.

It must be remarked that the natives submitted tamely for years to our overbearing demeanour; and that it is only since they have made some progress in education, and have been admitted to posts of trust and responsibility under government, that they have manifested any impatience at it; and that particularly in the presidency towns and other places where the European community is large. In the rural districts even at the present time, the natives are slow to resent any rudeness on the part of European travellers who may visit their villages. It will be easily seen from this that the mutual dislike which exists between the natives and ourselves is much more apparent in the higher grades of society, and particularly among government officials, than among the lower uneducated classes. A European of position will but too frequently treat a native of no social standing with indifference if not with unkindness; but the moment a native who assumes to be on a par with him approaches, a feeling of resentment and suspicion as to his motives instinctively creeps over him; and although the native may behave most circumspectly during the interview, no sooner has he taken his departure than some remark is likely to be made relative to the growing arrogance of the 'niggers.' On the other hand, some equally uncalled-for and discourteous expression will be made by the native as to the self-importance displayed by the foreigner. There is, in short, however pleasing outward appearances may often seem, an undercurrent of mutual aversion, which it will take years to soften down, if indeed such a desirable event be possible.

A native gentleman of considerable education told the writer some time ago that there was a great difference in the conduct of Europeans towards his countrymen to the eastward of Suez, as compared with the way they treated them to the west of that place. Here in England, he said, we are treated with kindness and courtesy; but on the other side of Suez, with some exceptions, we are looked upon as fair game for rudeness if not insult. This statement was verified by what appeared in a Bombay paper about two years since, to the effect that a military officer insisted upon a native gentleman, a member of the uncovenanted civil service, being removed from a first-class railway carriage, simply because he wanted it to himself and a party of ladies who were travelling with him. Need it be added that such an incident could scarcely occur in England.

It has already been noticed, that if left to the undisturbed exercise of their religious rites and social customs, the Hindus care little who governs them. With reference to this matter it may here be said, that in so far as overt acts are concerned, they have no more reason to complain of us than they had of their old rulers the Mohammedans; but we have set an agency at work which will prove infinitely more potent in undermining both their religious and social habits than even the most violent persecution. The education imparted in the government schools and colleges, as well as in the seminaries of the missionaries, is certain in time to sweep away every vestige of Hinduism; and this eventuality, already foreseen by the priests and others interested in the maintenance of popular superstition, is an eyesore which influences them in no small degree in prejudicing the people in the rural districts against us. They tell them that by a system of underhand duplicity we managed at first to sow the seeds of discord amongst them and possess ourselves of their country; and that now, under pretence of enlightening them, we are endeavouring to reduce them all to the same dead level of impure out-castes, similar to what we are ourselves.

The influence of the priests, however, has not had the effect of keeping students from the government and missionary schools; but although the education received there weans them from a belief in Hinduism, still it neither induces them, for the present at least, to give up the social caste system, nor makes them more tolerant of ourselves. The rabid abuse heaped upon us at every opportunity by the vernacular press, which is conducted by these men, shews that it is not mere passive dislike but active hostility by which they are actuated

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towards us. It is not, however, the press alone; the theatrical representations conducted under their patronage are also made use of as vehicles whereby our government, our social habits, and even our religion are occasionally caricatured, and in turns denounced in terms of unmistakable hate.

The fact must not be lost sight of, that the knowledge we are imparting to the natives has not only the effect of enlightening them on religious and social questions, but also leads them into a region of thought which they have not indulged in for centuries. Need it be said that the perusal of those histories we lay open to them, which narrate the successful struggles made by nations of ancient and modern times to throw off the yoke of foreigners, in whatever form it may have existed, has the effect of creating aspirations in the minds of many for a revival of that national life which has so long lain dormant? The far-seeing and reflecting few who indulge in these patriotic breathings know full well that they cannot be realised for generations, if ever; and that it is therefore folly to rave against things as they are, and thus render themselves obnoxious to us; nevertheless, the idea of making common cause with us is foreign to their minds; and the tendency of their influence amongst their less thoughtful countrymen is to direct their minds to an eventuality, which sooner or later will free their country from the presence of the foreigner.

To conclude: it is not by any means gratifying to be forced to acknowledge that all hopes of immediate fraternisation between the natives of India and ourselves are futile; that the antagonism of race and colour, and the dissimilarity in our respective religions and social habits, are such insuperable obstacles to so desirable an event, that we shall for years be found moving in two separate grooves, destitute of any of those mutual feelings and sympathies which tend to unite different peoples, and contribute to the general happiness and well-being of all.

## AFTER-DINNER ANECDOTES.

It would be an interesting occupation for an otherwise idle man to trace the origin of some of our best after-dinner anecdotes. How often it happens that we hear a story told which in its main features we recognise as an old acquaintance, but with so much alteration in its details that we can hardly believe it to be the same.

'Ah!' we say, with a knowing look, 'I have heard that story before; but I always thought it referred to Lord So-and-so, or the Duke of ——;' as the case may be.

'O no,' replies the story-teller, rather injured that we should doubt his veracity. 'I assure you I heard it from Mr So-and-so, who knew all about it. Indeed he is first cousin to the nephew of Lord ——; and so I can't be wrong.'

'Indeed,' we reply; and the subject drops. But all the same we hold to our previous opinion, and always tell the story our own way.

And after all, it is not so much a want of truthfulness which is at the bottom of these variations of the same tale, as weakness of memory, or absence of the power of clearly arranging in our minds the different localities and personages which belong to the anecdotes told. There is that story of the parrot, for instance, who at a very dull dinner-party where conversation lagged terribly, was heard to observe in a solemn voice, during one of the 'awful pauses' which occurred so frequently, 'Sorry I spoke!' Only a few days after that anecdote was related to us, we heard that 'there was once a parrot who was present at family prayers, and didn't conduct himself with that reverence which appertains to such times, but would make remarks more or less intelligible, to the world at large. At last the master of the house lost all patience, and signed to one of the tittering domestics to remove Polly from the scene. As he was being carried out of the door the bird was heard to remark in a gruff voice, "Sorry I spoke!" to the utter discomfiture of all present.' Of course we laughed heartily, and apparently enjoyed the joke; but all the same we felt there was something wrong somewhere, and that *one* of these stories must owe something to the invention of the narrator.

In fact, try as hard as we may, it is almost impossible to retail a piece of information exactly as we received it. Our younger readers (and it would not perhaps be *infra dig.* for some elder ones) may test this for themselves by playing at the Russian game of Truth. One of the party composes a short story, which is written for future reference. He then communicates it in a whisper to another, who similarly imparts it confidentially to a third, and so on. The last member of the party then states what was confided to him as 'the truth;' and then the last but one; till it has reached the composer of the tale, who then reads aloud what was actually the original of all these various statements. And no comment on the mischief and untruthfulness of gossip could be more pungent than the utter discrepancy which always exists between the different accounts. Sometimes the story is so altered in transmission from one to the other, and that most unintentionally, that we can scarcely recognise the original in the case of the two or three who last heard and repeated it.

How often has that tale been told of an Irishman, which originally came from America. As we first heard it, it stood thus: 'An American lawyer defending a client who was accused of cracking a kettle which he had borrowed, stated that in his defence there would be three distinct points: First, that the kettle was cracked when we borrowed it; second, that it was whole when we returned it; and third, that we never had it at all.' Surely Paddy has 'bulls' enough of his own to answer for without having any Yankee importations to add to the list. Who but an Irishman, when he was told of a man who had had the small-pox *twice*, and died of it, would have anxiously inquired: 'Did he die the first time or the second? And yet we have heard that story claimed for an Englishman and an American; and we have no means of correcting our informants.

We would strongly recommend to all 'diners-out' who attempt to enliven the company by anecdotes, to be very cautious as to the place where and the time when they tell their stories. Otherwise they may sometimes find themselves placed in very awkward predicaments. How uncomfortable, for example, the lady would have felt who sat next Buckland the geologist at a dinner-party if she had been enlarging on the appearance of a poor stone-breaker by the road-side

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to whom she had given a shilling, when he—the poor stone-breaker in his dinner dress—so naïvely produced, with a quiet smile, the very coin she had given him! By the way, the same story is told of Professor Sedgwick.

Then there is the warning example of the lady who had lately married an Oxford undergraduate. Before he took his wife to see his university town, where circumstances obliged him to live a little longer, he told her with great difficulty, and after much hesitation, that he had been—er—er—'what they called "plucked."* The hesitation which he displayed was attributed to modesty; and to his astonishment, his wife, in her ignorance of the meaning of the term, joyfully exclaimed: 'Yes; to be sure you were, you clever dear!' He was so completely taken aback by this unexpected reply, that he couldn't put her right by an explanation, which would have been painful to both parties. He therefore left matters as they were. They went to Oxford, and were asked to breakfast with a large party at the rooms of his college tutor. What was his horror when, in the middle of the repast, he heard his wife (and his tutor, who was sitting opposite, evidently heard her too) say to her next neighbour: 'My husband gained such honours when he was up here, you know. He was what you call "plucked," you know!' We draw a veil of oblivion over the poor young man's feelings, and hope the lesson will not be lost upon our readers of both sexes.

There is an unconscious plagiarism about some people which leads them to appropriate to themselves anecdotes which they have heard of the doings or sayings of other and greater people. This is especially the case with the witty and wise sayings of such men as Sydney Smith and Sheridan. How many have claimed to be the author of Sheridan's answer to the lady who accused him of having gone out when he had told her it rained heavily—'It cleared up enough for one, but not enough for two!' We often wonder whether people who do this kind of thing have invented for themselves a special code of morality, such as that which prevails with regard to other people's umbrellas. Then, again, it must be very unpleasant to hear your own *bon-mots* attributed to others, or to have some inferior saying of the speaker fathered upon you. Shade of the immortal Shakspeare! how often has that honoured name been used to gain a hearing for some vapid but high-sounding moral axiom; while Solomon's Proverbs have been filched and reproduced, more or less 'watered,' by writers of all ages. Who hasn't been told of Sir *Walter* Scott the story which belongs of right to Sir William Scott (brother to Lord Eldon). When a celebrated physician said to him: 'You know, after forty, a man is always either a fool or a physician;' Sir William replied: 'Perhaps he may be both, doctor.' It has been well said that, 'in conversation a wise man may be at a loss how to begin; but a fool never knows how to stop.' Perhaps some of our readers are thinking this may apply to an article in a magazine as well. And indeed one story suggests another, till we might fill pages with anecdotes we have heard or read.

But before we stop we may perhaps be allowed to quote a most excellent rule for the guidance of all who tell stories which involve other people. It is this: Before you begin, ask yourself—Is it true? Is it necessary? Is it kind? Perhaps you have the gift (and it is a most valuable one) of being able to tell a good story well; if so, remember what the mother of Philip, Duke of Orleans, said of her son: 'Though good fairies have gifted my son at his birth with numerous qualities, one envious member of the sisterhood has spitefully decreed that he shall never know how to use any of these gifts.' There is an old proverb (not Solomon's) which says, 'Never play with edge-tools.'

*Failed in his examination.

## WATCHMAKING BY MACHINERY.

GENEVA, as is pretty well known, has long been a busy centre of the Swiss watchmaking trade, the work executed being minute, elegant, and trustworthy. The trade in watchmaking, however, is also a staple in the cantons of Neuchatel and Berne. Tourists in Switzerland have often occasion to pass through secluded valleys, the inhabitants of which, a peaceful and industrious race, are almost all devoted to watchmaking. It is a craft pursued in cottages, as a kind of domestic manufacture; and proficiency in fabricating the delicate mechanism has come down from father to son for several generations. We are reminded of the old-fashioned hand-loom system of weaving, which used to prevail in English and Scotch villages in times passed away. Just as that old system of weaving vanished in the introduction of the power-loom moved by machinery, so is watchmaking by hand about to pass away in Switzerland, and some other quarters. Watchmaking by machinery on a large and comprehensive scale has been brought to a wonderful degree of perfection in various parts of the United States. Immense quantities of American watches of a useful kind will soon, as is anticipated, greatly damage the system of making by hand.

It would be idle to waste time in complaining of change of fashion in any kind of manufacture. Skill, capital, and machinery are sure to carry the day. In the progress of affairs the old must give place to the new. In such cases the best plan is not to maintain a useless struggle, but at once to go over to the enemy—try to rival him on his own ground. Still one does not like to see an old and respectable trade ruined. It is stated that at least forty thousand men and women have hitherto been engaged within a limited district in Switzerland upon the watch-trade, all of whom must now alter their course of operations, quitting their rural resorts, and emigrating, or possibly becoming workers in factories. We are sorry for the crisis, but in economics such is the rule of the game.

A Swiss correspondent in the *Times* (January 5) presents some interesting particulars concerning the watch-trade, as it has till now been carried on. The division of labour has been immense in completing a single watch. He says: 'A repeating watch goes through the hands of no less than a hundred and thirty different workmen before being delivered to commerce. With such a division of labour, long apprenticeship was rendered almost

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superfluous; so that any man, without being acquainted at all with the watch industry before, might be able to learn a branch of it in the course of a few weeks. This last circumstance, together with the relatively high wages offered, induced during the time of prosperity of the trade a good many agricultural labourers to leave their former occupation and dedicate themselves to the watch industry. A superabundance of hands soon ensued, accompanied by a falling of wages, and besides, the quality of the products manufactured became yearly worse and worse. Only some few tradesmen continued to manufacture watches of higher qualities, while the majority of them supplied the markets with the lowest kind of products.' Here we have an explanation of at least one cause of the decline of the Swiss watch-trade. An overconfidence in monopoly led to deterioration of the article. The result was that Swiss watches fell into discredit in the United States. The imports fell from a hundred and sixty-nine thousand watches in 1864 to seventy-five thousand watches in 1876. There was ultimately a diminution in value to the extent of four hundred and twenty-three thousand pounds in four years. The diminution did not alone arise from fair competition. All European watches introduced to the United States are charged with a duty of 25 per cent. Few manufacturers can stand so heavy a tax. At the same time the poor Swiss had another rival to contend with. The manufacture of watches in the Swiss style had been introduced into Besançon in France, whereby there was a still further limitation of exports from Switzerland.

The question naturally arises, 'What is the difference in the number of watches made by a workman by hand-labour and by a man superintending machinery in the same space of time?' One authority specifies forty watches a year for a workman by hand-labour, and one hundred and fifty watches a year by employing machinery. Mr John Fernie, a civil-engineer, writing to the *Times* (January 11), gives from personal knowledge a considerably higher estimate of the comparative power of machinery. His observations are well worth quoting. 'Having,' he says, 'visited the American Watch Manufactory at Waltham, Massachusetts, last June, on my way to the Exhibition at Philadelphia, I may be permitted to say a few words supplementary to the article in your paper of Friday, on the watch-trade of Switzerland. During my visit the works at Waltham were turning out three hundred and sixty-six watches per day, and were employing somewhere about one thousand hands; and instead of their turning out one hundred and fifty watches per hand per annum, they were turning out at the ratio of one hundred and ninety watches per person employed per annum. Even at the ratio quoted by your correspondent, four hundred and twenty-five watches per day by one thousand three hundred and sixty hands would give one hundred and sixty-two watches per man per annum against the Swiss forty watches per man per annum. Of the thousand hands employed at Waltham, I found at least three-fourths of them were women, and it appeared to be a kind of work peculiarly fitted for them. The whole of the working parts of the watches, the wheels, pinions, axles, screws, and jewels were made by women, by means of the most perfect automatic machinery I have ever seen.' Some of the watchmaking machines were exhibited at Philadelphia. 'But fine as those few machines were, they gave one no idea of the spacious works, the airy, comfortable workrooms, and the perfect sets of machinery, executing in the most exquisite way the numberless details involved in the manufacture of a watch, every one of their pieces duplicates of one another, save and except the holes in the jewels. These as yet it had been found impossible to drill out to such a nicety; but by a series of delicate gauges they are paired and numbered, and each watch is registered, so that in case of an accident, that particular size may be rent out. When it is considered that many of the pieces can only be examined by a microscope, and that each piece is a duplicate of the thousands made except the jewels, the superiority over the hand-made watches is as apparent as that of the modern Enfield rifles over the old brown-bess. The basis of the duplicate system at Waltham lies in a complete series of gauges, ranging from a considerable size to the very smallest dimensions. Having been an early worker myself in the manufacture of duplicate machines and engines on the basis of Sir Joseph Whitworth's scale of the inch divided into thousandths, I was desirous to see how they obtained their scale; and Mr Webster, the able engineer of the Company, informed me he found the thousandth of an inch too coarse a dimension, and the ten-thousandth of an inch too fine; and he was led to divide the millimetre into a hundred parts, and found it a proper proportion for his work; and it is from a series of gauges founded on this system that the whole of the watches are built up and the constant accuracy of all their dimensions maintained. The men employed in the manufactory are principally engaged in keeping the machines in such order as to maintain their proper sizes, and in fitting the watches together and testing them for time-keeping, and in the heavy work of making the cases. As yet the Waltham Watch Company have not gone largely into the manufacture of the very highest class of watches, the great demand being for good time-keepers at a reasonable price; but there is no doubt that while they have developed a system which is driving the Swiss manufacturers out of the market, they have established a system which is equally good for the better class of watches; and unless some English Company undertake the work in a similar way, they will ultimately drive us out of the market too. I need hardly say I have no interest in the Waltham Company except the interest of a mechanical man in the most interesting manufactory I ever visited.'

It is, we think, perfectly clear, from the above and other descriptions, that hand-made watches, unless perhaps of a superior class, requiring exquisite polish and finish by hand, must speedily be driven out of the market by watches made on an unerring automatic principle, and on a wholesale plan by machinery. The only thing the Swiss can do is to adopt the same species of machinery into their manufacture. Great capital and enterprise, however, will be needed to compete with the gigantic concerns springing up in America. In California, by the assistance of Chinese, watchmaking is making great strides. Already, hundreds of thousands of watches are produced annually in the United States; and by establishing trade factories

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in Russia and other countries, the Americans to all appearance will soon have the command of the traffic in watches all over the world. We have not heard of any movement in England likely to counteract this stupendous system of making and dealing in watches. The English apparently rely on the deservedly high character of their finer class of watches, ranging in price from twenty to thirty guineas and upwards. And it may be a long time before the Americans are able to rival them in this department of the trade.

## AN OLD SHOWMAN'S RECOLLECTIONS.

Some fifty years ago I was entered, by permission of my father, a merchant tailor, as a pupil in the Duke of Cumberland's School. Among other branches taught, much attention was given to gymnastics, in which I soon surpassed all my schoolmates, and soon became such a proficient, that our training-master in that branch was dispensed with, and I, though but a boy, took his place. After completing our education, I, along with a select few of my old schoolmates, used to meet at the back of Primrose Hill on the Saturday evenings of summer for the purpose of practising posturing and trying to imitate the gymnastic feats we had seen performed at the fairs in London and the neighbourhood. On these occasions we used frequently to be patronised by 'The Champion Sword-swallower and Fire-king,' who was the proprietor of a penny show in Broad Street, Bloomsbury. The house was swept away when Bloomsbury Street was formed. One day he produced a dagger with a blade of six or seven inches in length, and passed the blade down his throat; and after removing it, challenged us to perform the feat. From my earliest boyhood I have always been somewhat of a dare-devil. I took the dagger, and soon found no difficulty in repeating what he had done.

That evening, on returning home, while my father was at supper, I went into the workroom and began experimenting with the yard-stick. I found that, in jugglers' phrase, I could swallow twenty-one inches of it. I thereupon determined to become the monarch of sword-swallowers; but domestic circumstances put an end for a time to my ambition. Instead of displaying my talents on the boards of a booth, I was compelled by necessity to tread the boards of a merchant-ship in the character of a sailor-boy. My early training at school was of great service to me, for my nimbleness and activity soon raised me high in the captain's favour.

My first appearance in public as a showman was at an entertainment in presence of the officers of the garrison at Tobago. I made a decided hit, and received many presents from them. On returning to England, our ship was wrecked off Margate, and with difficulty I managed to reach the shore, on which I stood the possessor only of a pair of canvas trousers with empty pockets, a belt, and a Guernsey shirt. Some kindly hearted persons presented me with an old straw-hat, a pretty decent pair of boots, and a good dinner. On the strength of the dinner I set out for Brighton, where I expected to find employment with a relative. Luckily the weather was dry and warm. My meals consisted of pilfered turnips, and I found comfortable lodging in the fields. I reached Brighton only to find that my relative was dead. His successor in business, who was a stranger to me, presented me with sixpence, and I then set my face towards London.

One evening I reached *The Thorns*, a small roadside inn at Hawley, in a very exhausted state, for I had passed no turnip-fields since morning. I made up my mind to spend my remaining twopence on a pint of beer, and then to push on for a mile or two and look out for a comfortable hedge-side. I entered the public room of *The Thorns*. It was well filled with jovial farmers, as I afterwards ascertained them to be. I ordered my beer; and when it was brought in, one of the farmers insisted on paying, and ordered the servant to set a plate of bread and cheese before me. After my supper was devoured rather than eaten, another pint of beer was ordered for me, and I was asked by my kind entertainers to oblige them if I could with a song. I readily consented. I sang several songs, performed a few simple sleight-of-hand tricks, and finished up by swallowing half the length of the landlord's walking-cane. I then took my leave; but before I reached the door I was called back and asked where I intended putting up for the night, which was by this time far spent. I stammered out what answer I could; which not satisfying my worthy entertainers, they decided that at their expense I should remain where I was; should be supplied with breakfast, dinner, and tea, and that my beer should not be stinted. On the following evening they again returned, bringing with them a numerous company of their friends, and I went a second time through my performances. They wished me a hearty adieu and gave me a handful of silver.

On arriving in London I looked about for a professional engagement, and was not long in procuring one at a notorious penny theatre, known as Hayden's Gaff, in Newton Street, off Holborn, a short street now filled with handsome warehouses, but in those days a haunt of the vile and worthless of both sexes. My salary was paid nightly, and varied with the number of the audience and the sober or inebriated state of the lessee, manager, and money-taker, all which parts were played by Tom Hayden. From this gaff I emigrated to the Rotunda, now no more, in Blackfriars Road. After appearing at several of the music-halls (O how different from the flash and the flare of those of the present day), I got an appearance for a season at Vauxhall Gardens, which still retained some memories of their aristocratic youthhood.

During all this time I was eking out my means of living by doing odd jobs, for I was Jack-of-all trades. At last I recklessly plunged

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into a showman's life by signing a year's engagement with a Mr Spicer, proprietor and manager of a caravan and a travelling theatre, or in other words a booth; and in his booth I played for the first time before the merry-making lads and lasses at Bartholomew Fair. At this fair I met the sword-swallower of those days, who was then astonishing the audiences at 'Richardson's.' His sword was twenty-eight inches long. The longest sword I have ever performed with is twenty-seven and five-eighth inches. Keene used also to 'swallow' dinner knives and forks, but this was a mere sleight-of-hand trick.

About this time I met with the renowned Ramo Same, the Indian juggler and magician. He was performing at the Coburg (now the Victoria Theatre) in the Borough. He too was a sword-swallower, and very cleverly did he combine deception with reality. He used to come on the stage carrying three naked swords, with which he went through a clever performance. At the termination of this he stuck the swords upright in the stage, to shew the sharpness of their points, then pulling one of them with apparent effort out of the flooring of the stage, he slid it to a considerable depth down his throat. The swallowing part was genuine; but the sword he used for that purpose was provided with a false point, which was left in the wood on withdrawing the blade. I have never seen or heard of any sword-swallowing performed with a keen-edged or sharp-pointed weapon. I may add that Keene had advantage over me, he being the taller by nine inches of the two; and that my capacity of swallow is a marvel to the many leading medical gentlemen before whom, for scientific purposes, I have exhibited.

My engagement with Mr Spicer was rather peculiar. I was a single performer divided into three, and sometimes more. I occasionally appeared in the tragedy or melodrama which was 'supported by the entire strength of the company.' The entire strength numbered half-a-dozen including the driver of the caravan. The legitimate drama was every evening followed by a 'pleasing melange,' in which I made three appearances: first as 'Paul Blanchard the champion sword-swallower of the universe;' then after a brief interval, as 'Monsieur Le Bland the celebrated French acrobat, from the Royal Theatres of Paris;' and third and last, dressed in costume which may be described as a cross between the apparel of a Turkish Pacha and a stage Richard III., I made my bow as 'Victor Delareux the Fire-king, who has performed with great applause before the crowned heads of Europe.' In this character I 'swallowed' handfuls of tow and vomited smoke and flames from my mouth. This trick is easy of performance, and though not dangerous is very disagreeable to the performer. Then followed my feat of drinking boiling oil; which in its turn was followed by a draught of molten lead; and my performance was concluded by a dance, which I performed with my bare feet on a red-hot bar of iron, which I also, in an incandescent state, passed along my bare arms and legs, and licked with my tongue. The 'drinking' of the boiling oil, in which I used to dissolve before the audience a rod of metal, and the drinking of the molten lead, were simple and harmless tricks; and have, as far as my memory serves me, both been described and explained in the early editions of the *Boy's Own Book*, a copy of which was my constant companion thirty years ago and more. The iron bar performance necessitates the employment of a mixture of chemicals, with which the parts exposed to the red-hot metal are anointed. If the bar is not up to red-heat, the feat is dangerous, as the chemicals will not act. The dancing on the bar must be gone through rapidly, the heel of the foot never resting for a moment on the iron.

My acrobatic and fire-king feats I have long since discontinued, and for many years my sword-swallowing has been subordinate to the less romantic business by which I gain my living. Still I am an old showman at heart, and look back with a melancholy pleasure to the days when I wandered about in gipsy fashion boothing and tenting.

## A RESTORED KEEPSAKE.

Lough Swilly, a harbour in the north of Ireland, is celebrated for the beauty of its scenery; but though, when inside the lough, the anchorage is safe, the entrance to the harbour is a very difficult and dangerous one, the coast being what is called iron-bound, and there being several reefs of rocks near the shore quite or partially covered by the sea.

The entrance to Lough Swilly is now protected by lighthouses, one on Fannet Point, and another on Dunree Head; and the various reefs and shoals are marked by buoys in such a manner as to render the entrance to the harbour safe. Formerly it was not so.

In the year 1811 the *Saldanha* frigate, Captain Packenham, was stationed in Lough Swilly as guardship; her usual anchorage was off the little town or rather village of Buncrana; but from time to time she weighed anchor, and cruised for a few days round the coast of the County Donegal. She had been stationed in Lough Swilly so long that some of the officers' wives had come to reside at Buncrana; one or two of the officers and several of the men had even married in the neighbourhood, and all had made friends with the gentry and other inhabitants of the surrounding country.

Early on the morning of the 11th of November the *Saldanha* left the moorings off Buncrana for a three days' cruise round the coast; but though the morning was fine and bright, about noon the weather became dark and lowering; and before the short November day closed, a fearful tempest raged over sea and land. That storm is still remembered as the 'Saldanha Storm;' and some old folks can recount the sad story of the anxious hearts that beat, and eyes that watched through blinding spray and rain for the lights of the returning ship. They were seen at last, not from Buncrana, but from the opposite shore, nearer the mouth of the lough, rapidly drifting into Ballymastocker Bay, along the strand of which the Fannet people eagerly thronged. In this bay there is a dangerous reef of rocks, and on it the ship was seen to strike. If a mighty cry went up, or if any effort was made to save the doomed vessel, no one can now tell. Of that gallant crew, one man only reached the shore alive. Him, the

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wild people (half-wreckers) placed across a horse, after giving him a draught of whisky; but whether it was done in ignorance or in order to hasten his end, could not be proved; suffice it to say, that before he could be taken from the strand to one of the country cabins, he died. Many bodies came ashore from time to time, and were reverently buried in the old churchyard of Rathmullan, where the grave and monument can still be seen. It is told that there were three widows that night in one house in Buncrana, two ladies and their servant.

Years passed by; and when the winter storms swept Lough Swilly, part of the sunken wreck of the *Saldanha* would burst up, and the yellow sands of Ballymastocker Bay be strewn with fragments of her planks and various relics of the unhappy crew. The night of the 6—7th January 1839 was marked by another mighty hurricane, as bad, the old men said, as the 'Saldanha Storm;' and in the morning, when the coast-guards made their rounds, the shores of the bay were strewn from end to end with timbers and broken chests, the *last* of the *Saldanha*.

Among other articles, one of the coast-guardsmen found and brought to his officer's wife a little worked case, such as ladies used to call a thread-paper. It was beautifully made and stitched, and still contained some skeins of sewing-silk and a few rusty needles. On the back were embroidered three initials. I remember the lady, Mrs H——, shewing it to me; and child as I was at the time, I grieved for the sad heart of the embroideress whose loving fingers had set the stitches.

More than twenty years passed away; Mrs H——, who had returned to live in Scotland, and had been left a widow, was spending a few days in the country-house of friends in one of the southern shires. Among the guests was a young gentleman to whom she took a particular fancy. One evening the conversation turned on Ireland and Irish scenery, and Lough Swilly was mentioned. Her young friend seemed much interested, asked some questions about it, and presently said that his mother had lost a brother many years before in Lough Swilly by the wreck of the *Saldanha*. Mrs H—— related all she knew of the circumstances, and finally said she had in her workbox at the moment a relic of the ship; and taking out the thread-paper, asked the uncle's name; which, strangely enough, was found to agree with the three initials embroidered on the little case. It further transpired that her young friend's uncle had been a midshipman on board the ill-fated ship, and was his mother's favourite brother.

Mrs H—— then put the little thread-case into his hand, and told him how she had become possessed of it. 'And now,' she added, 'take that home to your mother; shew it to her, and ask her if she ever saw it before. Should she recognise it, she is very welcome to keep it. If it did not belong to her brother, let me have it again.' The gentleman left next morning for his home; and a few days afterwards Mrs H—— had a letter from him, saying that his mother had at once recognised it as her own work, given to her darling brother when he last had left his home. Surely this relic of one so loved and lost, thus restored after more than fifty years, must have been as precious as though it had been some costly jewel.

## THE REINTERMENT OF JOHN HUNTER.

[From *Poems and Ballads*, by James R. Fergusson, son of Sir William Fergusson, Bart.]

To Frank Buckland, energetic protector of fish in particular, and of all dumb-animal creation, editor of *Land and Water*, son of an eminent geologist a former Dean of Westminster, belongs the merit of having suggested that the remains of John Hunter should be deposited in Westminster Abbey. An order having been issued that all coffins should be removed from the vaults beneath the Church of St Martin's-in-the-Fields, Mr Buckland thought of his great professional brother, long dead, and lying there with no 'storied urn or animated bust' to mark the spot; and in a short time his generous zeal carried to a successful issue all proceedings connected with the 'Reinterment of John Hunter.' The place selected is close below a stone that has the words 'O rare Ben Jonson!' and I may mention that, standing by the open grave, I held in my hand the skull that once contained the witty, learned brain of him who wrote the undying line about Shakspeare:

He was not for an age, but for all time.

Within the walls beneath whose shade
The noblest of our land are laid,
I stood and watched due homage paid
To genius bright—
To one whose fame shall never fade
Nor lose its light.

John Hunter, 'mongst the chief of those
Who study all the earthly woes
That 'gainst our bodies frail are foes,
And wound our breast,
Here in this Abbey finds repose
And honoured rest.

The resting-place that first he found
No fame sufficient did redound,
Though many worthy were around,
Most noble dust.
'Let 's place him here;' that sentence sound,
All thought it just.

And here he lies, the man whose fame
Detraction ne'er can put to shame,
Whose glory well his works can claim—
His works that bear
The impress of his mighty name.
And genius rare.

In mysteries of creation's plan,
In study of his brother man,
His mind all former minds outran,
And far excelled,
And by its strength and mighty span
His views upheld.

A Scot was Hunter, bright the hour,
When Heaven first gave his spirit power
To reach fair Science' highest bower,
And there remain.
May present Scots, in ample shower,
His fame sustain!

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## DERELICTS.

HAS the idea ever occurred to any one that at all times there are ships of one kind or other floating about at sea without a living creature on board? They have been abandoned by their officers and crew in what seemed a hopeless condition. Some are dismantled and mere hulks. Some are swimming keel upwards. Some are water-logged, but being laden with timber will not sink. There they are driving hither and thither on the ocean, as wind and waves direct, a dread to the mariner, who may unawares come against them in the dark. We remember seeing an account of one of these *derelicts*, as they are called, being fallen in with after having been abandoned for weeks. It was water-logged up to the very deck, and sitting on a scrap of the exposed bulwarks was a poor cat, still alive, in the last degree of attenuation. We have often with commiseration thought of that accidentally deserted cat, its hunger, its misery, its hopelessness night and day in the midst of the dreary and spacious ocean. How the creature must have been delighted when rescued from its floating prison! Occasionally derelicts are taken in tow and brought into port, where they are broken up, or if of any value, are reclaimed by owners, to whom they are delivered on a payment of 'salvage.'

We are going to speak of a kind of derelicts out of ordinary experience.

On the 17th of September 1855, while sailing in the American whaler *George Henry*, in Davis's Strait, and when about forty miles from Cape Mercy, Captain Buddington descried a vessel having something peculiar in her appearance. No signals were hoisted, none answered, and no crew visible when he approached. Going on board, he found no living being in the ship; but in the best cabin were documents declaring the abandonment of the ship, and explaining the circumstances under which it had taken place. The wastrel, the treasure-trove, the lost-found, was the famous *Resolute*, whose story we shall tell presently.

Jurists and legislators have had to determine the ownership of property that seems for the time to belong to no one. *Derelict* is the lawyers' name for such property, so far at anyrate as regards abandoned ships. Where a crew merely quit their ship to obtain assistance, or for any other temporary purpose, it is not derelict: they intend to return; but when the master and crew abandon her without hope of recovery, she becomes ownerless for a time, and then falls to the lot of the finder. Not necessarily to keep, however, but, as has been said, to hold as a claim for salvage from the crown, the owners, or the underwriters. If the solitary ship is found near any coast, there is generally some claim put forth by the owner of the sea-shore, whether the owner be government or a private individual; but when out in the open sea, far distant from land, international maritime law may have to settle the matter. In practice, however, very little of this takes place; a ship really abandoned out in mid-ocean is seldom worth the expense of repair; the finders and salvors regard it chiefly in the light of saleable old materials; and the derelict, if it be taken in tow or otherwise navigated to port by its discoverers, usually finds its way into the hands of the ship-breaker.

A curious inquiry it would be, How many abandoned ships are at this moment locked up in densely packed ice? No great difficulty will be felt in understanding that derelicts have a peculiar history in the Arctic regions. When a ship is left forlorn in any sea or ocean, the probability is that fire or leakage has rendered the abandonment necessary as the only chance of escape for passengers and crew. Or it may be that the ship has been cast upon some coast or outlying rock, and so become tenantless. In the intricate channels of the frozen regions, on the contrary, a ship may be in a sound condition, but so hopelessly hemmed in on all sides with huge floes and fields of ice, that the crew would have exhausted all their food and necessaries of life before liberation comes; they quit the luckless vessel, and wend their way by sledge or by boat to regions of civilisation.

Many of the illustrative instances of this kind

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of derelict are exceedingly interesting. In 1821 Lieutenants Parry and Lyon, in the *Fury* and *Hecla*, encountered such terrible difficulties that the first-named ship was nipped and then wrecked; the crew fortunately were able to reach the *Hecla*, which after a time returned home with a double company of officers and men. The *Fury* was derelict, but not the stores, as we shall presently see. In 1829 Captains John and James Ross started on the expedition which was destined to last till 1833. What they suffered during four successive winters, their narrative told in moving terms. They lost their ship, and would in all probability have perished from starvation, had it not been that they were able to reach Fury Beach, and there avail themselves of the provisions which the wrecked *Fury* had on board. This ship, as well as that which had been under the Rosses, probably fell to pieces by degrees, in a grave of ice or water or both.

Poor Sir John Franklin's fate will always be bound up in our recollection with that of the *Erebus* and *Terror*. It is pretty generally known to our readers that those two ships left England in 1845, under Captains Crozier and Fitzjames, with Franklin in supreme command over both; that they wintered near the south-east entrance of Wellington Channel; and that when the summer heat of 1846 had sufficiently melted the ice, they proceeded south through Regent Inlet to the west side of King William Land. They were hopelessly and helplessly iced in for the remainder of that year, all through 1847, and on into 1848. Poor Franklin succumbed to illness, anxiety, cold, and disease, and died on the 11th of June 1847. Seeing no hope of extricating the ships, and worn down by every kind of privation, Crozier and Fitzjames abandoned the *Erebus* and *Terror* on the 26th of April 1848, accompanied by the remainder of both crews —numbering in all somewhat over one hundred souls. How many of them reached King William Land and Montreal Island, in sledges or on foot, we shall probably never know; but certain it is that not one of the hapless men was ever again seen by Europeans; whether any of the Eskimo met them or saw them, is doubtful. There were the two deserted ships, left to fate to decide whether they would ever again be liberated from their icy home, and enabled to render useful service. Rumours were communicated in later years by the Eskimo to some whaling crews that two ships had been iced up for several winters: supposed to have been the *Erebus* and *Terror*.

In 1850 Captain M'Clure commenced the famous voyage which, though it led to the abandonment of the good ship *Investigator*, enabled him to be the first commander who really effected the North-west Passage. (Whether he was the first to *discover* it, is a question on which much controversy has arisen.) Sailing down the Atlantic to Cape Horn, up the Pacific to Behring's Strait, and through the Frozen Sea to Banks Land, he there passed three frightfully severe winters, from the autumn of 1850 to the spring of 1853. There he quitted his trusty but ice-bound ship; and there, so far as human testimony goes, the *Investigator* still is, in Mercy Bay. In imminent peril of starvation, M'Clure and his gallant crew were compelled to this abandonment; they sledged over the ice to Melville Island, where fortunately they met with another expedition, and safety was insured. This other expedition, the most remarkable of all for derelict, comes next for notice.

Sir Edward Belcher, at a time when the public anxiety about the unknown fate of Franklin was most intense, was in 1852 placed in command of an expedition more complete than any that had been previously despatched to those regions. It comprised the *Resolute* under Captain Kellett, the *Intrepid* under Captain M'Clintock, the *Pioneer* under Captain Sherard Osborn, the *Assistance* under Belcher himself, and two or three auxiliary vessels. We have not here to tell how it arose that the ships made few or no discoveries, and disappointed the government in more ways than one. The sledgings, however, were splendid; and it was a joy to all that the expedition brought M'Clure and his crew safely back to their native land. Never were officers more deeply disappointed than when Belcher commanded them, one after another, to abandon their ships in 1854. He had been out two winters; some of the ships had been long ice-bound; and the sense he entertained of his responsibility impelled him to adopt a step which certainly could not have been adopted willingly. He ordered Kellett to abandon the immovable *Resolute*, M'Clintock the *Intrepid*, and Sherard Osborn the *Pioneer;* he himself abandoned the *Assistance;* and the officers and crews of all four ships obtained a passage to England in such other vessels as happened to be available in the autumn of 1854. Not only so, but they also brought with them M'Clure and the crew of the *Investigator* (as denoted in the last paragraph). Out of these five abandoned ships four have never, so far as we are aware, been since seen by Europeans. They may perchance be iced up still, or have fallen to pieces by repeated shocks from masses of ice loosened during the brief summers. One at Mercy Bay in Banks Land, two off the shores of Melville Island, two in Wellington Channel— such were the localities of the derelicts. Perhaps some future explorers will tell us something of four of these brave old weather-beaten craft, of which, for more than twenty years, we have known nothing.

Not so concerning the fifth. And here we are brought to the deeply interesting episode of derelict briefly indicated at the beginning of this paper. Judging from such facts as appear reliable, it is probable that the ice around the *Resolute* loosened somewhat during the autumn of 1854; that she was drifted slowly by the current until another winter nipped her, and held her ice-bound at some point nearer the entrance to Baffin's Bay; that she was again loosened in the summer of 1855, and drifted leisurely down Davis's Strait to the point where Captain Buddington espied the wanderer. Two facts are certainly known: that the distance drifted could not have been less than a thousand miles, from Melville Island through Barrow Strait, Lancaster Sound, and Baffin's Bay to Davis's Strait; and that four hundred and seventy-four days elapsed between the abandonment and the

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recovery. The tough old ship was still sound; a little water had entered the hold, and a few perishable articles had decayed, but in other respects the *Resolute* appeared not much the worse for her strange voyage.

When the English government heard of this remarkable recovery of the old weather-beaten craft, they at once waived any right or claim they may have had to it, and surrendered it to Captain Buddington and his crew as the salvors. After nearly a year had elapsed since the recovery, an Act of Congress was passed, empowering the United States government to expend forty thousand dollars (about eight thousand pounds) in the purchase of the ship and its trappings from the fortunate finders, and the presentation of it to England as a graceful act on the part of the Great Republic. The plan was excellently carried into effect. In one of the American navy yards the *Resolute* was thoroughly overhauled, the defects repaired, all the equipments and stores replaced—even the officers' books, pictures, and miscellaneous articles returned exactly to the places they had occupied in the cabins. Captain Hartstein, of the United States navy, was commissioned to bring the ship to England. He arrived near Cowes shortly before the close of the year 1856; the Queen, the Prince Consort, and other members of the royal family went on board and inspected the old *Resolute*. The royal visitors having taken their departure, the vessel was towed into Portsmouth harbour amid much gay ceremonial, and was handed over to the authorities of the dockyard. Early in 1857 Captain Hartstein and his companions returned to America. It is mortifying to have to read that, owing to some niggardliness at the Admiralty, or perhaps more correctly that want of sentiment in English officials, we gave a shabby return for a graceful act. The *Resolute* should have been maintained as a memento of a most remarkable episode, even if not actually employed in further service; instead of this, the ship was dismantled and converted into a mere hulk!

Another derelict was the *Advance*. This vessel, provided by the munificence of an American merchant, Mr Grinnell, was placed under the command of Dr Kane, and sent northward in 1853 to search for Franklin. Kane made an historically famous progress up Smith Sound to such a latitude as to bring that route into favour among Arctic explorers. The return journey was, however, a terrible one. After two winterings in the ice he abandoned his poor ship in April 1855, and made a three months' sledge-journey to the Danish settlements in Greenland. Has the *Advance* ever been seen by later explorers; has it been iced up for twenty-two years; or have shocks and nippings shattered it to fragments?

The *Polaris*, connected with an American expedition, was abandoned in October 1872, and the officers and crew returned to the United States by boats. Storms, driftings, and other calamities led to a division of the crew into two parties. One worked their way down Davis's Strait, or were drifted thither, and were picked up in April 1873 by the *Tigress*, off the coast of Labrador; the others, making boats out of some of the timbers of the *Polaris*, managed to reach the eastern side of Baffin's Bay, where they were picked up by the *Ravenscraig* whaler in the autumn of the same year. The poor *Polaris* scarcely deserved the name of a derelict; for only portions of a hull were left stranded on a coast of the icy sea.

One more example, and this also from the Arctic regions. In 1872 the Austrians did excellent work in furtherance of maritime research by fitting out a private expedition in the small ship *Tegetthoff*, under the management of Lieutenants Weyprecht and Payer. Instead of taking the Baffin's Bay and Smith Sound route, the *Tegetthoff* coasted round Norway to Nova Zembla, and wintered off that island. Instead of being free to sail in the following summer, the ship was fast locked in an ice-floe from which she could not be extricated, and drifted when the floe drifted. Luckily the drift was just in the direction which the explorers wished to go, almost due north. They came most unexpectedly to a group of islands until then totally unknown, the largest of which they named Franz Josef Land, in honour of the Emperor of Austria. They wintered in the high latitude of eighty-one degrees north, and made excellent sledge-expeditions in the spring of 1874, an account of which, together with other interesting details, was given last month in this *Journal*. Returning to the *Tegetthoff*, they found her still immovably fixed in the ice. A prospect of exhausted stores and provisions led to a resolution to abandon the ship; this was done in the summer; and a boat-voyage of three months brought the hardy adventurers to the mainland in the autumn of the same year. We cannot help fancying that the abandoned ship will one day fall into friendly hands; and if it does, the salvors will find many interesting things on board; for the crew brought away as little as possible with them, in order not to overload the boats. Meanwhile the *Tegetthoff* is 'waiting till called for.'

## THE LAST OF THE HADDONS.

### CHAPTER IX.—ARTHUR TRAFFORD'S CHIVALRY.

WHEN the first hurry and excitement was over, I found that the duties I had to perform were anything but arduous in a house like Mr Farrar's. I had only to see the genteel solemn undertaker, and give him a *carte blanche* to furnish the best—out of respect for what I knew would be Mr Farrar's wishes, I did not add, 'and the plainest'—as it is becoming good taste to do. It was equally easy to arrange with the milliners and dressmakers, &c. They all seemed to know precisely what the size of the house required, and assured me in a few hushed words that everything should be in the best taste, and the servants' mourning all that was proper for such an occasion; every shade of difference in position being duly considered. Moreover, the question of my own mourning, which had somewhat puzzled me, was settled upon at once, in a way which would have not a little amused me had the occasion been a different one. 'Friend staying in the house—chaperon of Miss Farrar's—everything would be found quite correct.'

During the next few days, Lilian did not allude to the revelation made by her dying father. I believe she was at the time too much absorbed in grief to be able to realise anything beyond

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the one fact that she had lost him. Mr Farrar had been a loving indulgent father; and though for the first fifteen years of her life she had seen very little of him, that little had shewn her all that was best in his nature, and given her faith in him.

On coming to live at the great palace he had built, she found herself treated like a princess in a fairy tale, surrounded with luxury, the richest gifts showered upon her, a host of attendants ready to obey her slightest whim, and above all, the orthodox Prince Charming to lay his heart at her feet. It was natural enough that her grief should be strong for the loss of the father, to whom she owed all this; as well as a love which was itself stronger and deeper than is lavished upon all daughters.

I did not attempt any commonplaces in the way of condolence; just in a quiet, undemonstrative way made her feel that a friend was near, and trusted to the first terrible anguish wearing itself out. With poor Mrs Tipper it was different, though I knew her grief was in its way just as genuine as Lilian's. I saw that it did her real good to moan and cry, and talk over her brother's goodness, generosity, wonderful cleverness, and so forth; and fully indulged her when she and I were alone. I am glad to believe that I was of some service to both in the time of need.

Mr Farrar had no immediate relations to be bidden to the funeral. Mrs Tipper hesitatingly mentioned something about a cousin in the 'green-grocery line;' but presently opined that perhaps 'dear Jacob' might object; and he was dropped out of notice. Major Maitland, Lilian's uncle on her mother's side, who promised to attend 'if possible;' Arthur Trafford; Robert Wentworth; and the doctor and lawyer, were to be the followers at the funeral.

I saw more of Arthur Trafford during that week of seclusion than I had previously done; and I was more than ever dissatisfied with him. For the first few days, Lilian kept her room, almost prostrate from the shock which had come upon her at a time when she was so entirely unprepared. I think too that it would have appeared to her almost like irreverence for the dead to listen to love-speeches just then. Nevertheless, she might have been expected to turn to him for comfort, and I thought it significant that she did not do so. I acted as messenger between them; and if I had had a very high opinion of Arthur Trafford before, I should have lost it now. The one only thing I could see in him to respect was his love for Lilian. It was not his lack of love for her, but his too evident love for something else, which offended me. It might be that I was not marked 'dangerous' in his estimation, now that circumstances were altered, and that therefore he was more unguarded with me. I can only say he appeared to very great disadvantage under the new aspect of affairs. In our first interview after Mr Farrar's death, I saw that he was thinking a great deal more of the large fortune which would revert to Lilian than anything besides.

'So I hear there is no will, Miss Haddon?'

'You have made inquiries already then!' was my mental comment. I knew that the fact was not public property yet, and that he must have taken some pains to find it out.

'I believe not, Mr Trafford,' I coldly returned.

But my coldness was not of the slightest importance. He was too much absorbed in the one thought to notice my manner of speaking.

'And Lilian inherits without restrictions of any kind. Just the kind of man to have made all sorts of unpleasant complications—meant to do it too—and now my darling is unfettered!'

And in his gratification, he so far forgot the *convenances* as to whistle softly to himself, whilst he carefully readjusted one of Nasmyth's little gems, which hung slightly aslant upon the wall.

'She says she knows how much you are sympathising with her just now, Mr Trafford.'

He coloured to his temples as he replied: 'Of course I am, Miss Haddon. It's—it's a great loss, make the best of it, to an only child; and it came upon her so suddenly, poor girl.' Adding, a little consciously (I daresay it was not pleasant to have me silently eyeing him as I was doing), 'Tell her, please, that I am longing to do what I may to comfort her—beg her, for my sake to keep up. It will never do to let her get low and desponding, you know. Hers is a nature of the tendril kind—so entirely dependent upon those she loves.'

'I do not think so, Mr Trafford; and I do not think that those she loves will find it so. At any-rate, she does not give *me* the idea of being weak.'

'I meant only the kind of delicacy which accompanies refinement, and which is so charming in a woman, Miss Haddon;' adding a little more pointedly than was necessary, I thought: 'such fragility as arouses the chivalry of men.'

'As the chivalry is dying out, I must hope that the exciting cause is getting scarcer, Mr Trafford.'

We eyed each other a moment, and then tacitly agreed for an armed truce. I left him, and went to Lilian's room with lagging steps and a heavy heart.

'Arthur feels it terribly,' she said, lifting her eyes to mine as I entered the room; fortunately for me, taking it as a matter of course that he did. 'Dear papa was so good to him.'

'He hopes you will bear up for his sake, dear Lilian.'

'I will, indeed I will. Tell him he shall not find me selfish by-and-by.'

Still no allusion to the one subject which was engrossing all my thoughts. It was not until the evening after the funeral that she approached it, and then she waited until she and I were alone, before doing so. Flushing painfully, and with downcast eyes, she hesitatingly begun: 'Have you been thinking of—of what dear papa told us—that night, Mary?'

'Yes, dear, I have; a great deal.'

'I am so thankful that you and you only were present.' She paused a few moments, and I tried to help her.

'I think that there is no doubt—you have a sister, and that the packet, which I have taken care of, is intended for her, Lilian.' Taking it from my desk, I shewed her the words on it in her father's handwriting: 'Quarter's allowance due 24th for Marian;' with an address, 'Mrs Pratt, Green Street, Islington.'

'Marian! Yes; that was the name,' she murmured.

'I have since found out that she was born three or four years before Mr Farrar was married to your mother, Lilian.'

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A bright hope sprang to her eyes. 'Perhaps he was married before, Mary?'

'I do not think that is likely, or it would be known. But I know you will none the less do what is just and right.'

'I shall *all the more* do what is right—I owe her so much more. If wrong has been done, it is for me to make what reparation I can. And—Mary, try to always remember how anxious he was to'—— She broke down; an expression in her face which shewed how deep was the wound which her loving, sensitive nature had received. Her grief was so much the harder to bear, for the knowledge that her dead was less perfect than she had believed him to be. She was already obliged to plead for him.

I knew that fragile as she looked, and tender and yielding as she had hitherto seemed, it arose more from humility at finding herself blessed as ordinary mortals rarely are, than from any lack of strength. We had not seen the best of Lilian Farrar yet. Least of all, did her lover know her. Already I could have given a better reason for loving her than he could have done.

She was musing over the address: 'Mrs Pratt, Green Street, Islington.' 'Is that where—my sister is staying, do you think, Mary? Would it not be better to go there?'

'Would you like me to go for you, Lilian?'

For a moment she looked not a little relieved by the suggestion; but after a little reflection, appeared to put the temptation to avail herself of it, aside.

'Not if I ought to go myself. Do you think that I ought to do so, Mary?'

I replied with a question: 'What do you intend to do when you have found Marian' (sister did not come readily to my lips, and I used the name instead), 'my darling?'

'Ask her to come to live here, and do all I can to make up for the wrong done to her mother'—in a low, but clear and decided tone.

Even at that moment, with her grief so fresh upon her, though it cost her a sharp agony to use the word, she called it a 'wrong.' But although my sympathies were entirely with her, I thought it right to remind her of one thing.

'There is the possibility that she may not be the kind of companion you would desire to have always with you, Lilian.'

'I want to do right, Mary,' she replied, putting my little attempt at sophistry aside.

I nevertheless made one more little feeble protest on the side of expediency. 'There are your aunt and Mr Trafford also to be considered, you know.'

'I want to do what is right,' she repeated. In her faith and inexperience, she had no misgivings as to their concurrence in all that was right; or if she had doubts with regard to one, she would not allow so much to herself.

'Therefore I think you ought not to make up your mind too decidedly as to what it will be right to do, until you have seen her—then perhaps you might trust to your instincts.'

'And, Mary,' she said, a little consciously, 'I think I would rather not name it to any one but you, until everything is settled. We can explain to auntie and Arthur afterwards, you know.'

I believed that auntie was included to make it appear less personal. She would not have hesitated a moment about taking the dear little lady into her confidence; but she *did* hesitate about telling her lover, until it would be too late to undo what was done, though she would not acknowledge so much.

'Very well, dear; we will go together as soon as you feel quite equal to it. We might go up to town by the twelve o'clock train some morning, and take a cab from the terminus to Islington.'

'I am equal to it now, Mary; and I shall not rest until we have been.'

I saw that nothing would be gained by delay—her anxiety would only increase, and therefore promptly acceded.

'Shall we say to-morrow, Lilian?'

'Yes, please.'

I quietly made the necessary arrangements; and just before we were setting forth, told Mrs Tipper that Lilian and I were going to town upon business, and that we would tell her all about it on our return. She was very easily satisfied; falling in with my opinion that it could do Lilian no harm, and might do her good, to be obliged to take some interest in the outside world; too single-minded to suspect more than the words told her. Single-minded! The rarest and best quality I have known during my checkered life—the one quality above all others which I have learned to respect, is single-mindedness. It may not always accompany large intellect, though I believe the very largest is never without it, and it is rather looked down upon by the world in general. Single-minded people are proverbially the butts of the Talleyrands of society; though the latter are more frequently baffled by them than they are willing to allow.

I saw what the effort cost Lilian—how painfully she shrank from doing what she nevertheless would not allow herself to depute another to do—as she sat with me white and still in the railway carriage. It did me real good to see her rise to the occasion in this way; and it bore out my previously formed opinion of her capability. I was also glad to feel that I was of some little use to her. Respecting the result of our errand I was not so much at ease. What was this sister? Would she be found worthy the devotion and self-sacrifice of such as Lilian? and if not, would it be given the latter to see that it would be unwise to bring her to Fairview? Until I saw the sister, I would make no attempt to bias Lilian's judgment, trusting more to her instinct than my own wisdom in the matter. Moreover, although I knew that Mrs Tipper would easily enough be brought to see that right was right, I was by no means so sure that Arthur Trafford would be found equally amenable. Even should he approve of Lilian's recognition of a strange sister, he was not at all likely to approve of her being brought to reside at Fairview. I knew that he meant to press for an early marriage; and I knew that he was not the man to take kindly to the idea of a stranger living with them, whatever her claims might be. But I kept my doubts and fears to myself; preserving a calm face for Lilian's eyes. More than once the thought crossed my mind that the daughter he had only designated as 'Marian' might be married, and was in fact the Mrs Pratt to whom the address on the packet referred. In such case, it would be easy enough to do right without bringing about any unpleasant complications. The address seemed, I fancied, to indicate a poor

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neighbourhood; and if 'Marian' should prove to be the wife of a struggling man, a portion of Mr Farrar's wealth could not be better employed than in giving him some assistance.

## MAN ON MAN.

THE sayings of men of thought may be termed the work of their lives, and form an imperishable monument of their wisdom. It would be imagined that nothing then would be easier than to string them together like beads upon a string to produce a book of great value and beauty. Without some wisdom, however, on the part of the collector, or at all events, an intelligent sympathy, this cannot be done, though it has been often tried, with much effect. Indeed, some of the stupidest works that have ever been published have appeared under the title of 'Beauties,' 'Selections,' 'Sayings,' &c., and have injured as far as possible the memories of those great men whom it was their object to embalm. To 'form a collection' from natural history, it is requisite that a man should not only possess the articles in question, but know how to arrange them both in order and by contrast; and knowledge of this kind is almost as necessary to one who would collect the wisest thoughts of the wisest thinkers. In *Human Nature*,* by Mr Mitchell, we have a little volume, which if not perfect, is at least the best book of the kind which has come under our notice. It deals, as the title would imply, with only one subject, but that one of great extent, and of the most paramount importance to us—namely, Ourselves. It makes no pretence of stating any dogmatic truth, but simply gives the utterances of those who have devoted their lives to finding the truth. Often at variance and sometimes in direct opposition to one another, they are nevertheless almost all worthy of regard; and since they concern themselves with our own 'virtues, vices, manners, follies, sufferings, interests, and duties,' can scarcely fail to command our attention.

In the definitions of Mankind, in general, the variety strikes one at least as much as the ingenuity. 'Man is a microcosm;' 'the cooking animal;' 'the animal that makes exchanges;' 'the animal that makes tools, &c.' They all appear, notwithstanding their general acceptance, as more or less affected, strained, and incomprehensive. What, asks Pascal, 'is the utility of even Plato's definition of man: "An animal with two legs without feathers?" Does a man lose his humanity by losing his legs? or does a capon acquire it by being stripped of its feathers?' Thus does one philosopher fall foul of another. But when we pass from the definition to the moral description of the human race, the agreement is remarkable, and that among wholly different types of mind.

> How poor! how rich! how abject! how august!
> How complicate! how wonderful! is man,

says Young. And commenting on the same inconsistency, Pope sings:

> Created half to rise and half to fall,
> Great lord of all things; yet a prey to all;
> Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled,
> The glory, jest, and riddle of the world.

A modern poet, Swinburne, follows still on the same side, in prose: 'After all, man is man; he is not wicked, and he is not good; by no means white as snow; but by no means black as a coal; black *and* white, piebald, striped, dubious.' These ideas, so curiously similar in three such different minds, may seem to set at nought the dreams of the perfectibility of our species; but at the same time there is nothing in them to corroborate the gloomy verdict of Buckle, that 'we cannot assume in the present state of our knowledge that there has been any permanent improvement in the moral or intellectual faculties of man.'

The above is one of the most depressing statements a philosopher has ever made; but it seems to us to be directly contradicted by an even still greater name. 'I have long felt,' says Mill, 'that the prevailing tendency to regard all the marked distinctions of human character as innate and in the main indelible, is one of the chief hindrances to the rational treatment of great social questions, and one of the great stumbling-blocks to human improvement.' On the other hand, a thinker of quite another sort, Francis Galton, exclaims: 'I have no patience with the hypothesis, occasionally expressed and often implied, especially in tales written to teach children to be good, that babies are born pretty much alike, and that the sole agencies in creating differences between boy and boy, and man and man, are steady application and moral effort.' Where philosophers thus differ, we do not pretend to say which is true; but there is no doubt as to which opinion would suggest industry and which sloth. Indeed, Mr Galton's views if carried to their full length would approach to fatalism, and might almost be placed beside the famous song of Messrs Moody and Sankey:

> Doing is a deadly thing; doing ends in death.

Oliver Wendell Holmes has described the various intellects of man (but without going into the hereditary question) with as much wit as truth: 'One-story intellects, two-story intellects, three-story intellects with skylights. All fact collectors who have no aim beyond their facts are one-story men. Two-story men compare, reason, generalise, using the labours of the fact collectors as well as their own. Three-story men idealise, imagine, predict; their best illumination comes from above through the skylight. . . . Poets are often narrow below, incapable of clear statement, and with small power of consecutive reasoning, but full of light, if sometimes rather bare of furniture, in the attics.'

The desire to lay field to field and house to house has been the ruin of some great minds; but

* *Human Nature: a Mosaic of Sayings, Maxims, Opinions, and Reflections on Life and Character.* By David Mitchell. Smith, Elder, & Co.

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it is generally an attribute of the small. A few have almost no other vice save that of acquisitiveness. A whole nation indeed is said to be characterised by it. 'The Dutch,' writes John Foster, 'seem very happy and comfortable, certainly; but it is the happiness of animals. In vain do you look among them for the sweet breath of hope and advancement. . . . There is gravity enough, but it is the gravity of a man who despises gaiety, without being able to rise by contemplation. The love of money always creates a certain coarseness in the moral texture, either of a nation or an individual.' This last remark has certainly an application on the other side of the Atlantic. It is true that Goethe says that 'English pride is invulnerable, because it is based on the majesty of money;' but he does not refer to the mean desire of gain. He has elsewhere indeed expressed himself with some favour on the national character: 'Is it then derivation, or their soil, or their free constitution, or national education—who can tell?—but it is a fact that the English appear to have the advantage of many other nations. There is in them nothing turned and twisted, and no half-measures and after-thoughts. Whatever they are, they are always *complete* men. Sometimes they are complete fools, I grant you; but even their folly is a folly of some substance and weight.'

The opinions of man on women are, as might be expected, even more various than those pronounced upon their own sex. But even these are not without a certain congruity. It is rare to find a complete 'irreconcilable,' such as John Knox, who thus delivers himself: 'To promote a woman to bear rule, superiority, dominion, or empire, above any realm, nation, or city, is repugnant to nature, contumely to God, a thing most contrary to His revealed will and approved ordinance; and finally, it is the subversion of good order, of all equity and justice.' This would be now thought little short of treason; but there is no doubt that Knox had a certain particular queen in his mind when he made those very strong observations. Among the French philosophers, there is a wonderful unanimity concerning the fair sex, and not altogether in accordance with the proverbial gallantry of their nation.

La Bruyère says: 'Women for the most part have no principles, as men understand the word. They are guided by their feelings, and have full faith in their guide. Their notions of propriety and impropriety, right and wrong, they get from the little world embraced by their affections.' Alphonse Karr says: 'Never attempt to prove anything to a woman: she believes only according to her feelings. Endeavour, then, to please and persuade: she may yield to the person who reasons with her, not to his arguments. She will listen to the strongest, the most unanswerable proofs, enough to silence an assembly of learned theologians; and when you have done she will reply, with the utmost unconcern, and in perfect good faith: "Well, and what has all that to do with the matter?"'

It is probable that both these last philosophers were 'very much married.' No one, however, that is capable of anything beyond a superficial judgment has ever imagined that the French have a genuine respect for women. Their sayings about them are very severe. 'Whenever two women form a friendship, it is merely a coalition against a third,' writes Karr; and even Rochefoucauld confesses, 'Most women care little about friendship; they find it insipid as soon as they have known what it is to love.' 'No woman is pleased,' asserts Octave Feuillet, 'at being told by a man that he loves her like a sister.' At the same time, our Parisian philosophers give every credit to female attractions. 'Do not flatter yourself,' says one, 'because you have studied, and possibly understand all that is to be understood of womankind, you are safe against their wiles. A word, a look, from one of them may make you forget in a twinkling of an eye all your boasted knowledge.' It is like escaping into the fresh air from some brilliant but unhealthy scene to read, after these cynical assertions, what an American essayist (who ought to have been an Englishman) has to say upon this same subject: 'A woman who does not carry about with her a halo of good feeling wherever she goes, an atmosphere of grace, mercy, and peace, of at least six feet radius, which wraps every human being upon whom she is pleased to bestow her presence, and gives him the comfortable belief that she is rather glad than otherwise that he is alive, may do well enough to hold discussions with, but is not worth talking to—as a woman.' This is almost as great a general compliment as Steele's well-known eulogy on Lady Elizabeth Hastings was a particular one: 'To behold her is an immediate check on loose behaviour, and to love her is a liberal education.'

It is curious that no sages in the least agree in their definitions of genius, nor can even express what they mean by it with distinctness, which is perhaps a proof of its transcendent and mysterious power. Of originality, however, it is well remarked by Opie that 'it is most seen in the young. It is a mistake to suppose that artists [and he might have added authors] go on improving to the last, or nearly so; on the contrary, they put their best ideas into their first works, which all their lives they have been qualifying themselves to undertake, and which are the natural fruit of their combined genius, training, circumstances, and opportunities. What they gain afterwards in correctness and refinement, they lose in originality and vigour.'

A very fine addendum or paraphrase of the line, 'The proper study of mankind is man,' has been given by Professor Huxley: 'Whence our race has come; what are the limits of our power over Nature, and of Nature's powers over us; to what goal we are tending—are the problems which present themselves anew, and with undiminished interest, to every man born into the world.' It seems to us a somewhat too lenient conclusion that Hazlitt has come to when he says, 'A single bad action does not condemn a man, nor a single bad habit.' For a single action, not to mention a habit, may be easily so bad—such as torturing a living creature for the pleasure of it—as to condemn him altogether. Our philosophers, however, do not generally err on the side of charity, except, perhaps, when admitting the force of circumstances. 'Tell me your age and your income,' says Balzac, 'and I will tell you your opinions;' and is it not our own Becky Sharp who has observed, 'Anybody could be good with three thousand a year.'

Hobbes (of all people!) makes this significant remark concerning our Saviour: 'The evangelists tell us that Christ knew anger, joy, sorrow, pity, hunger, thirst, fear, and weariness; but neither

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prophet, historian, apostle, nor evangelist speaks of his laughing.'

We find under the head of 'the Senses' a curious modern fallacy of the Faculty in the mouth of Charles Lamb. 'Take away the candle,' he says, 'from the smoking man; by the glimmering light of the ashes he knows that he is still smoking, but he knows it only by an inference, till the restored light, coming in aid of the olfactories, reveals to both senses the full aroma.' This idea of smoking not being enjoyable in the dark is shared by even men of science; whereas it is certain that blind men (for example, Professor Fawcett) are not only fond of smoking, but delicate in their perceptions as to the quality of the tobacco. Another fallacy of a different kind—namely, that it is well to tell your friends of their faults—is thus extinguished by Sydney Smith: 'Very few friends will bear this; if done at all, it must be done with infinite management and delicacy. If the evil is not very alarming, it is better to let it alone.'

A general favourite in society is usually thought to be an exceptionally clever and cultivated person; but this is not in fact the case. 'A delicacy of taste,' says David Hume, 'is favourable to love and friendship, by confining our choice to few people, and making us indifferent to the company and conversation of the greater part of men. . . . One that has well digested his knowledge, both of books and men, has little enjoyment but in the company of a few select companions.'

Of the superiority of Nature over Art, Byron has a fine saying: 'I never yet saw the picture or the statue which came within a league of my conception or expectation; but I have seen many mountains, and seas, and rivers, and views, and one or two women, who went as far beyond it.' Burns has stated that we have not the gift of seeing ourselves as others see us; but Canning tells us that we at least desire it: 'Prevalent as every species of curiosity is, there is none which has so powerful an influence over every man as the desire of knowing what the world thinks of him; and there is none of which the gratification is in general so heartily repented of.' This is severe; but not so harsh as Mirabeau, who said of Lafayette, who loved popular applause, 'He deserves a certain renown; he has done a great deal with the humble means with which Nature furnished him.'

One statement in Mr Mitchell's book will be hailed with universal satisfaction, if, as Thackeray tells us, nine-tenths of our population are 'snobs;' it is a sort of apology for toadyism, and rests upon no less an authority than that of Adam Smith: 'Our obsequiousness to our superiors more frequently arises from our admiration of the advantages of their situation than from any private expectations of benefit from their good-will.' It is certainly some kind of comfort to consider that this general suppleness of the back, however mean may be its motive, does not arise from mere sordid self-interest.

Just as it is understood that all self-made men begin the world with half-a-crown in their pocket, so it is reported that all great men leave the world with some admirable sentiment in their mouths. 'William Pitt said something in his last moments. His physician (a gentleman, we suppose, of Tory proclivities) made it out to be, "Save my country, Heaven." His nurse said that he asked for barley-water.'

Curiously enough, the famous saying of the Swedish chancellor concerning the ease with which the world is governed, is not in the present collection; but there is a comparatively unknown remark by Vauvenargues that merits quotation: 'It is the easiest thing in the world for men in good positions to appropriate to their own use and credit the knowledge and ability of inferiors.' Of the truth of this there are very many modern instances. Whenever a person of rank without abilities is placed in power, and to the surprise of everybody, does not make a complete failure, his friends say: 'Ah, but he has good *administrative capacity*;' and Vauvenargues has told us what it means.

To shew the comprehensiveness of the plan which our author has adopted in this excellent selection, we may mention that between a reflection of Carlyle's and a quotation from the Persian poet Sadi, appears this maxim: 'Some people have money and no brains; others have brains and no money;' which is widely known as the motto of a certain 'unfortunate British nobleman now languishing in Dartmoor prison.'

There is a good deal of the truest wisdom, as well as amusement and instruction, to be gleaned from this little volume; and we will conclude our remarks upon it with one of its best pieces of advice: 'Take short views, hope for the best, and trust in God.'

## MRS PETRE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

'Is that the house?' asked a young woman of a decent-looking old man who was standing, rake in hand, by the entrance-gates leading to a small villa-like residence, with nothing out of the common in itself to attract special attention.

'Yes, that's the very house,' he replied, taking off his hat, and wiping away with a red cotton pocket-handkerchief the dew from his forehead—'that's it.'

I happened to be passing by just when the question was asked and answered, and involuntarily turned to glance at the edifice, which was evidently connected with some story or other; but being a stranger in that part of England, and only on a short visit to some old friends of mine—Mr and Mrs Langley by name—I had no idea what could have made so modest a mansion famous. My sex being some excuse for my curiosity, I asked Mr Langley that evening if by the place in question there hung a tale; and the result of my inquiry was the following strange story.

'It had been vacant for some years,' began Mr Langley, 'when one day a very sallow-complexioned woman of over sixty years of age called at the office of Mr Daly the house-agent in Lynton—the nearest town—and asked him if he had any detached houses of moderate rent and dimensions that could be immediately obtained. The only stipulations she made were, that it was to be taken by the year only, and must be furnished. The rent, if necessary, would be paid in advance, and a banker's reference given. Hilton Lodge, which had hitherto hung somewhat heavily on Mr Daly's hands, was immediately mentioned. The woman, who gave her name as Mrs Danton,

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accompanied the agent to view it, and being satisfied, at once agreed to take it.

"It is not for myself exactly," she explained, "though I shall live here. It is for an invalid cousin of mine—an old lady—Mrs Petre. I reside with her—manage her affairs in fact—and—take care of her."

"There is no mental derangement?" queried Mr Daly, alarmed by the measured way in which Mrs Danton enunciated her sentence.

"O dear, no," she replied; "but she is depressed—very much depressed—in spirits. She has met with some severe money losses lately, owing to a scoundrel of a nephew of hers who had behaved badly. Happily, however, she has an annuity of a thousand a year, of which he could not deprive her; but it has been a severe shock to her, and at times she almost needs supervision."

'Mr Daly expressed due sympathy and commiseration, hoping, however, that the change to Hilton Lodge might be of great benefit to the poor old lady, whose age, Mrs Danton stated, was considerably over seventy.

'Soon afterwards, the new tenants, whose references had proved unexceptionable, arrived, and in a short time they were fairly settled in their new abode. The establishment consisted of a cook, a very old woman; a housemaid, equally elderly, who was supposed, as it afterwards turned out, to wait at table, and also to attend personally on Mrs Petre; and a rather more juvenile coachman, whose duty it was to drive out Mrs Petre daily in a small brougham with one horse, the lady being invariably accompanied by the other member of her household—last, but certainly not least in her own opinion, Mrs Danton, her cousin, confidante, companion, or custodian—whatever she was, no one seemed quite to know which. Some clever person at last discovered *who* Mrs Petre was. She was the widow of a General Petre of the Indian army; and after this had been found out, a few of her nearer neighbours left cards upon her. But for a long time nothing was seen of her beyond occasional glimpses of a pale aged face in a close black bonnet, seated side by side in the brougham with the yellow cadaverous countenance of Mrs Danton.

'She certainly had a terrible countenance,' observed Mr Langley; 'it was what you could have imagined belonging to the evil-eye. Yet it seemed she was very attentive to the old lady; they were sometimes seen walking about arm in arm, and Mrs Danton gave up her whole time—so it seemed—to the care and amusement of her melancholy charge. Yet the strange part of it was, that although the relationship between them was said to be that of cousins, Mrs Petre, old, invalid, shabbily dressed, and wretched-looking as she was, looked a thorough lady; whilst Mrs Danton bore upon her the unmistakable stamp of vulgarity and want of breeding. She tried hard to be a lady, and no doubt was fully persuaded that she succeeded in her attempts. By degrees, however, she made her way into the good graces of one or two of the families round about; and into their ears—often in Mrs Petre's presence, who would sit silently drinking in the oft repeated story of her wrongs—she would pour out the history of the nephew's delinquencies. Such a villain as Aubrey Stanmore, Mrs Danton alleged, did not exist; nothing was too bad to be said of him; he had endeavoured to ruin his aunt, had deprived her of every shilling that he could lay hold of, and instead of deploring his conduct, rather gloried in it.

'This Aubrey Stanmore, to make my story clear,' said Mr Langley, 'was a nephew of Mrs Petre's, for whom she had always had a great affection; and by the joint advice of his father and his aunt, he had been induced to exchange his military for a mercantile career, for which he had neither the necessary capacity nor capital. This latter disadvantage was in the first instance smoothed over by an arrangement between Mrs Petre and the elder Mr Stanmore to become security for a certain sum, which, thanks to Aubrey's ignorance of business matters, was quickly swallowed up, necessitating either further securitiships or immediate failure—a crisis not to be contemplated when a little prompt aid might insure future wealth to the family through Aubrey's successes. So again, and yet again, did Mrs Petre extend a helping hand, until the crash could no longer be averted, and the failure was announced. Dearly as she loved her money, and violent as her wrath in the first instance was, she was too fond of her favourite Aubrey to withhold a free forgiveness, which would never have been cancelled but for the appearance on the scene of this Mrs Danton, a needy widow, who fanned the flame against Mr Stanmore so successfully that not only was he sternly forbidden his aunt's house, but volumes of abuse, in her once kindly, familiar handwriting, were circulated against him, damaging to both his character and future prospects.

'He was a young man, barely thirty; and surely he might hope to retrieve the past. One would have imagined so; but when he set about trying to interest some of his aunt's old friends on his behalf, they turned very coldly away. Mrs Petre's letters and denunciations bore terrible weight against Aubrey; and when he appealed again and again to her, the rebuffs he met with were studied in their insolence and severity.

'Of course, Mr Stanmore attributed her violent behaviour to its real cause—Mrs Danton, who had succeeded in persuading Mrs Petre to discharge all her old servants, upon the plea that her poverty was so great she could not afford to keep them. One in particular Mrs Danton knew it would be necessary to dismiss, and that was Janet Heath, a very superior sort of maid-housekeeper, who had been in her service for over ten years. Janet was filled with indignation when Mrs Danton first took up her residence with Mrs Petre, as she well knew the inferiority of her position, which had hitherto only been acknowledged by the latter so far as the gift of an occasional sovereign or a bundle of cast-off garments went; and to have her suddenly set at the head of affairs, and to have to listen silently to her scurrilous abuse of Mr Aubrey, was more than Janet could calmly submit to. However, when Mrs Petre herself told her that she did not wish her to remain, she had no choice but to depart; and shortly afterwards she married a man to whom she had been engaged for some years.

'But though she had left her service, Janet was too fond and faithful quite to desert Mrs Petre. She resolved to go to see her as often as she possibly could, and above everything to put in a good word as frequently as occasion permitted for Mr Stanmore, whom Janet knew to be, with all his

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other faults, a good-hearted and well-meaning young man.

'This plan of visiting Mrs Petre in no way suited Mrs Danton's views. She endeavoured, by covert insinuations against Janet, to poison Mrs Petre's mind; but failing in that, she resolved to remove her from Janet's vicinity, and to take a house of her own choosing, with an establishment also selected by herself. She had been in power for about two years when they came to Hilton Lodge, and in that time Mrs Danton had wormed her way pretty successfully into the confidence of Mrs Petre's old friends, and poisoned their minds most thoroughly against her nephew, who after, to his great joy, having been sent for and fully forgiven by Mrs Petre, had suddenly been told his visits to her house were not desired, and that, although she had forgiven, she had no intention of holding any further intercourse with him!

'This was a sad blow to Mr Stanmore; but from what he had seen of Mrs Danton, he conceived it to be his duty to write out to his cousin in India, Major Arthur Dumaresque, and tell him, as the only other relative of Mrs Petre, that he did not consider she was in safe or proper hands; and urged upon him the necessity for some action in the matter.

'But in this too he had been forestalled, for Major Dumaresque had already been communicated with by Mrs Danton, who, under cover of Mrs Petre's name, wrote out such slanderous accounts of Mr Stanmore that he was quite under the impression that Mrs Danton was only acting as Mrs Petre's guardian angel, and was benevolently protecting her from the spider, namely, Aubrey Stanmore. Mrs Danton represented in glowing, though somewhat illiterate and misspelt, terms her entire devotion to her dear cousin, her desire to act altogether so as to insure the interests of Major Dumaresque, to whom Mrs Petre had resolved to leave whatever fortune she might die possessed of. As for herself, she wanted—nothing—but the heart and confidence of her charge.

'As may be imagined, Aubrey's representations, and those of his wife as well, were utterly thrown away upon Major Dumaresque. Being already prejudiced, he refused to believe in them; joined in the abuse of Mr Stanmore, and was well pleased to countenance and correspond with the person who apparently had his interests so thoroughly at heart.

'Her triumph knew no bounds when she saw how her plans had succeeded, for now the Stanmores stood alone as it were in the world. They had no friends. This was Mrs Danton's perpetual solace and comfort, as well as the knowledge that Aubrey's affairs could never be wound up and settled without his aunt's co-operation, she being the largest creditor he had. All seemed very hopeless to the Stanmores, still more so when they heard that Mrs Danton had elected to carry poor old Mrs Petre off to the country.

'However, Janet Heath was equal to the emergency. She went to Mr Stanmore and told him that she was certain Mrs Petre was not only perfectly sick of her companion, but that she had actually one day, during a visit, asked her if she could possibly return to her service. Just at this juncture Mrs Danton was called away to visit a daughter it seemed she possessed; and Janet came to Mr Stanmore and urged him to lose no time in going to see his aunt, and taking advantage of the companion's absence to beg of her to make up her mind to prevent her return. "For," said Janet, "my poor old mistress is in fear of her, Mr Aubrey; she hasn't a shilling she can call her own; her very cheques are now made out in Mrs Danton's name; and she told me she was sick of her—but that till Major Dumaresque came home, she could make no change."

'Mr Stanmore's blood boiled at Janet's revelations, which were far more numerous than I can relate; but his position was a difficult one. He had no one to turn to; no one to advise him properly. Mrs Petre's injurious statements as regarded him had placed him in the most painful predicament; but he was resolved on one thing—to lose no time in attempting, at all events, to rescue his aunt from her present thraldom.

'But to whom could they turn? Something must be done. Mrs Stanmore would not hear of her husband subjecting himself to fresh insults from Mrs Petre's friends. She would write *once* more to Major Dumaresque, and see if she could not rouse him to a sense of the real character of Mrs Danton. This she resolved in the presence of Janet Heath and Aubrey.

"Very well, Helen; write by all means," said Aubrey solemnly; "but I have a strong conviction that that woman will never let my aunt live until Arthur Dumaresque comes home."

'Long and anxiously did the Stanmores consult with the faithful Janet as to the best means of watching over the old lady, who seemed bent on allowing herself to be ruled by Mrs Danton, who had her now as completely under her thumb as if she had been an infant. At last it was settled, when they heard Hilton Lodge had been really engaged, that Janet should take a little house as near it as possible, partly on the plea of her child—she had one little girl, Emily by name—requiring change, partly because of her anxiety to be near her old mistress. So when the Dantonian establishment was fairly settled, Janet made her appearance, greatly to the rage and disgust of the major-domo there, but to the evident joy and relief of Mrs Petre, who took to writing perpetual little plaintive notes to Janet, desiring her to come up to see her.

'Janet had to encounter more than one covert insult at Mrs Danton's hands, but she simply ignored them, and persevered most courageously in presenting herself at Hilton Lodge whenever she was sent for. During those visits she noticed the penniless condition of Mrs Petre, who bitterly complained that "she had not a shilling in the world;" and at last, thanks probably to Janet's vigorous promptings, the poor old lady at length whispered to her that she would fain get rid of Danton, as she called her, but she could not. "I shall do so when Major Dumaresque comes home," she said, "and get *you* to live with me, Janet."

'Gradually, however, Janet was doing good service to the Stanmores, for Mrs Petre now, whenever occasion came, would talk of Aubrey with much of her old kindliness, and with pride told Janet one day that he and his wife had taken to magazine-writing, and were doing pretty well.

'One day, Janet came up to Hilton Lodge at an earlier hour than usual, without having been asked to do so by Mrs Petre; but the reason was soon told—it was the sixty-eighth birthday of the

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old lady, and Janet had come to congratulate her upon the day. Mrs Danton shewed some annoyance at Janet's remembrance of the anniversary; but Mrs Petre welcomed her with more animation and kindliness than she had hitherto exhibited before Mrs Danton. "You must have some luncheon with me," she said; "I am going to have it in the drawing-room, and I should like you to stay for it."

'Janet had never been so honoured; hitherto an occasional glass of wine was the most she had been accorded; but on this particular and momentous day, she and her little girl Emily were both invited to seat themselves at Mrs Petre's dinner-table, where they partook of an excellent lunch.

"You must drink my health, Janet," said Mrs Petre; "this is some of my old sherry, my treasure-wine. Danton sent up to town for it; you remember it, don't you?"

"O yes, ma'am," said Janet; "I do indeed remember it; but you used not to like it yourself."

"I don't care for it now," answered Mrs Petre, as with a very firm hand she poured out a glass of wonderfully dark-coloured sherry.

"Thank you," said Janet, taking the glass; but before raising it to her lips, added: "At your age we must not expect you to have many more birthdays; but I do hope you may have a good number yet, and happier than this, with peace in the family, and all the old times over again."

"Yes, yes," responded Mrs Petre; "when Major Dumaresque comes home. And poor Aubrey! He was a nice boy; wasn't he, Janet?"

"That he was," said Janet heartily; "and is nice still."

"I'm glad I forgave him," observed Mrs Petre, helping the little Emily to some pudding as she spoke. She had seldom taken so much notice of Janet's child before; but on this particular day she fed her from her own plate, and talked several times of Major Dumaresque's little girl; for I have not before mentioned that he was a married man with one child.

"You will like to see Miss Florence, won't you?" observed Janet. "She will be such an amusement to you."

"O yes," responded Mrs Petre; "I am looking forward very much to seeing her."

'After lunch was over, Mrs Petre and Janet sat talking for a short time, when the door suddenly opened, and a stranger to Janet, a tall dark man, walked into the room. From his immediately asking Mrs Petre how she felt, Janet guessed he was a doctor, and her conclusion was confirmed by his inquiring of her how she thought Mrs Petre was looking.

"Very well indeed," responded Janet; but from a feeling of delicacy, she thought she would withdraw until the conference with the doctor was over. Accordingly she descended to the dining-room, where Mrs Danton was sitting; and in a few minutes was followed by the doctor, who addressed himself to the latter.

"Did Mrs Petre have her draught this morning?"

"No," replied Mrs Danton; "I gave her a glass of wine instead."

"Did she get the laudanum?" asked the doctor in a low tone; and to this question Mrs Danton's reply was made in a whisper, so inaudible that Janet feeling herself *de trop*, again got up and rejoined the old lady up-stairs.

"You have got a new doctor," remarked Janet.

"Yes," replied Mrs Petre; "I have had a cold lately; and Mrs Danton did not like Mr Heywood, who is the leading man here. But this young man seems civil enough."

"Well, I must be going now," said Janet presently.

"You can be driven home," answered Mrs Petre; "the carriage is at the door now, I think, and it can come back for me."

"No," said Janet; "it drove away a minute ago."

"Drove away!" exclaimed Mrs Petre with a flash of her old temper, which as I have before said, was a very violent one; Janet's presence no doubt emboldening her to find fault with Mrs Danton's arrangements. "Go and see where it has been sent to."

"Mrs Danton has sent the coachman to Lynton, to get a fowl for your dinner," said Janet, coming back after her inquiry.

"I didn't want a fowl; I won't have a fowl! What does she mean by sending for a fowl for me?"

'When Janet departed, she left Mrs Petre irritated against Mrs Danton—a hopeful sign that self-assertion might yet enable her to shake off the trammels into which she has got herself. And Janet thereupon sat down and wrote a joyous little note to Mrs Aubrey Stanmore, which she posted.

## POST-LETTER ITEMS.

As lately as 1839, each inhabitant of these islands only wrote on an average three letters per annum. In 1840, the year associated with the introduction of the penny post, the total number of letters rose to one hundred and sixty-nine millions, giving an average of seven letters to each person, or something more than double the average of the preceding year. Since then, the history of the British Post-office, the greatest emporium of letters in the world, has simply been the history of the growth of commerce and civilisation in our midst. Each year the number of letters has surely and steadily increased, until, in 1875, it reached the enormous total of a thousand and eight millions, or an average of thirty-one letters to each person in the United Kingdom. Besides these, there were more than eighty-seven millions of post-cards, and very nearly two hundred and eighty millions of newspapers and book packets; so that a grand total of nearly fourteen hundred millions of all descriptions of postal matter is reached. How few of us can realise at the first blush what a thousand millions represents!

While the average number of letters to each person in the United Kingdom in 1875 was thirty-one, it was as high as thirty-five in England and Wales, and as low as thirteen in Ireland. Scotland occupies the happy medium between the two, shewing an average exactly double that of Ireland, and about twenty-five per cent. below that of England and Wales. It may be doubted, however, whether purely social and domestic correspondence by letter is less frequently indulged in by the Scotch people than by the English; and probably if London, where there is quite an

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abnormal amount of correspondence, were excluded from the calculation, Scotland would be found to be very nearly on a level with England.

It is a striking and gratifying fact that only a mere fraction of the total number of letters posted fail to reach their destination. People often grumble at the bore of letter-writing, but seldom think of the boon they enjoy in the penny post. To write, address, and post a letter—and this is all the sender is required to do—is a mere trifle, compared with the labour of the Post-office in earning the 'nimble penny,' which is affixed to the letter in the shape of the 'Queen's Head.' Think of what has to be done for a letter posted, say, in the suburbs of London, and addressed to some remote village in the north of England or in Scotland. Perhaps it has been posted over-night, in which case the letter-carrier will be busy collecting and conveying it to the sub-district office some hours before moderately early people are thinking of getting up. From the Sub, it will be conveyed to the Head District Office, there to be stamped, sorted, and despatched to St Martin's-le-Grand. Here, in company with many thousands of others which have arrived in the same way, it will probably be manipulated as many as half-a-dozen times, in the different processes of facing, dividing, sorting, and so on, before it reaches the stage of being tied up in a bundle with a hundred or more of its fellows addressed to the same town or district, and despatched on what may probably be only the initial stage of its journey. If a night letter, Fate may decree that it should pass under the scrutinising glance of that sleepless official, the travelling sorter; in which case the bag, with its seal hardly 'set' as yet, will be ruthlessly torn open, and the bundles dispersed to the four corners of the railway sorting tender. Here is a miniature post-office, with pigeon-holes, bags, and bundles innumerable; whose officials, in a desperate effort to keep ahead of the train, wait not for the shrill whistle of the guard or the first puff of the engine to commence their hard night's work. There are letters, letters everywhere, and not a moment to lose. There may be a bag to sort and drop before the train has accomplished the first dozen miles of its journey. Our letter is amongst the heap lying ready to be operated upon; it will be got ready by-and-by, and towards the gray of the morning it will be dropped at some little roadside station, whither the mail-cart driver has driven half-a-dozen miles or more to receive it. Thence to the post-office, another half-dozen miles; and here again the familiar process of unpacking, re-sorting, and re-stamping. Our letter is not for the town at which the bag is opened, but for one of its outlying villages; and the rural postman must be called in before the transaction, commenced in London some ten or twelve hours previously, can be completed. Away he goes, ere yet it is daylight, bag on shoulder, stick in hand, thinking less, probably, of the precious secrets of which he is the bearer, than of his return with a similar, although probably a lighter load in the evening. His life is not exactly one round of pleasure, but an out-and-home sort of journey, in which there is very little real progress, and the 'lettered ease' of which consists in the occasional Sundays on which he is relieved of his burden. He is the final link in the chain which, in the shape of men, horses, steam-engines, has had to be put in motion in order to deliver our penny letter!

Letters may be posted at no fewer than twenty-three thousand five hundred receptacles throughout the United Kingdom. How various is the character of these so-called receptacles! Here is the stately post-office of many of our great towns, situated in the very centre of life and activity. There the wayside letter-box, far removed from human habitation and, to all appearance, from human necessity. Lonely roads are no bar to the progress of the rural postman; although the Postmaster-general relates how an attempt to provide postal facilities in a certain district in the west of Ireland was frustrated by a superstitious objection to collect the letters from a wall-box, because 'a ghost went out nightly on parade' in the neighbourhood. Between the stately post-office and the wayside letter-box there are several different kinds of receptacles for letters: there is the branch post-office, an offshoot of the parent establishment; the receiving-house, at which a kind of uncovenanted postal service is carried on; and the pillar letter-box, which is dotted about our great towns almost as plentifully as lamp-posts are. In London there are no fewer than eighteen hundred receptacles for letters, and of these more than eleven hundred are pillar and wall letter-boxes. The public have a peculiar affection for the pillar-box, thinking probably that it can tell no tales. The writer remembers perfectly well seeing a pillar-box thrown down by a passing wagon in one of the streets of London, and afterwards turned with the 'slit' or aperture downward, so that it might not be used until re-erected. But despite this, it was rolled over and several letters inserted in it while it lay prostrate in the gutter! Similarly, letters intended to be 'posted' have often been dropped into the letter-boxes of private firms, and even into the 'street orderly bins' which stand at no great distance from the pillar letter-boxes in the city of London.

St Martin's-le-Grand is, of course, the great central depot for the letters of London, although it is doubtful whether more letters are not actually posted at the well-known branch-office in Lombard Street. Around this spot the bankers and merchants of the metropolis 'most do congregate,' and of necessity the quantity of matter 'mailed' nightly is very large. So is it at Charing Cross, another of the great posting centres of the metropolis.

Visitors to London are perhaps most familiar with the scene which is to be witnessed any evening between half-past five and six o'clock at St Martin's. Here the post-office gapes more widely at its customers, the public, than anywhere else we know of; and here it is prepared to swallow any kind of matter, from the tiniest, flimsiest document, written on 'India post,' to the stock-in-trade of a bookseller from 'the Row' adjoining, or the latest edition of an evening newspaper from neighbouring Fleet Street. Look at the numerous apertures as they gape and yawn in front of you. There is one labelled 'Newspapers,' about as big as a street-door, into which a whole edition of an evening paper might be thrown, without disturbing the calm serenity of the official inside whose duty it is to clear the throat of the monster. 'Letters,' inland, foreign, and colonial, town and country, large

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and small, thick and thin, may be posted with ease at as many different openings; while the 'stout card' and the thin card, the circular, the book packet, and the sample parcel, each has its appointed mode of descent into the cavernous depths below. What a struggle is there as the hour of six approaches! Burly office-porters jostle delicate shop-girls in their efforts to reach the letter-box; tiny office-boys strain and struggle beneath a load which might more appropriately have been conveyed to the post in a cart or wagon; and hapless youths who have started late, and who have been leap-frogging by the way, are fain to shy their bags or baskets of letters at the nearest opening, and take their chance. Bang goes the clock overhead, and in an instant the box closes with a crash, which must, one would think, have guillotined many a hapless letter thrown in on the stroke of the hour. Eagerness gives way to disappointment in the faces of those who are in the act of ascending the steps 'as the clock was striking the hour,' for the man in the red coat, whose heart is steeled against all importunities, has pronounced the words 'Too late,' and already the officials at the 'window' are busy exacting the fee of procrastination.* No sooner has one description of posting finished than another begins. Half an hour prior to the closing of the box at St Martin's-le-Grand, the boxes all over London have closed, and the mail-carts—designed rather for speed than for elegance—are rattling into the yard behind, from the various district and branch post-offices. East, west, north, and south, all contribute their quota to the load which, a couple of hours hence, is to leave the post-office yard for the various railway stations in the shape of the 'Night-mail down.'

The penny post has destroyed all distinctions *in the great republic of letters.* In the eyes of the post-office all letters are equal, whatever their character, caligraphy, or country; and no rival interests are studied within the walls of St Martin's. The big letters are not permitted to oppress the little ones, each being tied up in their own particular bundle; and books and samples are so disposed that they are transported with a minimum of inconvenience to their less robust neighbours passing through the post. The work of facing—that is, putting all the letters with their addresses one way—stamping, dividing, sorting, and despatching, is performed in regular succession, as the letters are cleared from the box; for it is needless to say that all the operations of the post-office are carried on with clock-like regularity. In the old coaching days, when letters were despatched they were said to be sent 'down the road;' and the term 'road' is still retained in the Circulation Office, as indicating the particular desk or division at which the bags are made up for particular lines of railway or districts of country.

Eight o'clock is the hour at which the great night-mail is despatched from London; and the scene, although perhaps less stirring than that of the old mail-coach days, is sufficiently curious to attract a large crowd at St Martin's-le-Grand. Gorged with the accumulated correspondence of four millions of people, the huge building, now used exclusively for the sorting and despatch of letters, begins to exhibit palpable signs of discomfort as the hour of eight approaches; and ever and anon from the floors above come shooting down on to the platforms by which the building is surrounded on three sides, sackfuls of letters and newspapers, which are quickly transferred to the gaping mail-carts and wagons ranged underneath. Gradually the descent becomes fast and furious, until at five minutes to eight every aperture in the building is seen to belch forth its bag, box, or bundle of letters; and cart-drivers are shouting lustily to make way for 'Her Majesty's mails.' Away go the carts, vans, and omnibuses—a whole string making for Euston with the load of the 'Limited,' which seems to be limited in all else save letters; and others making for the different railway *termini* scattered all over London. A few minutes later, and there emerge from the building hundreds, we had almost said thousands, of busy toilers whose work has just preceded them; and in less than half-an-hour silence reigns supreme in and around St Martin's.

Letters are not always so plainly or so correctly addressed as they might be. This is a truism which most people will be inclined to reject as beneath their notice; and yet it is a truth which is painfully thrust upon the officials of the post-office every hour of the day. Think how the circulation of a badly addressed letter must be impeded at every stage of its progress! Let us suppose that a righteous fate overtakes it at the very outset, and that it 'sticks' in the aperture of the letter-box and loses a collection. Let us suppose, further, that it is addressed to 'George Street, London,' simply. There are *only* twenty-three streets of the name in the metropolis; and it so happens that there is one or more in each of the eight postal districts! Thus, then, a letter so addressed might have to be sent all over London before reaching its destination; and who shall say that the fate was not richly merited? Much the same kind of thing would happen to a letter addressed to 'Queen Street, London;' there being no fewer than twenty streets bearing the title of our most illustrious sovereign, besides squares, crescents, gardens, terraces, rows, and roads innumerable. Quitting London, however, we will suppose a letter addressed to 'Newport' simply. Is it intended for Newport, Monmouth; Newport, Isle of Wight; Newport, Salop; or for any of the remaining four towns in England, two in Ireland, and one in Scotland, which flourish under that name? So too with Ashford, of which there are four places of the name in England; Bradford, of which there are three; Broughton, seven; Burnham, five; Burton, fifteen; Bury, four; and a host of others which we need not stay to enumerate. The post-office regulation on the subject of addresses runs thus: 'Every address should be legible and complete. When a letter is sent to a post-town, the last word in the address should be the name of that town, except when the town is but little known, or when there are two post-towns of the same name, or when the name of the town (such as Boston) is identical with or very like the name of some foreign town or country. In such cases the name of the county should be added.' Very good regulations these, but unfortunately they are not always attended to by the sorting clerks. We are constantly getting letters which have been delayed in their journey by the

* By extra payment to the official at 'the window,' a letter though some minutes late will be received and despatched.

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perverse stupidity of sorters mistaking the address, however plainly written, and in fact not attending to the name of the post-town. There are some other grounds for dissatisfaction. In numberless instances, towns near each other hold no direct postal communication, and letters between them make a long round before reaching their destination. These are blots on an otherwise wonderfully perfect system.

## ERRORS CONCERNING ANIMALS AND PLANTS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the vast strides that science has made of late years, it is curious to note the errors and misconceptions in various points of natural history that still linger in many parts of this and other countries. We may run over a few of these popular misconceptions. Not a few even among generally well-informed people still imagine that all *Fungi* are poisonous—including even the mushroom. Many more take it for granted that all serpents sting, and that the forked tongue is the weapon by which the 'sting' is given; the fact that it is forked seeming to afford them convincing proof of its deadly character. While there are many among the educated classes who would probably be puzzled if told, that there were other mammals besides four-footed animals and man.

There are still numbers of persons who believe that a horse-hair immersed for a time in water becomes vivified and is transformed into the curious animal known as the hair-eel; and who further imagine that this, acquiring greater thickness, becomes in process of time the common eel. This belief is universal among the uneducated, at least of the rural population, in many parts of the country. Nor is it confined to them. We have heard it stoutly maintained by a very intelligent man, of good education according to the ideas of education which were generally entertained fifty or sixty years ago; his only argument was one with which, if he had not been profoundly ignorant of natural history, he could not for a moment have deceived himself. He had often seen, in ditches or in stagnant pools, a moving hair-like thing, exactly resembling a black or dark-brown hair from a horse's mane, and no doubt it was a living thing, *and an eel!* And the other day we read among the answers to correspondents in a weekly paper, a very good advice to one who had directed attention to this same marvel—to try the experiment for himself with a horse-hair. But for any one who seeks information in the proper quarter, there is no need of such experiment; and the needful information is easily obtained. A few hours spent in the perusal of a book or two of natural history would make any man of common-sense ashamed that he had ever for a moment credited such an absurdity. The natural history of the eel is well known; and at no stage of its existence is it in form and appearance like the hair-eel. The natural history of the creature called by this name—the *Gordius* of naturalists—is also known. It is not a fish like the eel; it belongs to a class of parasitic worms very far below fishes in the scale of creation. It has no relation either to the eel or to a horse-hair. Yet the ploughman looks upon it with wonder, as he thinks of what he believes to be its origin; and the boys of the village school, when they find it in the gutter by the roadside or millpond, gather around it to gaze, and assure themselves by ocular observation of the truth of what they have heard. Ought they not to hear in the school itself what would disabuse their minds of so gross an error?

The erroneous opinion that all serpents are venomous is one that most probably originated with those who live in districts frequented only by the adder or viper; but it ought not to be entertained even by the most ignorant of the peasantry where the common snake is abundant, as it is in most parts of England. There every one ought to know that the latter is harmless, and that it is easily distinguished from the viper, which is poisonous. Curiously, too, the blind-worm or slow-worm, which, although not now ranked by naturalists among true serpents, but among the lizards, agrees with serpents in general appearance, and is in many places regarded with the utmost dread, being popularly believed to be as venomous as the viper itself. This is the case equally where it is common, as it is in many parts of England, and in Scotland where it is rare and found in comparatively few localities. 'During the summer of 1876,' says the Rev. J. G. Wood in his *Illustrated Natural History*, 'I passed some little time in the New Forest, and having gone round to the farms in the neighbourhood, begged to have all reptiles brought to me that were discovered during hay-making. In consequence, the supply of vipers and snakes was very large; and on one occasion a labourer came to my house bare-headed, his red face beaming with delight, and his manner evincing a consciousness of deserving valour. Between his hands he held his felt hat tightly crimpled together, and within the hat was discovered, after much careful manœuvring, the head of a blind-worm emerging from one of its folds. As I put out my hand to remove the creature, the man fairly screamed with horror; and even when I took it in my hand, and allowed it to play its tongue over the fingers, he could not believe that it was not poisonous. No argument could persuade that worthy man that the reptile was harmless, and nothing could induce him to lay a finger upon it; the prominent idea in his mind being evidently, not that the blind-worm had no poison, but that I was poison-proof.'

Similar to the popular opinion as to the blind-worm is that concerning the little active slender lizard common in moors, and that concerning the eft or newt, both of which are deemed extremely venomous, dangerous animals, whilst in reality both are quite harmless. We do not know how far the error as to the lizard prevails in England, but it is certainly very generally prevalent in Scotland, almost every rustic dreading what he calls an *ask*, that is a lizard, nearly as much as an adder. And a similar belief, equally erroneous, prevails in France as to another species of lizard. As to the newt,

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the prejudice against it exists everywhere, both in England and in Scotland, but it appears in its most exaggerated form where the state of education is lowest. 'During a residence of some years in a small village in Wiltshire,' says Mr Wood, in the work from which we have already quoted, 'I was told some very odd stories about the newt, and my own power of handling these terrible creatures without injury was evidently thought rather supernatural. Poison was the least of its crimes; for it was a general opinion among the rustics in charge of the farmyard, that my poor newts killed a calf at one end of a farmyard, through the mediumship of its mother, who saw them in a water-trough at the other end; and that one of these creatures bit a man on his thumb as he was cutting grass in the churchyard, and inflicted great damage on that member. The worst charge, however, was one which I heard from the same person. A woman, he told me, had gone to the brook to draw water, when an *effert*, as he called it, jumped out of the water, fastened on her arm, bit out a piece of flesh and spat fire into the wound, so that she afterwards lost her arm!'

Some birds are regarded as of evil omen. One does not wonder that this should be the case as to the raven and the owl. The colour, the habits, and the hoarse croak of the raven may be supposed naturally suggestive of unpleasant thoughts; and it is easy to understand how the imagination may be affected by the loud hooting of the owl when it breaks the stillness of the night amidst the loneliness of the forest. But in other cases where no such explanation offers itself, superstition seems wholly unaccountable. Thus, in the north of England, where the wheatear is not very common, the sight of it is supposed to presage death to the spectator, and the country-people kill the bird and destroy its eggs on every opportunity. In the north of England also, the hoopoe has the reputation of being an *unlucky* bird. In many parts of England it is accounted unlucky to see a solitary magpie, but lucky to see two together. One is supposed to presage sorrow; two, mirth; three, a wedding; and four, death!

In most parts of the United Kingdom, it is deemed unlucky to kill a robin, the red breast of the bird being attributed to its having been sprinkled with the blood of our Lord as He hung upon the cross; even as the cross on the back of the ass is connected in the rustic mind with our Lord's entry into Jerusalem riding upon an ass. According to the paper in the *Book of Days*, a common saying in Suffolk is, 'You must not take robin's eggs; if you do, you will get your legs broken.' The writer of it also relates the following anecdote. '"How badly you write!" I said one day to a boy in our parish school; "your hand shakes so that you can't hold the pen steady. Have you been running hard, or anything of that sort?" "No," replied the lad; "it always shakes: I once had a robin die in my hand; and they say that if a robin dies in your hand, it will always shake."' In some parts of England it is considered very unlucky to have no money in your pocket when you hear the cuckoo for the first time in the season. So perhaps it is, when it indicates the usual condition of the pocket.

Some insects, as well as birds, are deemed ominous of evil. There are many, even among educated people, who cannot hear the ticking of the little beetle called the death-watch without a feeling of fear; and among the vulgar, the belief is universal that it presages death in the house. And yet it is only the male insect knocking his head against the woodwork as a signal to his mate. In some parts of England the elephant hawk-moth is regarded not only as presaging, but as producing murrain. The death's-head moth is regarded with even greater aversion. This large moth, nowhere very common, has markings on the back and thorax somewhat resembling a skull and cross-bones; hence it inspires a superstitious terror, and its appearance is believed to be the harbinger of pestilence and woe. The ghost-moth inspires similar alarm. The female is of a dull brown colour; the upper surface of the male is of a silvery whiteness. In the evening the male makes his appearance, hovering over the grass in which the female lurks, often in churchyards where the grass is green and luxuriant. If alarmed, the insect disappears in an instant, settling on the ground; but by-and-by appears again hovering over the same spot. The ignorant rustic imagines it to be a ghost; and even if it were caught and shewn to him, he would be hard to be persuaded that it has no occult relation to the dead, or that its appearance is not ominous of evil to the living. Perhaps the most curious of all the popular superstitions concerning insects (and we could narrate many) is one which prevails, in Suffolk at least, as to bees. It is deemed unlucky that a stray swarm of bees should settle on your premises, unclaimed by the owner; it presages a death in the family within a year. A popular belief in Suffolk is that it is unlucky to kill a *harvestman*—a long-legged spider, very common in the fields in autumn—because if you do kill one there will be a bad harvest.

Some other errors in the natural history of animals have been long and widely prevalent, but have no superstitions connected with them. It will be enough merely to mention them. It is a common but a purely erroneous belief that the goatsucker and the hedgehog suck the teats of cows lying in the field—the latter being persecuted on that account. The woodpecker is ruthlessly killed because of the injury which it is supposed to do to trees by pecking holes in the wood and causing them to rot. The woodpecker pecks only where the wood is already decayed, which it does in quest of insects and their larvæ, and by pecking out the decayed wood, prevents the gangrene from extending, thus doing good to the tree and not harm.

The popular errors regarding plants are not so numerous, so wide-spread, or so remarkable as those regarding animals; nor do they seem anywhere to have taken so firm a hold of the minds of any class of the people, if we except perhaps the popular ideas regarding mushrooms and toadstools. Many people imagine that all fungi, except 'the mushroom,' are poisonous. It is not uncommon to hear the question asked even by educated people concerning some *agaric*: 'Is it a mushroom or a fungus?'—a question which shews that neither the meaning of the one term nor of the other is known. Every mushroom is a fungus; and although the term *mushroom* can never be applied to the minute fungi, such as blight, smut, mildew, and mould, it is very commonly applied to many of the larger kinds. Many fungi

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are not only not poisonous, but are wholesome and pleasant articles of food. Truffles and morels are edible fungi, and though they are found in England, they are not so common anywhere in Britain as in some parts of the continent of Europe. Some other species are also occasionally gathered and used in England; but in Scotland it may almost be said that none is ever gathered for use except the common mushroom (*Agaricus campestris*). Both in England and Scotland, however, far less use is made of the edible fungi than in France, Italy, Germany, and other continental countries, where they form a not inconsiderable part of the food of the people during summer and autumn; whilst with us, through ignorance and prejudice, they are allowed to rot and go to waste. It is proper to add, that of the larger kinds of fungi, many of the poisonous species are of the very group to which the common mushroom belongs; a group which possesses the same general form and structure with the common mushroom—a stalk surmounted by a cap, with gills on the under-side of the cap. Some excuse is therefore to be made for the general aversion prevalent in Great Britain to all kinds of fungi; and as long as we remain ignorant of the difference between the edible and the poisonous species, this aversion will naturally survive. But a wider diffusion of knowledge concerning the edible fungi is very desirable, and would enable many often to enjoy a cheap and agreeable repast.

The superstitions connected with plants seem also to have possessed less vitality than those connected with animals. In fact, they have mostly quite died out. Perhaps the most tenacious of life was that concerning the rowan-tree or mountain-ash. Our forefathers universally regarded this tree as possessing a wondrous power of affording protection from witches and from evil spirits, and for this reason it was planted close by every dwelling. Nowhere was this belief more firmly entertained than in Scotland. Within our recollection, an aged man who acted as postman in a country town in the south of Scotland, habitually carried a piece of rowan-tree or mountain-ash in his pocket, as a fancied protection against malevolent influences. Traces of this superstition have now, we believe, disappeared. The rowan-tree is now cultivated for the sake of its beautiful clustering berries, from which a pleasantly bitter jelly may be produced, as a condiment to be eaten with roast-mutton, preferable to the jelly from red currants. This is what we call putting the mountain-ash to a better purpose than superstitiously carrying morsels of it in the pocket to avert some imaginary personal injury.

Let us hope that, by the progress of education, the minds even of the humblest classes of the people will erelong be freed from the fear of dangers merely imaginary, and elevated above the pitiful superstitions by which they are still too frequently enslaved and degraded. Yet it is probable that a considerable time must elapse before this desirable result can be fully attained. To many the errors with which their superstitions are connected, and the superstitions themselves, appear supported by a great weight of authority, such as they have been accustomed most to respect—the authority of their seniors, and of those who are looked upon as the oracles of their little circle. And if they have not instances of their own observation to adduce in justification of their beliefs, they have been assured of instances enough that have come under the observation of others.

## THE QUICHENOT LAMP-FORGE.

A BRIEF account of this new lamp-forge, included in 'Useful Items From France,' which appeared in our columns (No. 668, October 14, 1876), having occasioned numerous inquiries as to this novel source of heat, a more detailed description of its principle and mode of action may probably prove acceptable. The apparatus, of which M. Quichenot, a French civil engineer, is the inventor, is designed to supply a want that has been long felt, that of a blow-pipe and furnace combined, easy of transport, applicable to the arts, or for experimental purposes, and which does its work cheaply. Requiring no special fittings, it can be used where gas cannot, and yields, it may be added, a heat considerably greater.

The so-called carburator, or actual lamp-forge, is composed of a shell or chamber of cast-iron, with a false bottom or double compartment, into which air is to be forced by the aid of a smith's or circular bellows. On this shell stands an annular vessel of cast-iron, containing petroleum, supplied from a reservoir of equal level, by the help of a pipe. The heat of the lamp-forge keeps the petroleum in ebullition, and its vapour pours into the iron carburator, mixes with the compressed air, and rushes burning through a large copper funnel, capped by a thick tube in refractory fire-clay, and which contains the hottest portion of the flame; which is then suffered to play on the crucible or cupel containing the object to be heated, and which is surrounded by a cover or screen, to prevent the cooling effects of the atmosphere.

The blow-pipe attached to the apparatus is a flexible one, the interior being fitted with a copper spiral reaching to within one-third of an inch of the nozzle, and which renders the flame shorter and more compact than is the case with blow-pipes of the usual construction. The flame can be rendered oxidising or deoxidising at pleasure. For solders of every kind this blow-pipe is believed to be well adapted. The miniature lamp-forge is capable of melting, in ten minutes, fourteen ounces of copper, nickel, or cast-iron, or about twelve ounces of wrought-iron. The heat, therefore, is only equalled by that of the larger-sized table-furnaces fed with coke and urged by a continuous blast of air. But the action of these last-mentioned furnaces is brief, and when their supply of fuel is consumed, time is wasted in cooling and recharging them. The great merit of M. Quichenot's invention is, that the lamp-forge can be kept, without difficulty, at work for a considerable time, care being taken to guard against any heating of the petroleum in the reservoir of supply.

We have not been able to ascertain if these forges are to be seen in England; but we believe that information may be had, and the apparatus seen, by applying to M. le Directeur, Fabrique des Forges de Vulcain, 5 Rue Saint-Denis, Place du Châtelet, Paris.

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## TO LIVE TO A HUNDRED.

THAT is what most people would like, if it could be easily managed. All know that they must throw off 'this mortal coil' some time, but there are innumerable and plausible reasons why they wish to avoid throwing it off as long as possible. They have important affairs on hand which require attention. They have children to educate and see out into the world. They are interested in certain public movements with which the newspapers are rife, and would like to see how these stirring events terminate. They are engaged in some important scientific investigations which they are *anxious to complete*. They have realised a small fortune, and would like to see it grow something larger, so that they might make a decent flourish with their bequests. And so on without end. They have often declared that the weather has become so bad that life is not worth having. But on second thoughts, when things are looking serious, they come to the conclusion that the weather may be endured, and that the world is not such a bad world after all. Dying, who speaks of dying? The idea of such a thing is ridiculous.

There is a clever book of old date full of pictorial illustrations called the *Dance of Death*. Each picture represents a pleasant scene in social life, into which Death, in the form of a skeleton, impertinently intrudes himself, and beckons a particular individual to come away; which individual, considerably surprised and disgusted at the summons, is obliged to go off, very much against his will. The moral suggested is the total unexpectedness of the visit—the uncertainty of human life. Such books amuse people. They laugh at seeing a self-complacent person sitting at a table stuffing and enjoying himself with good things, and who, on chancing to look a little aside, perceives to his consternation a skeleton bowing respectfully, and beckoning with its bony finger to walk off. He is wanted, and must march—not a moment to stay. The very glass just poured out must be left untasted. Very droll, very suggestive such pictures, only nobody is ever benefited by them. 'All men think all men mortal but themselves,' says the poet. Men perhaps do not exactly think so. But what comes pretty much to the same thing, they flatter themselves they will have a 'long day.' No doubt they will live a good while yet, and it is as well to be jolly in the meantime.

It is a curious fact, disclosed by physiologists who think deeply on the subject, that society is very much to blame for the comparative shortness of life. This was not well understood when the *Dance of Death* was written. It is understood now. Inquiries into the laws of health and disease, along with statistics, make it plain that premature decease is owing to a variety of preventable causes. We are gravely informed by Dr Farr, in his letter* to the Registrar-general of England, that the natural lifetime of man is a century! To die earlier than a hundred years of age is all a mistake. It is the fault of something or somebody or other that people die young. With a good constitution to start with, and due care in ordinary circumstances, life may be protracted to eighty, to ninety, or to a hundred. If that be what most people like, why don't they try? It is very certain, as is observable by the newspaper obituaries, that latterly many persons, whether they have tried or not, lived to be upwards of a hundred years of age. We have just seen a death reported at a hundred and six, and a month or two ago one at a hundred and ten. Some of these long-lived individuals were of a humble rank in life. One or two were parish paupers. Occasionally we hear of negroes in the United States dying at a hundred and ten or a hundred and twelve years old, whose early life was spent in slavery. Among the aristocracy, deaths are pretty frequently reported at about eighty or ninety, but rarely at a hundred and above it. From these circumstances it may be inferred that fine living does not particularly contribute to extreme longevity.

The number of children who die young is immense. Bad nursing, neglect, whooping-cough,

* This letter is appended to the Supplement to the Thirty-fifth Annual Report concerning Births, Deaths, and Marriages in England, 1875.

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croup, measles, scarlet fever, small-pox, dosing with soporifics, carry off a large proportion. Bad air in close stuffy dwellings, and insufficient food, likewise destroy great numbers of children, particularly in old ill-contrived towns. Only by a kind of good-luck and natural strength of fibre do they get beyond five years of age. That is the first clearance; after which ensue the casualties of youth, too often brought about by carelessness. Latterly, Death has played great havoc among young and old through new developments of what are called zymotic diseases; or in plain English, diseases which originate in the fermentation of putrefying substances. These diseases are by no means new. They were known in ancient times. But in our own day they have sprung into enormous vigour, through the influence of modern domestic arrangements; and generally speaking, the finer the houses the worse have matters grown.

In his operations, Death has wonderfully potent auxiliaries in house-builders; or at least those who get up houses to sell regardless of sanitary arrangements. Pipes to carry off refuse are scamped, everything is scamped. The pipes are ill put together and badly laid; foul air, the result of festering fermentation, escapes into the dwelling. Diphtheria and typhoid fever are the probable consequence. Much that is curious has been written concerning these zymotic diseases. It is now generally believed that the poisonous gases arising from imperfect pipeage in houses consist intrinsically of fungoid germs, which are unconsciously swallowed by the luckless inhabitants of the houses so affected. Whether this Germ theory be correct or not, the result is the same. By inhaling the vitiated air, we drink a kind of poison, which produces the most fatal disorders. In our own small way, we could speak from experience of this bad pipeage system, which has obviously become one of the scandals of the age. It is enough for us to advise every purchaser of a house to look strictly to the condition of pipes and drains. If he cannot do it himself, let him procure the assistance of experts. What a thing to say of some modern improvements, that they have ended in giving us two of the greatest evils in life—foul air in our houses, and foul water to drink! One would almost think that these so-called improvements had been ingeniously devised in the interest of the undertakers.

People as we see are slain right and left by ailments which seize upon them insidiously when least expected. The weakest of course come off worst. This brings us to the fact that considerable numbers possess but a feeble stamina, and are unable to ward off disease, even with all the appliances of art. They come of a weakly parentage perhaps through several generations. Being by inheritance little better than an incarnation of beer and gin, they are absolutely born with a tendency to succumb to disorders which others would escape. Dr Farr makes the remark, that our very philanthropic schemes for rendering succour to the afflicted tend to raise crops of people of inferior organisation. 'The imbecile, the drunkard, the lunatic, the criminal, the idle, and all tainted natures, were once allowed to perish in fields, asylums, or jails, if they were not directly put to death; but these classes and their offspring now figure in large numbers in the population.'

From one cause and another, it is not surprising that so comparatively few reach extreme old age. The average of human life has been extended through the resources of modern science, but not to such an extent as might be expected, for the average still does not range higher than forty-five to fifty. Some reasons for this comparatively low average have been alluded to. To these may be added the frightful deterioration of health from intemperance. Drinking, once a fashionable vice, has become a prevalent evil in the lower departments of society, and the evil is conspicuously increased in proportion to an advancement in the gains of labour. Alcohol! In that single word we have no end of premature deaths accounted for. The most correctly logical definition, as far as we have seen, of the physical and mental ills inflicted through the agency of alcohol, is that given by Dr B. W. Richardson in his work on the *Diseases of Modern Life*. There can be no doubt that the reckless abuse of this stimulant, always growing the more reckless, as has been said, as means are increased for its indulgence, has a terrible effect on the increase of pauperism and death-rates. According to Dr Richardson, alcohol has a tendency to throw life off its balance—'A balance at the best of times finely set is broken in favour of death. A mental shock, a mechanical injury, an exposure to cold, a strain, a deprivation of food beyond the usual time of taking food;—any of these causes, and others similar, are sufficient to cause an organic wreck, which, left to its own fate, would soon break up from progressive internal failure of vital power.' Much that follows on this subject we commend to general attention—without, however, expecting that what the learned writer says will be of any practical avail.

Another cause for the undue shortening of life which has not been yet referred to, is the intense mental strain prevalent among literary men, artists, statesmen, judges, and some other classes. If not a new feature in society, this mental strain is at least more conspicuous than it was formerly, because the struggle to attain high rewards is greater, and more dependent on individual exertion than it seems to have been in past and less exacting times. In short, in derangement of the nervous system, leading to no end of functional derangements in the heart, stomach, and so on, in all which are found reasons why so many of our most eminent notabilities are removed ere they reach fourscore. They fall victims to a heedless, certainly unfortunate, overtasking of the brain. Medical men in high practice, though well aware of the dangers of professional exhaustion, are not always exempt from the charge of being careless of their own health. The wiser among them endeavour to limit their hours of work, and at the proper season retreat to the country, for the sake of invigorating rural sports. But for these precautions, the death-rate among London physicians would be very much greater than it is. The late Sir Henry Holland is known to have greatly lengthened his days by habitually making long autumnal tours over the globe; always returning invigorated for fresh work. The very common practice among people in business of taking a month's holiday at the

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sea-side, or some inland healthful resort—a practice immensely facilitated by railways and steamboats—has the same beneficial tendency. As regards the salutary results of checking the mental strain in literary labour, we could speak from a degree of personal experience. We have for the last forty years—whether in town or country, whether in winter or summer—never written a line after nine o'clock at night. When that hour strikes, the ink-glass is shut up, the pen and paper laid aside, and the mind is allowed to calm down before retiring to rest. The rule is peremptorily followed with the best consequences.

In the varied pressure of inexorable circumstances it may not be possible to be so extremely guarded. Lives are abruptly lost, the most precious in the community. He, however, who falls in the fair fight of life, though mistaken has been his eagerness, may be said to fall nobly. It is a considerably different thing when men shorten their days through luxurious indulgences, in wanton disregard of the rules essential to the preservation of bodily health. Up till fifty years of age, it perhaps signifies little how some of these rules are neglected, because the constitution originally vigorous resists or overcomes various deteriorating influences. At all events, there may be no immediate mischief. After fifty, and more particularly sixty, a change has taken place. The breathing, the digestive, the circulatory processes are less able to endure tear and wear. A little indiscretion may derange the whole machine, and bring it prematurely to a dead stop.

It is wonderful how much may be done to protract existence by the habitual restorative of sound sleep. Late hours, under mental strain, are of course incompatible with this solacement. On this topic Dr Richardson says it has been painful for him to trace the beginnings of pulmonary consumption to late hours at 'unearthly balls and evening parties,' by which rest is broken, and encroachments made on the constitution. But, he adds, 'If in middle age the habit of taking deficient and irregular sleep be still maintained, every source of depression, every latent form of disease, is quickened and intensified. The sleepless exhaustion allies itself with all other processes of exhaustion, or it kills imperceptibly, by a rapid introduction of premature old age, which leads directly to premature dissolution.' There, at once, is an explanation why many people die earlier than they ought to do. They violate the primary principle of taking a regular night's rest. If they sleep, it is disturbed. They dream all sorts of nonsense. That is to say, they do not sleep soundly or for any useful purpose; for dreaming is nothing more than wild imaginative notions passing through the brain while half sleeping or dozing. In dreaming, there is no proper or restorative rest.

It is a pity that Dr Richardson, as in the case of other medical writers, has refrained from stating that the practice of late dining, always growing later and later, to suit fashionable fancies, is quite incompatible with that tranquil and wholesome night's rest which contributes materially to a healthy and protracted old age. How can any one who inconsiderately sits eating and drinking till within an hour or two of midnight, so as to render refreshing sleep pretty nearly impossible, expect to reach eighty, ninety, or a hundred years of age? Narcotics are taken to procure the much-coveted sleep. They give no natural repose, besides otherwise doing harm. It is customary to say of sentiments of remorse that they 'murdered sleep.' So at least said Macbeth, and, as is known, he spoke from very unpleasant experience. But as things go, sleeplessness arises less from remorse and other mental affections than from physical causes connected with digestion. The stomach, to use a familiar phrase, is out of sorts. And in a vast number of cases it would be wonderful if it were otherwise. Just think of the habitual overtasking of the digestive functions and corresponding secretions, from the practice of late eating and drinking—late ceremonious dinners, which, from their tiresome sameness, their simpering platitudes, their dull insincerity, their waste of food, waste of time, and waste of health and comfort, can scarcely be said to claim a single redeeming feature. If that be called social intercourse, it is a downright sham—poor outcome indeed of the accumulated intelligence and inventiveness of the nineteenth century. One of the dangers of dining out in winter arises from exposure to cold and damp night-air. The excuse usually made is, that of being well wrapped up. But although that is right in its way, the fact is well known to medical practitioners that grievous mischief may be done in an instant of time. By a single gulp of cold air, or by a chill to the feet, in stepping from the door to a carriage, a deed may be done beyond the power of science to undo. Our belief is, that cold caught at late dinners and other late entertainments is a prolific source of disorders that prove fatal. With what a thrill of sorrow have we lately attended the funerals of aged and estimable persons who gave promise of living other ten or twenty years, but were said to have died after a three days' illness, in consequence of having one evening when they were out 'caught a little cold.'

It is tolerably evident that, setting aside the masses who die young and in middle life, from ailments that are difficult to be warded off, length of days is considerably dependent on individual effort as regards a graceful sacrifice to the rules of health. The explicit statement of Dr Farr, that the natural span of human life is a century, will to many appear startling. But calmly considered, a century is but a small fraction in the vast expanse of time. Years pass away imperceptibly. The man of seventy or eighty can hardly realise that so many years have slipped over his head. In his own condition he feels little to impress him with the fact. The past has vanished like a dream. The evidence of advanced years consists mainly in the recollection of events, recollection of places visited, recollection of the friends and acquaintances we have lost. The past is a vista strewed with memories, some agreeable, others saddening. We have worked our way as it were into a new world, yet with everything going on very much as it did long ago, *plus* a happy diminution in the number of Torturations.

The estimate formed of age ought not properly to depend on years. One man at seventy may be in constitution not older than another at forty-five or fifty. All depends on the original strength of frame, and the way it has been treated. Hence are seen lively old men, who, from their manners and activity, you would say were like men of thirty.

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The bloom on their cheeks, their tasteful toilet, their dancing, their singing, are a kind of marvel. The explanation of the phenomenon is, that besides having been careful as regards temperate habits and attention to air and exercise, they have all along cultivated a cheerful view of human affairs. 'A merry heart doeth good like a medicine, but grief drieth the bones.' They have studied that text to some practical purpose. At fifty, at sixty, at seventy, they have been steadily qualifying for a hundred, and it seems not unlikely (if kept free from worry) that they will reach that desirable epoch—at all events, under a moderate discount of ten per cent., they may get as far as ninety, and on the morning after their decease have something handsomely said of them in the newspapers.

Keeping steadily in view Dr Farr's comforting view of the matter, we shall be glad if anything we have cheerfully ventured to suggest, has led people to reflect that with a reasonable degree of care they may have themselves to blame if they do not 'Live to a Hundred.' W. C.

## THE LAST OF THE HADDONS.

### CHAPTER X.—MARIAN.

As I had expected, the neighbourhood through which we were driven did not appear to be inhabited by the most prosperous class of people. We presently found ourselves in Green Street; and when the cabman drew up before a retail shoemaker's shop, we saw at once that there could be no doubt about its being the place we wanted. The name of Pratt ran up and down, and across the house, in every direction, backwards and forwards, and sideways and lengthways; to say nothing of a large blue boot swinging over the pavement, conveying the information that this was the veritable Pratt's, and there was no other in the three kingdoms who sold boots and shoes so good and cheap, and beautiful to behold, as did Jonathan Pratt. Telling the cabman to wait, I entered a sort of bower of boots and shoes (they hung all round the doorway, and were ticketed 'Great Bargains,' 'Alarming Sacrifices,' 'The Princesses' Favourite,' and so forth), closely followed by Lilian.

'I'll attend to you in half a moment, ladies,' said a stout, brisk, good-tempered-looking man, as he put some small shoes into a parcel, and counted out the change to a customer at the counter, adding to her: 'You've got the best of me again, Mrs Gooch, by a good threepence, that you have! There, take 'em away quick, before I change my mind!'

'Oh, you always say that, Mr Pratt,' laughed the good woman, gathering up her parcel and change, and pleasantly wishing him good-day.

Evidently Mr Pratt was a favourite with his customers. I afterwards heard that he was famous for his jokes and good-nature, as well as a keen eye to business.

'Now, ladies,' he went on, turning smilingly towards us, as the good woman left the shop, and rubbing his hands briskly together; 'here I am ready to go through it all again, though you ladies always get the best of me in a bargain, you know you do. Eh'—— Falling back a little as Lilian put up her veil; and even in that somewhat obscured light seeing that she was very different from the generality of 'ladies' he had to deal with, he added: 'I beg your pardon, Miss, I'm sure. What may I have the pleasure of shewing you?' For Mr Pratt prided himself upon his ability to suit his manners to his customers.

'You are Mr Pratt?' she began hesitatingly.

'Yes, Miss; that's me for certain.'

Lilian looked towards me, and I said: 'Will you allow us to speak with Mrs Pratt? Our business is with her, if she will kindly see us for a few minutes.'

'Mrs Pratt! *To* be sure, ladies; *to* be sure. Please to step this way.' We followed him into a small back-shop; and after putting two chairs for us, and —I suppose from force of habit—placing two little squares of carpet at our feet, he opened a side-door, and called out: 'Mother, you're wanted.'

Lilian, who looked very white and agitated, slipped her hand into mine; I clasped it firmly, waiting not a little anxiously for her sake.

A slight little woman, with a gentle good face, and soft dark eyes, looking very neat in a clean lilac print gown and large white apron, came hesitatingly into the room. One glance at her shewed us that it was not she whom we were seeking. Though her slight figure made her perhaps appear younger than she really was, she could not have been much less than fifty. We were for the moment both too much absorbed in the one thought to speak; and after glancing timidly first towards her husband and then at us, she asked: 'Is it change wanted, Jonathan?'

'These ladies want to speak to you, Susan,' he replied, looking a little surprised at our silence.

Lilian flushed up, glancing pleadingly towards me again. It was certainly rather embarrassing. I was casting about in my mind to find some way of approaching the subject without committing ourselves, in the event of their not being in the secret, when fortunately Mr Pratt's attention was called towards the shop-door, where commenced a brisk patter of words with reference to some of the bargains. With this gentle-looking woman it would be much easier to say what we wanted to say than with her husband, more accustomed to gauge the worth of words. So I plucked up my courage, and began: 'We have come to you, Mrs Pratt, in the hope of obtaining some information'—— I suddenly thought of new tactics, and said: 'Is the name of Farrar known to you?'

'Farrar!' She put her hand to her side, and sank down on to the nearest chair, gazing at me without a word.

Seeing that I was at anyrate so far correct as to be speaking to the right Mrs Pratt, I went on: 'Perhaps you know that Mr Farrar has been ill for some time?'

'Yes, Miss; I know that.'

'Do you also know that his illness terminated in death ten days ago?' I said, speaking slowly, and carefully separating my words, in order to in some measure break the shock; for though she was not the 'Marian' we were seeking, her agitation shewed me that they were in some way connected.

'Dead!' she murmured—'dead!' as she sat gazing at us, or rather at some vision which the words seemed to have called up before her mental eyes.

I thought it best now to go straight to the point, and said: 'Before his death, Mr Farrar expressed a wish that this packet should be

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delivered to the person to whom it is addressed; and therefore we thought it best to bring it ourselves to you, Mrs Pratt.'

She mechanically took it from my hand, looking down at it as though she were in a dream.

'But,' eagerly began Lilian, 'you see it is written above, "For Marian;" and before he died, dear papa told me'——

'You are Miss Farrar!' ejaculated Mrs Pratt, turning towards Lilian with a strange expression in her eyes: a mixture of curiosity and surprise, it appeared to me.

'Yes; I am his daughter; and very anxious to obey his last request. He told me that I have a sister, and wished me to be good to her. He meant to provide for her, and his will was prepared; but his illness was very sudden at—the last, and the lawyer did not arrive in time.'

I had thought it only just to tell Lilian what Mr Markham said, and she eagerly caught at the idea that her father had intended to provide for the other.

Mrs Pratt murmured something about its being very kind of Mr Farrar; her eyes downcast, and hands fluttering about her apron-strings.

'We thought it best to bring this ourselves, Mrs Pratt, because we wish to be in communication with Marian,' I said. 'And of course you know where she is. You know her, do you not?'

'Yes, Miss,' replied Mrs Pratt. She sat very pale and still a few moments, and then went on slowly and hesitatingly: 'If you really wish to see her'——

Lilian very earnestly assured her that she did.

'Then will you please to come this way, ladies?' she whispered, still, I fancied, a little nervously and doubtfully.

We rose at once, and followed her into the passage, up a narrow staircase, and into a front-room on the first floor. One glance shewed me that this was very different from what might have been expected in Mrs Pratt's best room—different in the way of being very pretentious. It was in fact evidently intended to be considered a drawing-room, and was crowded with tawdry finery, which not even its exquisite cleanliness could make to look respectable. Gaudy furniture, gaudy curtains, gaudy vases, with quantities of artificial flowers; a round table spread with gaudily bound books, &c.—all looking in such strange contrast with Mrs Pratt herself in her homely simplicity.

'Will you tell us where to find my sister?' eagerly began Lilian, after a hasty glance around.

'Sister!' said Mrs Pratt. 'You are not ashamed to call her that; or—is it that you do not know?'

'I have guessed that—that her mother was to be pitied,' said Lilian in a low voice, a crimson flush suffusing her face.

'And you can still call her sister?'

'Yes.'

'God bless you, dear young lady! It's only the best and purest could say that. Let me—pray let me.'

And before Lilian could prevent her, Mrs Pratt sank on her knees and kissed the young girl's hands. It expressed all the more to me, because I judged that Mrs Pratt was not naturally so emotional as most people. She recovered herself quickly too. After turning away for a few moments towards the window, where she stood wiping her eyes, she was the same self-contained, quiet-looking, little woman we had first seen.

'Please forgive me, ladies; but, as you have guessed, I do know Marian Reed. Her poor mother was my only sister, and since her death, Marian has always lived with us. Mr Farrar has always paid very handsome for her; and she has been brought up like a—lady.' Mrs Pratt hesitated a little over the word, and added: 'I mean, compared with people like us—a deal better than my own little ones.'

To gain a little time for Lilian, I asked: 'How many children have you, Mrs Pratt?'

'We have seven, Miss; but I've a good husband; a better man than Jonathan doesn't breathe; and business is brisk; so we want for nothing.'

The latter part of her sentence was meant for a hint, I thought, and I was all the more favourably inclined towards her in consequence. At anyrate we were amongst honest people.

'Is—Marian in the house now?' inquired Lilian. 'May I see her?'

Once more I noticed the reluctance in Mrs Pratt's face, as she replied: 'Yes, Miss; I'll go and tell her.'

'No; please do not tell her; let me introduce myself.'

Mrs Pratt consented; and to be quite honest with us, did not leave the room. Standing at the open door, she called out: 'Miss Reed—Marian, dear!'

No reply.

'Marian, dear, will you please come down for a few minutes?'

'What for?' called out a voice from some upper chamber.

'Somebody wants to see you, dear.'

I heard a word which seemed very much like 'Bother!' and a sound as of a book thrown down. Then there was a somewhat heavy and leisurely tread descending the stairs.

'Well, what is it?'

A girl of about twenty or twenty-one years of age entered the room, looking as though she had been disturbed and resented it. At sight of her my heart sank. Lilian's sister! This underbred girl, arrayed in the latest style of elegance as interpreted by Islington. Everything about her was in the extreme of penny-fashion-book style; the largest of chignons, the fluffiest of curls covering her forehead down to her eyebrows, the longest of ribbons streaming down her back, and the latest inventions in the way of imitation jewellery. I am bound to acknowledge that she was in her way good-looking; with plenty of dark hair, large round dark eyes, red (not pink) and white complexion, and good though large figure, and yet—— Could any one in the world be more disappointing, as Lilian's sister?

She crossed the room, seated herself with a *dégagé* air in a lounging-chair, and playing with a bunch of trinkets, it was then the fashion to call charms, upon her watch-chain, she languidly inquired if we had come about the music lessons.

'Because I have almost made up my mind to engage a gentleman. I require something advanced, you know; and the gentleman who is organist at our church gives lessons to a select few, and'——

'Are you Marian?' asked Lilian, white and trembling.

'I am Miss Reed,' very stiffly returned that young lady.

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'This young lady is Miss Farrar,' I put in, to help Lilian.

'O indeed!' returned Miss Reed.

I saw that the name told her nothing. I know now that she had never been told her father's name.

With slowly gathering colour, Mrs Pratt now came to my assistance. 'Mr Farrar was the gentleman who—paid for your schooling and all that, Marian, dear—the quarterly allowance came from him.'

'And who was he?'

'Your father!' returned her aunt, in a low broken voice: 'and these ladies have come to tell us that he has been ill, and—and'——

'He is dead!' said Marian; taking note of our black clothes, and becoming as pale as one of her complexion could become.

'Come!' I thought, not a little relieved, 'she can feel.' But I very quickly found that I had been somewhat premature in giving her credit upon that account. It is possible to feel without the feeling being worth very much. I saw in what way she was touched, as she went on, with a little catch in her breath, looking from one to the other of us: 'What has he left me?'

We were silent; and putting the right construction upon our silence, she hurriedly added: 'You don't mean to say he hasn't left me anything, after'——

Without any further anxiety on the score of her feelings, I put in: 'Mr Farrar has left no will, Miss Reed; and all his property comes to this young lady—his daughter.'

'Then I say it is mean, and shameful—downright shameful! and'——

'Hush, Marian, pray; Marian, dear, you forget!' pleaded Mrs Pratt, laying her hand upon the girl's arm.

'Am I not his daughter too? Am I not to say a word if I am left a beggar, after being always led on to expect to be a lady? It *is* shameful; and I do not care who hears me say so!' Flashing a look of angry defiance at us.

Lilian sat gazing at her; in her sorrow and disappointment, utterly incapable of uttering a word. It had not occurred to her that she might find this kind of sister. She had probably never before been in contact with any one like Marian Reed, and indeed we had both of us expected to see a very different person from this. If she had been only poor—anything like the children of poor parents generally, there would have been some reason for hope. But now! I afterwards found that Mr Farrar's very liberal allowance had been expended entirely on Marian Reed herself, Mr Pratt very decidedly objecting to accept more than a fair remuneration for her board and lodging; and the command of so much money had fostered a natural vanity and love of dress, until she had become the fine lady before us.

'If you will only be good enough to allow me to explain, you will, I think, do Mr Farrar more justice, as well as spare his daughter, Miss Reed,' I said, in a tone which made her turn sharply towards me with a look and gesture which seemed to say: 'And who are you?'

Having succeeded so far as to quiet her, I went on: 'Mr Farrar's illness terminated rather suddenly at last, Miss Reed; and the lawyer who was summoned did not arrive in time for the will to be signed'——

'But he might have'——

I stopped her again. 'Mr Farrar did what he could in trusting his daughter to carry out his wishes; and you will find her only too anxious to do all that is right.'

I saw the round black eyes turn sharply and speculatively upon Lilian for a moment; then she replied, in a slightly mollified tone: 'So much depends upon what people consider right, you know.'

I saw that Lilian was battling against herself, and longed to say to my darling: 'Trust to your instinct, which is altogether against asking this girl to come to live with you. Whatever else you may do, do not yield to a false sentiment in this one thing.' Unfortunately (or fortunately; looking at the question from this distance of time, I am not really sure which I ought to write), Lilian did *not* obey her instinct. In her anxiety lest she should not carry out her father's wishes, she was afraid to trust to her own feelings in the matter. When Marian a little impatiently asked:

'I should like to know what *you* call right?' Lilian replied in a low faltering voice:

'He wished me to be good to you; and I came to-day to ask you to live with me, and—be my sister—for—dear papa's sake. He has left a great deal of money, and quite intended you to share it.'

'That is,' I hastened to interpose, seeing the effect of the word 'share' upon the other—'Mr Farrar no doubt meant that the allowance which you have hitherto received should be continued to you, Miss Reed. I have reason to think something of that kind was to be done.'

'That would be very kind and generous. Wouldn't it, Marian, dear?' said Mrs Pratt.

'And' (I went on) 'perhaps you would prefer remaining with the friends who have been so good to you, and going on as before, Miss Reed?'

But Miss Reed very quickly gave us to understand that she did not prefer it; though Mrs Pratt put in a gentle word or two on my side: 'You have always been very comfortable with us, dear!'

Comfortable! That evidently would not be sufficient to satisfy Marian Reed any longer.

'I have been brought up as a young lady, aunt' (at present she had no doubts upon the point); 'and learned music, and French, and dancing, and all that; so papa must have intended me to come to live with him some time, and it seems only fair that my sister should ask me.—What 's your name, dear? It seems funny my not knowing your name; doesn't it?'

'My name is Lilian.'

'Lilian! What a pretty name—quite *charmong!*'

I saw that it was to be; and that the only thing I could now do was to gain a little delay, so I said: 'Of course you will want a little time to prepare, Miss Reed.' She was about to protest; but I quietly went on: 'It will be necessary to procure mourning, and so forth.'

'O yes; I had forgotten that,' she replied, eyeing Lilian's black dress, nearly covered with crape. 'Of course I shall;' adding a little apologetically: 'You mustn't expect me to feel exactly the same as you do about it, you know. Of course I am very sorry, and all that; but I do not remember ever having seen papa; so it isn't to be expected that I can feel quite as much as though I had always known him.'

'No,' replied Lilian, with what I fancied to be

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a sigh of relief. She would have even jealously resented this stranger claiming the privilege to share her grief as well as her money. Had he not loved her—and had she not loved him?

There was silence again for a few moments, which was broken by Marian Reed, the most self-possessed of any of us, for even I, the least interested, felt somewhat nonplussed by the aspect of affairs: 'It will take me a good week or ten days to get *distangy* mourning;' with a glance towards Lilian, as she gave that evidence of having learned French. 'Suppose we say ten days?'

'Very well,' replied Lilian, rising.

'But you haven't given me the address yet, you know. And you must excuse my reminding you that there 's been nothing said about last quarter's remittance, which was due last week, and which we have been a great deal inconvenienced by not receiving.'

I hastened to put the packet into her hand. 'This was placed ready for you, Miss Reed; but for the address upon it we might not have found you; and I daresay you will find it correct.'

'O yes; no doubt;' taking it with a negligent air, in amusing contrast with her next words: 'And then there 's the mourning, you know; that will have to be paid for; and good mourning is so expensive.'

'O yes; of course; I beg your pardon,' said Lilian, hurriedly taking out her pocket-book. 'This is the address; and—— No; I find I have not enough money with me; but I will send you a cheque when I get home, if that will do. And of course you will like to make some little acknowledgment to the friends who have been always so kind to you.'

'Of course I should, if you send enough,' sharply replied Miss Reed.

The colour rose in Lilian's cheeks. 'I will send what you please.'

'Well, you couldn't say more than that, I 'm sure,' graciously responded Miss Reed. 'But I 'd rather leave it to you.'

'Will fifty pounds be enough?'

Mrs Pratt looked awe-struck; but her niece, who evidently prided herself upon *sang-froid*, calmly said: 'O yes; quite enough; thank you.'

'If you will let us know the day and train, we will drive to the station to meet you,' said Lilian, her voice sinking lower.

'Yes; I will write and tell you when I am ready, dear.' And after going through the ceremony of shaking hands and bidding us good-morning, Miss Reed sank languidly back into her seat again, leaving her aunt to shew us out.

As we reached the foot of the stairs, we could see into a side-room, the door of which was open, and observing some children sitting round a table, I asked: 'Are these your little ones, Mrs Pratt?'

'Yes, Miss. Would you like to walk in?'

I did wish to walk in, and availed myself of the invitation, notwithstanding poor Lilian's pleading look. She was, I knew, anxious to get away as quickly as possible. But I wanted to judge for myself as to whether the contrast between Mrs Pratt's children and their cousin was as great as between herself and that young lady. Seven children, whose ages seemed to range between about five and fifteen, were seated round a neatly spread table at dinner; and though the fare seemed of the homeliest, they were partaking it with quiet enjoyment under the supervision of an elder sister, a girl of about fifteen, pretty, and fresh, and neat looking in her print frock. Altogether as refreshing a contrast to the cousin up-stairs as could well be conceived.

After one little shy blushing acknowledgment of our greeting, she attended to her business again.

'Don't stare at the ladies, Billy,' she whispered, guiding the spoonful of rice which, in his astonishment at seeing us, he was sending over his shoulder towards his mouth.

'She 's quite a mother to them already,' said Mrs Pratt, brightening up wonderfully in the presence of her children. 'I can't find it in my heart to let her go to service until the others are grown up a bit. We can't spare Susy, can we, dears?'

This seemed to two or three of the younger ones to indicate that there had been some proposition to take her, and that we were the delinquents. But we hastened to reassure them, and tears were soon dried again, though two or three pairs of sharp little eyes kept watch over Susy.

How heartily I wished that this had been the sister we were seeking; this modest, good, unpretending Susy. I think the same thought was in Lilian's mind as she wistfully eyed her. The tinkling of a bell sounded in some back place, and Susy bade one of her little brothers: 'Run, Tommy, and tell Miss Reed dinner will soon be ready.'

Then I noticed a tray ready spread on a side-table; and in reply to my look of inquiry, Mrs Pratt explained: 'Miss Reed' (she was evidently more accustomed to call her Miss Reed than Marian) 'lives up-stairs, ladies, since she went for a year to boarding-school; she prefers it.'

'And so do we,' heartily put in her husband, entering at the moment. 'We bring our little ones up to work, ladies. *They* won't get two hundred a year without earning it, and I won't have fine notions put into their heads. I shall be satisfied, I tell them, if they grow up respectable, and not ashamed to look any one in the face. Miss Reed likes to be a fine lady, and we've got no right to object to that. I don't take any more from her than what pays for her lodging and keep—not a penny; and of course she 's a right to do what she likes with the rest; but she never pleased me more than when she made up her mind to keep to her own rooms. Excuse me, ladies; but I've been accustomed to speak my mind, and somehow I always feel bound to say what my mind is, when Miss Reed 's being talked about.'

Lilian was silent. I murmured something to the effect that I quite agreed with him as regarded making his children as much as possible independent of circumstances.

'Miss Reed 's going away, father,' said Mrs Pratt. 'These ladies came to tell her that—the gentleman is dead.'

'Dead!'

'And this young lady is Miss Farrar, Jonathan. She has come to ask Marian to go and live with her.'

It took Mr Pratt some little time to get over the surprise; but I soon saw that it was not an altogether disagreeable one.

'It is so good of you, dear young lady,' murmured Mrs Pratt, who scarcely took her eyes from

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Lilian's face. 'So much more than Miss Reed could expect.'

'You may well say that, mother!' ejaculated Mr Pratt. 'It *is* more than she could expect—a deal. Though, to tell the truth, I shan't be so very down-hearted about her going, for my part. We can let our rooms again, and—— Well, as I said before, I don't want any of our young ones to grow up after Miss Reed's pattern.' At a murmured word from his wife, he put his hand for a moment on her shoulder. 'Mrs Pratt is more soft-hearted, and she naturally feels more for her sister's child than I do; but she's been a good deal put upon, and she'll see it's all for the best that Miss Reed should go, by-and-by. I can only say that she's kept true to her promise to her dying sister, and the girl can't say anything to the contrary. Her aunt's been a regular slave to her, always ready to cocker up one, who—— Well, there, mother; I won't say any more: what's gone's past; and I hope Miss Reed will be satisfied now, that's all. I never denied but what she's a fine lass enough—to look at; and when she's got all she wants in the way of being fine enough, I daresay she'll be all right. Anyhow, she needn't be afraid of our shaming her. Business is good, and like to be; but if it wasn't, it would make no difference; we shall not run after her. If she likes to come and see her aunt sometimes, I think it would do her good, because, as I've said before, Mrs Pratt's soft-hearted about her; but even she wouldn't be soft-hearted enough to run after a girl who didn't want to see her.'

'Of course you will come to see us at Fairview, Mrs Pratt,' said Lilian, in her earnest unmistakably sincere way; 'and of course she will come often to see you.'

'One thing we needn't go far to see, Miss,' said Mr Pratt, who was evidently impressed in Lilian's favour. 'I know the real thing when I see it; and that's why the Brummagem up-stairs doesn't go down with me. There—there; I've done, mother. Good-day, ladies; and thank you kindly, for us.'

And after shaking hands with Mrs Pratt and her children, Lilian pressing her purse into Susy's hand, we took our departure, escorted to the cab by Mr Pratt.

## 'ONE SHILLING.'

One of the eighteenth-century poets exclaims in a burst of enthusiasm how 'happy is the man who, void of cares and strife, in silken purse or leathern pouch retains a Splendid Shilling.' Then, poor fellow, as if overcome with the prospect, he dwells on the various pleasures which the splendid shilling was able to realise. Had he lived exactly a hundred years later, his poem might have been ten times the length, for what a vast variety of things may be enjoyed or purchased for a shilling is now a matter of daily wonder. The penny still keeps its ground in small matters. So does the sixpence. But these inferior coins, as well as those of higher denominations, are nothing in point of popularity to the shilling. Looking to its growing importance, we would recommend every one to have always a shilling ready in the pocket. He will hardly walk a hundred yards in any busy thoroughfare without seeing how the shilling may be laid out to advantage. 'Price One Shilling,' 'Admission One Shilling,' stare us in the face in all directions. 'Price One Shilling' is very observable at the booksellers'. Shilling books crowd the railway book-stalls in profusion; not merely garish volumes of sensational fiction in gaudily printed covers, but standard works in good type on good paper. Gilt-edged leather-bound Bibles and Prayer-books; the plays of Shakspeare; the poems of Scott, Byron, Burns, Cowper; the novels and romances of Fielding, Smollett, Scott, Lytton, Cooper—the completeness of many of these shilling works is remarkable. Monthly magazines have in most part abandoned the old half-crown standard, and have come into the shilling circle. Shilling atlases of maps, useful for schools, are becoming plentiful. Stationery pays a like homage to the silver coin in the neatly arranged packets and boxes of paper and envelopes, the boxes of colours and of drawing instruments, the fitted writing-cases for emigrants and soldiers, the grosses of steel pens (reminding the older among us of the days when steel pens were charged a shilling each), the pen-knife with an ever-pointed pencil at one end, &c. Published music displays a similar tendency towards the shilling in collections, after the copyright sheets have had their day. The gems of an opera, with the words in two languages; the great symphonies of Beethoven; the charming *Lieder ohne Wörter* of Mendelssohn; the books of instruction for the chief musical instruments—all are made up into shilling worths to an extent that has attracted the attention of most of us.

Go on a leisurely ramble through the principal streets, and see how multifarious are the indications in the same direction. The shilling razor is now a really serviceable article, made to shave as well as to sell (the gross of green spectacles, bought by the Vicar of Wakefield's son Moses, were, as we all remember, made to sell only). Shilling telescopes are in the windows, as are shilling thermometers and shilling microscopes; shilling spectacles are to be had by those who need them, and shilling eyeglasses by fast gents who do not. The smallest retailed portions of some beverages are priced a shilling, as are the largest of others. A shilling, paid by a simpleton of either sex, purchases a mystic delineation of character from handwriting. When the verger or some other official has shewn you the architectural and monumental curiosities of a cathedral; or an old dame has escorted you through the ruins of an abbey or castle, telling her tale of marvel as she goes; or a domestic has taken you through the principal rooms of an old country mansion—a shilling is, more frequently than any other coin, the *honorarium* awarded. Shilling hat clubs, clothes clubs, coal clubs, goose clubs, watch clubs, &c. are rather plentiful in the metropolis—speculations in which working-men think they lay out their money to advantage; but do they? The shilling has been long used by the recruiting sergeant wherewith to secure fresh additions to the ranks. A shilling dinner, provided by a 'Restaurant Company, Limited,' had a struggle for existence some time back; but beef at tenpence a pound put an end to it. A shilling is (practically) the smallest cab fare. Oaths, till lately (we hope they are not so now), were a shilling each in some judicial proceedings, and, not unfrequently, dear at the price.

Nor are fine-art and professional investments any less within the influence of the mighty

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shilling. There are many varieties of the Shilling Art Union, in which persons do a little quiet lottery-gambling under the guise of art. Shilling lessons in various accomplishments are given by persons whose pecuniary means are not up to the level of their professional aspirations. A shilling-worth of postage-stamps, if you believe the advertisers (which you had better not), will initiate you into 'a light and genteel employment.' Shilling photographs constitute quite a world in themselves in our shop windows; and it is amusing to see the impartiality with which princesses, bishops, swimming-men, pets of the ballet, poets, clergymen, criminals, tragic actresses, monastic brothers, acrobatic brothers, and opera stars are admitted. *Shilling* photographs are to be had so minute that a shilling microscope is necessary to render them visible.

Little less general and varied is the announcement 'Admission One Shilling.' There may be select accommodation at higher terms in some instances, and 'back seats' at lower terms in others; but a shilling marks the most prevalent charge. We have pretty well outlived the shilling panoramas, dioramas, cosmoramas, and needle-work exhibitions; nevertheless, a constantly increasing supply of other kinds tempts the public. The Royal Academy, the summer and winter exhibitions at the British Institution, the French Gallery, the German Gallery, several water-colour exhibitions, are each 'One Shilling;' as are likewise special pictures of note, and the collected works of particular artists. If we long for a little science made easy, a shilling will unlock the gates of the Polytechnic Institution, the Zoological Gardens, Westminster Aquarium, and many another place. Perhaps the best *shillingworth* is the Crystal Palace; but it is only necessary to glance down the advertising columns of the daily papers to see how varied are the temptations of a similar kind, all alike in this if in no other particular—that a shilling secures admission to any and all. Shilling promenade concerts are quite notable; while classical and choral concerts are likewise brought within the same category. Shilling 'Entertainments,' as they are called—neither theatres nor operas, neither exhibitions nor concerts, but comprising something of two or more of these—are now so numerous amongst us that they cannot easily be counted: black (or blackened) minstrels, Psychos and other automata, conjurers, music-halls, monopolologue entertainments, Tom Thumbs, 'Two-headed Nightingales,' &c.

These characteristics of everyday life and its doings are to a considerable extent applicable to most of the great towns of England; but we are treating them in special relation to the widely stretching and ever-growing metropolis. And this leads us to draw attention to a circumstance which renders shilling entertainments and amusements more and more accessible every year. In days which some among us will remember, London attractions were available to few except those who for the time sojourned within its limit. No suburban railway trains, few suburban omnibuses, and still fewer stage-coaches, there was a deficiency in the means for bringing the public to the central regions of the metropolis, and of taking them home again when the day's pleasuring was ended. It is not too much to say that, for all practical purposes of locomotion, Kensington and Westbourne, Kennington and Walworth, Hackney and Stepney, Holloway and Kilburn, were farther out of town then than Richmond and Croydon—nay, Windsor and Gravesend—are now. Saying nothing of omnibuses and cabs, we are within the truth in stating that a hundred railway stations are easily reached from the metropolis by trains starting at eleven or twelve o'clock at night at cheap fares. What is the consequence? The father of a family can arrange for wife and senior children (juniors of course included in the pantomime season) a visit from the near suburbs and the more distant environs, to places of interest in the metropolis; knowing that there will be the means of returning home after the enjoyments of the evening are ended. How this tells upon the shilling will be readily understood by those who know the prevalent prices of admission to public places.

May we not find a clue to the solution, at the Mint? We all know that it is more convenient to make our payments, so far as possible, in one coin than in two or more, let it be of gold, silver, or copper. Now, as a matter of ascertained fact, the Mint produces a larger number of shillings than of any other denomination of silver coin. For instance, in ten recent years, twenty-six million shillings were produced at the Mint, against seventeen million sixpences and nine million florins—the other silver coins being relatively few in number. Why it is that the Mint puts eighty-seven and a quarter grains of sterling silver into each and every shilling, and never deviates from that quantity (rigorously 87·27272 grains), we are not here called upon to inquire; but unquestionably the determination exerts some effect on prices, within the limit, at anyrate, of the matters discussed in the present article—intensified by the predominance of this particular kind of silver coin over others. If we were to abolish the shilling from our coinage, and to substitute the franc (worth about tenpence), there is much reason to believe that we should gradually change from 'Price One Shilling' to 'Price One Franc;' and the same with 'Admission' instead of 'Price.' Very likely we should receive less in quantity, less number or less dimensions, of articles or enjoyments included in each purchase; but this would be borne with more patience than a change in the opposite direction—in other words, it would be found more easy to adjust our dealings to the altered value of the coin, than to give the troublesome amount of one franc in silver *plus* twopence in copper or bronze to make up a shillingworth; for a dislike to 'bother' is prevalent with most of us. But how about 'Admission One Franc?' Should we obtain only five-sixths as much instruction or amusement as we now obtain; and if so, in what manner would the curtailment be carried into effect? Would the shilling gallery, for instance, share in the enjoyment of less splendour and less fun when it became a franc gallery? Would a franc concert-caterer give a smaller number of songs, and the Polytechnic give fewer dissolving views and scientific lectures on each evening?

A subject of much solicitude to the financial and commercial world just at present may, for aught we can tell, be wrapped up in this very problem. The price or value of pure or bullion silver has

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fallen materially. The purchasing power of (say) an ounce of silver is less than it was a year ago, as compared with gold and with general commodities; and perchance the amount of 'value received' may have to be readjusted to our friend the shilling in some way not at present perceptible.

A question has been asked, What is the real or intrinsic value of a shilling? and a good question it is, like the late Sir Robert Peel's, 'What is a pound?' The matter seems simple, but it intimately involves many important considerations. So far as concerns the Mint, the government, or the state, the value of a shilling is honestly expressed; no profit is made on its manufacture; on the contrary, a certain sum has to be provided annually out of the general taxation of the country, to make up a small deficiency. The chemical and mechanical processes of coining cost so much, the unavoidable (though trifling) waste amounts to so much, the wear of the coin costs so much for recoining after a few years, and so much for putting in new silver to make up the deficiency from 'light weight;' and all these items swell the cost of the shilling to the Mint. If the coin were made much below its intrinsic value in pure silver, it would not pass on the continent; if above, it would be melted down as bullion; and thus the Mint or the state has many points to consider in the matter. A bronze penny pays its full expense of manufacture; a gold sovereign and a silver shilling do not. Whether, at the present time, when the Mint can buy silver bullion and old silver at a cheaper rate than was the case a few years ago, the silver coinage just now pays its own expenses, is a question on which possibly the Master of the Mint may have something to say in his next annual Report.

## THE BIG TREES OF MARIPOSA.

M. LE BARON DE HÜBNER in his, interesting work *A Ramble Round the World*, gives an account of an excursion from San Francisco to the Yosemite Valley, in the Sierra Nevada, for the purpose of seeing what are known as the 'Big Trees of Mariposa.' It is a toilsome journey by stage-wagons with relays of horses, through a wild country, and the distance going and returning is four hundred and forty miles. The journey took place in June, when the weather was fine, as it generally is in California near the coast of the Pacific. At the *rancho* or farm establishment of a hospitable planter, the wheeled carriages could go no farther, and the party were provided with little Indian horses, harnessed and saddled in the Mexican fashion, to complete the excursion. There were now, however, only a few miles to be travelled.

The Big Trees of Mariposa, which are reported to be the most gigantic trees in the world, were discovered as lately as 1855. The stories told of their gigantic dimensions seemed almost incredible. It was represented that they exceeded in height the tallest church steeples; were in fact as high as the top of St Paul's in London, and that is three hundred and fifty-six feet, reckoning from the marble floor to the cross. Another circumstance that seemed surprising was that these marvellously tall trees grew in a valley among mountains, at a height of eight thousand feet above the level of the sea. Such a circumstance in itself conveys an impressive idea of the magnificent climate in California, it being difficult in any part of England to grow trees successfully at a greater elevation than a thousand feet above sea-level, and seldom at that. Reaching the spot where the large trees grew, the Baron and his companions began to observe various trees fallen on account of age or the force of the winds, while at the same time infant trees were springing spontaneously up, and which, after growing for hundreds of years, will perish in their turn. Of the trees generally, the Baron says:

'The Big Trees of Mariposa well deserve their world-spread reputation. A law lately passed, and voted unanimously by the legislature, shelters them both from speculation and from the devastation of the mining companies. Unfortunately, however, it cannot protect them from the incendiary fires of the Indians. But none of these trees can be cut down. There are more than four hundred, which, thanks to their diameter of more than thirty feet, their circumference of upwards of ninety feet, and their height of more than three hundred feet, are honoured with the appellation of the Big Trees. Some of them have lost their crown and been in part destroyed by fire, that scourge of Californian forests. Others, overthrown by tempests, are lying prostrate on the soil, and are already covered with those parasitic creeping plants which are ever ready to crop up round these giant corpses. One of these huge hollow trunks makes a natural tunnel. We rode through it in all its length on horseback without lowering our heads. Another, still standing and green, enables a horseman to enter it, turn round, and go out of it by the same opening. These two trees form the great attraction of the tourists. Like the Russian pilgrims in Palestine who have bathed in the Jordan, the tourists, after having passed on horseback through the tunnelly trunk of one of these trees and the interior of the other, strong in the consciousness of having done their duty, think of nothing but instant departure. The greater part of these trees are marked by the inscriptions of different celebrated persons. One of them bears the name of Ferdinand de Lesseps.

'The Big Trees, with their smooth, dead-red trunks and short horizontal branches, are of a coniferous race, well known in Europe. One sees specimens in all our botanical gardens and in most of the "pinetums" of private persons. The first discoverer, an Englishman, gave them the name, which has stuck to them in Europe, of *Wellingtonia*. This name, which was offensive to the Americans, was changed by them into *Sequoia gigantea*, after an Indian chief of Pennsylvania, who distinguished himself by his kindness to the whites and by his civilised habits. These *Sequoias* would have a far grander effect to the eye if they were isolated, instead of being crowded with other trees, many of which have attained to almost the same size. Without the help of a guide, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to distinguish them from one another. The great indefinable charm of this spot lies in the poetic beauty of the site and the extraordinary fecundity of nature.'

The *Wellingtonia gigantea*, or Mammoth pine, as it is sometimes called, is a tree perfectly hardy and of rapid growth. Its leaves resemble those of the *Arbor vitæ*. Introduced by seeds into Great Britain, it is grown successfully as an ornamental

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tree, though we have not yet had sufficient experience to say whether it will attain anything like the dimensions and height it does in California. We planted one in 1865, when it was about a foot high, and now it has attained a height of twelve to thirteen feet. It grows about a foot in the year. We watch its progress with considerable interest.

## MRS PETRE.

### IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

'TWELVE hours afterwards Janet Heath was stunned and horrified to hear, from a strange source, that Mrs Petre was dead—had died in the middle of the *night* from an overdose of laudanum. Fortunately for Janet, the woman who lived next door to her cottage was possessed of great good sense; and when Janet rushed into her house wildly denouncing Mrs Danton, Mrs Dixon said: "Just have a care what you say; if her heart is anything like her face, you'll have a slippery customer to deal with in Mrs Danton. There'll be an inquiry, and plenty chance to speak then."

'But Janet, though cautioned, went straight up to Hilton Lodge, did not pause to be announced, but walking into the dining-room, faced Mrs Danton, who, with an air half-defiant, half-cringing, said: "This is a sad business; isn't it?"

"Sad?" cried Janet; "shameful. How did it happen? How could it have happened?"

"An overdose of laudanum," returned Mrs Danton.

"Laudanum!" exclaimed Janet, a new light flashing across her. "What was that the doctor said to you yesterday about the laudanum? I did not hear your answer."

"You were not meant to hear my answer," responded Mrs Danton, who bringing her evil face upon a level with Janet's, and tapping her sharply on the shoulder, added: "You don't come here to censure me." Her look was so terrible, Janet said she felt her knees tremble beneath her; she involuntarily turned away whilst Mrs Danton added: "It is not my wish that Mr Aubrey Stanmore should be made acquainted with this event. I will communicate with Mrs Petre's friends. I warn you of my severest displeasure and vengeance if you inform him."

'The words fell blankly upon Janet's ears; she simply left the room and made her way up to the drawing-room, where lay all that was mortal of her poor old friend.

'Meanwhile the authorities came upon the scene; and now I must endeavour to be very explicit. You know no body can be buried without a certificate from the doctor as to the cause of death; and on this occasion Mrs Danton knew a coroner's inquest would be absolutely necessary. But in the meantime a letter was speeding up to the Aubrey Stanmores, written in wild excitement by Janet, simply stating that Mrs Petre was dead; that they said it was from an overdose of laudanum taken by herself; but added Janet: "I was with her half an hour before she is said to have taken it, and I never saw her calmer or more sensible. Pray, do something!" concluded Janet, "for all is not right."

'Mr Stanmore's first step was to proceed at once to his solicitor, an extremely worthy man, who, on hearing the circumstances, at once consented to start for Lynton, whither he was accompanied by both Aubrey and his wife. They judged it prudent, after seeing Janet, to go direct to the doctor's house, in order to ascertain particulars from him, as, from Aubrey's position with his aunt, it was not quite easy for them to go direct to her house now she was dead, when she had not received them there during her lifetime. How vividly did Aubrey now recall his last interview with her, when Mrs Danton was absent; how he had knelt down by her side and beseeched her to send her off, and in her place to install the faithful Janet. "When Arthur Dumaresque comes home," had been her feeble promise; and now, how true his words to his wife and Janet had turned out: "That woman will never let my aunt live until Arthur Dumaresque comes home."

'This doctor whom they were about to visit was a new importation to Lynton. He had obtained a fair share of practice, but it was more than doubtful how long he would continue to retain it, for neither his manner nor his appearance was in his favour. However, the Stanmores and Mr Westmoreland the lawyer merely knew that he had attended Mrs Petre; and it was simply to hear his account of the melancholy affair that they troubled him with a visit.

'Much to their amazement, nothing could have been more brusque or discourteous than Dr Harper's manner. He received them in the most extraordinary way, and flatly refused to be, as he called it, "interrogated" as to the circumstances of Mrs Petre's death.

"Had you ordered the laudanum?" asked Mr Westmoreland.

"No; I had not," he answered. "I knew nothing about it till I was sent for, and told to bring the stomach-pump."

"And how had she taken it?" pursued Mr Westmoreland. "Who bought it? Where was it got?"

"I tell you I am not going to be questioned; the inquiry will give you all particulars;" and without even the civility of a bow to the Stanmores, he ushered them out of his room.

'The police-office was the next place to be visited. There every question was answered with alacrity and politeness, and the following particulars given by the constable whose duty it was to ascertain the facts where such occurrences took place. The inquiry, he told them, was fixed for the following day. The jury were all summoned; and the coroner, at some inconvenience to himself, had consented, in order to accommodate the relatives of the late Mrs Petre, to allow it to take place at the house.

'It appeared that Mrs Danton had lodged the following statement with the constable: About ten minutes or a quarter of an hour after Janet Heath had left, the drawing-room bell rang violently; the housemaid—the old woman I have described—went to answer it; but before she could get up-stairs it pealed again. Mrs Petre was sitting in her chair when she entered, and said: "Send Danton up to me."

'Danton—who always raged at this abbreviation—accordingly went up-stairs; and on getting into the drawing-room, Mrs Petre exclaimed, holding out a large bottle: "See what I have done! I have emptied this bottle of laudanum. What effect will it have?"

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"It will make you drowsy; you must keep awake," replied Danton.

'It was a bottle capable of holding four ounces of laudanum, which, according to Mrs Danton's testimony, Mrs Petre had herself bought a few days before, for the purpose, it was supposed, of applying to her rheumatic limbs.

'Mrs Petre, whose horror of death was well known, at once exhibited the greatest alarm. "Send for the doctor—send for the doctor!" was her entreaty; and Mrs Danton sent the housemaid—the old woman who was supposed to wait on Mrs Petre—off in the carriage, which happened to be at the door then; not direct to Dr Harper's house, but to *another patient's*, "to see if he was there;" at that house the housemaid lingered, and it was not until fully three-quarters of an hour had elapsed that Dr Harper reached Hilton Lodge with the stomach-pump. For that three-quarters of an hour surely a strict account would be required at the inquest.

'Mrs Petre lingered on until the middle of the night, by which time several of Mrs Danton's own relatives had arrived upon the scene—notably one who volunteered the information that previous to the old lady's death she had stood in readiness, handkerchief in hand, ready to tie up the poor old face.

'However, to be as brief as possible. The Stanmores were so completely convinced that there had been foul play, that, by dint of strenuous exertions, they succeeded in persuading the coroner to defer the inquest until the Monday. Janet must be called as a witness; and Mr Stanmore, as the nearest relative, declared that he must identify the body. Accordingly, the constable who had previously arranged with Mrs Danton for the immediate inquest, proceeded to the house; now anxious to elicit further particulars, and also to intimate to her the postponement. He wanted the second bottle—for Mrs Danton had stated the laudanum had been purchased in separate ones. That was not forthcoming. It had been broken or mislaid; so only one—a good-sized one without any label—was handed over to him.

'Upon informing her of the new arrangement, Mrs Danton started violently, but recovering herself, said to a relation of her own, in a half aside, but quite audibly: "I know who is at the bottom of this, but I shall know what to do."

'The constable then left; and Mr Stanmore meanwhile was not idle as regarded efforts to collect all the evidence he could relative to his aunt's death. The case appeared a very clear one to him. Mrs Danton had, if not *all* his aunt's bonds in her own name, at anyrate a sum of money in amount quite impossible to guess at. Mrs Petre had declared her intention to get rid of her, and Major Dumaresque was coming home shortly, when a proper account would no doubt be demanded; and with Mrs Petre's aid, all would have to be disgorged, and Mrs Danton would return to her old life of needy dependence, with only censure and disgrace attached to her. There was no lack of motive; and looking at the case in any light, nothing could seem more conclusive than it was.

'Monday soon came; and at eleven o'clock the coroner with his twelve jurymen assembled in the best parlour of the *Royal George*, amidst great excitement; the witnesses collected in an adjoining room; and after the body had been viewed by the jury and identified by Aubrey Stanmore, proceedings fairly began. It was a long low-roofed room, with a narrow table, at the head of which the coroner sat; close by him were the solicitors, one for the Stanmores, the other for Mrs Danton; on one side of the table were the jurymen; whilst at the end of it were standing a group of officials, a police inspector; and the summoning constable, whose duty it was to call the witnesses separately, and to hand them the Bible to kiss whilst the coroner rapidly read over the required oath.

'The Stanmores were in the waiting-room with Janet Heath, whenin walked Mrs Danton, alone; her cadaverous face looking yellower and more repulsive than ever, her black eyes glancing from side to side, betraying a nervousness she evidently tried hard to conceal.

"Would she go out alone?" wondered Mrs Stanmore. "Would not the hand of the law be upon her, and the death of the poor old lady avenged?" Who could tell!

'But at last all was in readiness. Mrs Stanmore not being required as a witness, was ushered first into the room, and accommodated with a seat by the coroner. Aubrey was then called, merely to identify the body. It was that of Mrs Petre his aunt. The last time he had seen her she was in good health. Her money matters were arranged by Mrs Danton, of whom she intended soon to get rid. And a host of other information quivered on his lips, when the coroner dismissed him.

'Then came the housemaid, Margaret Penn, who stated she was in Mrs Petre's service partly as nurse partly as housemaid. She knew Mrs Petre had bought the laudanum to rub her rheumatic limbs with. She had noticed Mrs Petre had taken a small quantity on the preceding night, and fearing danger, had carried the bottle down to Mrs Danton, who, uncorking and tasting it, had said: "Take it back and place it where you found it, so that Mrs Petre may not miss it;" accordingly she did so. She verified Mrs Danton's first statement to the constable, that soon after Janet's departure Mrs Petre's bell had rung twice; that on answering it, however, Mrs Petre had exhibited nothing unusual beyond a demand for "Danton." Danton had gone up, and soon afterwards called Margaret, telling her Mrs Petre had accidentally taken some laudanum, and desired her to go for the doctor. That was all she knew.

'The doctor's evidence was the next taken. He had merely attended Mrs Petre for a slight cold. He knew she had got some laudanum to rub her limbs with. She was an old lady, suffering from considerable depression of mind, and somewhat feeble in body. He had been called in to see her, having received a message to say she had taken an overdose of laudanum. He took the stomach-pump and applied it; but she was too far gone. No emetics had been administered previous to his arrival. The amount she had taken was not sufficient to act as its own emetic. She was slightly conscious when he saw her, and gave him to understand that she had herself taken the dose. He did all he could for her; he considered she had died from narcotic poisoning.

'Then came—not the person from whom Mrs Petre was supposed to have bought the laudanum—but the partner in the establishment, who, strange to say, read his evidence from a paper he produced;

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eliciting thereby a disapproving remark from several of the jurymen, who truly said where only truth was to be told, there was no occasion for written papers. It was merely to state that Mrs Petre, or a lady whom he understood to be Mrs Petre, bought the laudanum in two separate quantities at his establishment.

'Then came a surgeon who had made a post-mortem examination. The deceased had died of narcotic poisoning. He went into various medical details of no interest, as the cause of death was clear; but one remark seemed to startle the jurymen, who listened with the most praiseworthy attention. The hands of the deceased were bruised and discoloured, and the little finger of the right hand blackened. This he accounted for by their having been "flecked" with a towel to try to keep deceased awake.

'Janet Heath was next called. Nothing in the world could have been more convincing or more conclusive than her evidence—the clear and artless manner in which she gave it—her open, honest grieved face, as she described her last interview with her mistress—detailing her own horror at hearing of the death, and depicting Mrs Petre's position with Danton; her penniless state; the neglect and unhappiness she suffered from, but how at length Mrs Petre seemed to have summoned up courage to dismiss her custodian, whose presence was anything but conducive to her comfort. She dwelt upon her last visit; upon Mrs Petre's remarks regarding Major Dumaresque's return; on her kindly mention of Mr and Mrs Aubrey Stanmore; in fact, nothing seemed wanting.

'Janet Heath was dismissed; and then came the witness, Mrs Selina Danton. A suppressed murmur ran round the room as she entered, ghastly pale, her great black eyes seeming almost to be starting out of her head; but she advanced boldly enough to the table—kissing the Holy Book audibly—took the oath, and amidst the profoundest silence, gave her evidence. She was a cousin of the deceased. She managed her affairs. Deceased was subject to fits of great depression. She was not quite unable to manage her money matters, but preferred deputing her to do so. Her will was in favour of Major Dumaresque. She had asked her for some money to buy the laudanum. She had given her three shillings. Margaret had mentioned she had touched the bottle; and she, the witness, had—never dreaming of the consequences—desired her to replace it.

"Did the witness think deceased had taken it accidentally, or did she think she had deliberately meant to destroy herself?"

'The witness answered that she most unhesitatingly, and before the corpse itself—a most unnecessary addition—could swear that deceased had deliberately taken the fatal draught, meaning to commit suicide. She then proceeded to state, that when deceased had first sent for her, she had said: "Danton, look here; I have taken all this;" pointing to the empty bottle. "*This* will tell you why."—"Here is my proof," concluded Mrs Danton, as with a theatrical gesture she waved in her hand a letter, which she began to read, and which was to the effect that the writer, Mrs Petre, was dying; that her life had been a most unhappy one. A few sentences, a signature and date, with superscription—"The Last Words of Mrs Petre."

"Is that Mrs Petre's handwriting?" asked the coroner. "Can you identify it?" holding it towards Mr Stanmore.

"I think it is—I believe it is," he answered, gazing earnestly at it.

"You *know* it is," almost shrieked Mrs Danton, glaring at him with the ferocity of a tigress.

"Silence—silence!" from the coroner.

'Aubrey's identification was enough for the coroner, who instantly, without any hesitation, proceeded to sum up for the jury, entirely in favour of Mrs Danton. The coroner's own mind was quite clear, and his bias equally obvious: the letter left not a shadow of doubt. The deliberation of the jury was brief, their verdict being, "Suicide whilst of unsound mind;" but they wished to be appended to their verdict a strong and severe censure upon Mrs Danton for not having removed the laudanum when she ought to have done it. The coroner, however, refused to append the censure, upon the plea that to do so would be equal to a criminal charge; and the proceedings terminated.

'Of course,' continued Mr Langley, 'none of us was satisfied; and the conviction is clear upon my mind that Mrs Petre was simply murdered. If the coroner had summoned his constable, and asked him what account, in the first instance, Mrs Danton had given of the death, the discrepancy would have instantly suggested itself to an intelligent jury; but it appears to me that an inquest is merely to discover the cause of death, not the motives and circumstances surrounding it, which a police investigation would inevitably elicit.'

'Then what is the use of a coroner's inquest?' I asked, rather bewildered.

'That is a question you must excuse my answering,' he replied. 'Until they are differently conducted, I consider them a mere farce; for in this instance, those few lines, which no one saw Mrs Petre write, might have been written by her or might not; no one knew. They did not allude to self-destruction; her own horror of death, and her anticipations of Major Dumaresque's return, combated the probability of her having voluntarily taken the dose. It is a mystery, and a mystery it is likely to remain; nor will it be the last, unless such occurrences are more closely inquired into.'

'And was the will wholly in Major Dumaresque's favour?' I asked. 'Did Danton benefit in no way pecuniarily by the death?'

'We thought not at first, for the will was wholly in Major Dumaresque's favour; but I had the curiosity to go and pay my shilling to see the document at Somerset House. It was written by Mrs Danton herself, and contained merely a vague bequeathment of all to the major, not stating any particulars. Mrs Danton had appointed herself co-executor with the major; it was witnessed by two servants; and the misspelt composition most tremulously signed by the poor old lady, whose pitiable condition at the time left her in no condition to be properly cognisant of her actions. My impression after reading it was, that there was far more than met the eye under Mrs Petre's death; but I know the Aubrey Stanmores did not gain much for their trouble, beyond the approbation of their conscience; for they found that right is not always might, and that justice is not always done, even when matters are investigated by the aid of a coroner's inquiry.

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'And what has become of Mrs Danton?'

'As you may imagine, she soon left the neighbourhood; and Hilton Lodge has not had another tenant since the mystery of Mrs Petre's death, which no one considered solved or satisfactorily accounted for by the Coroner's Inquest.'

## THE MONTH:

### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

WHY should London have a monopoly of the museums carried on at the public expense? is a question which has been frequently asked; and at a meeting held in Birmingham it was recently repeated with good show of argument by the mayors of some of our chief provincial towns. The importance of galleries and museums for educational purposes is admitted. Much of science and of the arts may be learned through the eyes. There is in the British Museum and other establishments in London, a surplus of articles that could be turned to good uses in museums in country towns; and so application is to be made to the Commissioners of the Exhibition of 1851, for portions of the large balance—seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds remaining in their hands. The whole of the kingdom contributed towards the success of that Exhibition, and may therefore claim to participate in the available profits. There is a good show of reason in this argument, which it is to be hoped will have due consideration. An additional point is, that a museum when once started has a tendency to grow; for there are many people possessed of objects of nature or art who are disposed to give or bequeath them to an institution where they will be taken care of and appreciated.

In looking back on the weather that darkened the closing weeks of last year and the opening weeks of the present year, the rainfall is seen as the conspicuous phenomenon. As is shewn by observations made at Greenwich Observatory and other places, eleven inches of rain fell in about eight weeks. The annual rainfall in eastern England is about 26 inches: thus nearly half the quantity that should have been spread over twelve months was poured down in two. Taking the month of December by itself, the rainfall was the greatest for any month during twenty years. In London the quantity registered was 6·25 inches; at Selborne (White's Selborne) it was 9·77 inches; at Skipton (Yorkshire), 10·53 inches; at Bodmin (Cornwall), 12·69 inches; and at Seathwaite, in the Lake country, a notoriously rainy district, the December rainfall was 18·31 inches. The reader may well exclaim 'Prodigious!'

But it is well to remember that in the first nine months of 1876 there was a large deficiency of rain; the quantity as measured at Greenwich Observatory was not more than 13¾ inches, being 4½ inches less than the average extending over a period of sixty-one years. The time of greatest deficiency was from April to August: hence it may be said that there were large arrears to make up; and the means have been supplied by an unusual, and as yet inexplicable, flow of warm water and warm air towards our coasts from the Atlantic.

The floods, though wide-spread and distressing, were not so deep as the floods of 1875. But in this particular there appears to be a want of accurate measures; and a proposition has been made that a combined system of flood-marks for the whole country should be established. With these once in place, each bearing its proper date, there would be no difficulty in comparing the height of successive inundations. Perhaps this and other questions may be left to the Meteorological Office, which in all probability will be much increased in efficiency during the present session of parliament. The Committee appointed to inquire into the working of that useful office have reported in favour of an extension of its usefulness, including the scientific as well as the economical aspects of the question.

According to Dr Gilbert, the amount of ammonia that comes down with rain and 'minor aqueous deposits' varies from six and a half to ten pounds per acre in Western Europe. If the amount is in proportion to the rainfall the coming season should be fruitful. In connection with all this it is worth remark that, so far as the returns are made up, the health of the nation was good in 1876. In the first quarter the death-rate was, omitting decimals, twenty-three per thousand, twenty in the second quarter, and nineteen in the third.

The Natural History Society of Montreal have published further particulars of the plague of locusts which in 1874 afflicted Manitoba and the North-west Territories. In that year the hungry swarms destroyed five million bushels of grain; in other words, they devoured the green plants that would have produced that quantity. This fact alone justifies the hostility with which the creatures are treated wherever they alight, and the endeavours made for their total extinction. According to Mr Dawson, a scientific observer, they consist of but a single species, *Caloptenus spretus*, having numerous parasitic enemies, besides birds, which devour them greedily. Their breeding-grounds are the vast unpeopled tracts between the one hundred and fourth and one hundred and eleventh meridians, and the forty-ninth to fifty-third parallels. Mr Dawson states that being on the high plains near White Mud River, he saw swarms of locusts on the wing 'at all altitudes, following no determinate direction, but sailing in circles, and crossing each other in flight. The greater number were hovering over the swamps or spots of luxuriant grass, or resting on the prairie. A slight breath of wind would induce them all to take wing, causing a noise like that of the distant sound of surf, or a gentle breeze among pine-trees. They appeared ill at ease, as if anxiously awaiting a favourable wind.' Their migration is not flight, for they have no intrinsic power of directing their course, but like a sailing-vessel, must depend on the wind for propulsion. Their fixed determination to travel in a certain direction, and the wonderful instinct which leads them to wait for a favourable wind, are pointed out by Mr Dawson as worthy of special remark. The favourable wind is of course that which blows towards the settlements and lands under cultivation. There is evidence that the young broods at times migrate from the settlements to the breeding-grounds of their parents: on which Mr Dawson says: 'It would be a fact surpassing in interest the journeys of birds of passage, if it should be found that the locust requires two generations to complete the normal cycle of its

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migration.' Evidently extirpation to be effectual must be on a great scale. One of the plans proposed is to prevent the burning of the prairies in the autumn, and to set them on fire in the spring, when the young locusts are hatched. Another plan is to suddenly burn a broad belt of country when it is known that swarms are approaching; but this applies only to the unsettled districts. Another is by planting of trees to create a rainfall and infuse damp into the climate: moisture being fatal to locust life. Coniferous trees especially appear to exert a protective effect. One of the districts of Manitoba has never been ravaged by locusts. It is separated by a belt of fir forest, which they have never been known to cross.

From a paper read before the Helvetic Society of Science at Basel we learn that the fever districts of Switzerland are the valley of the Rhone in its middle course between Martigny and Brieg, and some parts of the canton Tessin. Owing to the large extent of marshes in these districts, malaria and intermittent fevers and neuralgia prevail in the summer and autumn. The effect of town-life in promoting consumption is made evident by the fact that in Zurich the deaths from pulmonary phthisis are one hundred and four to the thousand, while in Zug they are not more than seventeen. Tillers of the ground have thus an important advantage over those who work in shops and factories. Consumption disappears with altitude, and dwellers on the mountains or in the upper valleys are free from it; but on the other hand they are very liable to inflammation of the respiratory organs. Deaf and dumb persons, in proportion to the population, are more numerous than in any other country of Europe. And lastly, we gather that 'alcoholism' is on the increase in Switzerland as well as elsewhere.

A communication to the Société de Médecine at Caen makes known that the natives in some parts of Egypt cure hydrophobia by administering a certain insect called *Darnah*. The insect is a species of *Mylabris*. To facilitate the swallowing, it is given to the patient inclosed in a ripe date.

A doctor in Paris has invented an apparatus which he calls a spirophore, to be employed for the relief of persons suffering from asphyxia or suffocation. It may be described as a chamber constructed of zinc: in this chamber the patient is placed, but his head remains outside. Air is then drawn from the chamber by a pump; the patient's lungs expand: air is then pumped into the cylinder, and the lungs contract; and this operation is continued at intervals until the patient recovers.

The account of an experiment with ozone may be interesting to non-professional readers: 'A piece of fresh beef was cut into two equal parts, one of which was placed in a stoppered bottle containing ordinary air, and the other in a similar bottle containing ozonised air. In five days the meat in the first bottle was in full putrefaction, while that in the second bottle containing ozonised air, was as fresh as when put in, nor was any change manifested on the tenth day, when the bottle was opened to see if the meat had any offensive odour. Although the stopper was then quickly replaced, putrefaction had commenced on the following day. Milk was kept in ozonised oxygen for eight days without undergoing any change.'

Professor O. Rood of New York states that in certain conditions of the eye, such as are produced by prolonged excitation, nervous derangement, or by effects of fever, the nerves which convey impressions of colour fail to act, and give rise to 'temporary green colour-blindness.' This is a fact which should be borne in mind by persons whose occupation requires them to distinguish colours.

The question of the effect of sun-spots on climate has been often discussed, but so many considerations are involved therein that many years must pass before it will be settled. In a paper published in the *Monthly Notices* of the Astronomical Society, Professor Langley of Allegheny Observatory, Pennsylvania, after shewing the different points from which the question must be approached, states, as the result of his own investigations, that 'sun-spots do exercise a direct and real influence on terrestrial climates, by decreasing the mean temperature of this planet at their maximum. This decrease is, however, so minute, that it is doubtful whether it has been directly observed or discriminated from other changes. The whole effect is represented by a change in the mean temperature of our globe in eleven years not exceeding three-tenths, and not less than one-twentieth, of one degree of the Centigrade thermometer.'

Captain Watkin, R.A., has invented a range-finder, under different forms, for use in military and naval training and in time of war. If a hostile ship is approaching our coast or working her way into a harbour, it is important to know her exact distance, so that she may be hit by the heavy shot of the defensive battery. The range-finder, which is a combination of a telescope and a spirit-level, requires not more than eight seconds to indicate the distance in yards on a scale, and the guns can then be brought to bear with unerring accuracy. Should the ship be hidden by smoke, observers with an electric position-finder are stationed some way off, and make known her movements by telegraph, whereby the gunners can keep up their fire although they cannot see the enemy. This seems incredible; but the explanation is, that by means of charts ruled in squares, the position of a ship in any square or any part of a square can be identified, and aim taken accordingly. Another form of range-finder, of very simple construction, is intended for use on land. It is a japanned metal box ten inches by four, with a few holes in two sides, and one half of the top free to open by a hinge. Inside is an arrangement of mirrors, and a boxwood scale of yards from six hundred to four thousand. With this instrument and three staves, used in determining a base, one man by himself can ascertain the range of an object—a battery, a wood, a river, or a body of men, in three minutes; with two men it can be accomplished in one minute. Truly we may say that the art of killing becomes more and more scientific.

The Geological Survey Department in New Zealand has published a Report on the climate of that country extending over a series of years, and brought down to 1873. From this we gather that the rainfall of New Zealand presents some analogy with the rainfall of England in the difference of amount between the eastern and western coast. Taranaki, for example, on the west coast of the

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North Island, has an annual rainfall of more than sixty inches; while Napier, on the east coast, has about thirty inches. In the South Island, the yearly fall at Hokitika, on the west, is a hundred and twenty inches; while at Dunedin and Christchurch it is not more than one quarter or one-third of that quantity. The climate of Nelson is described as the 'most pleasant and finest in New Zealand, on account of its calm winter, the protection of its chains of mountains, and its clear sky, which is but rarely covered with clouds.' Yet Nelson is a rainy place: more than nine inches of rain have fallen there in a single day.

Owing to the peculiarities of climate, the glaciers on the west side of the New Zealand Alps descend very low, down to about seven hundred feet only above the level of the sea; and this is in the same geographical latitude as Leghorn. But different from the glaciers of Europe, the lower part of the New Zealand glaciers are decorated by pines, beeches, tree-ferns, and fuchsias in luxuriant growth.

From an accompanying Report on the minerals of the colony, we learn that more specimens of coal had been analysed than in any previous year, and that they 'represent an immense quantity of workable coal of excellent quality.' A splendid industrial prospect this for New Zealand.

The system of telegraph weather-signals has been adopted by the government of Canada; and storm warnings and other meteorological particulars are now regularly despatched to and from a number of stations in the Dominion three times a day. The central office is at Toronto, and thence the signals are telegraphed to Washington. A noonday time-gun is fired every day by electricity at Quebec, and for the benefit of shipmasters accurate time-signals are sent to the provincial outports: from all of which we see that Canada is co-operating praiseworthily in the grand meteorological and astronomical telegraph scheme.

The Hudson's Bay Company are taking measures for improving the navigation of the Saskatchewan and other waters in their great territory. The Red River and Lake Winnipeg are embraced in the scheme, which, when carried out, will open water communications to the base of the Rocky Mountains. The natural resources of those hitherto unfrequented regions are so great that any undertaking which promises to render them available should be encouraged. Their value will prove to be far beyond that of mere hunting-grounds, especially when the great thoroughfares cross them from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Out of the proceeds of a munificent bequest, the Academy of Sciences at Turin have founded a biennial prize, to be given alternately to foreigners and to Italians. It is called the Bressa prize, from the name of the testator, a beneficent doctor of medicine; and the programme sets forth that 'the net interest of the first two years will be given to that person, of whatever nation or country he be, who shall have during the previous four years made the most important discovery, or published the most valuable work on Natural and Experimental Philosophy, Natural History, Mathematics, Chemistry, Physiology, and Pathology, as well as Geology, History, Geography, and Statistics.' The year 1879 is fixed for the award of the first prize, which will amount to twelve thousand francs, about four hundred and eighty pounds sterling. In 1881, Italians only will be allowed to compete, and so on every two years. With so wide a range of subjects, a crowd of competitors may be expected, and the difficulty of deciding on the best among so many will be exceedingly great.

## CATS.

It is not often that we hear any credit rendered to the cat for either intelligence or affection; and it is therefore pleasing to be able to record two instances in which one, if not both of these qualities is shewn in a remarkable manner in this animal. A gentleman writing from India to a friend in England, a few mails ago, says of a pet Persian cat: 'I was lolling on the sofa, drowsily perusing the newspaper a few mornings ago, when Tom came and stood near me mewing in a plaintive way, as if to attract attention. Not wishing to be disturbed, I waved him off. He, however, returned in a minute or so, and this time jumped on to the sofa, and looking me in the face, renewed his noise more vigorously. Losing patience, I roughly drove him away. He then went to the door of an adjoining room, and stood there mewing most piteously. Fully aroused, I got up and went towards him. As I approached, he made for the further corner of the room, and began to shew fight, bristling up and flourishing his tail. It at once struck me that there was an unwelcome visitor in the room, which Tom wished to get rid of; and sure enough, in looking towards the corner, I discovered a cobra coiled up behind a boot-shelf under a dressing-table. The noise made by our approach aroused the snake, and he attempted to make off; but I despatched him with my gun, which was ready loaded close by. You should have seen Tom's satisfaction. He ran between my legs, rubbing himself against them caressingly, as if to say, "Well done, master!" The snake measured five feet seven inches in length.'

The friend to whom this incident is related, after reading it to me, went on to say, that some years ago, when in India with her father, the family were gathered after tea, one rainy evening, listening to one of their number who was reading an interesting story. While thus engaged, a cat of which her father was very fond jumped on to his knee, and moving about in a restless manner, began to mew in a louder key than usual. The old gentleman, as was his wont, commenced to caress the cat, expecting thereby to quiet it; but to no purpose. It shewed signs of impatience, by jumping down and up again, mewing vigorously the whole time. Not wishing to be interrupted in what was going on, he called for a servant to put the cat out of the room; but Puss would not tamely submit to an indignant turn-out, and commenced clawing at the old man's feet. This he thought was going too far: he rose to chastise the cat; but ere he had time to do so, he discovered that it was nothing less than a timely warning which Puss had given him; for not far from where he sat there was, under the table, a small venomous snake, which probably would have bitten him had he molested or trampled on it. The reptile was immediately killed; and Puss ceased her mewing.

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# ROB GRAHAM

## A TWEEDSIDE REMINISCENCE, BY W. CHAMBERS, LL.D.

I PROPOSE giving one of my early recollections, which lately turned up in the memory of the past. It refers to an incident which occurred only a few years after the beginning of the present century, when I was a boy at the burgh school of Peebles, a small town on the Tweed. The school in its way had a somewhat superior reputation, and drew to it pupils from a distance of several miles around. Trudging in all weathers, the children of farmers and ploughmen came to be educated along with boys and girls belonging to the town. Whatever they were, all were treated alike, and the intermingling of classes was never found to be in any respect disadvantageous; on the contrary, there sprung up agreeable acquaintanceships between the town and country boys that were mutually useful and agreeable.

Among the crowd of country lads who thronged in daily, there was one I have some cause to remember. His name was Rob Graham. I will try to give a picture of Rob. Imagine a sturdy boy of twelve years of age, well knit together, barelegged and barefooted in summer, with coarse red hair surmounting a brow so large that one would say there were good brains under it. Rob's face was placid like that of an old man, and I think was slightly marked with small-pox, as was then not at all unusual. His dress, of a simple kind, consisted of a pair of dingy corduroy trousers and waistcoat, and a short coat of that coarse fabric known as Galashiels blue, with two broad metal buttons staring out behind; which buttons, from their well-worn appearance, had probably embellished a succession of coats of Rob's father and grandfather; for in those days buttons were buttons, and went through a good deal of service before being dismissed. As the fastenings of the dress could with a rive of the hand be rapidly torn asunder, the wearer could at any moment throw off clothes and shirt and plunge into the river stark naked. As Rob's leather cap, stuck on the top of his shock of red hair, was worth very little, we should deal liberally in estimating his whole equipment at the value of twenty shillings.

What signifies, however, the outside of boys? Who cares a farthing how they are dressed? The bodily physique and interior of the skull are the things really worth caring for. Rob's big square face and prominent brow shewed there was something in him. Poorly dressed as he appeared at school, he took the shine out of boys decked out with frills, shoes, and stockings. There was not a boy who shewed more dexterity at 'duck,' a game of pitching a heavy stone at a mark, or who ran with greater vigour at 'shinty,' on the school green. Rob was also a good fighter, and few boys, as the saying is, 'dared to take him up.' Yet Rob was a good-humoured and merry fellow, who did not want to quarrel with anybody. He even condescended to make himself agreeable to the girls in the school, by hopping on one leg in their game which they called 'the beds,' and in dexterously throwing up small shells to be caught on the back of the hand, and locally known as the 'chucks.' Then, he was so obliging. If he saw a poor woman carrying with difficulty a backful of clothes to be bleached on the banks of the mill-stream, he would offer to help her, and did so without any hope of reward. No wonder that this poor boy made friends, and was respected for his good conduct and gallantry. By birth a peasant. By nature a hero!

There in memory does Rob Graham stand before me. Miserably attired and educated, knowing nothing of the world outside the tranquil valley in which he was born, Rob had the dash and courage of a Crusader. Nor was he indebted to good feeding for his diligence and activity. In the morning before quitting home, his mother doubtless supplied him with a breakfast of oatmeal

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porridge and milk. That, in a great measure kept him going for the day. To stay his hunger, however, a piece of pease-bannock about the size of your hand, and nearly an inch thick, which his mother had baked on the girdle, was stuffed into his right-hand pocket—the left one being occupied with his 'peerie' and 'bools'*—and so he was provided with dinner; for beyond the lump of bannock and a drink of water, which he scooped with his hand from the Tweed, he tasted nothing till he was comforted with a repetition of porridge and milk for supper. So much for Rob's dress and mode of living.

By some unaccountable feeling, I felt interested in Rob. I saw him daily seated in the left-hand corner of the school as you go in, poring over his lesson, or playing some prank when the master's back was turned. On one occasion, I pointed out to him how to work out a question in arithmetic on his slate; and at another time afforded some little advice as to his style of penmanship in writing 'a piece' for the public Examination by ministers, magistrates, and other great people. As for his reading I did not interfere, for it would have been useless. Like other pupils, he read aloud with a coarse facility, lessons from Barrie's Collection, and repeated psalms by heart, with little regard to points or modulation, and so loudly, that if the windows were open, you might have heard him a hundred yards off—no one finding fault, not even old Barrie, in his duffle spencer and brown wig, who had come a long way in his gig to honour the ceremonial, and dine afterwards according to use and wont with the magnates of the burgh.

The trifling intercourse I had with Rob led me to make inquiries about his origin and place of residence. It was a simple story. He was the son of a small farmer, or at least the occupant of a cottage and a few acres, known as Kailzie Park Foot. The place was a kind of offshoot of the park or pleasure-grounds connected with the mansion of Kailzie, and situated on the south bank of the Tweed, at the distance of about three miles eastward from Peebles. Possibly, Rob's father had a charge of the pleasure-grounds, or he looked after the hedges and ditches on the property, or did some other work for the laird, for which he was allowed the cottage, a cow's grass, and certain money perquisites; by all which a decent appearance was kept up. The family was not large.

Rob had a sister, Jenny, two years younger than himself, who got a little schooling, but only in summer, as she was unable to undergo the severity of winter travel to and fro. She was a pretty and interesting girl Jenny, with flaxen ringlets and bright intelligent eyes. Though meagrely dressed in a gingham frock, and barefooted, she had a certain lady-like appearance. And that is what may be occasionally seen among school-girls of a humble class. However poor be their dress, we see in their graceful figure, their gentle manner, their flowing hair, their sparkling intelligent eyes, that they are ladies by nature, and would, if polished up, do credit to any society in the kingdom. Such was Jenny Graham, who, unconscious of her girlish beauty, was an object of general admiration. With good taste, as a bit of decoration, she often had a rose or a spink, or sprig of honeysuckle, stuck in the breast of her dress. The boys at the school called her 'The Flower of Kailzie.'

As children together, Rob and Jenny grew up with brotherly and sisterly affection. In autumn, Rob visited and climbed the gean-trees at Haystoun Burn, to bring home a capful of geans or wild-cherries for Jenny. Sometimes ascending the hills he would spend hours in seeking for and gathering 'craw-croups,' a kind of wild bilberries, from the lofty ridges which overlook the valley of The Glen—all to be a posie or offering to sister Jenny. Requiting these attentions, she accompanied him to the Torwood when he went to scale the tall pine-trees in quest of young rooks. And the two had often rambles along the river-bank from Cardrona to Kingsmeadows, on which occasions it was no unusual thing to see them seated on the green margin of a little peninsula which diagonally juts into the water. It is a pleasant spot, nearly opposite the ruins of Horsbrugh Castle, which picturesquely crown the height on the northern side of the river. Here, on the edge of the peninsula grew quantities of tall rushes, with which Rob cleverly plaited head ornaments and necklaces for Jenny, who, proud of her rustic decorations, scampered home with them in the glee of innocent childhood.

There was but one drawback in the pleasure derived by Jenny from these river-side rambles. She felt pretty safe as far as the small peninsula. Beyond that, westward along the green haugh towards Scott's Mill, she apprehended danger. On the opposite bank was the farm of Eshiels, laid out in handsomely shaped fields, and environed with some young plantations. In one or other of these spacious fields there was ordinarily a herd of cows grazing, attended by a formidable bull, of which little Jenny Graham could not help being afraid. She had some reason to be so. One day, being sent by her mother on an errand to the family at Scott's Mill, she was tripping merrily along the green haugh, when to her dismay the Eshiely bull, as it was familiarly termed, left the herd and at a smart trot made for the river, as if to cross and attack her. The bull had possibly been roused by seeing a scarlet tippet on the neck of the young maiden. Be that as it may, the animal, bellowing with rage, plunged into the stream at a spot where it could be easily forded, and would inevitably have carried out its malicious intention of tossing and goring, perhaps killing, Jenny, but for her presence of mind. She got out of reach of the ferocious beast by hastily

* Peg-top and marbles.

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scrambling over a wall that bounded Kailzie Park, and taking refuge in the policy was safe from pursuit. Being for the time circumvented, the bull looked glaringly over the wall, and with a growl which sounded like a threat of taking its revenge some other day, it slowly retreated to its pastures on the other side of the Tweed.

Jenny never forgot her fright on the occasion. As soon as her brother Rob came home from school in the afternoon, she told him of the affair, and that after this she did not dare to go with him in his rambles along the river-bank, at least not so far as the ground opposite Eshiels. Rob heard his sister's story, and from that moment resolved to punish the Eshiely bull for running after and frightening Jenny. He had indeed for some time been pondering on a plan for quelling this torment of the neighbourhood.

'Keep yoursel' easy, Jenny, lass,' said Rob; 'I'll mak' the Eshiely bull pay for chasing you. He'll no try that again.'

'But, Rob,' replied his sister, 'what can you do to the bull? You're only a laddie, and you may get into trouble. He's an awfu' beast the Eshiely bull. Let him alane. Dinna gang near him, Rob; dinna gang near him!'

'I tell you to keep yoursel' easy about me, Jenny. I ken fine what to do. It will be capital fun, and I'll be as safe as if I were at hame.'

Jenny knew Rob's resolute character, and having also some confidence in his discretion, let the matter drop. Still she felt uneasy about what might prove a serious misadventure. It is not surprising that the affectionate girl was uneasy. Here was a poor lad unprovided with firearms or any lethal weapon by which he could inflict an injury on an animal so jealous of approach, so dangerous when threatened with attack, and yet he was confident that he would successfully, and with little or no hazard to himself, impose a heavy vengeance on the bull. He would not do it skulkingly or unfairly. He would go to work with the spirit of a sportsman. If the bull came to grief, it would have itself to blame. Brave lad! Like Harry Bluff, 'though rated a boy, he'd the soul of a man!' In the depths of his consciousness, Rob had made up his mind what he should do, without consulting any one as to his extraordinary project.

It was necessary, however, in order to carry out the campaign, that Rob should have two or three confederates of his own age. These he was not long in securing, for the Eshiely bull was a public nuisance, and the youths all round about would gladly take part in any scheme that promised to give the monster a suitable chastisement for its audacity. The lads whom he enlisted in the adventure were three school companions who lived in the neighbourhood. They were Tam Jackson, son of a ploughman at Laverlaw; Willie Ramage, a son of the farmer at Whitehaugh; and Sandy Clapperton, son of the grieve at Cardrona Mains. All entered cordially into the proposed scheme. It was explained to them that they were to be mere helpers or onlookers. Rob was to take upon himself the heavy end of the business. The prospect opened out to them was perfectly charming. It would be the nicest thing they had ever had all their days.

Like the stage-manager of a theatre in superintending a morning rehearsal, Rob schooled the three boys in their several and collective duties. To speak in the language of the Spanish Bull-ring, they were to act as *chulos*, whose duty consists in waving flags and otherwise distracting the attention of the bull, while the *matador* has the responsibility of despatching the animal. Rob was to be the *matador*, only he had no intention of killing the bull. All he proposed to do was to inflict a punishment that would teach him better behaviour. It was agreed that next Saturday, if the weather kept fair, the play should come off, and all were to be at their post under a tree at Scott's Mill at a specified hour. Meanwhile nothing on any account was to be whispered on the subject.

It was a well-devised drama. All depended on its proper performance. Rob was fortunately well acquainted with the scene of operations. Born and reared within a stone's throw of the Tweed, on its south bank, he knew every rapid and pool within a stretch of three or four miles. From Kailzie Park Foot for a certain distance westward, the water was comparatively shallow, and it was hereabouts that the Eshiely bull had forded the stream in pursuit of little Jenny Graham. Farther up, the water deepens until it becomes an unusually deep and broad pool, just where the river makes a sudden bend at Scott's Mill. Boy as he was, and with a miserable apparatus, Rob had fished every inch of the water with fly as well as worm bait, and had now and then brought home a few small trouts to his mother. One thing he was set upon. It was to try to catch a large lamprey, or 'ramper eel,' as the Peebles boys called it, which, considered to be a dangerous water-snake, was a terror to juveniles wading the river. The lamprey was known to lurk somewhere in the deep pool at Scott's Mill.

Rob considered it would be of no use trying to lure the dreaded creature with an ordinary line and bait. He constructed a round wicker-basket, with a hole in the side, in the manner of a mouse-trap, which would allow the eel to get in, but not to get out. Inclosing a bait of garbage and a stone to sink it, the wicker trap was tethered to the shore by a strong cord to a stake, and pitched into the middle of the river. Rob's foresight and skill were rewarded. Next morning, he had the satisfaction of hauling in the trap with the lamprey in a rampagious humour inside. It was, as I recollect—for I went to see it, stretched on the sward below Scott's Mill—a huge creature, four to five feet long, with seven holes or gills whereby to breathe on each side of its head, while it firmly sucks itself to any object with its mouth. Among all the youngsters of the district from Howford

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to Peebles, Rob rendered himself famous by having caught the ramper eel, and of having skinned it too. As a trophy, he came one morning to school with the skin of the eel wound round his ankle like a garter. We mention the circumstance as an instance of Rob's pluck, and that he was not unqualified to face the Eshiely bull.

Saturday, on which was to be the proposed diversion with the bull, at length arrived. It was a delightful day. The air serene, the fields and trees around in their best verdant array. Shielgreen Kips on the one hand, and the Lee Pen on the other, stood out as prominent peaks against the bright blue sky. A more charming scene is not found in Peeblesshire. The Eshiels herd of cows, with the bull a little apart, were composedly grazing in the field immediately adjoining the pool at the mill. There had been heavy rain up the country the previous day, which had swollen and deepened the river, which, without being greatly discoloured, flowed majestically between its green banks. Its increased depth was favourable for Rob's purpose. The pool with a swirl here and there on its surface, was in capital order. All circumstances conspired to promise success for the intended exploit.

At the appointed hour, the three lads, Jackson, Ramage, and Clapperton, who were to act as assistants, were at their post. There they were seated on the grass under an old ash-tree, on the bank of the river at Scott's Mill. Rob also kept tryst, for his companions had hardly seated themselves when he appeared on the scene, carrying a short but very effective oak walking-stick. The stick was a kind of heirloom. It had belonged to Rob's grandfather, a stirring fellow in his time, and likely enough the stick had figured as a weapon in brawls at Beltane fair. The stick was a remarkable stick. At the upper end was a round knob fashionably carved, near which there was a hole for a cord, which could be wound round the hand or wrist. The lower end of the stick was shod with what looked like a pike, that would take a good grip of the frozen ground in winter, and be formidable in any defensive struggle. Rob had appropriated the stick for the day, and we shall immediately see the use he made of it.

Well, here were the four boys met. There were but few words spoken. The business of the three auxiliaries was to do all in their power to enrage the bull by shaking handkerchiefs of different colours they had brought with them; and particularly when Rob was engaged with the animal, they were to run hither and thither, and by derisive shouts draw it away in any required direction. This and other measures being understood, the play commenced.

There was a united shout, the handkerchiefs were wildly waved. Next, a provoking cry of 'Bull, bull, bull!' assailed the object of attack. It was like a trumpet summons to battle.

The bull being unacquainted with the programme, was apparently unable to comprehend the meaning of the sudden uproar. Lifting his head inquiringly, he viewed the force which invited his attention. 'Only four boys; I shall soon settle them.' If the Eshiely bull had any mind at all, that is what he probably thought of them. They were only worthy of his contempt. Still there came the provoking cry of 'Bull, bull, bull!' uttered with offensive reiteration. The challenge was to the last degree insulting. There was an impertinence in it that was unendurable. Coming to this conclusion, up went the bull's tail, as if shaking out a banner of defiance, and with a mighty roar he moved at a trot which gradually increased in speed.

He was a grand sight. There he came frenziedly on with his surly white face, his generally dun colour, his black muzzle, and short pointed horns. Well shaped, he would have taken a prize at Islington, even in these days of advanced culture. At a bound he cleared a low dike near the river, to which he went as direct as an arrow, with a view to attack the foe on their own ground. What did he care for the Tweed. He had forded it dozens of times. He had stood in it up to the middle in hot days with all the cows about him, cooling their legs and whisking their tails to keep off the flies. He would at once cross the river.

In his eagerness to get at the enemy, the Eshiely bull with all his accomplishments failed to remember that at this point fording was impossible, and that he must inevitably take to swimming, which was not exactly within his experience. In his sober moments he might have thought of this. Now, his blood was up, and on he drove right into the pool.

Like a general at the head of an army, Rob steadily watched the motions of his antagonist as he came headlong on to the attack. His attitude was worthy of being pictured by an artist. With delight he saw the bull advance right onward, instead of making a circuit to a lower and shallower part of the river—in which case the game would have been up. When the monster, snorting and bellowing, with flashing eyes, and with his tail up, plunged into the pool, Rob's time was come. Now or never he must act.

It was a trying moment, but with teeth clenched, Rob never quailed. Like a good soldier going into action, he had but one feeling, and that was to do his duty. Now, then, for it. To throw off his clothes till he stood stark naked, was the work of an instant. Seizing the old oak stick and firmly attaching it by the cord to his wrist, he dashed down the bank into the water. He was a capital swimmer, could dive and turn with a sort of amphibious instinct, as most river-side boys can. Courageously he struck out, heading a little to get up stream and bear down on the enemy. About and about he swam, ever with the stick dangling from his wrist. The bull saw his approach, and with a fierce glare

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turned abruptly towards him. Rob eluded the encounter by diving out of sight. This sudden and strange disappearance considerably disconcerted the bull. He could not imagine what had become of Rob, and in his perplexity determined to proceed towards the bank, on which the boys kept shouting and defying him; so onward he went, more enraged than ever, but somewhat confused in mind from the novelty of the proceedings.

During this by-play Rob had, underneath the water, got skilfully to the rear of the bull. This is what he had all along wanted. He now felt that the day was his own. Approaching the bull stealthily, he got hold of his tail, which was floating conveniently in the water, and with a degree of dexterity worthy of an acrobat, he leaped at a bound upon his back. It was a singularly well-managed feat. A terrible fix this for the Eshiely bull. He never expected to have been made the victim of such a trick. The superior brain of a schoolboy had out-manœuvred him. When Rob got fairly astride on the bull, and loosening the cord, flourished the stick in his hand, his boy-companions, in their mirth, set up a roar of laughter. It was a pity there was not a larger body of spectators. The scene would have brought down the house at Astley's.

The bull was of course prodigiously annoyed, besides being enraged to madness at finding a boy seated on his back, as if he had been a riding-horse let out for hire. No bull in the universe had ever been treated with such atrocious indignity. Moved by these heart-rending considerations, he wriggled, in the hope of getting Rob off his back. As jockeys would say, Rob was firm in the saddle. A horse may plunge and rear and throw his rider, but he does so by having good footing. The bull had no footing at all. He had no *point d'appui*. He was swimming for bare life, and had enough to do in keeping his head above water. He had no fins wherewith to propel himself in any required direction. No webbed feet. His cloven hoofs could make little way in the water. In short, do as he liked, he could not throw his rider. Rob had him at his mercy.

As has been said, Rob had no wish to kill the bull, nor did he wish to maim or seriously injure him. As he used to avow, he wanted to give him 'a drilling.' He now began operations. With a swing of the arm, he brought down the knob of the cudgel with a smart blow on the head of the animal, saying at the same time: 'Tak' that for frightening our Jenny.' And so on he went, raining down blows on the head and shoulders, always repeating: 'Tak' that, and that, for frightening our Jenny. I'll learn you no to be sae ready crossing the river and running after people.' The bull perhaps did not understand the full force of Rob's meaning; but he knew he was overpowered in a way to bring down his pride.

'Hit him on the horns, Rob,' cried Sandy Clapperton. 'He'll no like that.'

Rob was not a cruel boy. He had true courage and generosity, and would not take a mean advantage of his enemy. He accordingly did not feel inclined to strike the bull on the horns, for he might have broken or dislodged one of these appendages, and damaged the beast past recovery. So he continued to beat him in a manner to be painful and mortifying without being absolutely injurious. It was amazing how this untutored country lad knew the exact length he might reasonably go. There was in it no small degree of intuitive common-sense. Swimming about in a lumbering way, the Eshiely bull was for the first time made amenable to discipline. By the persuasive agency of the walking-stick, he was constrained to swim in a kind of circle, as if performing in a piece of horsemanship at a circus. It was important never to let him get so near the land on either side as to find a footing. He was kept as nearly as possible in the middle of the pool, round about and round about, beaten with the oak stick all the way, and told by Rob that he was punished as a mean-spirited wretch for running after and frightening little girls.

The whole thing was a pretty piece of rude play. Rob was a moral disciplinarian. Out of his own conceptions of rectitude, he did that which the public at large ought long since to have done in a regular and legal manner. The Eshiely bull ought to have been suppressed as being a nuisance, almost as dangerous to the community as a wild beast. Nobody interfered to any good effect. The proprietor of the animal was one of those miserably selfish individuals who, minding only their own interest, are indifferent to the rights of others. He had been frequently told of the alarm caused in the neighbourhood by the bull, but treated the matter as of small consequence. If the bull annoyed or killed anybody, what did he care? People should keep out of its way. As a self-constituted minister of justice, Rob Graham, after a droll fashion, settled the business. By dint of his grandfather's stick he brought the bull to its senses, forced it to see the error of its ways.

The play lasted about half-an-hour. During that time, in its gyrations in the water, Rob gave the bull what he considered a proper chastisement. Reduced to extremity, it had no heart to prosecute the war. It was fain to get back to its own side of the water. Rob indulged it in this laudable desire, for he thought he had humiliated it sufficiently. He let it make for the north side of the river. Just as its fore-feet touched the ground, he gave it a parting thwack which it was likely to remember. And dropping off at the tail, he bade the bull good-morning. The beast staggered away in an exhausted and dazed condition to whence it came, with its tail between its legs, and cowed in a way that never bull was before. Having done his duty, Rob swam across to the southern bank, with his grandfather's stick in his teeth, and was congratulated on his gallantry by his juvenile companions, as also by the miller in his dusty garments, and two or

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three other spectators who had collected at the spot.

From that day forward the Eshiely bull never crossed the river, nor did he run impetuously to attack strangers passing on the highway. The nonsense was taken out of him. As the Peebles folk said, in their old-fashioned vernacular, he had got 'a staw'—meaning an effectual surfeit. The proprietor of the bull affected to be angry at the way the animal had been treated; but was only laughed at. The thing was too ludicrous to be taken up seriously.

Were this a romance, we should describe Rob Graham as going abroad, and like another Clive, distinguishing himself in the public service. But all we have to relate is a simple country story, as events are recalled by memory. Rob's extraordinary feat in taming the Eshiely bull, and adroitly suppressing a gross local evil, met with no public acknowledgment. He moved in too obscure a sphere to be complimented. Rob, however, never boasted of his exploit, nor did he care for its being mentioned. The incident is long since forgotten; perhaps not remembered by a single person alive but the present narrator. As far as we have heard, Rob Graham, who might be designated the 'gallant Graham,' dropped into the position of a ploughman, from which he rose by his industry and intelligence, to be a grieve or land-steward in the neighbourhood. Unlearned, yet sagacious; valiant, yet docile; humble, yet manly and independent, Rob might be accepted as a specimen of those 'hardy sons of toil' spoken of feelingly by Burns in melodious verse, and of whom the poet himself is recognised as having been an illustrious example.

'Bonny Jenny Graham,' Rob's sister, is said to have been married to a farmer in the west country, and this is all we can tell of the gem of the old burgh school, the 'Flower of Kailzie.'

## PHOTOGRAPHIC PROGRESS.

It is doubtful whether any industrial art has made such rapid strides within the last thirty years as that of Photography. Founded upon the simple discovery that a certain chemical salt—the chloride of silver—becomes blackened upon exposure to light, the art has grown step by step into an important national industry. It would be next to impossible to estimate the number of persons who, directly and indirectly, owe their daily bread to King Sol in his character of Artist. A glance at the advertisement columns of one of the journals devoted to this interest will give us some idea of the busy number of camp-followers running in the wake of the huge army of photographic artists of Great Britain alone. Opticians, paper-makers, chemical manufacturers, glass-makers, cabinet-makers, besides a host of others who supply the *et-cæteras* of the business, vie with each other in the adaptability of their goods. Other countries can no doubt shew a similar list—notably France, whose paper is used by photographers throughout the world.

Although the peculiar affinity of silver chloride for light was discovered by Scheele just one hundred years ago, its application to art was not recognised until the year 1839, when Daguerre in France and Talbot in England almost simultaneously hit upon the method of rendering permanent the pictures which had been before obtained, but which had faded away into darkness as quickly as the daylight which had given them birth. This discovery of *fixing* the image, as it is technically called, was really the starting-point of an art, samples of which, good, bad, and indifferent, are now to be found in every homestead in the kingdom.

The mysterious power which could seize almost instantaneously the fleeting appearances of moving life, could not fail to take a strong hold on the public attention. Other art-pursuits had of course previously had numerous aspirants, but they came and went as fashions do, without leaving any permanent good behind them. Not so photography, which is perhaps unique in owing its present state of perfection to the exertions and patient investigations of mere amateurs. The reason of this unusual state of things is probably due to the fact that photography has required a large expenditure of both time and money to bring it to maturity; both which commodities are more plentiful with those who have not to work for daily bread.

The earliest sun-pictures, as produced by Daguerre, and named after him, were formed on silver plates treated with iodine. After exposure in the camera, they were developed by the action of mercury vapour, which attached itself to those portions of the plate which had received the greatest amount of light. Such pictures were necessarily difficult of multiplication, each impression requiring a separate exposure and development. Examples of this early method of photography may still be seen in many houses, where they have been carefully treasured as mementoes of friends who have passed away. These pictures are by no means of a permanent nature, the action of the air contributing with other causes to tarnish the silver plate, and so gradually to destroy the image thereon.

The discovery of the collodion process by Archer in 1851, quite supplanted the previous method, and gave photography an impetus which has carried it rapidly forward to the present date. Numerous substances have been tried at different times to support mechanically the delicate sun-printed image, but nothing has as yet been found to equal collodion upon glass.

Photographic art has now become such a thing of our every-day life, that perhaps there is scarcely an intelligent person who does not know the difference between a negative and a positive. Every one nowadays has his or her portrait taken at least once, and can well remember the nervousness incidental to a first visit to the photographic

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studio. Usually the photographer is kind enough to allow his anxious client a glimpse of the picture in its earliest stage, when the lights are where the shades ought to be, and *vice versâ*. Such is the negative, from which any number of positives may be printed by the action of sunlight on prepared paper placed underneath it. These silver prints (for although the silver *plate* is banished with the old method, chloride of silver contained in the pores of the paper still holds its own) have unfortunately the character of not being as permanent as they might be. This fault is commonly attributed to carelessness in not thoroughly eliminating the salt used in fixing the pictures; so that, by a strange anomaly, the discovery which claimed to make our photographs permanent is now charged with the sin of causing their ultimate deterioration. Photographers complain that the great competition, which has led to the adoption of low-priced work, will not permit them to give to the washing of the prints the time and attention which permanence demands. There are no doubt other causes at work in our heavily charged town atmospheres which have a destructive effect on our photographs. At anyrate, be the cause what it may, it is the rule and not the exception to find a paper print of, say ten years old, sadly faded and generally disfigured. Such a great disadvantage as this has met with an antidote in the shape of a discovery which has to a certain extent superseded the practice of silver printing. We allude to the carbon process, which is dependent upon the curious fact that bichromatised gelatine, after exposure to light, becomes insoluble. That is to say, a mixture of gelatine with the bichromate of an alkali—such as the bichromate of potash—will remain soluble so long as it is excluded from light. Carbon in the form of lampblack, or indeed any pigment, is mixed with this bichromatised gelatine, and paper coated therewith is exposed under a negative in the same way as in the case of a silver print, warm water being afterwards used to wash out those portions of the prepared surface which the sunlight has not rendered insoluble.

Such, briefly, is the mode of producing the so-called carbon pictures, which without doubt are, as they claim to be, as lasting as the paper on which they are printed. They are not equal, in point of brilliancy, to the better known silver pictures, but this disadvantage is more than counterbalanced by their good keeping qualities. The word carbon as here used is a misnomer, for as we have already indicated, other pigments, most of which have a metallic origin, may be used in the process.

Photography as now practised may be classed under two general heads—the wet process and the dry process: the first being solely dependent upon the use of collodion and the silver bath; the other dispensing with either or both. Hitherto, the great obstacle to the landscape photographer has been the cumbrous nature of the impedimenta necessary to the production of pictures at a distance from home. It is by no means an easy matter to transport a dark tent containing a chemical laboratory, together with a camera and the necessary supply of water, from one place to another. Moreover, the scenes which naturally tempt the artist lie in unfrequented, and oftentimes in almost inaccessible places. The use of dry plates, by which the necessity of a tent is altogether obviated, has rendered the art far more easy of accomplishment, and has thus placed outdoor photography amongst those pastimes which a non-professional can successfully pursue. In the wet process the sensitive collodion plate must be exposed to the air within a very few minutes of its removal from the silver bath, otherwise it becomes quite useless; the object of the various dry processes being to preserve the film in a sensitive state, so that it can be exposed as occasion may require, and developed in the studio at a future time. It is needless to point out that this method of photography dispenses at once with any travelling gear except the camera and lens, and a convenient light-tight receptacle for the sensitive plates. Many ingenious contrivances are now used in the form of changing boxes—as they are called—by which plates may easily be transferred to the camera without danger of exposing them to any accidental gleam of light. The jealousy with which a tourist naturally guards his treasured dry plates has more than once roused the suspicions of the acute Custom-house officer, who, in his zeal for the welfare of the revenue, has unwittingly spoilt the produce of many days' careful work, by insisting upon opening the strange-looking box!

Although it would be beyond the scope of this paper to enter into detailed explanation of the manner in which dry plates are prepared, the importance of the subject must claim some attention at our hands. In order to render a collodion plate capable of being kept indefinitely in a dried and sensitive condition, it is found that a solution of some organic substance must be washed over it, and dried with it. To enumerate all the various agents that have been employed for this purpose, would be impossible. Tea, coffee, sugar, tannin, gum, gelatine, with many other compounds, have each found favour with different experimenters, and with varying success; but the last-named substance, gelatine, is perhaps likely to supersede all the others, as giving more satisfactory and constant results. Plates thus prepared, although almost wholly disregarded by the professional artist, have, on account of their portable nature, a large sale among the amateur members of the photographic world. They are also almost exclusively used in astronomical photography, a branch of the art to which we will now direct the reader's attention.

It will be remembered that on the occasion of the last eclipse of the sun, expeditions to observe it were sent out from nearly every country of the civilised world; each expedition depending largely upon photography as a means of recording its labours. Although the state of the weather at many of the selected stations rendered the apparatus useless, a great number of pictures were actually obtained, a comparison of which set at rest certain theories relating to appearances which had up to this time been the subject of much discussion and speculation. No human hand could have correctly depicted such an ever-varying object as the sun presented at this time, to say nothing of the well-known fact that the power of correctly estimating appearances varies so much with individuals, that a comparison of mere drawings would be quite useless for the purpose in view. The cause of the periodical changes in the sun's spots yet remains to be discovered; and it is probable that the photographs which are being almost

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hourly taken (having for their object the solution of this problem) will ultimately lead to a satisfactory result.

The transit of Venus represents another important field of inquiry in which photography has done useful work. The expeditions fitted out two years ago, with their splendid array of modern instruments, would compare strangely with the preparations for the investigation of 1761, when Captain Cook started on his ill-fated voyage to Otaheite. Still more vivid does the progress of scientific research become when we remember that the very first observation of the transit of Venus was made one hundred years earlier, with no better apparatus than a bit of smoked glass. When we consider that the main value of such an observation rests upon the appearances recorded at the moments of ingress and egress of the planet upon the sun's face, the importance of a means for securing *instantaneous* pictures will be appreciated. It is true that certain optical defects exist in these pictures which prevent their use for the purpose of reliable measurement; but these obstacles, we trust, may be overcome by 1882, when the next transit will be due.

The practice of micro-photography—that is, a combination of the camera with the microscope—has lately met with some attention among scientific men, and there are now many workers who are trying to bring it into the prominence which it deserves. Formerly, drawings of microscopic preparations could only be secured by means of a prism (or camera lucida, as it is called), fitted on to the eyepiece of the microscope, by which means an enlarged spectral image of the object became apparent on a sheet of paper placed near the instrument; the lines thus exhibited being rendered serviceable by the careful use of the lead-pencil. It is obvious that such means afforded a very imperfect representation of the image as it really appeared in the field of the microscope, even if the operator possessed some amount of artistic skill; but now, by the aid of the camera, a picture of the most unfailing accuracy can be secured in a fraction of a second. Such rapidity is only required, however, where the object is of a fluid or animated nature, as in the case of moving organisms. We venture to think that there is a great future in store for micro-photography.

One of the most recent applications of photography to scientific uses is exemplified in its adaptation to the spectroscope, by which we are furnished with evidence of the composition of the heavenly bodies. Any account of this marvellous device we must, however, leave for a future paper. In the fine and useful arts, photography now plays an important part. Portraits, life size, executed in oil, are successfully painted from small photographic likenesses, at a comparatively small cost; and with this important advantage, that the likeness in every case is unchallengeable. This may be considered a great triumph in the photographic art.

This power of enlargement to any reasonable dimensions is a great addition to the resources of the photographer; and it is not alone confined to portraiture, as the numerous large-sized landscapes constantly exhibited will testify. In former times, when the lenses then in use were capable of including but a small portion of a view, the only way to secure large pictures was to take them in sections, and afterwards to join the paper prints. The lines of junction were naturally a great disfigurement to the finished result, to say nothing of the extra labour which such mode of proceeding involved. The impossibility of preserving the exact tone of colour in these different sections through all the vicissitudes of printing, toning, and fixing, was also enough to condemn the process. These difficulties have been altogether obviated by the construction of lenses which will include any amount of the view before which they are placed, and which moreover give a picture so perfect in detail as to admit of being greatly magnified without injury to its beauty. The enlargement is now carried out by a copying camera of the form of the well-known magic lantern, and lighted by an oxy-hydrogen or magnesium burner. The negative takes the place of the ordinary painted slide, and the enlarged image is projected upon a sensitive surface.

Perhaps the greatest problem which the photographer has to solve is the production of landscapes with their natural canopy of clouds. This difficulty will be understood when we explain that the sky being such a brilliant object, requires but a very small fraction of the exposure which is demanded by the grass and trees beneath it. The plan generally adopted is to secure a separate negative for each of these component parts of the picture, and to join them mechanically previous to the operation of printing. The beautiful instantaneous marine studies which we all admire—and which represent the clouds in every variety of form—are produced without this double exposure; for it is obvious that the reflective property of water confers equal brightness on all parts of the view.

The production of photographic pictures in printing-ink by means of the press is now receiving a great deal of attention. Most of the processes adopted owe their origin to the effective mixture of gelatine and bichromate of potash. It will be necessary to explain that the gelatine so treated is not only—after exposure to light—rendered insoluble, but it becomes quite non-absorbent of water. This property is taken advantage of in the following manner. A thick plate of glass or metal coated with the mixture is exposed under a negative, and afterwards placed for a time in cold water. It is then found that those parts of the plate which represent the lights of the picture remain flat; whilst the other portions which have been protected from the light swell up into high-relief. The plate can then be rolled with ordinary printing-ink, and impressions taken to any reasonable amount.

Space will not permit us to detail the various modifications of this process which exist under different designations. Metal plates can now, by a very similar treatment, be made ready for the etching acid. Wood-blocks which no artist but the sun has touched, can be given to the engraver ready to his hand. The lithographic printer is also independent of the draughtsman, for absolutely perfect fac-similes of maps, plans, &c.; line-subjects can also be produced in endless quantity.

The applications of this wonderful art are already legion, and are so continually receiving additions, that we may hope that its sphere of usefulness will be extended beyond all present calculation. As a means of livelihood for thousands, its

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importance in a commercial sense is invaluable, while as the handmaid of the philosopher, it fulfils a higher duty, in helping us by sure and certain steps to the attainment of scientific truth.

## THE LAST OF THE HADDONS.

### CHAPTER XL.—CROSS-PURPOSES.

Our journey back to Fairview was a very silent one. Under the plea of being tired, Lilian lay back in the railway carriage with her eyes closed and veil down. I did not disturb her, and for the best of reasons: I could think of nothing very cheering which could be honestly said. Marian Reed was an unpleasant fact, which could not be argued out of existence, nor even smoothed over by all the words in the dictionary combined. The carriage was waiting for us at the railway station; and only just as we arrived at Fairview did I venture to speak: 'Are you going to tell Mrs Tipper to-night, Lilian?'

'Yes. And you will help me, will you not, Mary? I shall depend upon that;' clinging closer to me, and feeling, I knew, terribly in need of help.

'Of course I will, if you wish it, Lilian. But I must stipulate that you first come to my room and rest for an hour.'

She obeyed me like a child—utterly worn out in spirit, holding my hand fast in hers as she lay on the couch, and murmuring every now and again: 'Help me, Mary; don't leave me.'

'Since I have promised, I suppose I must, my dear,' I replied in a rallying tone. 'But I do not generally care much about helping people who do not help themselves.'

She yielded to a burst of tears.

'That's better, dear—far more *sensible*,' I remarked, wiping my own eyes: 'one generally gets on more comfortably after availing one's self of that privilege.'

'Privilege?'

'"Right," if you prefer the word; one of our rights. If one could attain the end by more dignified means, it might be as well; but the grandest of heroines occasionally shed tears; so I suppose it is the best known method of making one's self comfortable; and harmless enough when used with discretion—as heroines use it.'

'Ah, Mary, you are not talking like yourself. When you talk like that, I sometimes think it is to conceal'——

'Well, dear; why do not you go on? To conceal what—that I am *not* a heroine?' I asked in a jesting tone, only too glad to be able to draw her sufficiently away from painful reflection for a little nonsense-talk.

'I sometimes think that having larger needs than other people'——

'Well, dear?'

'Which needs have not been satisfied'——

'There is something still required to make a complete sentence, you know.'

'Are large needs ever quite satisfied, Mary?'

'Dear Lilian—dear sister—perhaps not.'

'Mary, you said *sister!*' A soft flush in her face, and eager love in her eyes.

'Because I meant it, I suppose, dearie; I can give no other reason,' I said, trying still to keep the jesting tone. 'If you do not object to an elderly sister?'

'Not if elder sisters do not put themselves out of reach of the sympathy of the younger.'

'Put themselves,' I repeated musingly. 'May not circumstances do that for them?'

'When will you tell me—dear Mary, when will you let me feel that you really are like a sister to me?'

At which I morbidly shrank back into my shell again. 'When my love-story is finished you shall hear it.'

'Finished! As though a love-story ever *could* be finished—as though you or I would care to have one, if it could! But you have not told me even the beginning.'

'You have found out that for yourself, darling.'

'And am I right in thinking—I hope I am not; but—— Dear Mary, am I to say exactly what I think?'

'Exactly.'

'Then sometimes I think that one you loved —— Mary, is he dead?'

Dead! Philip dead! I laughed in spirit. If he were dead, should I be alive—in this way? I did not reflect that my silence and the few tears which stole down my cheeks might seem to bear out her theory as to my having something to regret. But I presently shook myself free of sentiment, smilingly observing that we could not afford the luxury of analysing our feelings just then. Sentiment would be only a stumbling-block in our way, when we needed all the nerve, courage, and steady self-control we could muster.

'To begin with: would you like me to make matters smooth and pleasant with Mrs Tipper before dinner, Lilian? You would then perhaps find less difficulty in broaching the subject to Mr Trafford, if, as I fancy, you prefer doing so in our presence?'

'Yes; I do prefer that, ever so much; and I shall be glad if you will tell auntie, Mary.'

As I had anticipated, we found no difficulty in bringing the dear little lady to our way of thinking. As soon as she had in some degree recovered her astonishment at the revelation, she expressed her entire approval of what had been done. She was not a little shocked and distressed to find her brother had been less perfect than she had imagined him to be; but it appeared to her a natural and right thing that Marian Reed should be asked to come to reside at Fairview. Even my little 'aside,' which I thought necessary, lest her expectations should be unduly raised, to the effect that we did not as yet feel quite sure Marian would be a desirable person to live with, had no weight with Mrs Tipper. She could only look at the question from one point of view—whether it was right to do as Lilian had done. Whether the other would be more or less pleasant to get on with, was, in her estimation, beside the matter. There were no more complications in Mrs Tipper's estimate of right and wrong, than there were in her niece's.

Our real difficulty was to come; and although she said no word about it, I knew Lilian felt that it was. Arthur Trafford was dining with us; he very rarely missed coming since Mr Farrar's death. But it was not until after dinner, when we had returned to the morning-room (we all preferred its cosiness to the drawing-room splendour, now), that the subject was approached.

In reply to her lover's question, which had been asked more than once during dinner, and was now

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repeated, as to how she had got through the day, Lilian drew nearer to me and murmured: 'Mary and I went to town, Arthur.'

'To town! What for? Why in the world did you not tell me you were going? It was not like you, Lilian, to say no word to me about your intention last night;' with, I fancied, a rather suspicious glance towards me as he went on: 'I do not like the idea of your running about like a mere'——

She looked very pale, seeking, I think, in her mind for the best way of commencing.

'I was obliged to go; and you must try not to blame me for having said nothing about it to you first, Arthur,' she said, in a low tremulous tone, which I saw flattered his vanity, as proof of his power, and the timid yielding spirit, which he was pleased to think so characteristic of her. Not that he wished her to be timid and yielding to any one but himself; or was ready to make sufficient allowance for her acting according to her nature, upon all occasions.

'Blame you, darling! I am only anxious that you should be *properly* protected'—with an emphasis and glance in my direction, which would have given me some reason to quake, had Mr Trafford's friendship been of great moment to me. But I was quite aware that little as I had been in favour before, I had been steadily and surely declining in his estimation since Mr Farrar's death; and being, therefore, quite prepared for what was to come, I took no offence at the 'properly.'

Lilian slipped her hand into mine. 'We were quite safe, Arthur; it is not that'—— She hesitated a moment; then added, crimsoning to her temples: 'There is something to tell you. Poor papa made a—communication to Mary and me, the night—at the last, Arthur.'

'A communication!' I saw he was now really disturbed; too much so to make objection to the 'Mary and me.' 'What do you mean, Lilian? The—will'——

'The property was to have been shared' (she again carelessly used the word 'shared,' in her indifference to the monetary part of the question) 'between me and—another, if papa had lived to sign his will, Arthur.'

'But he did *not* live to sign it!' he ejaculated, heaving a great sigh of relief, and, somewhat to my amusement, glancing triumphantly towards me.

I saw now that he had jumped to the conclusion that I was the 'other' alluded to.

'No; but his last wishes would be binding to me, Arthur; even if I had not given a promise,' said Lilian.

To spare her—I could see that he was on the verge of giving expression to what was in his thoughts, which would have unnecessarily pained as well as astonished her—I came to her assistance.

'Mr Farrar made a revelation to Lilian and me during his last moments, Mr Trafford. There is another daughter living; and he begged Lilian to do the justice which he himself was not spared to do; though the will was prepared in which Marian was provided for.'

'Another daughter! Share!'

In his first astonishment and dismay, he was only able to compass those two facts. But he presently added: 'He must have been raving. It would be the height of folly to take such a statement as that seriously; of course he did not know what he was saying.'

'It has been proved to be true, Mr Trafford. There *is* another daughter; and Lilian and I have seen her.'

He had had a few moments for reflection, and something of the truth, I think, began to dawn upon him. Looking towards me, he said: 'I never heard that Mr Farrar was married more than once, and I know Lilian was her mother's only child.'

'Lilian's sister is three or four years older than she is, Mr Trafford,' I explained.

He understood now, and said: 'In that case, Mr Farrar could never seriously have contemplated allowing her to share his property with his lawful child, Miss Haddon.—And it is all the more to be regretted that you did not take me into your confidence at once, Lilian;' turning reproachfully towards her. 'Such matters are generally, and very properly, left to the management of gentlemen; and the lawyer and I could have spared you being brought into contact with'——

'Papa left it to me to do, Arthur,' said Lilian, in a low voice.

'Because he was not at the time capable of judging what was best to be done, and he had no male friend at hand. I can never sufficiently regret happening to be out of the way that night. But you will learn in time to understand the matter rightly. It would be wrong to his wife and child—altogether false sentiment—to talk about doing more than is customary in such cases. Proper provision should, of course, be made; but I entirely set my face against raising a person of that kind above the station to which she doubtlessly belongs.'

'Papa begged me to be good to her, and I must obey his last wishes.—A moment, Arthur! It is indeed too late to draw back now. I have already seen my—sister, and have asked her to come to live at Fairview.'

'To live! Here—with you! Lilian, have you taken leave of your senses!'

'I have told you—I promised papa to be good to her,' repeated Lilian with a gentle persistence, for which I think he was entirely unprepared.

'Nonsense, Lilian!' he replied, with an angry glance in my direction. 'You have been badly advised, I fear. You may be good to the girl without going to such unnecessary lengths as you seem to contemplate doing. Besides, something is surely due to me in the matter. Considering our relation towards each other, I have just grounds for thinking myself very unfairly treated in not being informed of all this before, and allowed some voice in the matter.'

Had he been anyway different from himself, I might have agreed with him; but then Lilian would have acted very differently. Though she knew it not, she had acted as she had done because he was what he was, and not from any other reason. She had intuitively shrunk from telling him until it was too late for interference; and he himself had been to blame for that. And though she was now rather uncomfortably conscious that, in her anxiety to carry out her father's wishes, she had overstepped the limits of prudence, it was not because

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Arthur Trafford pointed it out to her that she was conscious of it.

'I was so desirous to do what is right,' she murmured.

'And that was the best thing you could desire, my dear,' cheerily put in Mrs Tipper. 'Never fear but good will come of it; and I really can't see why we shouldn't all be comfortable together.'

'A sort of happy family, cats, bats, and owls!' angrily ejaculated Arthur Trafford. 'I am afraid I should not be found sufficiently tame for such a dove-cot, Mrs Tipper!'

Lilian laid her hand upon his arm, looking with a pained expression into his face: 'Are you really angry with me, Arthur? Do you give me credit for *wishing* to vex you?'

'I am hurt at your want of confidence in me, Lilian. I do not see how you could expect me to be otherwise.'

These were better tactics. He saw that they were, and kept up the injured tone. Presently he asked her to go out into the grounds. I believe he fancied that he had now found the way to influence her, and that it only needed to get her away from our vicinity, to bring her entirely round to his own way of thinking. He did not know Lilian Farrar.

An hour later, she came in looking more wearied and sad, but not worsted. Moreover, by her absolute silence respecting what had taken place between them, I knew that she had had me as well as herself to defend. But, as I had expected, he had not succeeded in inducing her to alter her plans; and the first shadow of the truth had fallen upon both. They knew that they were each something different from what the other had supposed.

During the intervening ten days, the subject of Marian Reed's expected arrival was touched upon as little as possible between us; though I believe we could none of us think of anything else, we avoided anything like discussion upon it. The only words which passed between Lilian and me on the subject were with reference to the room which was to be prepared for her, and one hesitating remark to the effect that Marian might perhaps prefer the relationship not being made known, since she could only be called Miss Reed.

Arthur Trafford had had time for reflection; and had, I think, come to the conclusion that his wisest course was to make no more objections for the present, but to quietly await the issue. Dear old Mrs Tipper looked anxious and nervous, though she made one or two attempts to smooth matters, amiably opining that the new-comer might prove an agreeable acquisition to our circle, and so forth. But it was evident that she dreaded the arrival of Marian Reed as much as the rest of us. As to the financial part of the question, she judged that in her own unconventional fashion, Lilian would be none the less happy for some diminution being made in her large fortune. Her brother had never been quite so happy in affluence as when he was working his way to it; and as to herself, she had more than once confided to me that existence at Fairview was not to be compared to the old times, when she had been busy from morning to night keeping her little cottage-home in order. In truth, such society as she had seen at Fairview had no attraction for her; and her sympathies were entirely on the side of a modest competence.

Lilian grew at length so restless and anxious, that for her sake I was quite relieved when the day fixed for Marian Reed to make her appearance amongst us arrived. Anything was better than the suspense we were all in, or rather I thought so then. Lilian had received a note from Miss Reed, saying that we might expect her the following day by the mid-day train, and reminding the former of her promise about sending the carriage. It was written in the orthodox boarding-school, pointed, illegible style; signed 'Your Affectionate Sister,' and evidently meant to be an elegant specimen of Miss Reed's epistolary powers. It must, I think, have cost her no little trouble to join together so many fine words to convey the intelligence that we might expect her.

Lilian tried hard to overcome the dread, not to say antipathy, she felt; honestly tried; but it was no use; first impressions had been terribly against Marian Reed. The poorest cottager's child seemed a more desirable inmate for Fairview than the elegant Miss Reed. The nervous way with which Lilian reminded me: 'You have promised not to forsake me, Mary,' when the time at length arrived, would have told me how much she dreaded what was to come, had I not already known. I made no profession—none was needed between us. She understood, and was satisfied with my quiet way now.

We nevertheless found it necessary to clasp hands, and look for a moment into each other's eyes, as a tacit reassurance that whatever might come to pass we two were to hold together, when the carriage drew up before the railway station.

We had no difficulty in recognising Miss Reed. The young lady in deep mourning, her dress trailing half a yard behind her on the ground, haughtily giving directions to the porter to see to her luggage, was unmistakable.

'And, look after the carriage; I expect a carriage is'—— She turned, and caught sight of us advancing towards her. 'Oh, here is my sister! I thought you would be waiting, dear' (kissing Lilian very demonstratively; I was uncharitable enough to suspect, more for the edification of the people standing about the platform, than from exuberance of feeling). 'Did you come in the carriage?'

'Yes; we drove over.'

This I fancy suggested the idea of a small chaise to Miss Reed; and she expressed her fear that her boxes 'and all that' would be more than we could take. Lilian explained that a luggage-cart was in waiting for that purpose.

'Oh, of course!' And with a negligent air Miss Reed went through the booking-office with us.

But the first sight of 'the carriage' was almost too much for her philosophy. She uttered an involuntary ejaculation of astonishment when she saw the barouche with a couple of spirited horses, and men-servants. She, however, very quickly recovered her self-possession, sinking back into her seat with a graceful languor, which seemed to indicate that if she had not gone through the process before, she had watched others doing it. She was quite at ease; and as she proceeded to make talk about the weather, the country we were passing through, and so forth, I saw that Lilian was much less self-possessed than was Marian Reed, gladly leaving me to answer for her.

Much as she desired to do right, it would take Lilian some time yet to feel that this was a sister.

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Her very anxiety lest she should not be kind and considerate enough, made her appear nervous and ill at ease. At the outset Marian Reed had placed us awkwardly, by shewing that she meant to force the sistership upon every one's notice. I know now that she herself experienced no sort of shame or delicacy respecting the relationship; whilst Lilian by her very nature felt so much, and could not in the least perceive the true cause of the other's attitude. Indeed the very self-assertion seemed to Lilian but assumed as a sort of self-defence against people's want of charity in such cases.

## CURIOSITIES OF THE RAILWAY-TICKET MANUFACTURE.

In an article on 'Railway Tickets' in this *Journal* for September 23, 1876, it was stated that all the railway tickets for the whole world, except North America, are made in one establishment in the north of England. This statement we have since found requires correction, and in the correcting we gladly avail ourselves of an opportunity for noticing a celebrated factory in London, which by the courtesy of the proprietors, Messrs Waterlow and Sons (now a Company, 'Limited'), we are enabled to do.

Like many other great establishments, Messrs Waterlow's has grown from a small affair to gigantic proportions. Beginning with law-stationery, then advancing to account-book manufacture, then to various kinds of commercial printing, it has gone on step by step, until at present it gives employment to between three and four thousand persons. Where the several factories and commercial offices are situated would be hardly intelligible save to Londoners; suffice it to say that most of them are near Finsbury Square.

One of the factories, consisting of lofty buildings surrounding an open quadrangle, is devoted to ticket making and printing, chiefly railway tickets; and to the process as carried on there, we will now direct our readers' attention.

The cardboard for tickets is made of a slightly spongy texture, well fitted to take paste. It is known technically as 'middles,' and is the foundation for two external surfaces of paper, white or coloured as the case may be. The primitive paste-brush has long been discarded. A cleverly constructed machine pours out a stream of paste on two rollers, under or over which pass two sheets of paper, each of which becomes thoroughly pasted on one side. These are then quickly applied to the surfaces of the 'middle.' The paste-caldrons, in a compartment by themselves, have a vigorous appetite for flour, alum, and water, and pour forth volumes of steam. To shew what a 'bit of paste' may become when multiplied by millions, it will suffice to say that thirteen sacks of flour *per week* are used in this one factory! After the pasting, each sheet of cardboard, large enough for one hundred and twenty-five railway tickets, is, with others of the same kind, subjected to flat-pressure, rolling-pressure, and heat, until the surface-papers are firmly and smoothly attached to the 'middle;' exposure to a high temperature in heated chambers thoroughly dries them. Cutting-machines sever the sheets into single tickets, the well-known railway-ticket size, all precisely alike in dimensions.

Next comes the printing. Messrs Waterlow adopt four different commercial systems in the supply of these tickets. In the first system they manufacture the tickets throughout for the railway Companies, who issue them ready for use to the booking-clerks at the several stations. In the second, they partially print the tickets, leaving the Companies to finish them according to the varying exigences of the traffic. In the third, they sell the blank tickets, properly prepared and cut, to the Companies; the printing in this case being wholly carried on by the Companies. And in the fourth, they sell the machines to the Companies, with a license to use them. To specify the railway Companies that adopt one or other of these systems would be tedious detail. The principal machine is a beautiful contrivance invented and patented many years ago by Mr Lewthwaite, of Halifax, Yorkshire; and various improvements and new adaptations have been made in it from time to time by Messrs Waterlow.

A pile of about five hundred blank tickets is placed in an upright tube or hopper, with just room to sink down readily. The bottom of the tube is open, allowing the lowermost blank to rest upon a flat metal plate. A slider, with a rapid reciprocating horizontal motion, strikes the lowermost blank dexterously aside to a spot where it can be printed on the back with those cautions, instructions, and references to by-laws which most of the Companies deem proper to communicate to the public. Another sharp stroke drives the blank farther on, where the printing and numbering of the front or principal surface are effected. When the blank is printed on both surfaces it is struck onward again, and comes underneath an exit or delivery-tube, just the same height and dimensions as the hopper or feeding-tube. Up this it is driven by a series of jerks, until a pile of (say) five hundred is finished. In travelling horizontally from tube to tube, and vertically up the delivery-tube, each ticket acts as a kind of cardboard policeman, saying to its predecessor: 'Move on, if you please.' And they *do* move on, all undergoing some process or other at each stage of the movement. As the pile in one tube lessens, so does that in the other increase in height, like the two columns of liquid in a syphon. The whole pile can be removed from the delivery-tube at once by a dexterous hand; but woe betide the luckless wight who 'makes pie' (as the printers call the dropping and disordering of types in 'composing' or 'distributing'); for if a single ticket be disarranged, extra trouble is given in the after checking and correction.

As to the various *colours* displayed on railway tickets, some depend on the use of coloured sheets of paper in the first instance; some on the production of stripes of colour in a way bearing a resemblance to the making of coloured stripes on earthenware or stoneware in the pottery district; and some by a process more nearly resembling ordinary printing. One of the Companies adopts a particular diagonal red line on all tickets, distinguishing them from other tickets which have to pass through the railway clearing-house.

The automatic action of the machine or machines is very beautiful. For *numbering* each ticket, a peculiarly constructed wheel is used, which changes its particular digit every time a new blank is presented to it; and thus the consecutive numbers are produced on a series of tickets with unerring

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accuracy. A tell-tale index and a tell-tale bell, both automatically worked, give information as to the number of tickets printed, and the readiness of the machine to take in more food; but it is a matter of practical detail whether and when these tell-tales shall be deemed necessary. To give the reader an idea of how nicely this mechanism is adjusted, it refuses to work unless all the tickets are exactly of equal size, nicely squared, and in perfect order. It strikes one as being almost like a thing of life to see the machine detect a ticket from which a piece has purposely been torn off one end; its language is virtually, 'Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther,' for it prints as far as the defective ticket, and there stops.

As neither human fingers nor automatic machines are absolutely infallible, errors in numbering may occur in spite of all precautions. These are detected in a singular way. All the tickets in one series are made to pass through a machine with a velocity which the eye can scarcely follow. When stopped, the numbers are tested by two little index plates or wheels; if the same number is denoted on both indexes, all is well; but if any error has crept in, the index notifications differ, and afford means for determining at what part of the series the mishap has occurred.

A sheet of cardboard is certainly not a ponderous substance; but it is surprising how weighty the packages become when large quantities have to be dealt with. The tickets are tied up into small compact rows (string and tying being peculiar), and then packed into cubical masses in tin-lined boxes or cases—so firmly and closely pressed as to be as dense as a mass of wood. About fifty thousand tickets weigh one and a quarter hundredweight. The factory turns out two and a half millions of printed tickets (railway, steamboat, refreshment, &c.) per week, and ten millions of smoothly prepared but unprinted tickets; these numbers, multiplied by the fifty-two weeks in a year, give a total annual production of something like *six hundred and fifty millions*, weighing upwards of sixteen thousand hundredweight! If these tickets be taken at two inches in length, and if they were laid flat end to end, they would reach—— But we will leave our junior readers to exercise their arithmetical skill in solving this problem: merely hinting that it would require many voyages from England to America, and back again, to cover a distance equal to the length of this cardboard ribbon. From such small beginnings do great results ensue.

## FISHING EXTRAORDINARY.

THERE are extraordinary ways of fishing practised by people of uncivilised countries, which are not the result of ignorance, but of that ingenuity which is always rendered fruitful by dire necessity and the instincts of self-support. The Chinese, amongst their many original ideas, have some curious ones on the subject, and doubtless fish now as they did a thousand years ago; and though on the coasts they may have adopted the generally accepted system of working nets, on the waters in the interior of the country they adhere to the methods peculiar to their own nation—methods quaint and curious. The lakes and rivers of China, and especially of the north, are so abundantly stocked with fish, that in some places the men called fish-catchers make their living by actually seizing and drawing them out with their hands. The man goes into the water, and proceeds half walking half swimming, raising his arms above his head, and letting them drop, striking the surface with his hands. Meanwhile his feet are moving on the muddy bottom. Presently he stoops with a rapid dive and brings up a fish in his hand. The striking of the surface was intended to frighten the fish, which when alarmed, sink to the bottom; then the naked feet feel them among the mud, and once felt, the practised hand secures them in a moment. Catching fish in this manner is of course a trade in itself, and the plentiful supply it implies is somewhat explained by the fact that even the little ponds of Northern China swarm with scaly life.

On the great Ning-po river the same principle is used on a more extended scale with boats and nets. The boats are ready for the flow of the tide to take them in crowds up the river, and when they halt, the nets are thrown out, and the oars and sculls beat the water with a loud plashing noise. After resting in the same place for ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, they move on again to another station, and there repeat the beating and splashing. The noise on the surface is meant for an alarm, as in the case of the fish-catcher; and it is said that this mode of fishing soon loads the nets.

Another curious method employed by the Chinese is generally practised at night, and depends upon a peculiar power which a white screen, stretched under the water, seems to possess over the fishes, decoying them to it and making them leap. A man, sitting at the stern of a long narrow boat, steers her with a paddle to the middle of a river, and there stops. Along the right-hand side of his boat a narrow sheet of white canvas is stretched; when he leans to that side it dips under the surface, and if it be a moonlit night, gleams through the water. Along the other side of the boat a net is fastened so as to form a barrier two or three feet high. The boatman keeps perfectly still. If another boat passes by, he will not speak; he is only impatient at the slight breaking of the silence. While he keeps thus without a sound or stir, the fish, attracted by the white canvas, approach and leap, and would go over the narrow boat and be free in their native waters on the other side, but for the screen of netting, which stops them, and throws them down before the man's feet.

Every one must have heard of the fishing cormorant, which is actually trained in China to catch fish. A man takes out ten or twelve of these web-footed birds in a boat, and as soon as the boat stops, at his word they plunge into the water and begin at once searching for and diving after fish. They are most diligent workers, for if one of them is seen swimming about idly,

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the Chinaman in the boat strikes the water near the bird with the end of a long bamboo; and, not touched, but recalled to a sense of duty, the cormorant at once turns to business again. As soon as a fish is caught, a word from the man brings the bird swimming towards him. He draws it into the boat, and it drops its prey from its bill. There is always a straw or string tied round the neck, to prevent the fish from being swallowed, and this string requires the nicest adjustment, lest it may choke the bird—a result which would certainly follow if it slipped lower down on the neck. The sagacity and workman-like method of the birds are shewn when they get into difficulties. If the fish caught is too large for one beak to secure, another cormorant comes up to the struggle, and the two with united efforts bring their prize to the boat. On the rivers and canals near Ning-po, Shanghae, and Foo-chow-foo, the employment of these birds is by no means an uncommon sight; but they are never to be seen fishing in the summer months, their work being in the winter, beginning always about October and ending in May. The birds have of course to be subjected to a system of training, which is carried on in the cormorant breeding and fishing establishments, one of which is at a distance of thirty or forty miles from Shanghae.

Some tribes of Indians catch fish by drugging them. They make the soft branches of the Indian milk-bush or the euphorbia into pulp, and throw it into the water of the ponds. When the fish taste it, they lose the power of swimming, and are easily taken floating helplessly in the water. They also mix with dough a powder made from the *Cocculus Indicus*, the effect of which is that when thrown into the water it intoxicates the fish, and they swim in circles on the surface, where they can be caught in a hand-net. Lime is sometimes used in the same way; but the disadvantage of that system is that it causes such wholesale slaughter that there is danger of small ponds being rapidly cleared.

A still more singular practice is to be found amongst the Chonos Indians, who train dogs to help them on their fishing expeditions in much the same way as the shepherd's dog helps the shepherd. The net is held by two men standing in the water, and the dogs, swimming out far and diving after the fish, drive them back towards it. They enjoy their work just as a good horse, though hard pressed, seems to enjoy the hunt; and every time they raise their heads from the water they tell their pleasure by clamorous barking. The Fuegians, one of the most miserable and degraded races on the earth, train their dogs in a similar manner to assist them in catching birds. They have a wonderful contrivance for killing the sharks which abound off their coasts. A log of wood shaped so as to appear something like a canoe is set afloat, with a rope and large noose hanging from one end of it. Before long a shark attacks the supposed canoe, swimming after it, and is caught in the noose hanging from the stern. It closes on him so that he cannot extricate himself, and the weight of the log keeps him swimming slowly without being able to sink. Then the Fuegians in their canoes, generally steered by women, approach at their leisure and finish the shark with their spears.

All these contrivances of savage nations or of the strangely civilised Chinese, are meant to kill or seize the fish by natural means. It is much nearer home that we have to look to find the element of superstition prevailing, and useless customs invested with the importance of charms. An instance may be found in the case of the Sicilian fishermen, who, when in search of sword-fish, chant a jargon of words the meaning of which even they themselves do not know. The song is supposed to be some old Greek verses, which, by time and use among those ignorant of their meaning, have become so altered as to be almost unrecognisable. The fishermen regard the medley as a sure means of attracting the sword-fish, which they harpoon from the boat, when the charm, as they suppose, has brought them within reach.

Far away in northern regions there is a novel method of fishing under ice, which shews more ingenuity than the simple lowering and fastening of a net. A small square hole is cut in the ice, and in this is placed an upright stick, supported by a cross pin run through it and resting at each side on the ice; the end of the stick below this cross pin is short, and to it the line is fastened with the bait and hook attached, while at the top of the stick is a piece of coloured rag. Now, though we have called the stick upright, it is meant to fall from that position and lie along the ice, until a fish seizing the bait pulls its lower end, when with a jerk it rises. This contrivance is called a 'tip-up,' from the movement which is certain to follow the seizure of the bait. The fluttering of the coloured rag, as the stick rises, tells of the capture; and a great number of these self-acting fishers and indicators may be placed near together, each having its own hole in the ice; and each, by the fluttering rag, telling its own tale the moment a fish is caught.

The tip-up not only saves the fisher the trouble of holding his line in position and watching with particular care, but also makes the fish itself 'strike' and announce that it is ready to be pulled out! In fact its ingenuity is only surpassed in the old tale of the Irish monastery, where at the neighbouring salmon-leap a large pot was hung so as to be just clear of the falling water, but in the way of any salmon that leaped recklessly; and a bell was placed so that the fish could not fail to ring its own knell as it fell; thus announcing to the good brothers at the monastery that he was there, not only secured, but actually in the pot, ready to be boiled for dinner.

For the following curious fishing items we are indebted to a writer in *The Field*. Regarding fishing in the Japanese seas, he says:

'Through an inlet on this coast our small boat is sculled by two sturdy Japanese fishermen, who drive the light craft across the shadows of the hills with speed remarkable. Standing on their feet, they swing with wonderful power a long heavy oar poised on a pin on the quarter; and while we go, these men are watching the tangle sheltering their prey—the octopus, the cuttle-fish, and the sea-cucumber.

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With bodies blackened by the sun to the colour of the sea-weed, these almost naked men were incommoded by neither the rain nor the winds. Like the fishermen of all lands, their restless eyes were wandering from the sea to the heavens. With no guides but the stars by night and the blue edge of the land by day, there was need for keen eyesight and watchfulness. In all the Eastern seas there is no more adventurous race than these men.

'We could see the floats of burnt wood which buoyed the ends of our fishermen's lines, and to the nearest of these we were sculled. A kind of wood, light and buoyant, and with some resemblance to cork, is used for such floats. It grows in the forests thereabouts, and after being shaped and charred to prevent decay, lasts, without further trouble, for a longer time than bladders or skins. With some impatience the black buoy and the line attached are brought on board. Like an inverted bell-shaped flower-pot comes the first earthenware jar, hardly the size of a child's head, attached to the line. Mouth downward, the jar is pulled up from the bottom, and when all the water has been poured out, the fishermen give a look inside. No occupant being found, the jar is once more lowered into the sea by the attached string, which is overrun till the next jar is pulled up, brought on board, and similarly examined. When six or seven are examined, and no occupant is found in any of these, the fishermen shew no impatience. But presently from a jar an octopus is jerked upon the floor of the boat, and with some satisfaction the Japanese watch its tentacles wriggle all about the planks and cling round their legs. Changing its hues, the disgusting cephalopod loses its redder blotches for paler patches, and eventually crawls into a darker corner to coil itself away. Pouring the water more carefully from the inverted pots, the fishermen secure a few more of these animals, which crawl and twine about with snake-like contortions. The long string of pots took time to overhaul, but the spoils were reckoned reward for the trouble. When the fishing was completed, and the black floats were again left to mark the spot, our boat was sculled somewhat farther down the land.

'We had then time to learn something more of this fishing for tako, as the octopus is named by the Japanese fishermen. Through our friends, we learn that the tako needs no bait to entice it to enter the earthen jars used by the fishermen to entrap it; but crawling about on the bottom, or shooting itself through the sea by the expulsion of water, it finds in the dark earthen jar "a comfortable house," and so occupies it until the fisherman finds it and captures it. The tako is largely eaten in Japan, where all the products of the sea are accounted equally wholesome with those of the land; and beneath an ugly skin the flesh of this speckled monster is thought very good, cooked in several ways, and eaten with or without soy or vinegar. Nevertheless, as if to vindicate the dread its constantly changing hues excite, the eating of the octopus is not unattended with danger. Through some poisonous taint either occasionally or always present, but modified by the process of cooking, people sometimes die from eating this animal. And yet the knowledge of this interferes but to a trifling extent with the use of food having such a questionable reputation—indeed at certain seasons it is largely used by the Japanese, when the cuttle-fish are far more plentiful and also more wholesome. Caught by trolling a small wooden fish barbed with hooks, they make good sport, chiefly to the older fishermen, who are not active enough to go off to sea.'

## A RELIC OF ANTIQUITY.

Owing to various causes, the relics of antiquity in our Great Metropolis are year by year becoming fewer and fewer in number. The utilitarianism of the age has, doubtless, much to answer for; but much harm is done by pure carelessness and neglect. Only a few days back the house in which John Milton lived was pulled down; for that act some excuse on the ground of public improvement may doubtless be urged; but none surely can be successfully pleaded for allowing so interesting a relic as the ancient Pyx Chamber in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey to go to ruin. Judging, however, from what the Warden of the Standards states in his recently published Report, this seems likely to be the case, unless he can induce the Office of Works to do something for its preservation. We hope that success may attend his efforts. This ancient historical chamber is so interesting from its associations, and so curious as a rare specimen of early Norman architecture, that we shall perhaps be pardoned for abridging some brief particulars respecting it from the Report alluded to.

This ancient crypt, which forms part of the Saxon or very early Norman substructure of the outbuildings of the Abbey, is certainly as old as the time of Edward the Confessor, and is believed to have been constructed in his reign. It has also been known as Edward the Confessor's Chapel. The vaulted and groined ceiling is supported by massive stone pillars, and the building is one of the very earliest Norman works in the country. The floor is paved with ancient coloured tiles. After the Conquest, this chamber was used as one of the king's treasuries, as a sacred place of deposit. The remains of an altar at the east end, and of a *piscina*, seem to indicate its original sanctity. There is, however, a tradition that what has the appearance of a stone altar is the tomb of Hugolin, the Confessor's chamberlain. In 1303, the thirty-first year of King Edward I., the whole of the king's treasures were deposited in this ancient chamber, the entrance to which, on the west or cloister side, was at that time, as now, secured by two massive doors with seven locks. During the king's absence in Scotland, when engaged in war, the northern wall of the chamber was broken through by some of the monks of Westminster Abbey, and the whole of the treasure carried off. It included four crowns, with the king's rings, sceptres, jewels, gold and silver coin, and plate, &c. The greater part of the booty was, however, afterwards recovered, and the monks tried and found guilty. The depositions at their trial still exist amongst our ancient records, but the actual punishment inflicted on the thieves is not recorded; some significant evidence, however, still remains of what was probably their fate, inasmuch as an old door on the north side of the chamber, opening into the passage to the chapter-house, has portions of a human skin still fastened to it! It would appear that, in consequence of this robbery, the approach to the chamber on the north side was walled off, and the room was reduced in

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size by one-third. After the Restoration, the regalia and other similar treasures of the sovereign were removed to the Tower, and the chamber was then known as the 'Treasury of Leagues,' the original parchment documents of commercial leagues with foreign states being deposited there. Several large oak presses are still in existence in which these leagues were kept; some of them are furnished with drawers, and bear inscriptions on parchment or merely in chalk, indicating the nature of their former contents. There are also several large ancient coffers or chests still remaining in the chamber, in one of which the Standard trial-plates of gold and silver for trials of the pyx were formerly kept, whence the chamber became known as the 'Pyx Chapel.' At the present time, no official documents or articles of any value are kept in the Pyx Chamber, and its interior has been allowed to get into a very dirty and decayed state; indeed, Mr Chisholm goes so far as to aver that nothing has been done to it during his period of public service, now more than fifty-one years!

## THE COMMERCIAL TRAVELLERS' SCHOOLS.

A WISH has been expressed, in reference to our article 'The Commercial Traveller,'* for a brief notice of the admirable schools belonging to that praiseworthy body of men at Pinner, near Harrow.

The Institution was founded about thirty years ago; but the present building dates from 1855, when the ceremonial opening was conducted by the late Prince Consort. Wings were added afterwards; and in its present form the establishment accommodates about three hundred boys and girls —say two hundred of the former and one hundred of the latter. The Institution clothes, maintains, and educates the destitute orphans of deceased commercial travellers, and fatherless children of the necessitous members of the craft. No favouritism would suffice for the admission of children other than those belonging to this category. As the Institution is wholly supported by donations and subscriptions, the donors have rightfully a voting power for the admission of children. Governors, managers, trustees, &c. are appointed in the manner usual in analogous institutions. Children are admitted by ballot-voting twice a year; they begin at various ages, but all quit the Institution at the age of fifteen, when they are assisted with an outfit and aid in obtaining suitable situations. The education given is really excellent, comprising (for boys) reading, writing, arithmetic, algebra, geometry, geography, map-drawing, grammar, English composition, Latin, French, English history, class-singing, and instrumental music; and for girls, most of the above branches, with needlework and domestic duties. A juvenile band is maintained by the boys, under a professional bandmaster. Diet and clothing are good and plentiful. A project has recently been started for an enlargement of the building by adding a new wing, with fifty-two additional beds, a laundry, swimming-bath, and infirmary, at an estimated cost of eighteen thousand pounds.

In our former article we spoke of the onerous duties that press upon many commercial travellers, and of the necessity for probity, energy, and intelligence on their part. It is well to know what is thought on these points by those who have the best means of knowing. At the last anniversary of the Institution, a partner in one of the great City firms said: 'I spent some of the happiest days of my life among commercial travellers. They are a worthy, industrious, painstaking body of men. They are subject to temptations to which hardly any other class is subject; often leaving home very young, very inexperienced, with frequently a large command of money, thrown upon their own resources, without that best safeguard against temptation—home influence. They must work in all weathers, their energies strained to the utmost against a great force of competition. Their sea of life is never smooth, their work never done, a fresh struggle and battle with the world every half-hour. Sometimes with sickness at home, and the head of the family away, dreading misfortune which he might have prevented or alleviated. A traveller, to be successful, should be sickness-proof, accident-proof, bad-debt proof; and he should be a most wise and temperate man, moderate in all his ways.' If the 'commercial' approaches anything near this picture, he must indeed be an excellent fellow.

The Commercial Travellers' Benevolent Institution, to aid aged and necessitous members of the body, is another praiseworthy offshoot.

* *Chambers's Journal*, Dec. 16, 1876.

## TO THE COMING FLOWERS.

AWAKE, dear sleepers, from your wintry tombs;
The sun has turned the point of Capricorn,
And 'gins to pluck from Winter's wings the plumes
Of darkness, and to wind his silver horn
For your return. Come to your homes, forlorn
In absence of your odours and your faces;
Like Rachel weeps for you the reaved morn,
As often as she views your empty places,
Erewhile the daily scene of her and your embraces.

Come, pensile snowdrop, like the earliest star
That twinkles on the brow of dusky Night;
Come, like the child that peeps from door ajar,
With pallid cheek, upon a wasteful sight:
And shouldst thou rise when all around is white,
The more thou 'lt demonstrate the power of God
To shield the weak against the arms of might,
To strengthen feeble shoulders for their load,
And sinking hearts 'mid ills they could not full forebode.

Come, crocus cup, the cup where early bees
Sip the first nectar of the liberal year,
Come and illume our green, as similes
Light up the poet's song. And O ye dear
March violets, come near, come breathing near!
You too, fair primroses, in darksome woods
Shine forth, like heaven's constellations clear;
And come, ye daisies, throng in multitudes,
And whiten hills and meadows with your saintly hoods.

Come with thy lilies, May; thy roses, June;
Come with your richer hues, Autumnal hours;
O tell your mellowing sun, your regal moon,
Your dewy drops, your soft refreshing showers,
To lift their blessing hands in Flora's bowers,
Nor e'en to scorn the bindweed's flossy gold,
Nor foxglove's banner hung with purple flowers,
Nor solitary heath that cheers the wold,
Nor the last daisy shivering in November's cold!

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## ABOUT RABBITS.

WE all know that the rabbit is an interesting animal, easily kept in hutches on a little clover or dandelion. Boys like to keep rabbits, because they are amusing. In our day, we have kept rabbits, or *kinnins*, as they were called in the local vernacular, such being a corruption of the old well-known legal term, coneys. Our coneys though few in number were an immense source of amusement. We built a house for them with an exterior courtyard, gathered and brought dandelions for them, which it was delightful to see them munching. Finally, we made something of them commercially, which was acceptable in the absence of pocket-money. They did not bring much—eightpence a pair or so; but eightpence was a great thing in the days of yore, and was very serviceable as a means of buying books.

Between the keeping of a few tame rabbits and the liberty enjoyed by rabbits in a wild state, there is a mighty difference. The tame rabbits can be kept within bounds; the wild rabbits increase inordinately, and are apt to do mischief beyond all calculation. Originally a friend to rabbits, we have lived to know that they are the torment of the farmer. It is not so much what they consume, but what they contaminate. Whole fields of hay are ruined by their odious presence. Instances could be given of farmers claiming damage to the amount of a hundred a year from their landlords on account of rabbits; and the best thing the landlords can do is to allow their tenant-farmers to kill all the rabbits they can lay their hands on. Not until then will there be any peace on the score of this intolerable nuisance.

The rapid increase of rabbits once they have got a footing is one of the wonders of nature. We could almost fancy that rabbits were designed to appropriate the whole earth; for, let alone, there will spring from a single pair through successive generations in one year as many as sixty thousand! Of course, at this rate there would soon be no vegetation left for sheep or cattle, and dead rabbits hanging up by the heels would be the only butcher-meat. Fortunately nature adopts means to keep the multiplication of these creatures in check. It sends birds of prey, such as hawks and other kinds of *raptores*, also stoats and weasels, whose function is to make constant war on rabbits and keep their numbers within reasonable bounds. In this way, the balance of nature is kept up. It would almost seem as if nature, while creating in profusion, had facilitated the destruction of rabbits; for so slight is their hold of life, that no quadrupeds, as far as we are aware, are so easily and painlessly killed. Latterly, the beneficent balance of nature has been upset, by the reckless shooting of hawks and other birds of prey, with a view to save the feathered game, and professional warreners have to be introduced to remedy the error. Yet, notwithstanding all that warreners and sportsmen can do, rabbits are apt to become a nuisance.

Considering the enormous trouble which rabbits cause to agriculturists, it seems incomprehensible how any one should have introduced the animal into Australia. The act was one of those unwise things which we see done by heedless though well-meaning people. Some half-mad Scotchman, thinking of the national emblem, introduced the thistle, which with its winged seeds has proved bad enough; but nothing so bad, or so wicked, as has been the introduction of one or two pairs of rabbits. A cry comes from several parts of Australia that such is the propagation of these primary rabbit settlers, that unless terrible measures are adopted, the country will be in a fair way of being eaten up.

A London newspaper, the *Daily Telegraph*, under date January 26, gives a pitiable account of the rabbit nuisance in Australia. 'At this moment there are hundreds of square miles to the north of the famous Burra-Burra Copper Mine in South Australia, where the coneys swarm to such a degree that they are universally pronounced to be a nuisance, and "Rabbit Destruction Bills" are the order of the day in the two legislative Houses at Adelaide. Similar measures will shortly have to be passed by the legislature of New South

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Wales, although the ingenuity of the colonists does not appear to have hit upon any effectual device for suppressing or controlling the ubiquitous little pests, which mock the puny efforts hitherto made to thin their numbers. The "Murray scrub" is alive with them, and even Lord Salisbury's park at Hatfield—where more rabbits are perhaps to be seen than anywhere in England, unless it be within the walls of a warren—is left far in the lurch by the long tongue of land to the west of Adelaide, called Yorke Peninsula. As their numbers increase, the area over which they extend their devastating ravages is quickly widened, until the time has arrived when the growers of cereals must either fight their enemy or withdraw from the cultivation of plains which might supply corn for the entire family of man. South Australia has already as many acres of land under cultivation as her two sister colonies, Victoria and New South Wales, can shew in combination, and the wheat exported from Adelaide and other neighbouring ports is of the finest quality, and eagerly bought by the cities upon the western coast of South America. Viewed as an agricultural field, South Australia is indeed the most promising of all the colonies belonging to the Australasian group. She has at present but a population of from two to three hundred thousand souls scattered over her enormous surface, which stretches across the length of the entire continent, and offers verge and room enough for millions of human beings, provided only that they can learn how to cope with the rabbits and make rivers of water run in the dry ground.'

Reading this deplorable statement, Lord Elcho comes out with a suggestion for a cure of the evil: 'I have read in this morning's *Daily Telegraph* an article shewing how man is in danger of being ousted from the Australian world by the fruitful rabbit, unless this "nimble skipping little animal" is kept within bounds. This certainly is an alarming prospect for our colonial fellow-subjects; but in this country, at anyrate, we can as yet secure ourselves in possession against the invader by the use of guns, traps, snares, and above all, wire-netting; and my object in now writing is to point out how this last remedy can be most cheaply and effectively applied. Wire-netting, as generally used for rabbit-fencing, requires to be made to rest upon a tolerably deep foundation of broken stones or concrete; otherwise this "feeble" but cunning "folk" burrow under it. This adds greatly to the cost, and does not, after all, insure the desired protection, as the rabbit will even then burrow under the stone foundation. But if about six or eight inches of the wire-netting at the bottom of the fence are bent back at a right angle to it, laid down, and pegged along the ground, the needful result is attained, as the grass, fallen leaves, &c. soon conceal from view the wire that is thus laid down, and the rabbit vainly scratches upon it when attempting to burrow under the obstruction of the upright fencing which stops his way. His intelligence, great though it be, fails to teach him that his labour is lost, and that he must commence his tunnel further back. It was at Mr Hibbert's, near Uxbridge, that I saw wire-netting thus used, with, as I was assured, the most complete success; and the knowledge of this cannot, I think, fail to be of use to many of your readers.'

The advice here tendered is well meant, and may be of use in Great Britain, where arable fields are of a manageable size—twenty acres or so at the utmost. But the vast stretches of land under crop in South Australia put all such appliances out of the question. Just about as well think of surrounding whole counties in England with wire-fencing. No one could entertain the idea. As the saying is, 'The game would not be worth the candle.' The Australian agriculturists will have to try something else. Besides adopting an extensive system of trapping and stamping, shooting with the adjuncts of dog and ferret, must, if possible, be resorted to. Rabbits are so nimble in running into their holes on the approach of danger, that they need to be routed out by a ferret, a variety of weasel, which seems to be their uncompromising enemy. English warreners, though smart in the use of the gun, could do little without the assistance of the ferret, a small and lithe creature, which they keep for the purpose, letting it loose only when required. As the ferret, on getting into a hole after a rabbit, would probably fasten on and make a prey of the animal, it is usual, we believe, to attach it with a string, one end of which the warrener holds in his hand, or to cover its mouth with a muzzle of some sort before turning it loose. This, as a temporary measure, the ferret does not seem to mind. He goes with great zest after the rabbits, which being frightened out of their dens, are bagged in nets, or fall under the pellets of the sportsman. We should say, let our Australian friends import ferrets—if they can. Whether they could endure the voyage from England will have to be a matter of experiment, under the care of experienced warreners. W. G.

## THE LAST OF THE HADDONS.

### CHAPTER XII.—UNDER-CURRENTS.

The first sight of Fairview was a fresh trial to Marian Reed's philosophy: I saw her colour rise, and heard her murmured 'Good gracious!' as we drove in at the gates and round the sweep to the house. The men-servants were another test of her power of self-command. But on the whole it was wonderful how well she contrived to avoid giving expression to her astonishment. Beyond the first hurried ejaculation and a momentary catching in of the breath now and again, she exhibited no sign of the effect which the Farrar magnificence had upon her.

We turned into the first room we came to, and Lilian bade her sister welcome in her father's name; tenderly and kindly, if a little gravely, hoping that she would feel it was her home.

'O yes; I am sure we shall get on together,' good-naturedly returned Marian. 'What is there to prevent it, you know? I think any one must be hard to please indeed, not to be satisfied here;' looking round the room until her eyes met the reflection of themselves in the chimney-glass, where they complacently rested.

I could not but acknowledge that they were good eyes, and that she was altogether what is called a fine girl, with a handsome face, which to an uneducated taste might perhaps be preferable

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to Lilian's—but, I insisted to myself, only to an unrefined taste. In truth I was woman enough to admit that much only grudgingly. Though the features were good, they were rather large, and the colouring too vivid; eyes and hair so very black, and complexion so very red and white, made it quite refreshing to me to turn to Lilian's more delicately moulded and tinted loveliness. Marian Reed was tall as well as large, two or three inches taller than Lilian; but the latter was tall enough for grace.

She was attired in the most expensive style of mourning, which was a great deal more be-frilled and be-puffed than Lilian's plain deep black.

There was a few moments' pause on Lilian's side, and then she nervously began: 'Mary, perhaps Miss Reed would like'——

'Oh, you must not call me "Miss Reed" now, you know,' she interrupted: 'sisters ought not to be stiff with each other.'

I saw that the 'sister' was not to be lost sight of for a moment.

'I was going to say that perhaps you would like to see my aunt at once—before going to your room—Marian.'

'Aunt! Have you got an aunt, dear?'

'Yes; my father's sister—my dear aunt lives with me.'

'Oh, indeed!' ejaculated Miss Reed, with a somewhat heightened colour. She had not calculated upon finding any one besides Lilian. 'But,' she presently added, as though it had suddenly occurred to her, 'if she is your aunt, of course she is mine too.'

'Will you come, Marian?'

'Yes; of course I will, dear;' and with a parting glance at the glass, she followed us to the morning-room.

Mrs Tipper rose to receive us with her company manner; and I saw she was very much struck with Marian Reed's appearance. It was a face and figure more attractive to Mrs Tipper than Lilian's. Much as she thought of the quiet loveliness of Lilian, I saw she was quite dazzled by Marian Reed; and being dazzled, did not judge with her usual good sense.

'Delighted to see you, I'm sure. Charming morning, is it not? I hope you have had a pleasant drive;' and so forth; running through all the polite little speeches which belonged to the genteel phase of her life, and then leaving the other to carry on the talk.

Marian prided herself not a little upon her boarding-school manners; and felt, I think, quite in her element as she gave a few fine speeches in return. Seeing that she could keep it up much longer than could the dear little old lady, and that the latter was growing more and more silent and uncomfortable, I put in a word or two, which brought us all to a level again. I am afraid the means which I took to bring Miss Reed down were a little trying to that young lady. I should not have employed them had any but ourselves been present, or had I been able to think of a better way; but I really could not allow her to begin by making my dear old friend afraid of her, as I saw she very quickly would. So I inquired after Mr and Mrs Pratt and the children, hoped business was still flourishing, and so forth; going on to inform Mrs Tipper that Miss Reed's uncle kept a boot-shop at Islington.

Lilian looked not a little surprised at my making such an allusion, and Marian flashed an angry glance from her black eyes towards me. But I saw that this was a young lady who would very soon reign at Fairview, if some one did not keep her a little in order; and as there seemed to be no one else to do it, I undertook the task myself. A more refined way of proceeding would not, I felt sure, have had the desired effect with Miss Reed. My little speech made Mrs Tipper comfortable, to begin with.

'Then you won't mind me, my dear,' she said, with a sigh of relief; 'I've been accustomed to trade all my life, before brother, in his goodness, brought me to live here; and of course my heart's in it.' And straightway she threw off her company manners and became her dear homely self again; fussing about the new-comer with all sorts of hospitable suggestions. 'If you won't take luncheon, say a glass of wine and a biscuit, dear. It is nearly three hours till dinner-time, and you mustn't feel shy with us, you know.'

Miss Reed disclaimed feeling in the least degree shy; afraid, I fancy, of not appearing quite equal to the occasion.

'Shy! O no; not at all;' stiffly.

To help Lilian, who looked timid and shy enough, I suggested that perhaps Miss Reed might like to go to her room, where one of the maids could help her to arrange her wardrobe. She elected so to do; and Lilian and I went with her to the luxurious bed-chamber which had been prepared for her. Her eyes turned at once towards the cheval glass, and I noticed that she was mentally contrasting herself with Lilian, and that the conclusion she arrived at was entirely in her own favour. Then she preferred to be left to see to the unpacking, assuring us that she began to feel quite at home already. Lilian, who had not yet quite recovered her strength, yielded to my persuasions, and went to her own room to rest until dinner-time.

After dilating upon Marian Reed's evident predilection for examining herself in any glass she happened to be near, it is but right to acknowledge my own weakness that afternoon. On entering my room I walked straight to the dressing-glass, and stood gazing at myself; ay, and with some little favour too! I had been so accustomed to contrast myself with Lilian, that I had come to estimate my own looks at something below their value. In contrast with Marian Reed, my brown eyes and pale face and all the rest of it came quite into favour again, and I told myself Philip might have done worse after all. Smiling graciously at myself, I now saw quite another face to that which usually greeted me in the dressing-glass, and the more conscious I became of the fact, the pleasanter I found it.

When Becky, who at my request was appointed to attend to my small requirements, presently entered the room, I think she also noticed a change as I made some smiling remark to her over my shoulder.

'How well you do look this afternoon, Miss! There! I do wish they could see you now—they couldn't call you nothing to look at now!' she ejaculated, gazing approvingly at me. 'Why don't you let your eyes shine like that, as if you was laughing inside, down-stairs?'

'Because I don't often laugh inside, as you

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term it, down-stairs, I suppose, Becky,' I replied amusedly.

'Then you ought to try to; for it makes you look ever so much prettier,' she gravely returned.

'Well, perhaps I ought.'

'Of course you ought, Miss. I only wish I could make myself prettier, only a-smiling. Tom' (Tom was one of the under-gardeners, of late often quoted by Becky) 'says it's worse when I smiles; though I want bigger eyes, and a straighter nose, and a new skin, and ever so many more things, besides a smaller mouth, before I set up for being good-looking. And they all says I do grin so. I can't help it, because I'm so happy; but of course it must be nicer to look well when you laugh, instead of looking as though your head was only held on by a little bit behind, as they say I do. And I tell them it's all your own hair, though they won't believe even that. Mr Saunders says it can't be; though you manage to hide where it joins better than some of the ladies. But haven't I watched you doing it up many and many a time.'

I had it in my hands, brushing it out as she spoke; and murmured softly to myself, looking graciously down at it: 'It *is* long and thick, and a nice colour too, I think.'

This was something quite new to Becky, who was in the habit of taking me to task for not making the most of myself. I fancy she thought that I was at last becoming alive to the importance of looking well.

'To be sure it is! I call it lovely—the colour of the mahogany chairs. O Miss Haddon dear, do let me run and fetch some flowers to stick in, like Miss Farrar does, and then they'll see!'

But to Becky's astonishment, I did not want them to see. My mood had changed; I hastily put up my hair, and turned away from the glass. 'No; I think I will depend upon the smiling inside, Becky.'

'But you are not smiling. O Miss, I haven't said anything to vex you, have I?'

'You, Becky!' I turned, and kissed the face Tom despised, astounding her still more by the unusual demonstration. 'Foolish Becky!' I added, as with a heightened colour she bent down and kissed the shawl she was folding up, 'to waste a kiss in that improvident fashion!'

'I've often seen you kiss that little locket that hangs to your watch-chain when you thought I wasn't looking,' sharply returned Becky.

An idea suddenly suggested itself to me, and I acted upon it without trying to analyse my reason for so doing.

'Would you like to see what is inside that locket, Becky?'

'Yes; that I should, Miss! I have wondered about it so.' And she added gravely, understanding that it was to be a confidence: 'You may trust me never to tell nobody.'

'Of course I know that I can trust you, Becky,' I said, pressing the spring and disclosing Philip's portrait.

'My! what a nice-looking young gentleman! Who is he?' she asked herself. 'I haven't never seen him, have I? Not a young brother?'

'No.'

Then, hesitatingly: 'The young man you once walked out with, Miss?'

I nodded.

'And—he's dead, isn't he, dear Miss Haddon?'

Involuntarily I uttered a little cry of pain. Why did every one suppose him to be dead? 'No, not dead, Becky.'

'Took to walking out with somebody else, and give you up?'

'No; I have not been given up;' my foolish heart sinking. 'Cannot you think of something else, Becky?'—a little pleadingly.

'Did he do something wrong, Miss, and that made you give *him* up? Though he don't look like that neither;' musingly.

I closed the locket, and found that it was time to go down to dinner.

### CHAPTER XIII.—ARTHUR TRAFFORD'S TACTICS.

I found Marian Reed in the morning-room with Mrs Tipper, and she had already assumed the *haut-en-bas* tone in talking with the little lady. The latter had innocently thought that the lowliness of their antecedents would be a bond of union between them; but Miss Marian Reed considered that her boarding-school education placed her far above the level of poor people, though she had for a time lived with them. She had not of late associated with her aunt and cousins; and she had no sympathy with one like Mrs Tipper, who was not ashamed to talk about the times when she had lived in a cottage, and done her own washing and scrubbing. She was loftily explaining that she had never soiled her hands with 'menial' work, as I entered the room.

Miss Reed had evidently taken a great deal of pains with her toilet; and I was obliged to acknowledge to myself that she looked very striking, and better in a room than in walking-gear. Moreover, she got through the rather trying ordeal of dining for the first time at a luxurious table, much better than might have been expected. She did not suffer from any doubts about herself; and was consequently free from self-consciousness, as well as being quick to note and imitate the ways of others. In conversation she was quite at ease. The consciousness of an acquaintance with Mrs Markham, French, music, and so forth; and the entire freedom from doubt as to her ability to cope with any question which might arise, imparted an ease and confidence to her tone not usually seen in girls of more perception. Moreover, I could not but acknowledge that she was clever in the way of being quick to seize such ideas as were presented to her. And yet hers was just the kind of cleverness which makes some people shrink from the designation as a reproach—the flippant shallow sharpness which so grates upon the nerves of the mind. She was the kind of girl who would talk a philosopher mute, and not have the slightest misgivings about the cause of his silence.

Her bearing towards me had undergone a change, which for a while somewhat puzzled me. I was not a little amused when I discovered the cause. Mrs Tipper had innocently divulged the fact that I was paid for my services at Fairview; and as I had made her a little afraid of me, the relief of finding that I could be displaced at will was great in proportion. She was now loftily condescending towards me, sufficiently marking her sense of the distance between us; though I think somewhat at a loss to account for my cheerfulness

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under it. In truth I was audacious enough to rather enjoy the fun of the situation, and for the moment did not attempt to hide my amusement.

But when, after dinner, Arthur Trafford made his appearance, the new-comer's attention was very quickly diverted from me. He was waiting for us in the morning-room, and naturally enough curious to see the new-comer. And however great his objection to her coming there, he was gentleman enough to greet her in the right way. Indeed, now that the matter had got beyond his control, he was, I think, desirous to make the *amende* to Lilian for his previous too dictatorial objections. Probably, too, he perceived that he was not likely to carry his point by such means, though he was not hopeless of doing so by another way.

He took great pains to make himself agreeable to Marian Reed; and it was very evident that his little courteous speeches had their full effect. He was doubtless the first gentleman she had conversed with; and I could see that she was a great deal impressed, I think enduing his deferential politeness and earnest tone with a deeper meaning than he intended them to have.

Lilian looked pleasantly on, accepting his courtesy to Marian as a kindness to herself, after what had taken place. She was very triumphant about it to me afterwards, as a proof of his goodness of heart, and so forth. For the present she was content to sit apart, thanking him with an occasional glance.

But after a while, he appeared to consider that he had done quite sufficient to earn some reward, and drew Lilian out to the garden. Miss Reed was thumping away at the piano, playing a showy school-piece for his delectation; and when she presently looked round, she discovered that her cavalier had disappeared.

'Why, where's'——

'Mr Trafford is with Lilian in the garden,' I explained.

'Oh, is he? Then I will go too'—rising as she spoke. 'I haven't seen the garden yet.'

'I think you must put up with my attendance, Miss Reed. Lovers are privileged to be unsociable.'

'Lovers!' she ejaculated. 'You don't mean to say—— *He* can't be her lover!'

'He is, I assure you, Miss Reed. They have been engaged some time; and will be married as soon as circumstances permit.'

'I should never have thought—he wasn't a bit like a lover—to her,' she said in an angry tone, her colour more raised than I had yet seen it. In fact, as I suspected, Miss Reed's fancy had been caught—to herself no doubt she termed it falling in love, and she was a young lady of very strong impulses, which were entirely untrained. In their ultra refinement, Arthur Trafford's good looks were precisely the kind to attract one like Marian Reed—his fashionable languid air being specially attractive to one who indulged in the kind of literature which is not remarkable for backbone. She curtly declined going into the garden with me, and drew a chair towards one of the windows, where she sat watching the two figures as they passed and repassed in the strip of moonlight outside, her brows lowering and face darkening.

Mrs Tipper amiably endeavoured to do her part towards entertaining her; but Marian Reed was not in the mood to be entertained by Mrs Tipper; and made it so very evident that she was not, that the little lady became silent and constrained, though, strange to say, I do not think her admiration for the girl decreased in consequence. Presently Marian went to the piano again, and amused herself trying bits of Lilian's songs; apparently considering neither Mrs Tipper nor me worth cultivating. But I forced myself upon her notice so far as to tell her that Lilian might consider it to be too soon after her father's death for song-singing. Miss Reed opined that that was all nonsense. There was no necessity for being gloomy, and a little singing and music would rouse her up a little. The music had certainly a rousing effect, though not in the precise way she imagined; and her singing! Accustomed as I was to Lilian's sweet voice and pure style, it was almost excruciating to listen to her songs as rendered by the other's loud untrained voice. I sat down by my dear old friend's side at a distant window, and did my best to make up for Marian Reed's rudeness. But she had not taken offence. As she generally did in such cases, she simply attributed it all to her own want of breeding, and that being irremediable, accepted the consequences without repining. Moreover, she was full of admiration of Marian Reed's good looks.

'Is she not handsome, my dear?' was her little aside to me. 'And seems so accomplished too.' (One 'tune,' as she termed it, was quite as good as another, from an artistic point of view, to Mrs Tipper.) 'Such a good thing for Lilian that Miss Reed has been educated like a lady; is it not? To tell the truth, I was rather afraid she might turn out to be a common person like me, you know. At her age, I should never have done for Fairview; not even so well as I do now. Knowing the piano and French, does make such a difference; doesn't it?'

I could but raise the hand I held to my lips, dissenting so entirely as I did from the notion of Marian Reed's superiority. And I believed that Mrs Tipper herself was only dazzled for a time; her perception was too true to be blinded for very long. When the lovers re-entered, I saw that they were regarded by Marian with a new and uneasy curiosity.

In our *tête-à-tête* that night, Lilian could talk of nothing but her lover's goodness and readiness to fall in with her scheme for Marian's welfare. 'Dear Arthur, he made no objections now. He had only objected at first, because he felt a little hurt, as it was quite natural he should, at not being consulted. But everything would be well now.' I listened in some little surprise to this sudden change in his tactics, until Lilian unconsciously gave me the key.

'Arthur is quite willing now. She is to be always free to live at Fairview, as long as she is inclined, and have five hundred a year, as I wish her to have. But he says there is no necessity for legal arrangements, as though we could not trust each other, you know.'

Had I considered Marian Reed's claims to be as great as Lilian considered them to be, I might have tried my influence against Arthur Trafford's in the matter. As it was, I urged no objection to his arrangement, though I quite understood its import. It would of course be quite possible for Lilian's husband so to contrive matters that Marian Reed would not be long inclined to live at Fairview; and as to the five hundred a year! Well,

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I believed it would do no real harm to her if she were by-and-by reduced to two hundred and her former sphere again. Hers was not the nature to improve in consequence of having more power in her hands, and a sister or companion for Lilian she never would be. It was too late in the day for any radical change in her tastes and habits. They were travelling different roads, and the longer they lived the farther they would be apart.

Lilian's sentiments, as days passed by, were not difficult to fathom. Her very anxiety to make the most of anything in favour of the girl her whole soul shrank from, spoke volumes to me. Indeed she had no little difficulty in combating the repulsion which it shocked her to feel towards her father's child.

Marian did not miss anything or suffer, as the other would have done in her place. She never perceived the underlying cause of Lilian's anxiety to please and conciliate her. It was not in her nature to see that Lilian was, so to speak, always pleading for forgiveness for the wrong done to Marian's mother, and trying to expiate her father's fault. Then, conscious as she was of shrinking from the coarser mind, which was being day by day unfolded to us, poor Lilian was terribly afraid lest it should be apparent to the other; not herself perceiving the mere fact of its very coarseness rendering it the more impervious. In truth, self-assertion and *hauteur* would have won a great deal more respect from Marian, than did the too evident desire to please. She was beginning almost to look down upon the girl she could not understand; conscious how different she herself would have been were she in Lilian's place and Lilian in hers; and without any misgivings as to her own superiority. She was also beginning to assume a great deal, and I was the only one to do battle with her, though I had some difficulty in keeping her within due bounds now. As it may be supposed, I did not gain favour with her. There was the difference that she liked Lilian and looked down upon her; whilst she disliked me and was a little afraid of me.

Mrs Chichester made great and palpable efforts to act against her judgment in noticing Miss Reed; 'for dear Lilian's sake,' as she confided to Robert Wentworth and me. 'It was the only thing to be done now. Of course she could not but regret that dear Lilian should not have asked the advice of some judicious friend in the matter. No one could doubt its being a mistake to bring Miss Reed to Fairview; now did not Mr Wentworth think so?'

'Yes; Mr Wentworth did think so.'

'And what did dear Miss Haddon think?'

Miss Haddon had advised Lilian to follow her instincts in the matter.

'But pray excuse me; do not you think that is rather dangerous advice to give—to some persons?'

'Yes; I do, Mrs Chichester.'

At which Mrs Chichester was in a flutter of consternation, lest I should for one moment imagine that she had meant to be unkind in leading me on to make such an admission of fallibility, and prettily begged Mr Wentworth to give his assistance to enable her to obtain my forgiveness.

It took their united powers of persuasion, and gave Mrs Chichester opportunities for all sorts of pretty amiabilities, before Miss Haddon could be brought to reason; and then the former had to be satisfied with what she termed 'a very slight unbending of the stern brow,' as an acknowledgment of my defeat.

Then how pleasant and amiable it was to take all the trouble she did to put me in a good humour with myself again, by pointing out that the very wisest of us may sometimes err in our judgment, and so forth. Matters were progressing thus agreeably, when Lilian wanted Mrs Chichester's advice about the arrangement of some ferns in the conservatory, and I was left for a few moments alone with Robert Wentworth.

'Lilian did *not* obey her instincts in inviting this Miss Reed to come to reside with her, Miss Haddon.'

I smiled.

'And believing that, you allowed the stigma of being an injudicious friend to be attached to me.'

'Because I saw you so willed it; and I do not waste my powers of oratory when they are not required.'

Then, abruptly changing the subject—there was none of the suavity and consideration, which Mrs Chichester considered to be so essential to friendship, between him and me—he went on: 'Tell me what you think of this Miss Reed. Is she what she appears to be?'

'What does she appear to you?'

'Well, I suppose we could not expect her to be quite a gentlewoman, but really—— Your little Becky is a great deal nearer the mark, according to my standard.'

'Yes; I think she is.'

'And time will do nothing for her—not the slightest hope of it! She would never be a companion for Lilian, if they lived together a hundred years—of course you see that.'

For Lilian! How plainly he was always shewing that she was the centre to which all his thoughts converged.

'Yes; I see that they will never be companions; but Miss Reed will miss nothing; she will do no harm to Lilian.'

'Not in one way, perhaps.'

'Not in any way, Mr Wentworth, other than paining her sometimes.'

'But if that might have been avoided?'

'Neither sorrow nor pain, nor any other thing, will injure Lilian in the long-run. You ought to know that.'

'I am not an advocate for enduring unnecessary pain, Miss Haddon.'

'I believe Lilian will have to suffer—it may be a great deal—and some preliminary training will enable her to bear what is to come all the easier.'

'I am afraid Mrs Chichester is right after all, in considering you to be a little hard, Miss Haddon.'

'Afraid Mrs Chichester is right! I have a great mind to tell her!' I ejaculated, rising.

'Have a greater mind, and don't,' he smilingly returned.

'But it might be good for you to go into training a little as well as the rest of us; and Mrs Chichester might not object to undertake'——

'Could not you try what you could do towards bringing me into a better frame of mind?' he said. 'It would be like an acknowledgment of weakness to hand me over to Mrs Chichester, you know. You might at anyrate try what could be done for me before acknowledging yourself unequal to the task, in that faint-hearted way.'

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'In other words, you want me to stay and talk Lilian to you,' was my mental comment, as I shook my head and moved away.

As I have said, I liked Robert Wentworth better than any other gentleman who came to Fairview. Arthur Trafford occasionally brought a friend with him down to dinner; but his friends were not of the pattern which pleased me—men who looked, and spoke, and moved as though they were only playing the part of supernumeraries on the stage of life. With Robert Wentworth there was all the pleasure of feeling that I was thoroughly understood. I was indeed able to unfold my thoughts to him, as I could not even to Lilian, love her as I did. She was a girl, and I a woman, and she deferred to me as to an elder sister; constantly, though unconsciously, reminding me of the eleven years' difference between our ages.

Robert Wentworth and I met on equal terms. With him I neither gave nor obtained quarter; and our encounters were as refreshing as a tonic to my mental health. Whatever the subject broached, we freely shewed each other our thoughts about it; and I learned to give and take a blow with perfect good-humour. I was sometimes not a little startled to find how completely he was beginning to track out certain tendencies, which I had hitherto flattered myself were so safely packed away out of sight as to be unknown to those with whom I associated. More than once the common-sense which he bantered me about setting too high a value upon, was blinded, and I was led on by wily steps into the enchanted regions of romance, and penetrated by their subtle influence, gave words to my thoughts before I recollected and was on guard again. But no word or look of Robert Wentworth's wounded my *amour propre* at such times; my little flights of fancy met with the gravest respect. In truth, he was a great deal more tolerant to what he termed my romance, than to any little slip in my reasoning; because he had the candour to tell me my ideality was getting starved for want of nourishment, and needed a little encouragement, whilst my reasoning powers required an occasional snubbing. 'And as to pretending you have no romance—you are the most romantic young lady I know. Don't protest; it would not be the least use; though I will not expose you to the world—not even to Lilian.'

I only knew that he was gradually teaching me to be less ashamed of such things than I had latterly been, and so rendering me less morbid, and more fit to be Philip's wife. Philip should thank him for that as well as other things, by-and-by. The hope that Philip and he would be friends, and that there would be pleasant communion between us three in the future, was very cheering to me. How complete would have been the picture could I have imagined Lilian in it as the wife of Robert Wentworth—what a delightful quartet!

Meantime, everything was flowing smoothly on with the lovers again. I think that I was the only one at Fairview to note the change which was taking place in Marian Reed. She had never been accustomed to exercise self-control, and was yielding more and more to an infatuation which was making her life miserable.

She loved Arthur Trafford, as such natures do love, with a wild, ungovernable, selfish passion; and with unreasoning anger, altogether refused to accept the existing state of things. She would not accept happiness in any way but one; and moodily dwelt upon what she encouraged herself to believe were her wrongs. Why should she be without a name, dependent upon others' bounty, and denied the love she craved, whilst Lilian possessed everything? It was easy enough to be amiable when you had all you wanted! But she did not covet all—only love, and that was denied her. All this she shewed me in more ways than one, which roused my suspicion that she was doing what she could to attract Arthur Trafford, and would have felt no compunction in winning his love from Lilian, had that been possible. There were occasions when it was almost impossible to avoid the conclusion that she was trying to outvie Lilian, in the only way she knew how to outvie a rival. I knew that she must be spending a great deal more than was right or necessary upon dress, so constant were the changes she made, availing herself of everything which is invented in the way of ornament by fashionable milliners for fashionable woe; whilst her large handsome white shoulders were thrust upon our notice a great deal more than was in good taste. And as to her conversation; partly loud and self-asserting; partly sentimental, accompanied with languishing glances at her hero from the great black eyes—— But I must not go on. I am afraid I was not inclined to allow her a single good quality just at this time; and therefore my judgment must, I suppose, be taken with a grain of salt. Nevertheless, allowing for hidden good qualities, which I had not given her credit for possessing, she really was not pleasant as a companion just now.

Much as dear old Mrs Tipper admired her personally, even she was obliged to acknowledge that Miss Reed was not quite so amiable and easy to get on with as could be desired. Indeed, more than once had I found it necessary to protect the kind little lady from the ill-humour of Marian, and the sharp way with which I was immediately retorted upon did not greatly discomfit me. It was enough that I had the power to keep her within due bounds towards others.

I think it was specially obnoxious to her to find that I was observant of her demeanour towards Arthur Trafford, and made a point of putting in an appearance when she happened to be *tête-à-tête* with him. I was gravely displeased, as time went on, to find that he not only suspected the state of Marian Reed's feelings towards him, but amused himself by making it more apparent, feeding her vanity with all sorts of exaggerated compliments, accompanied by languishing glances.

Was this conduct worthy of Lilian's affianced husband? I knew that he did not in reality even admire Marian's style of good looks, and was only amused by her too evident predilection for him. But what was he, to find amusement thus? I asked myself, indignant for Lilian's sake.

'You are very uncomplimentary to Miss Reed, I think, Mr Trafford,' I said one day, when I had been the witness of a scene bordering upon flirtation between them, and could no longer keep silence. Lilian was in the garden with her aunt when he arrived, and Marian Reed had found it out of her power to get rid of me; though she had not scrupled to let me see that my company was not desired. Arthur Trafford's flattery had been

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rather more marked than usual, and I lost all patience.

'Uncomplimentary!' she ejaculated, looking very much astonished. Had he not been telling her that she had displayed more than usual taste in her toilet, and was looking dreadfully killing to-night?

'I meant uncomplimentary to your sense, Miss Reed.'

'I don't know what you mean.'

'I think Mr Trafford does.'

He flushed up, giving me an angry glance. She answered for him.

'I am sure Mr Trafford did not mean to be uncomplimentary in *any* way;' with a little defiant toss of the head and glance towards him.

Of course he could only protest that he did not; and she was perfectly satisfied. He evidently knew better than I did the kind of compliments which would be most acceptable to her. Indeed I suppose she would not have considered them to be flattery at all, but simply the truth, which there was no harm in his telling her.

'She likes that sort of thing,' he said, with a little awkward laugh, when presently he and I were for a few moments alone together. 'And I don't see that there can be much harm in saying a few complimentary words to a girl, if it gratifies her, Miss Haddon.'

'Well, I am glad that you do not *gratify* her in Lilian's presence, Mr Trafford; she would perceive what Miss Reed apparently does not.'

He reddened again. 'Lilian is so essentially and entirely different in every way. You can hardly expect the same kind of refinement in the other.'

'I suppose not; but I cannot see that that is a reason for treating them both with disrespect. It is quite as ill a compliment to Lilian as to Miss Reed, to flatter the latter's vanity as you do.'

'I don't see any ill compliment in telling a good-looking girl that she is so, if she likes to be told it,' he repeated. 'No one can deny that she is a fine girl, in her way.'

'I suppose she is; but I admire Lilian too much to be enthusiastic about Miss Reed's style of beauty, Mr Trafford.'

He was getting more decidedly out of temper, muttering something about some women being so hard upon their own sex, as he turned away.

I had done no good by my interference, only caused them to be a little more guarded in my presence, and perhaps dislike me more. But Marian Reed no longer made any effort to conceal the restless discontent which devoured her. Not for a moment suspecting the cause, Lilian was greatly puzzled to account for the other's increasing discontent, and redoubled her efforts to please, though she was only snubbed for her pains.

'Do you think that I leave anything undone, Mary?' she would anxiously ask me, when she and I were alone. 'Or do you think that Marian's feelings are really deeper than we at first imagined them to be, about—the wrong done to her mother, and that all this luxury jars upon her?' After waiting a moment for an answer, which came not (how could I express my belief as to the real cause of Marian's discomfort?), she went on: 'But you know how much I try to spare her, Mary—you know that I would not for the world do anything to remind her of the shame. Do I not share it?'

Yes; I did know. But I could only kiss the sweet brow and murmur some platitude about hoping that things would right themselves in time. I would not attempt to inculcate any of the worldly wisdom which it had cost me my youth to obtain. Rather was I inclined to encourage her pure faith and trust in others—her ignorance of evil—as long as possible. The pain which comes with one kind of knowledge, I would spare her as long as possible. For the present, it did her no harm to believe a little too much in others; at least so I told myself.

Darling! whatever others might think, *I* knew that your gentleness and forbearance did not proceed from weakness. When the time of trial came, they would see! It was nearer than I imagined it to be, and came in a different and far more serious form than my gravest fears had foreshadowed. It was nearly six months after Mr Farrar's death, and there was beginning to be some talk of preparing for the wedding, which was to take place in two months, Lilian having yielded to her lover's importunities the more readily from the knowledge that she was obeying her father's wishes, when like a sudden thunder-clap, the shock came.

## COLOUR-BLINDNESS.

THE peculiar defect of vision known as colour-blindness to which many people are subject, is due to various causes; but very little is known of its real nature. In different persons it has a different effect, being in some a complete inability to distinguish between the commonest colours; while in others it is merely a temporary confusion of the impressions conveyed by different hues, or a tendency to give the wrong names to colours, which can be perfectly distinguished from each other, though the mind cannot verify, so to speak, the distinction.

To take the first case first. A man who is perfectly 'colour-blind' cannot detect the slightest difference between the stripes on the 'red, white, and blue' flag; to him the red and green lamps of the railways are the same; and the leaves and flowers of the most variously stocked garden are more uniform in tone, in the clearest sunlight, than they would be to an ordinary eye by moonlight. (The effect of moonlight, it is well known, is to give a monochromous appearance to the most varied colours.) In the other case, a man who has, say the three cardinal colours, red, blue, and yellow, placed before him, can tell that there *is* a difference between them, but is unable to identify them; and while perhaps one day he is able to sort a number of pieces of glass of these three colours, he will be unable to perform the operation the next day.

Persons who are thus afflicted—for it is an affliction, though often they do not actually know of the defect to which they are subject—may possess in every other way the keenest eyesight; and it by no means follows that a man who is colour-blind has in any other way less perfect eyesight than an artist or any other person whose calling requires nicety of distinction in the matter of colours and hues. The question occurs, To what is colour-blindness due? In certain cases, to a want of education of the eye in this particular service; but more generally to local causes and

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diseases, and to hereditary defect. Instances occurring under the first-named class are not real cases of colour-blindness. It is really no more true to say that a man is colour-blind because he calls red 'green,' or blue 'yellow' persistently, and with a perfect appreciation of the difference, simply because he has never been taught, than it is to call a man blind who calls an oval 'round,' because he has learned no better. But in the other instances the colour-blindness is a true defect. In Egypt, China, and other countries where ophthalmia is prevalent, colour-blindness is common; and the peculiar light which exists in certain localities where there is a large expanse of flat sandy soil, and which is known to be very trying to the eyesight, is very often found to produce this defect where it does not otherwise impair the vision. Hereditary cases of colour-blindness are common. The painter Turner has been said by some of his critics to have been colour-blind; and we believe that one of his sisters had a defect of vision which caused her to confuse one colour with another in such a way as to prevent her from describing accurately a picture placed before her.

In reference to the theory that the recent disastrous railway accident at Arlesey was owing to a mistake of the engine-driver as to the colour of the signal displayed against him, a correspondent of the *Times* points out that colour-blindness may be acquired. 'A few years ago,' he says, 'I was investigating colour appreciation, and the first instance of the acquired defect that came to my knowledge was in the person of an engine-driver. This man confessed, after an accident through his not distinguishing the red signal, that he had gradually lost his colour-power, which had been perfect; and so sensible was he of his loss and its disadvantages, that before the accident he had determined to give up the situation. The manager of the Company, who told me the circumstance, assured me that this driver had been carefully examined but a few years back and passed as possessing perfect sight.'

If a person with perfect sight will look steadily for a few moments at any object, of one of the three primary colours, whether a lamp or anything else, and then close his eyes, and watch so to speak, with his closed eyes, he will find the object reproduced in a kind of cloudy representation, or rather retained on the eye; but its colour will be changed from the *primary* to its corresponding (complementary) *secondary* colour. Thus the impression of a red object will present itself as green; yellow as purple; and blue as orange. *Vice versâ*, if the object is one of those secondary* colours, the reproduction on the retina will be of the corresponding primary colour. In this way, it is quite possible for a man, who has been looking for any length of time at a red light on a railway at night, to remove his eyes for a moment or two; and, on looking again at the lamp, to find that—in the course of the natural relief afforded by the impression on the eye resolving itself into the secondary colour—his sight is for a moment impeded by the floating image (now green instead of red) before his eyes, and the actual lamp (still red) covered, as it were, by the retained figure, so that it appears to be green. This curious effect is no fault of vision, and might easily mislead an engine-driver who, having first actually seen the red light, has, after withdrawing his eyes, immediately afterwards imagined it changed to green or white, in indication of the removal of the obstacle to the progress of his train. In this way, by continual straining of the eye in search of a particular signal, especially at night, with no light beyond that of the glaring furnace of the engine—in itself detrimental to the eyes—it is quite possible that colour-blindness may be acquired, and that a man who was once perfectly able to distinguish the most delicate tints may become insensible to the effects of widely different colours.

Whatever its cause, it is a fact that colour-blindness does exist to a very considerable extent. In Egypt this is so well recognised a fact, that engine-drivers and others employed on railways are obliged to undergo a special examination before they are allowed to proceed to their duties. Many curious stories are told concerning the attempts made by men suffering under this infirmity to escape the penalty of detection; they will often rather run the risk of bringing themselves and others to sudden death in a collision, than lose the coveted post by admitting their defective sight. Sometimes a man will successfully guess at the red, white, and green lamps or flags held before him; but, if the examiner is as astute as the examinee, he will balk his calculations by holding out a cap, or some other article not usually classed among the list of railway signals, and an unguarded 'Red' or 'Green' from the lips of the candidate will send him ruefully off about his business.

Researches lately made in Sweden shew that this peculiar defect of sight is prevalent in that country. Out of two hundred and sixty-six men examined recently by Professor Holmgren, eighteen were found to be colour-blind; and in our own land statistics prove that Englishmen are not free from the infirmity. The late Professor George Wilson, who made a special investigation into the subject in Edinburgh some years ago, stated that out of one thousand one hundred and fifty-four persons of various professions examined in 1852, no less than sixty-five were colour-blind; and of these, twenty-one specially confounded red with green. A gentleman employing a number of men, writing to the *Times*, states that recently he directed an upholsterer to cover some article of furniture in green leather, and that the man used a skin of bright red leather, not knowing the difference. He could only distinguish colours in their intensity, all appearing to him as different shades of gray.

But instances could easily be multiplied. The practical part of the question is its bearing on the employment of men upon whose sight and power of distinguishing colours many lives are dependent. Engine-drivers and signal-men, railway guards and sailors, often have nothing but a red or green speck of light between the safety and the death of themselves and perhaps hundreds of their fellow-creatures. How many of the 'missing ships' that have set forth in hope, with scores or hundreds of souls on board, and never been heard of again, have gone to their fate through the colour-blindness of the 'look-out,' who can tell? How many disastrous railway collisions have been owing to the

* Secondary colours are those which are formed by the combination of any two of the three 'primary' colours; the combinations of secondary colours are called 'tertiary' colours.

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same defect on the part of the engine-driver or stoker? The necessity of a rigid examination of all men employed on our railways, in order to ascertain their power of distinguishing the colours of the signals upon which so many lives depend, is being recognised by the directors and other officials. The same precaution ought to be adopted in the case of sailors, and not only once, but frequently. Periodical tests of their eyesight should be made at regular intervals; for in a physical infirmity of this kind, so apt to be overlooked and remain unrecognised even by those who are subject to it, lurk more dangers than in the lack of many other strictly enforced requirements.

## GOLD-MINE EXPERIENCES.

I WAS living some years ago in one of our North American provinces, where, for several seasons, I was employed in constructing a railway, which at the time I write is in liquidation, and which I shall call the Swindleville Junction, a name, I trust, sufficiently expressive. The climate did not suit me, neither did the natives; they were much too 'smart' for my fancy, and I was pretty generally always cheated in my dealings among them. In one instance, however, I managed to save myself from being tricked, but I am bound to say that it was from the clutches of a Yankee that I made my escape, for I fully believe that a native operator would never have given me a chance.

Gold had been discovered about thirty miles from the town of Radnor, which was my headquarters, and the miners were making much money by crushing the quartz. Of course the country was soon inundated by prospectors, and numerous holes were opened with varying luck. Curiously enough, the American element did not prevail much in the district, the fact being that the provincials are more than a match for an American even with his own weapons.

I happened, however, to fall in with one very impressive American, a very pleasant plausible fellow. Captain Marcus Cyrus Duckett was his name. He was a bit of a nautical dandy in his way. Blue surtout and yellow waistcoat, large gold watch-guard and a Panama hat, shortish black trousers and Wellington boots, was his usual dress; and he was more like an English coasting skipper than an American, being bluff and stout, with a cheery red face and jolly manner. But I soon found out that he was as great a desperado as was ever produced, in spite of his off-hand appearance and rattling style. He had, he said, been a blockade-runner, and had got safely in and out of Charleston eighteen times during the civil war; and I heard hints that his success in that trade was due principally to the fact of his having gained much experience by eluding British cruisers on the coast of Africa, where he had been long employed in command of a Spanish slaver trading to Cuba.

I used to meet this character occasionally at a village called Bleakhausen, where I had frequently to go on business, which occupied me a few hours; and rogue although he undoubtedly was, it was pleasant to have a chat with him and hear him relate some of his adventures. It was a great relief also to hear something else talked than the everlasting drawl and snivel about pitiful election squabbles and rates of freight, or prices of salt fish and molasses, which were the only topics ever discussed among the semi-civilised natives in these regions. By degrees we got pretty intimate; and one day the captain informed me that he had discovered that a gold-bearing quartz vein ran across the country in an easterly direction, and was now profitably worked; that it passed right through a property near the village, which he had been lucky in getting hold of very cheap, as all the timber worth cutting on it had been sawn up, and the place was a barren rocky clearing, full of half-burned stumps, and almost fit for nothing. There were, however, the remains of a water-wheel and saw-mill on the place, and a good fall of water. On these advantages Duckett laid great stress, as useful to drive the quartz-crushing machines which he intended to put up. He had sunk a shaft, he said, and run a heading for some distance into the rock, and that it was looking very well, although it had cost him 'a power of brass.'

I took little interest in all this, as I had often before had prospecting schemes submitted to me, and had decidedly refused to mix myself up with them, as my own business demanded all my attention. And so speculators had at last ceased to trouble me. One day, however, having longer to wait than usual at Bleakhausen, my horse being much knocked up by a long journey, the skipper asked me to go and see his mine, to pass the time. I agreed. So we took a walk of about a couple of miles down to it. I was rather astonished when, after a disagreeable tramp, we came to the place. It was no myth, for there it was in full swing. The men seemed strangers, sailors they appeared, of various nationalities; but comfortable shanties had been put up, and everything seemed all right. A few pieces of the stuff were put in a bag by the captain's wish, and sent to my wagon as specimens. After this, I drove home, thinking nothing more of the matter.

One evening, a few weeks afterwards, I was reading a newspaper account of the gold mines in the province, when it struck me that, as I was going to the principal town next day, I would take one of the Bleakhausen specimens, and have it analysed, just for the fun of the thing, and see if there actually was any gold in it. I did not say where it came from, that being unnecessary; but in a few days I got a flattering analysis by letter, which also contained a small piece of gold extracted by the assayer.

The next time Duckett met me he began to speak of his affairs, and hinted that he was getting a little crippled for cash, and that the millwright he had employed would not proceed with the repairs of the mill or erect crushers without a heavy advance of money; so that, as he had run himself nearly aground, he was reluctantly thinking of abandoning the mine altogether.

I had been thinking over this quietly for a few weeks, when one evening I had a visit in Radnor from the captain, who was much downcast, and told me his creditors were so pressing that he could carry on no longer, but must sell the estate for what it would fetch, to pay them off; and with what balance he might have, would go to sea, and leave the natives and their mines altogether. I was sorry for the fellow. We talked long over the matter; and it ended by my becoming owner of the property for ten thousand dollars, paid in railway

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bonds, which Duckett said he could easily negotiate in the States; and I was to retain him as overseer till the concern was in full working order, at a salary and percentage on the output, which he solemnly assured me was worth four ounces a ton; equal to nearly ten pounds a ton after paying expenses. His estimate was slightly in excess of my experimental assay, but not much; so I was well enough pleased with my bargain.

Things were going on pretty well under this arrangement, when one night my groom appeared with a dreadful tale of being beaten by Duckett for having declared the mine to be a humbug, and wishing I had not been such an ass as pay him for it, and allow myself to be swindled by a Yankee pirate. Whereupon the enraged mariner speedily made an example of him. I began to suspect that it was just possible that Duckett *had* imposed on me, in which case I should cut a poor figure every way.

The first thing to do was to satisfy myself that the specimen was the actual produce of the mine; if not, the next thing was to get my bonds back; by fair means, if possible; if not, by *any* means; but in any event to get quit of the Yankee at once. About two o'clock next morning I saddled a horse myself without disturbing any person, and rode to the mine, which I reached about five o'clock, and awoke the men in the shanties. They were very unwilling to let me descend, as Duckett was not there; but after some altercation, and seeing me very determined, they gave me a lamp, and lowered me away. I was not down five minutes when I discovered I had been done outright; the original specimen was dark-brown coloured, and the stuff in the mine was dark-blue, and not a trace of gold in it. The rascal had obtained the specimens from a mine called Mount Benger, some miles away; and had played an old and common trick—namely, placed the gold specimens among the rubbish, and then picked them up before my eyes. As soon as I had fully satisfied myself, I got back to the foot of the shaft; and to my great gratification, was, on giving the signal, hauled to the top at once, just in time to see Captain Duckett coming up the hill.

He was in a desperate passion at not having had notice of my visit; but it was no part of my business to quarrel with him just yet. So I soon managed to smooth him down with a story about my being restless, and unable to sleep in the night, and thinking a sharp ride would do me good, &c.; and I made him even believe that I was pleased, and more than ever satisfied with my bargain. The captain took it all most comfortably.

I asked him to breakfast at the inn; but he declined; agreeing, however, to come afterwards to smoke and talk over matters, which he did. After some cheerful talk, I hit on a scheme to recover my papers. I agreed to lay a tramway to the mill from the mine, and requested him to find some one to furnish us with timber for it; and he was to come to Radnor on Tuesday and tell me what he had done, and also to meet an engineer with whom I was in treaty to do the work at the water-wheel. I called for my horse; but just as I was going to mount, I suddenly turned round and said: 'Oh, by the bye, captain, Davis the lawyer was saying yesterday that those bonds are of no use to you until they are transferred by being indorsed and signed by me. I forgot to speak about it just now; the tramway put it out of my head; but if you like, I'll take them in with me and get Davis to do the needful; and you can get them on Tuesday, when you are in.'

It was a bold stroke for the recovery of my bonds, but the bait took. 'All right,' said he; 'if you'll only wait half a minute, I'll fetch them;' and away he went, and soon came back with the parcel.

I saw at once I was certain of my game; so, as the packet was a little bulky, and did not go easily into my pocket, I said to him never to mind it then, but to bring it to Radnor on Tuesday, and hand it to Davis himself, which would be the safest plan; and that I would call on Monday, and tell the lawyer to be ready for him—to which proposal he smilingly assented; and with that I mounted, and trotted merrily home, sometimes in the woods almost hallooing with delight. I called for Davis, and told him that Duckett was coming to see him on Tuesday, and the purpose of his visit, and that he was to take his instructions, and I would see him in the course of the day, after Duckett had been with him.

Davis was not noted for honesty; but he was the only limb of the law in the place, and our firm had very frequently occasion for his services, although we knew well enough that we could trust him no farther than we could see him, and that he would hang his best friend, if he could make ten cents by the job. So I did not incline to let him know the exact state of matters till I had the bonds fairly in my own hand, when I intended to ask his professional opinion on what I was going to do—namely, to retain possession of them myself.

On Tuesday morning I set a young English boy, called 'the Nipper,' who was in my employment, but was personally unknown to the captain, to look out for him when he arrived, and to watch him all day, and keep me posted up in his movements, and above all to let me know the moment he traced him to Davis's den. In due time he announced to me in my office, that Captain Duckett had arrived at Davis's door, and had actually employed my spy to hold his horse, while he went in with a brown-paper parcel, and shortly came out again, attended to the door by old Davis; and the latest news was that he had put up at the hotel, and was then very busy assisting to demolish a leg of lamb and pumpkin pie. Now was my time; so I went up to Davis, and asked him to shew me the papers. I compared them with a note of the numbers I had in my book, found them all correct, and tied them carefully up and put them in my pocket; and then proceeded to unfold the transaction to the lawyer, and ask his advice as to whether I was legally authorised, under the circumstances, to keep possession now that I had them. Moreover I told him he should not lose his expected fees, as I would cheerfully pay them myself.

His opinion was that the law would bear me out; but that it was a dangerous affair, as the pirate, as he called him, was a dreadful character, and there was no saying what he might do. I quieted his fears a bit and gave him twenty dollars, but he was still uneasy; and as soon as I left him, he had his horse put to his wagon and went away to the country, leaving word that he had been suddenly called from home and would not be back for some days.

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I went to the bank and had my bundle deposited in the safe; and after that there was nothing more to do than to have the row with the captain over; so my mind was easy, and I went home to luncheon. When I got back to the office, I loaded a pair of heavy double-barrelled horse-pistols which we used when travelling with money on pay-days, and laid them in an open drawer in my writing-table, just to be handy in case of accidents. I had scarcely written half a page of a letter, when Captain Marcus Cyrus made his appearance in no very pleasant temper, and with a face as red as the rising sun. He began by abusing Davis. 'He had been to his house, and he was gone.' Where were his bonds? Did I know anything of them? He would do this, that, and everything; and raged like a demon.

I let him carry on for a while, and then I opened upon him and told him what a wretch he was, and that I had fortunately discovered him in time; that his mine was a swindle; that I would have him apprehended as a thief and a rogue; and that I had the bonds safely locked up, and he would never see them again; whereupon out came his revolver, which in truth, I wondered he had not produced before, and with many a high-sounding phrase he ordered me to give them up at once (thinking I had them in the office-safe), or he would riddle me with his Colt.

I did not care much for all this, as a Colt is a very inferior weapon to a brace of double pistols carrying ounce-bullets; so I snatched my pistols, and jumped up and closed with him in a second, with one in each hand, fully determined if he attempted to fire, to put an end to his rascality for ever. He seemed rather astonished at the sudden turn matters had taken, and did not appear to relish the look of the four ugly tubes in such close proximity to his person; so he toned down more easily than I expected, although he continued to growl like a bear with a sore head. Ordering him out, I escorted him to the door, and saw him go down-stairs, putting his pistol into his pocket and slamming the doors behind him; and I cannot say I was sorry that matters had passed off so quietly. However, it soon appeared that I was not to be done with my gentleman just yet; in a short time my scout came to say that he was away. He had gone to the stables for his horse; then he lighted a cigar, all the while raging at everybody he came alongside of; he then went to a hardware store, where the boy learned that he bought a couple of cold-set chipping chisels, a hammer, a crow-bar, and some small steel quarry-wedges, with which he drove off, as if homeward-bound.

When I heard all this, I at once suspected that he intended to come back at night to break into the office and force the safe; and the event proved that I was correct in my surmise. I mounted the Nipper on a pony, and sent him away to find out where the rascal had put up, as I felt certain that he would not go all the way to Bleakhausen if he intended to come back at night; and about dusk my messenger returned with the news that he had marked his game down in a ruinous shanty on the edge of the forest where an old convict lived, who sold bad rum and worse tobacco to Indians, negro squatters, and all the scamps in the neighbourhood. The inhabitants of Radnor are of many and various creeds and denominations, and they are none of those who tarry long at their wretched potations, but all get soon elevated and go soon to bed; by eleven o'clock everything is usually all quiet for the night. Thus I calculated that if I was to see my nautical friend again, it would be somewhere about twelve o'clock or one in the morning; and I took my measures accordingly. I told two of my best gangers to come to my house at eleven o'clock, but to say nothing to any person about it, as what I wanted done must be kept quiet. When they came, I explained my suspicions about Captain Duckett. One of them was a Yorkshire navvy of the good old stamp, so rare nowadays. Dick was his name. He might have been in a much better position had he been steady; but poor Dick must have a spree every pay-day, and by the following Tuesday was always reduced to poverty; however, he was a decent civil fellow and a capital hand, for all that. The other was an Irishman, Mike Grady; a smart fellow too, but always in trouble for fighting with his men; but for the business I had in hand that was no great disqualification. I provided each with a stout, long ash hammer-shank and a piece of soft Manilla white line, after which we went quietly down and ensconced ourselves among some bushes opposite the office-door, on the other side of the street. The programme was, that when the captain appeared, Mike was to steal across as soon as he commenced operations and fell him by a blow with his ash-stick; when we were to tie him hand and foot and deliver him to the sheriff in the morning—this being our only chance of getting him; for to apply to a magistrate would only have caused a talk, and would likely have scared the ruffian from making the attempt; and besides that, I wanted to catch him in the very act of burglary, which would insure a severe punishment.

We had not been very long at our post, when the sound of wheels was heard at a distance as if coming slowly and cautiously; by-and-by the noise ceased, leading us to imagine that he had tied up his horse about two hundred yards from where we were. I peeped carefully out; and as the night was not very dark, I could see a figure stealing noiselessly along; and sure enough it was Duckett himself. He had managed to change his Panama hat for a dog-skin sailor's cap, and his blue surtout for an old reefing-jacket; he had moccasins on over his boots, to deaden the sound of his footsteps, and I could see his belt, with his revolver and a knife sticking in it. He was evidently prepared for mischief, being armed with a hammer in one hand and the crow-bar in the other. Stopping at the door he laid down his hammer, and struck a match and lighted a small lamp he took from his pocket; and he had just inserted the claw-end of the crow below one of the half-leaves of the door, to prise it from the hinges, when the too impetuous Irishman, Mike, gave a howl and ran across to him. The Yankee bolted like a rocket, flung his bar from him as if it were red-hot, and made off at a pace that defied capture. We got round the corner just in time to see him jump into his wagon and commence flogging his mare with the buckle-end of the reins like a madman, standing up and yelling to her at the same time; he went off at a rattling gallop, and all the satisfaction I had was to send a bullet after him to freshen his way. He got home that morning; and he and all his gang were away

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from Bleakhausen before daylight, having evidently had all ready for a sudden start, although compelled to effect it minus the captain's expected plunder. I got out a warrant for his apprehension; but it was useless, as we soon heard that Captain M. C. Duckett and his crew had been wrecked in an American schooner, and forwarded to Port Royal Harbour, in South Carolina. I never heard of him again, unless he was the same person whose name appeared in a New York paper in connection with a gambling riot and murder on board a Mississippi steamboat of which Captain Marcus Cyrus Duckett was commander, and it is extremely improbable that there could be two desperadoes of that name.

The last time I saw my valuable estate it looked dismal enough; the shanties were burned, and the mill had fallen to pieces; and I had almost forgotten the whole affair, till I received an intimation a short time ago from a collector of taxes, that unless many years' arrears of taxes and mining license were immediately paid, he would have the place sold to pay them and his expenses; all of which he is very welcome to try to do, though I pity the purchaser. I could say much on the subject. But all I need observe is, that my adventure, which I have related exactly as it took place, offers a fair specimen of the trickeries that are of constant occurrence connected with speculative mining operations in various parts of America.

## CRUISING ON THE 'BROADS.'

One of the greatest charms in Nature is her infinite variety, as may be seen even without travelling beyond the limits of our island; almost every county has its own peculiar expression, differing like the differing expressions of the human face, and presenting, between the lofty grandeur of the Scotch mountains and the undulating luxuriance of Southern England, many gradations of form and colour.

In the eastern extremity of Norfolk there is a part almost entirely composed of lake, river, and marsh, known as the 'Broad District;' *Broad* being the local term for lake. The largest of those, Breydon Water, lies within the narrow neck of land on which Yarmouth is built; and towards this lake three rivers radiate from different directions—the Bure, the Waveney, and the Yare flowing from the ancient city of Norwich. The author of *The Swan and her Crew** tells us that 'the banks of the rivers are fringed with tall reeds, and they flow through miles of level marsh, where, as far as the eye can reach, there is nothing to be seen but the white sails of the yachts and the dark sails of the wherries, and occasional windmills, which are used for pumping the water out of the drains into the river.' Every here and there the rivers widen into broads, which are sometimes very large, and swarm with pike, perch, and numerous other fish. Those lakes are all very shallow, and can only be navigated by boats drawing little water; 'they are surrounded by a dense aquatic vegetation, reeds, rushes, flags, and bulrushes; and these are the haunts of many rare birds, and swarm with wild-fowl.'

With a view to navigating these shallow broads in an original way to facilitate the study of natural history, to hunt for the eggs of rare birds, to fish and shoot and otherwise investigate the wonders of the watery region, a boy of sixteen, named Frank Merivale, stands on the edge of Hickling Broad, deeply engaged in thought. At last a grand idea strikes him: he rushes up to the house, gets his father's permission to cut down a tree; and then laden with axes and ropes, he goes to get the help of his friend Jimmy Brett, who lives in an old-fashioned cottage near. The two boys proceed to the tree; and after long exertion, have the satisfaction of seeing the tall young larch fall over with a crash. Which business over, Jimmy insists on having his curiosity gratified by hearing what is to be done with the young larch; whereupon Frank unfolds his great project of building a yacht, a real yacht of their own, with which they might sail all over the broads and on the rivers, and naturalise and bird-nest, and enjoy no end of fun. The less sanguine Jimmy shakes his wise head; but Frank goes on with enthusiasm: 'What I propose is that we build a double yacht. We will make two long pontoons, and connect them by cross-pieces, on which we can lay a deck. Such a boat would not draw more than a foot of water; and to make her sail to windward, we should have a drop-keel or centre-board, which we could let down or draw up according to the depth of the water. Then I think a lug-sail and mizzen would suit her best; and we shall build her in old Bell's yard, and he will lend us such tools as we have not got.'

After a long discussion as to the plan and estimates of cost, the two would-be boat-builders, with a view to enlisting his aid, go on to see old Bell, who was a bit of a curiosity, uniting the two dissimilar trades of tailor and boat-builder. He was a close observer of the habits of animals, and could often give odd and useful information; and was a great favourite with the boys, as indeed they were with him. To this worthy they make known their grand scheme; and while not particularly sanguine of success, the old man promised to help as much as possible; and Frank in his impetuous way, at once begins clearing a space for the keel.

All the spare time is now spent in building the yacht; the two being joined by Dick Carlton, who being rather delicate, was encouraged by his father Sir Richard to join in the pastimes of his two young friends. First of all the pontoons are made, these being merely two long wooden boxes tapering off to a fine point at each end. Laid on the ground side by side, with a space of fully three feet between their centres, they are joined together by strong pieces of wood; while the seams are caulked with tow and a mixture of red and white lead, and protected by slips of wood nailed along them. The deck is next laid, and 'neatly finished off round the edges, with a bulwark of rope stretched on iron uprights.' A tiny cabin is erected, in which even the smallest of the crew will be unable to stand erect; but yachtsmen have to put up with many discomforts, and indeed

* By Christopher Davies. London: Warne & Co.

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a great deal of the pleasure consists in what is termed 'roughing it,' so *three feet six inches* is considered sufficiently lofty for the grand saloon. Two low broad seats are fitted up inside, which are also intended to serve as beds, should occasion require. A rudder and helm are attached to each pontoon, and connected by a cross-piece of wood, so that both might be worked at once; while two drop-keels occupy the space between the pontoons, and can be raised or lowered with the greatest ease. The mast also could be lowered whenever it might be necessary, in order to allow the boat to pass under low bridges.

To those who are interested in the details of such a craft as the *Swan*, the book furnishes ample information (full dimensions and all particulars being given). Suffice it to say, that after much perseverance and many grave difficulties, our amateur boat-builders, thanks to Frank's energy and skill, at length complete their work. The yacht is painted white; a tender in the shape of a punt is also built; and on a bright May morning all is ready for the launch, which important ceremony is fixed to take place at six o'clock on a Saturday morning. The three friends meet in Bell's yard, eager to send their handiwork upon the smooth glancing waters of the broad. But a name is yet wanting. 'Call her the *Swan*,' says Dick, remembering Wordsworth's lines; 'because, like the swan "on still Saint Mary's Lake," she will "float double."'

The name is hailed with approval. The ceremony is most successful; and soon the craft floats out on the waves, and the three boys enjoy the rare pleasure of sailing in a boat of their very own making. A light wind springs up, which shortly increases to a pretty stiff breeze, and the *Swan* behaves to perfection, answering her helm so admirably that the three young sailors are as pleased and proud as possible at the result of their labours.

And now when fairly afloat, we find that the crew have a double object in view; first, a topographical investigation of the Broad-region; and second, the noting of whatever objects of interest in natural history the broads might hold. During a tack the yacht passed over a bed of rushes, displacing a nest of the crested grebe, from which a number of the eggs rolled off into the water. It looked just like a lump of rotting sea-weed; and to avoid detection, we are told that the bird covers its eggs with reeds, so that they are scarcely noticeable: thus strangely does instinct guide to safety. On nearing home, a heron is disturbed, which rises slowly, flapping his wings in the apparently lazy manner peculiar to that bird; but on counting, our young friends found that he flapped his wings no fewer than one hundred and twenty times in a minute!

The success of the first sail only causes a desire for more adventure and a longer cruise, perhaps for three weeks, so that the boys might fully test the capacities of the *Swan*, and explore all the rivers and broads of Norfolk. The consent of the respective fathers is easily obtained; but the mothers, with their usual fear of danger, are more difficult to persuade. Frank, however, arranged that *they* should all have a day's sailing, to see how safe it was; and choosing a fine bright day with a light breeze, the *Swan* floated so gaily, that neither Mrs Merivale nor Mrs Brett could find it in their hearts to oppose the scheme.

Accordingly by the end of May, a hammock is slung between the two low seats, to serve as a third bed; a gun, butterfly net, fishing materials, and plenty of provisions, are on board; and arranging to meet the seniors at Wroxham Bridge, the crew of the *Swan* set sail. In the middle of Heigham Sounds, there is a great bed of reeds, locally called a 'Rond,' into which the boat is run. All hands being on the watch, a whole flock of birds rises from the reeds—water-hens, coots, &c.; and then a little duck with a bright, chestnut-coloured head and breast. A teal; and the young naturalists, bent on finding its nest, spend a long time fruitlessly, but at length discover it in the very centre of the rond. Large and beautifully lined with feathers, it is found to hold twelve cream-coloured eggs, three of which our friends appropriate, and then proceed to shove off the ship. But alas! the *Swan* is firmly imbedded in the mud, and refuses to be moved. There was no help for it but to strip, and raising the craft, by using the oars as levers, endeavour to push her off into deep water; but it is hard work, and the three shew as black (with ooze) as negroes ere it is accomplished. At last she is afloat. Without waiting to dress, up go the sails, and being a quiet spot where they are not likely to meet in with vessels, they mean to bathe and dress at leisure. Suddenly, however, a sail appears—a yacht with a number of people on board! And here we are told that its occupants enjoyed a good laugh at the strange appearance of the *Swan* and her naked though mud-covered crew! Jimmy and Dick take refuge in the cabin; but poor Frank who (still garmentless) is steering, dares not leave his post; so without further ado, he springs into the water at the stern of the yacht, and holding on by the rudder, contrives to keep her on her course till Jimmy reappears with something thrown over him and takes hold of the tiller. Need it be said that the three lost no further time in restoring themselves to the white man's usual appearance!

Heigham Bridge is reached; and while the other two are engaged in lowering the mast, Dick pursues some orange-tip butterflies which are among the prettiest of the Lepidoptera, and look like a bunch of red and white rose petals flying through the air. Resuming their progress up the Bure, till St Benedict's Abbey is reached, where it was resolved to camp for the night, the *Swan* is run into a creek and made fast.

Night comes on, the wind howling drearily; and nothing to be seen but stretches of lonely marshes, fading away into the distance behind the deserted ruins of the abbey, which occupy the foreground. A sense of loneliness is felt, but not one of our fresh-water tars cares to own it, and each tries to assume a cheerfulness he is far from feeling. Suddenly an unearthly cry sounds from the ruins, and a white form is dimly seen to glide among its broken arches; visions of ghosts, even in this materialistic age, rise unbidden; but the phantom after all is but a harmless white owl. So fright gives place to laughter; the lamp is lit, and supper is made as cheerful as possible. Sleep, however, is coy. To our three young friends, nursed in luxurious homes, there is something rather disturbing in the noise of the waters, the howling of the wind, and the wild cry of the birds. A loud noise disturbs them, and rushing on deck, a belated wherry is seen beating up the river,

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her canvas making a great noise as they turned on a new tack. The men sing out 'Good-night' as they pass, which is a comforting, homelike greeting, and sleep is attempted once more. Anon a patter-patter is heard on deck; Frank turns out, and sees a stray coot, wandering about in search of the good things of life. Looking round he spies a strange wandering light flitting among the marshes; like a Will-o'-the-wisp it seems here and there, and then appears to vanish for a time. He rouses Jimmy and Dick, but neither can suggest a solution; so hastily throwing on some clothes, they take the punt and endeavour to reach the light. But it always eludes them; and after a fruitless search, they return to bed and court sleep more successfully than before.

Morning finds them determined to investigate the cause of the light, and while rowing about the creek for that purpose, a strange bird arrests their attention. It is standing on a hillock, and is indeed a most peculiar-looking creature, 'with a body like a thrush, but with long legs, a long bill, and staring eyes; a brown tuft of feathers on each side of the head, and a large flesh-coloured ruff of feathers round its neck.' While they are watching the bird, a man seizes and is about to kill the ruff (for such it is), when the boys run forward and entreat him to sell it. The man being a fowler and only wanting money, is glad enough to make a bargain; and then shews them the nest, made of coarse grass, and containing four olive-green eggs spotted with brown.

Hastening to the rendezvous at Wroxham Bridge our crew are greeted with: 'Well, boys, we thought you were lost.' 'No fear, father,' answers Frank; 'the *Swan* sails grandly, and we are having no end of fun;' and then to the anxious mothers' question as to how they have passed the night, the boys unanimously affirm that they have been most comfortable. Not one of them would shew even the faintest tip of the *white-feather*. Sailing about on Wroxham Broad, our young voyagers and their friends greatly enjoyed its beauty. On one side rich woods come down to the water's edge; and on the other, marshes stretch for miles and miles, with waving reeds, white cotton grasses, and many-coloured marsh grasses, which vary in tint and colour as the wind waves them or the cloud-shadows pass over them. Taking the punt, they explore a perfect labyrinth of dykes and pools, pushing their way among water-lilies and arrow-heads, and gathering many flowers of every hue; and after such a pleasant day, even the ladies are satisfied with the safety of the lads.

The following day our young friends see an unknown broad lying to leeward, and steer the *Swan* up the narrow channel leading to it. On goes the boat, regardless of a notice conspicuously placed at the entrance, stating that this broad belongs to Mr ——, and with the usual finale, that 'All trespassers will be prosecuted.' All that is known of this Mr —— is that he has a big blue yacht. It were difficult if not impossible to turn; and as they *were* in, they might as well take a look before leaving. Stolen waters are sweet, so this broad seems fairer than the others, and our young naturalists have a good time of it in exploring its many treasures. Hours pass; Mr —— and his prohibition are entirely forgotten, until first the sails of a yacht are seen gliding up the entrance, and then the hull; when behold, it *is* the *big blue yacht!*

A chase ensues, which ends in the capture of the *Swan;* the curious build of which seems to have very much puzzled the formidable Mr ——, who on hearing that the craft is of the boys' own building, is mollified at once, compliments them on their skill, and hearing of their love of natural history, he presents them with some eggs of the pin-tail duck, which rare bird had made its nest in one of the ronds.

Returning to open waters, and skimming along the margin of the land, a magnificent butterfly is seen sailing along. 'It was very large, four inches across the wings, which are of a pale creamy colour, barred and margined with blue and black, velvety in appearance, and with a well-defined tail to each of its under-wings, above which is a red spot. This peculiarity of tail gives it the name of the swallow-tail butterfly; and it is one of the most beautiful as well as rarest species.' The yacht is run ashore; but Dick on making too bold a dash with his net, misses the insect. Frank seizes the net, and gives chase to another which had come sailing along. He follows it for a considerable distance, and then disappears, crying loudly for help. Poor fellow! he had fallen into a bog-hole, and was being rapidly sucked down into the mud; but preserving calmness, he tells Dick to bring a rope, while Jimmy flings him his coat; alas! it does not reach him; and Frank is sinking to the shoulders, when Jimmy, in desperation, doffs his unmentionables, and Frank holds on by the one leg, while he manages to keep a grasp of the other, and so supports his friend till, to their great relief, Dick appears with the rope. But so tightly is Frank stuck in the mud, that it takes a mighty effort on the part of the others to haul him out. This must have been a sad damper, for we find our adventurous trio making their way back to the *Swan* silently and thoughtfully—to young bright spirits it being dreadful to be thus brought so near to danger and death. Frank, however, had managed to secure the butterfly for his collection, and kept it safe in spite of his perilous position; and it was preserved specially as a memento of his narrow escape.

As a relief from the monotony of sailing, our young friends propose a game of 'Follow my Leader.' On leaping a hedge, Frank's foot caught the top, and over he fell, right down on a quail's nest, smashing some of the eggs, and wounding the mother, a poor trembling bird, 'about eight inches long, rather plump, of a gray colour, and shaped much like a guinea-fowl.' A fight between a hawk and a weasel next attracts attention; after a prolonged struggle, the hawk falls a victim; and the boys, on gaining the spot, carry off both animals, as an interesting addition to their museum.

The wind having risen, the *Swan* sails in grand style to Yarmouth, where she is made fast outside a row of wherries moored to the quay, while her crew go on shore to inspect the quaint Dutch-looking town, which has been so often compared to a gridiron. Our young voyagers had determined on the morrow to sail up Breydon Water; and off they set, notwithstanding that the gale had increased in severity and the lake was covered with crested foam. Not a sail is to be seen on the stormy water; yet the *Swan* bravely accomplished

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the dangerous passage, and with the exception of 'shipping' seas and other unavoidable mishaps, they reached the smoother waters of the Waveney in safety. Skimming along for some miles, they anchor near Beccles, where a finely wooded bank holds out enticement for naturalising. There a hawk's nest is found, and two of the young ones are captured, our young friends intending to take them home and train them for the old English sport of falconry.

The days and weeks fly quickly, and bring new enjoyments and treasures; but we have not space even to mention a tithe of the spoils.

It will be interesting, however, to add that when winter bound the broads with ice, our young friends hit upon the plan of fastening skates to the *Swan*, and so propelling her from place to place. Raised on runners like large iron skates, and with ordinary skates on each rudder for steering power, away sped the *Swan* over the ice after the manner of ice-ships in Canada; until the return of milder weather restored her to the waves —bringing to her owners new stores of information with each cruise.

Although it is not given to every boy to be one of such a merry crew as that of the *Swan*, or to have opportunity for adventures such as those so graphically pictured in this volume, still there are many who, possessing certain opportunities, pass through the world with their eyes metaphorically shut. Irrespective, therefore, of the practical hints for the employment of leisure time, here presented to those who are qualified to profit by them, the moral lesson taught is, that even in spots looked upon by the great generality of people as 'uninteresting,' Nature is lavish of her charms for those who will take the trouble to woo them.

## THE ROCKY BOULDERS OF CORNWALL.

Piled on the lofty peaks of rugged Tors,
Strewn down the smooth hill-slope and river-side,
Scattered upon the lone and dreary moors,
These ponderous mammoth forms for aye abide.

Their cold gray hue at dawn's first livid beam
Is bathed in golden light as hours roll on,
And all bedecked they glow with purple gleam
When sunset warns us that the day is done.—

As twilight fades, their outlines seem to change,
And some appear to float on misty sea;
Fantastic monsters take new forms, more strange,
And scare belated wanderers on the lea.

Just after nightfall, black and dim they rise,
From shadowy depths of gloom and mystery,[1]
Looming like spectral gnomes of giant size,[2]
Shapeless and vague against the boding sky.

On yonder height a nodding mass appears,[3]
Crowning the rocky battlement so vast;
Many a rude monolith itself uprears,[4]
Bidding defiance to the angry blast.

Wild legends hang about these time-worn stones;
Some of them move—at dead of night—they say;[5]
Others do sigh and utter troubled moans,
As evil spirits near them wend their way.

Some possess virtue—so 'tis even thought—
To grant release from sickness, woe, and pain;[6]
Whilst other stones such mystic spells have wrought,
That envious crags have reft themselves in twain!

Many were poised by Incantation's charm,[7]
Some by the Giants fiercely have been flung![8]
Others were wielded by some saintly arm,[9]
In days when power was great, and faith was young.

When midnight shrouds the mountains from our view,
The phantom Huntsman's hounds are heard to bay;
Unearthly goblins shriek their last adieu,
While myriad corpse-lights glimmer on their way.

There stands a group of death-struck impious folk[10]
Just as they circled, so they must remain,
Bound by a stony spell—until awoke
To judgment in their flesh and blood again.

Where dwellers on the ancient wilds have sought
'Neath sheltering clefts a refuge and a home,
Coverts half-built, half-burrowed, they have wrought,
Closed in above with blocks to form a dome.[11]

When vivid lightning rends the towering rock,[12]
And earthquakes do the human heart appal,
When lurid flash vies with convulsive shock,
The mighty landslip thunders to its fall!

And while around the rocks of hill and dale
Cling weird traditions of the dead and lost,
So also is there many a doleful tale
Haunting grim boulders on the frowning coast.[13]

Hard by the scenes where pagan hosts have striven,
And where their valiant chieftains fell, 'tis said,
Great mounds are raised o'er slabs all roughly riven,
Which serve to guard the ashes of the dead.[14]

On Long Stones, set erect, brief words are traced,[15]
Names of the mighty, and their noble sires—
The memory of their deeds long since effaced!—
In dark oblivion their renown expires.

Some rude memorials bear the sacred sign
Which shews a Christian has been laid beneath;[16]
Nor need his relics any gilded shrine
While the fair wild-flowers gem his native heath.

Dotting the pilgrim-tracks across the moor
At the Three-turnings, churchyard, market-place,
Boulder-hewn symbols, carved in days of yore,
Did guide the erring, and proclaim God's grace.

W. L.

[1] The Luxulyan Boulders, &c.—[2] Helmen Tor, &c.—[3] The Logan Rock, &c.—[4] The Chimney Rock, &c.—[5] The Menabilly Stone, &c.—[6] The 'Maen-an-tol,' &c.—[7] The Cheese-wring, &c.—[8] Giant's Coit, Devil's Whetstone, &c.—[9] St Keverne and St Just Stones, &c.—[10] The Nine Maidens, the Hurlers, &c.—[11] Fogous, Bee-hive Huts, Gumb's House, &c. (Fogous, plural of fogou. A fogou is a subterranean retreat built like a dolmen.)—[12] King Arthur's Castle on Tintagel precipices and Island, &c.—[13] The floating stones; wrecks, omens, &c.—[14] Barrows inclosing Cromlechs, &c.—[15] The 'Maen Scryffa,' &c.—[16] 'Long Cross,' &c.

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## THE BRITISH NAVY,

### AS IT WAS.

THE return of the Arctic Expedition to this country after many months' sojourn amid the ice-floes of the mysterious Polar Sea, has once more directed public attention to that gallant service which has been the glory and safeguard of these islands.

Though unsuccessful in its main object, the voyage to the North has again brought out in high relief those admirable qualities which are the characteristic of British sailors; for if devotion to duty, courage, skill, and endurance could have enabled Captain Nares and his brave companions to plant the glorious old meteor flag of Britain upon that Ultima Thule of geographers, the summit of the earth, it would have been braving there the fierce arctic gales at this moment. As it is, however, they have written a brilliant page for our island story that will not soon be forgotten, by carrying forward, in the face of almost insurmountable difficulties, to the most northerly point yet touched by the foot of man, the Union-jack of Old England.

Whether the royal navy—for we are mainly speaking of the service under the crown—will maintain its ancient reputation in new circumstances, is a matter of serious concern. The glory of the service was achieved when ships were of wood, and propelled only by the winds. And it is perfectly marvellous what was done under these conditions by all the great commanders. Things are now greatly changed. Steam-power is relied upon, along with huge batteries moved only by machinery. Ships have become a kind of floating factories, depending on the skill of engineers, and involving such an immense attention to minutiæ as to be almost beyond human nature. The pluck of the English sailor remains, as is observable from the Arctic Expedition; but it is a serious question how far pluck and the most brilliant seamanship in a commander will be able to perform deeds like those recorded in our naval annals. Before, however, entering on speculations regarding the future (which we shall do in a subsequent paper), we propose at present to recall to the memory of our readers a few of the naval deeds performed in past times.

The British navy may be said to date the commencement of its fame from the days of Elizabeth, when, under the command and guidance of such eminent sailors and navigators as Lord Howard of Effingham, Drake, Frobisher, and Hawkins, it accomplished the destruction of Spain's mighty but over-ambitious fleet. Up to this period, however, very little information can be gleaned as to the kind of men who manned our ships, but the principal nurseries of the navy were the towns and villages that lined the coasts. This was but natural, seeing that these places were constantly exposed to the fierce attacks of pirates and marauders of every description. Many of the common sailors were natives of Devon and Cornwall, two counties that have always possessed a race of men as renowned for their strength and courage as they are remarkable for their nautical skill.

In former days deeds of daring were of frequent occurrence amongst the English seamen, and may be found duly noted in the chronicles of the period, though no reward or incentive to courage, except (in rare instances) a small sum of money, was ever bestowed upon the humble heroes. It is recorded, for instance, in an old tome which gives the details of the various encounters that took place between the English fleet and the Spanish Armada, how a common sailor named Hampton leaped from the English admiral's ship on to the deck of a Spanish galleon which had run alongside, and although he was immediately surrounded by her fierce-looking crew, gallantly maintained his ground until the grappling-irons were thrown and the Spaniard was held fast in the death-grip of the Briton. In the struggle he had succeeded in killing three men and wounding two officers, and the moment assistance reached him he dashed forward to the mast and hauled down the Spanish ensign. For this heroic act the brave fellow received the sum of 'three pounds!'

In the year 1642 we find the officers and men

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of the English navy declaring that they were ready with their lives and fortunes to defend and maintain 'the glory of God; the purity of that religion which is most agreeable to the Word of God; the honour, freedom, and preservation of his Majesty; the privileges of parliament, and the liberty of the subject.' This oath did not, however, prevent them from espousing the Parliamentary cause in that great struggle which ended in the death of the sovereign they had sworn to preserve, and the establishment of the Commonwealth. At this period many sons of noble families served as common soldiers and sailors, and even the great Monk (afterwards Duke of Albemarle, an admiral and general too) once served as a private soldier in the fleet.

Many signal instances of the courage and devotion of the English sailor occurred during the later wars with the Dutch; but as we have no space to record them here, we must pass on to that more glorious period of our naval history when the greatest sailor the world has ever seen, first breathed the air of heaven within our sea-girt isle. During the century which intervened between Monk and Nelson the navy was subjected to varying fortunes, but was ever engaged in doing good service for England in all parts of the world.

Compared with the monstrous armaments of these days, the fleet which existed in the year when Nelson was born (1758) was astonishingly small and weak, for it numbered no more than two hundred and nine vessels, manned by about forty thousand seamen—the annual cost of the whole not exceeding five millions. To recruit these ships, however, all kinds of tyrannical measures were resorted to, the worst of which was the abominable system of the press-gang, by which the unwary citizen was liable to be entrapped and sent to sea against his will. This nefarious business was carried on to a very great extent, each ship, when below its complement, having the power to send out its own press-gang; and numerous were the deeds of cruelty and oppression to which such a wretched system gave rise. The spread of enlightenment during the present century has naturally put an end to this state of things; and at this moment England possesses a fleet manned by between eighty and ninety thousand sailors, who have *voluntarily* chosen a seafaring life as their profession.

In those days of press-gangs it was not to be wondered at that a cruel tyranny should have been practised by most of the officers upon those who were subordinate to them, and the consequences were the mutinies at Spithead and the Nore. The British sailor began to feel that it was time his splendid services to his country were rewarded with something better than the 'cat-o'-nine-tails,' and the blows and kicks of those whose lives were daily, nay hourly at his mercy, and he resented the ill-treatment in his own manner when it grew too bad to be borne any longer. But even in this sad hour of his history Jack's heart was in the right place, and in the midst of revenge, he exhibited a chivalrous love of justice and fair-play which redounded highly to his credit.

At Spithead the crew of the *London* mutinied, and Admiral Colpoys gave the order to the marines to fire down the hatchways. The death of some of their comrades so enraged the mutineers that they rushed upon deck, and would have made short work of the officers (indeed the rope was already round the neck of one), when the admiral, stepping forward, told the men that it was he who gave the orders to fire, and that those orders came from the Lords of the Admiralty. The rope was taken off the officer's neck instantly, and the admiral was requested to produce his orders. After a little delay he did so, and handed them to the leading mutineers, who instantly retired to deliberate on the question. They decided that the admiral *only obeyed his orders* in doing what he had done, and permitted him and the other officers to leave the ship unharmed. The mutineers, however, although they permitted their officers to escape with their lives, forfeited their own, as they were afterwards condemned to be hanged at the mast-head.

A sketch of the British navy, however brief we may make it, would be incomplete without some mention of the life and services of that incomparable commander and matchless sailor, Horatio Viscount Nelson, together with a few instances of deeds of daring performed by the brave seamen that served under him.

Brought up in a rough manner upon that element which was the cradle of his fame, and in the midst of wars and rumours of wars, Nelson's boyhood was passed in sheer hard work, which nought but an enthusiastic love of his profession could have enabled his weak and emaciated frame to bear. Yet to him is due England's proud place as mistress of the seas. His life stands out clear and bright upon her annals as a noble example of self-sacrifice and unremitting devotion to duty—an example which cannot be too often placed before the youth of Britain. A stranger to fear and a strict disciplinarian, he was yet generous to a fault, and as sensitive as a woman.

> His form was of the manliest beauty;
> His words were kind and soft;
> Faithful below he did his duty.

It is related of him that he never allowed corporal punishment to be inflicted upon a seaman, except when it was made clear to him that it could not possibly be avoided, and immediately on signing the sentence he would bury his face in his hands and weep like a child.

Perfect sailor and brave man, he was ever the high-minded hero, and was beloved by his officers and idolised by his men, inasmuch that they were ever willing and ready at any moment to die for his sake. As an instance of this, it may be mentioned that when the *Theseus*, a vessel which had been in the mutiny at the Nore, joined his fleet abroad, Nelson, who had just been appointed admiral, shifted his flag to her, in order that nothing should be done to tamper with the dangerous temper of the men. One morning, very shortly after he had done so, a piece of paper, signed on behalf of all the ship's company, was dropped on the quarter-deck, bearing the following words: 'Success attend Admiral Nelson! God bless

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Captain Miller! We will shed every drop of blood in our veins to support them, and the name of the *Theseus* shall be immortalised as high as her captain's!'

One of the crew of this ship, a sailor named John Sykes, was appointed coxswain to the admiral's boat; and when Nelson, with a boat's crew of only ten men, made a night attack on some Spanish gun-boats in Cadiz harbour, this man actually saved the life of his great commander twice by warding off with his cutlass blows aimed at the admiral, and at last interposed his own head to receive a deadly blow directed at Nelson's life. Had Sykes lived, Nelson had determined to make him a lieutenant, for he declared that the man's manner and conduct was such that nature must have intended him to be an officer and a gentleman.

The honour of the British flag is so dear to an English sailor, that he has in many instances risked life itself to prevent the grand old piece of bunting from becoming the 'property' of the enemy. In one notable instance an attack was made on some shore batteries, and a force of marines and sailors had been landed for the purpose. Having found, however, that it was useless to sacrifice a number of valuable lives in an attempt which had no apparent chance of success, orders were given for a retreat to the boats. At the last moment it was observed that a boat's flag, which had been planted on a garden-wall, as a signal to the ships, had been left behind. A volunteer was instantly called for to fetch the flag (which was waving defiantly on the breeze right in front of the enemy's works), and a hero presented himself in the person of a boatswain named M'Donald. This intrepid fellow went coolly back in the midst of a heavy fire, seized the flag, waved it above his head, and then carried it safely down to the boats, where he was received with three hearty rounds of cheering by his comrades; and on the boats reaching the ships the rigging of each vessel was manned in his honour.

In these glorious days it was more a question of men than ships; yet had England possessed one-half of her present fleet, she might have been the sole arbiter of the world's destinies. Nelson was the type of a true British sailor; and no finer tableau can be imagined, or one more gratifying to the pride of an ancient maritime race, than that scene on board of the Spanish ship *San Josef*, when the great Englishman, having captured the vessel after exclaiming, 'Westminster Abbey or victory,' received on the quarter-deck of the Spanish admiral's ship the swords of its officers. Behind him stood an old sailor of the *Agamemnon*, whom Nelson knew, and this man received the Spaniards' swords from the admiral and coolly bundled them up under his arm like so many sticks of wood, and within gunshot of twenty-two sail of the enemy's line.

Nelson's generosity and indomitable courage were contagious, and made a hero of every man and boy in his fleet. At Aboukir he received what was thought to be a mortal wound over the only eye which he had left; and when he was removed to the cockpit, the surgeon immediately left the poor sailor he was attending, to wait on his distinguished commander; but Nelson, though *himself* still in the hour of supreme pain, waved the doctor away: 'No,' said he calmly; 'I will take my turn with my brave fellows.' Nor would he suffer the wound to be touched until all who had been previously wounded were attended to.

On the blowing up of the French ship *Orient* at the same battle, the British sailors dragged all the drowning Frenchmen within reach into the port-holes of the English ships. In this act of humanity in the midst of the carnage caused by war, they had been preceded, however, by their great captain, who, notwithstanding his wound, on hearing that the French admiral's vessel was on fire, rushed from the cockpit to the deck, astonishing everybody by his sudden appearance, and ordered the boats to the 'assistance of the enemy.'

A sailor standing near Nelson suddenly recognised in the sea, just beneath the bulwarks of the ship, the face of a Frenchman who had treated him kindly while a prisoner of war in France, and without the slightest hesitation, he leaped into the water and seized hold of the drowning man. The lives of both would have been sacrificed, had not Nelson, who had witnessed the brave act (without knowing the motive which prompted it), directed one of the boats to the spot.

Acts of bravery and devotion to duty were of course not wanting on the side of the enemy. Captain Casabianca had been wounded by a splinter, and when the fire broke out, his son, a boy of ten years, refused to enter the boats into which the men were crowding, but stayed beside his wounded father, and with the help of one of the officers, when the fire advanced, the father and the boy got on to a floating mast. They were seen there just before the *Orient* blew up, but must have sunk immediately afterwards.

At Copenhagen, Nelson, wishing to communicate with one of the ships which had grounded in the shallow water, asked for a volunteer who was willing to undertake the task. A dozen sailors stepped forward to do his bidding. One was chosen; and this man, named Troubridge, swam the distance between the two vessels notwithstanding the storm of shot and shell which fell into the sea on all sides of him. He was rewarded for his brave act by the personal thanks of his great commander, who shook hands with him, and made him a handsome present.

When Sidon was captured by Sir Charles Napier, an incident took place which was specially mentioned in his despatches. A party of sailors were landed to act against the town in conjunction with an Austrian force, and the English flag was intrusted for a few moments to the care of a sailor named Hunt. It could not have been given into better hands, for the man was a hero, and directly the order to advance was made, Hunt, jealous of his country's honour, and seeing the Austrian flag-bearer hastening forward, ran a race with the latter, and succeeded, after a desperate struggle, and in the midst of a terrible storm of shot, in planting the Union-jack *first* upon the ramparts of the city. He afterwards received a commission for his brave and patriotic act.

When that splendid victory at Trafalgar was gained, and paid for at such a terrible price, Britain may be said to have been in the zenith of her glory. Neither before nor since has England held such a high place in the councils of the world. Trafalgar was indeed all her own; there were no allies, no assistance of any kind, but simply her own beloved 'wooden walls' and her

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*invincible* sailors. The celebrated signal which Nelson ran up to his mast-head at the commencement of the action has become a household phrase wherever the English language is spoken; and wherever, in any part of the globe, danger is to be met or honour won for Britain, the greatest incentive to courage and duty in the breast of an Englishman is the knowledge that 'England expects every man to do his duty.'

At this battle a sailor named Berryman, anxious to be the first on board the enemy's ship *Santissima Trinidad*, instead of boarding her in the usual manner, leaped through the quarter-gallery window, and found himself face to face with the Spanish officers in council. They fired point-blank at him, but he was not hit, and he dashed right through their midst, and rushing to the deck instantly began hauling down the Spaniards' flag. He succeeded in his brave though rash deed, but it cost him his life.

Owing to the fact that the French and Spanish fleets were completely crushed at Trafalgar, no foreign country has ever since been enabled to defy the power of England upon the sea, and the principal duty of the British navy has now, for more than half a century past, been the protection of English commerce on the great ocean highway, and the suppression of the slave-trade.

This peaceable duty was, however, broken during the Crimean War, when England's sailors once more exhibited the old spirit, but failed to gain the opportunities for distinguishing themselves which fell to the lot of their predecessors. The Russian fleet was always prudent enough to keep beneath the cover of stone walls, and when these failed at length to protect it, sooner than risk the loss of a battle, its commanders sunk it beneath the waters of the Black Sea. What the sailors could not do at sea, however, they did on land; for instance, one gallant fellow, Ferguson, gained that noblest of all distinctions, the Victoria Cross, for seizing a live-shell in his hands and flinging it over the parapet of the battery occupied by the Naval Brigade; thus saving many lives at the risk of his own.

In the face of all obstacles, the navy rendered excellent service on several occasions, notably at the bombardment of Sevastopol, which it soon made too warm to hold the Russian army. The old *Agamemnon* went right in beneath the Muscovite batteries, without, however, effecting the desired result. She was led into position by an English merchantman, whose captain volunteered to take the soundings of the harbour as the two vessels advanced; and this he succeeded in accomplishing under a heavy fire, which struck down all his crew but one—he being wounded himself—and crippled the gallant little ship.

The officers and crew of the *Agamemnon* exhibited the same noble spirit and stern devotedness to duty which impelled Nelson at Copenhagen, when told that the admiral was signalling a retreat, to place his glass to his blind eye, and give orders to nail his colours to the mast. 'Thank God, I have done my duty!' exclaimed England's darling hero, as he lay bleeding to death for her sake in the hour of his greatest triumph; and we may thank God too that England may ever rest assured, when the hour of danger comes and the war-clouds break over her shores, that her sons will be found at their posts, true and steadfast as of yore, guarding from dishonour, as Nelson and his brave seamen did, the flag that has 'braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze,' and shewing to an astonished and admiring world that 'the path of duty is the way to glory.'

## THE LAST OF THE HADDONS.

### CHAPTER XIV.—A REVELATION.

I WAS saying a few words to the housekeeper, when one of the maids came running in to tell me that Miss Farrar wanted me in the green room immediately. 'I am afraid Miss Farrar is taken suddenly ill, or something serious has happened, Miss; for she could hardly speak, and told me to beg you not to delay a moment.'

Lilian ill! I hastened up-stairs as fast as my feet would carry me. It was the room in which her father had died, and it had been shut up ever since. I had advised her to have it opened and the furniture changed, in order to destroy painful associations; and she had at length yielded to my persuasions. But we decided that she and I were first to give a last look through the cabinet before it was removed, she having resolved to keep that one memento of her father in her own room. She had gone on, and I was only waiting to give some instructions to the housekeeper before following her.

I found her standing near the cabinet, which was open, with her eyes fixed upon a paper she held in her hand, and looking as though she had been suddenly turned to stone. Quietly and quickly closing the door, and turning the key in the lock, I went towards her.

'What is it, Lilian?'

Without a word, she put the paper into my hands, then knelt down before her father's chair, burying her face in her hands. I knelt down beside her, and passing my arm round her waist, turned my eyes upon the paper.

I was in a measure prepared for some kind of calamity. But this! I read the lines slowly through a second time:

I, JACOB FARRAR, take LUCY REED as my lawful wife, on this twelfth day of January 1839, at this place, Dunkeld, Perthshire, in the presence of the undersigned witnesses.

DONALD GREY, *Shepherd.*
PETER FORBES, *Hostler.*

The date I knew to be three years previous to Mr Farrar's marriage with Lilian's mother; and with that knowledge, something else broke upon me. I myself had left that paper in the recess of the cabinet from which I had taken the letters and little packet. I could even recollect having had a moment's hesitation as to whether I should take it or not, when I lifted the papers which lay upon it; but it looked so insignificant, merely like a piece of blank paper folded together, that I let it remain. From the moment my eyes fell upon its contents I recognised that it was of vital importance to Lilian. Not a moment's doubt as to its genuineness entered my head. Mr Farrar's anxiety to have those papers destroyed was too vividly impressed upon my mind.

But my fear of what that paper might import, and my love for Lilian notwithstanding, I strongly resented his having endeavoured to make me an instrument to destroy it.

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'Help me, Mary!'

Imagining that she was speaking in grief, instead of joy, I offered up a mental prayer for strength to help her in the right way, then drew her head on to my shoulder. 'I will, Lilian.'

'You think it is true?' she whispered, clinging to me.

As it happened, we had been lately reading about a much-talked-of will case, in which a great deal depended upon the claimant being able to prove a Scotch marriage; and both Lilian and I had taken sufficient interest in the question to read up the evidence. We were therefore the more startled by the discovery of the paper, and more ready to believe in its genuineness than we might otherwise have been.

'I think there may be some possibility that it is genuine, Lilian,' I hesitatingly replied; grieved as I was to say it, giving her my real opinion.

'Ah, Mary, be glad with me!' she ejaculated, to my intense surprise; for I still did not perceive what was in her mind. 'How could his child have doubted him!' She rose exultant, adding with glowing cheeks and brilliant eyes: 'Can I ever be thankful enough for his sake! No more shame for me! Be glad with me, Mary.'

'I will, dear,' I returned, still a little bewildered at her joy, 'when—when I am quite sure there are good grounds for being glad.'

'Grounds? Do not you think it is genuine?' she asked eagerly. 'Look at the dates—and names too.'

'Yes; I think—perhaps it may prove so. The signatures are in different handwritings: it certainly looks like a genuine document,' I said stupidly; 'but'——

'There must be no "buts!" Don't you see, dear slow darling that you are, this proves Papa to have been an honourable gentleman, and takes the shame of his wrong-doing from his child? Was not my shame greater than hers, if he had wronged her mother?'

I saw now. But I saw too that another thing of terrible import to herself had not occurred to her. After a few moments' reflection, I said: 'Will you wait here five minutes for me, Lilian? I must send off a letter I have written, to save the next post; but I will be back in five minutes.' I really had a letter to send—an order to a London tradesman, which the housekeeper wished to be attended to; but I should not have thought of it at that moment, had I not been seeking about in my mind for an excuse for leaving her a short time.

She looked not a little surprised; but replied: 'Of course I will wait, if you wish it, Mary.'

'Promise me, Lilian—promise me that you will not leave this room until I return?'

She gravely promised; and I hastened from the room and down-stairs, my pulse beating tumultuously. Hurriedly throwing the letter on to the hall table, I turned into the morning-room, where Marian Reed was practising a new song. I was so far fortunate as to find her too much occupied to notice my agitation, which must, I think, have been very evident in my face. I found it difficult enough to command my thoughts, much more the expression of my face. She did not notice my entrance into the room, and that gave me a few moments to gather courage and decide how I could best lead up to the subject I wanted to introduce. I could think of no better way than putting a direct question. Catching up a piece of Lilian's dainty embroidery, which lay in her work-basket, and putting in a few random stitches, in the hope that it might appear as if the idea had suddenly occurred to me whilst I sat working, I asked: 'I suppose you have no recollection of your mother, Miss Reed? Had she dark hair and eyes like your own—have you heard?'

'Ma? O yes; I recollect Ma perfectly well, Miss Haddon. Her eyes were just a shade lighter than'——

'Some people have such wonderful memories. I have heard of people recollecting things which occurred when they were quite babies,' I put in; trying to speak lightly, as I dragged the needle through and through, to the utter destruction of Lilian's delicate work.

'But I wasn't a baby when Ma died, you know.'

'About two years old, I suppose?'

'No; I was over five when Ma died, Miss Haddon.'

'You must be mistaken, I think. I recollect your aunt saying that you were quite young—almost a baby,' I returned, bringing the words out slowly and heavily.

'Well, five is almost a baby, isn't it?'—turning on the music-stool to look at me.

'But I think you must be mistaken in fancying you were as old as five. You could not have been much over two years and a half, or three—perhaps three,' I pleaded. If what I feared was true, was I not pleading for the good name of Lilian's mother?

'Well, I do think I ought to be allowed to know best about that, Miss Haddon. I am over twenty, and Ma has been dead fifteen years.' Then she added, with what was meant for satire: 'But if I can't be believed about it, there's the register of my birth and Ma's death to be found, I suppose; and it may not be *all* stories on her tombstone, which I must say Pa spared no expense about. It's in the churchyard at Highgate, where Ma was staying for change of air when she died, if you would like to go and see it.'

I folded the spoiled work carefully together, methodically replacing it in the basket, first square, then corner-wise, as I tried to gather up my scattered wits and prepare my face for Lilian's eyes again. Fortunately, Marian Reed flattered herself that she had for once succeeded in putting Mary Haddon down, and was in spirits accordingly, singing away at the top of her voice again.

I quitted the room, and slowly made my way to the green chamber, where Lilian was waiting for me.

'Well, Mary!' she ejaculated, turning a smiling happy face towards me as I entered; 'have you come to set your prisoner free, madam?'

'Yes,' I replied, stupidly gazing at her.

'What makes you look at me like that, Mary?'

'How do I look?' I replied, with an attempt at a smile.

But her fears were aroused. 'Is it anything about this?' she anxiously asked, looking down at the paper in her hand, and then into my face.

'I—I have been thinking the matter over, Lilian, and—I should like to ask some one's advice.'

'Some one's advice?—About this, dear?' turning

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it over in her hand, and then giving a wondering look at me.

'I mean as to its genuineness, Lilian.'

'I do not understand. These names are plain enough, and you thought just now'——

'Oh, any one might have written these names without the document being a binding one,' I said, catching at any hope. 'To be legal, it must have been signed *in* Scotland, you know; and there is no proof that it was.'

'But you hope—Mary, do not you *hope* that it is genuine?'

'I do not quite know what to hope, dearie,' I replied, with a would-be careless air.

In her utter unconsciousness of the cause of my uneasiness, she could not account for my want of sympathy, looking at me in some surprise. Then, after a few moments' silence, she said in a low grave voice: 'I know what to hope, Mary. I heartily hope that Marian's mother may have been righted.'

Not once did it occur to her that it might be at the expense of her own mother. How she would act when the whole truth broke upon her, remained to be seen. I could not tell her whilst there seemed a thread of hope to cling to; and I tried to persuade myself that my fears as to the genuineness of that paper might yet prove to have been groundless.

'I think the best plan will be for me to write to Mr Wentworth, and ask him to advise and assist us, Lilian. He will be able to ascertain whether this is a *bonâ fide* document, and represents a real marriage or not. And until that is done, I strongly advise you to say nothing about having found the paper.'

'Dear Mary, do you think there is so much necessity for secrecy about it?'

'I do indeed, Lilian.' Then, seeing that she still demurred (it seemed to her only natural and right at once to make known the discovery of the paper, be the consequences what they might), I added, diplomatically: 'I think it would be wiser not to raise Marian's hopes until you are quite sure they will not be disappointed. It is a case in which disappointment might be very terrible for her.'

'Yes; of course it would: I did not think of that. You are quite right, dear cautious old darling that you are; and I will obey you, though I do not myself fear disappointment.'

'Then it is understood that for the present it is to go no further; and I will at once write to Mr Wentworth, inclosing him a copy of this;' taking the paper from her reluctant fingers.

'You will be very careful of it, Mary? Recollect how much depends'——

'O yes; it will be safe enough,' I hurriedly replied, only anxious to make my escape before she could change her mind.

Once in my room, with that paper in my own possession, I very quickly had my nerves under command, and was ready for business, sitting down to write my letter with a clear head and firm hand:

'My dear Mr Wentworth—In looking through a cabinet of her father's, Lilian just now found the original of the paper which I have copied, and inclose. *She* sees in it only the vindication of Marian's mother, and rejoices accordingly. Unknown to Lilian, I have questioned Marian as to her age when her mother died. She insists that she was over five years old, and that her mother has been dead only fifteen years. If this be so, and this document is genuine, it is not *Marian's* mother who has been wronged; and the former will be righted at the expense of our Lilian. You and I know that right will be done, be the cost what it may to her. I need not say on which side my sympathies are. I have not much hope; but hasten to send the paper for your consideration, and beg you to act for her. Please go first to Marian's aunt, Mrs Pratt, Green Street, Islington; and make sure about the dates of Marian's birth and her mother's death before you take measures to prove the validity of the marriage. I do not apologise for asking this of you. To do our best for Lilian is a real privilege to you and me, and I know that it is not necessary to beg you to lose no time.'

A telegram was handed to me that night at tea-time—'Robert Wentworth *to* Miss Haddon —*Letter received, and I am at work.*' I shewed it to Lilian, who returned it to me with a nod and smile.

Dear old Mrs Tipper looked somewhat surprised and Marian curious; but surprised and curious they had to remain. Meantime the suspense was terrible to me; I was so restless and unlike my ordinary self, that I could do nothing, even in the way of occupying only my fingers. In my discomfort I was impolitic enough to offend Marian Reed as I had not yet done. The very sight of her irritated me, and her imperfections seemed more glaring than ever. I think I should have grudged allowing her credit for having a single good quality. A very slight event brought my indignation to a climax.

'That is Lilian's box,' I sharply exclaimed, as she turned the key in a little Indian box on one of the tables, and was turning over the contents.

'I want some more of that purse-silk she gave me yesterday to finish this chain with,' she carelessly replied, as she continued her search roughly, or it seemed roughly to me in the frame of mind I was just then, turning over Lilian's dainty little belongings. I was rude enough to take the box from beneath her hands and lock it and take the key out. I am ashamed to say that I was even conscious of feeling some little gratification at arousing her anger.

'Well, I never! that's a polite thing to do!' she angrily ejaculated.

It was a very foolish thing to do; and on reflection, I knew that it was; but for a moment it was very pleasant, and I persuaded myself that it was almost necessary as a safety-valve to my spleen—to prevent a more decided exhibition of my feelings.

When presently Lilian entered the room, Marian inquired in an injured tone why she was not permitted to take a little more of the silk which had been so freely given yesterday.

Lilian looked surprised. 'There is not the slightest reason why you should not,' she replied, unconsciously taking the box up from where I had placed it, and begging Marian to help herself.

'Thank you, dear. I knew *you* would not be ill-natured,' said Marian, with a toss of the head and triumphant glance towards me, as she placed the box upon her lap and recommenced rummaging.

I was rightly punished for my little display of

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temper; although I was aware that Marian would not consider my punishment sufficient. It was an offence to be looked over for the time, but not forgotten as a thing forgiven. However, as Robert Wentworth affirms, it may be just as well that I should be occasionally taken down a little; and my lesson did me some service in the way of making me more careful for the future.

## THE GOOD TEMPLARS.

Who has not heard of the Good Templars, and the wonderful success of an Order which bids fair to rival Freemasonry, and is already established as an Institution in the country? The history of an organisation which, within a few years, has enrolled within its ranks some two hundred thousand persons in England alone, can scarcely be without interest, even to those who may sympathise but slightly with its object or its method of operation.

The almost universal desire to see some more efficient means adopted to check our national curse, intemperance, and to promote true sobriety among the people, must be our excuse for believing that every reader of this *Journal* will care to know something about the rise and progress of this remarkable movement. We propose, therefore, to give our readers a brief sketch of the history and principles of the Independent Order of Good Templars, the members of which are all pledged to personal abstinence from all intoxicating drink, and who are also associated together with the avowed object of promoting the ultimate and universal suppression of the liquor traffic, on the ground that its continuance is incompatible with the social and moral well-being of the community.

Good Templary took its rise in the state of New York as long ago as the year 1851; and its ramifications spread far and wide throughout the Canadian Dominion, where our troops founded a branch called the 'Templar Sons of Mars.' But it was comparatively unheard of in this country until 1868. A year or two earlier, a young man named Joseph Malins had left Birmingham to settle in Philadelphia, where he became connected with the Order. For domestic reasons, Mr Malins was compelled to return to England; and having, soon after his return, conceived the idea that Good Templary was capable of being made exceedingly useful in his native country, he resolved to do his best to establish a 'lodge' in Birmingham; which was accomplished with considerable difficulty on the 8th September 1868. It was uphill work, for so slow were the teetotalers of England to welcome the American importation, that twelve months of hard work saw only four 'lodges' formed, the total membership not exceeding a hundred persons.

The second year of the new society was also one of slow progress; but Mr Malins, who had now become the Grand Worthy Chief Templar of England, and to which post of honour he is annually re-elected, never despaired of ultimate success, and with the usual characteristic perseverance of an Englishman, 'kept pegging away' until his end was attained.

At the last annual meeting of the supreme governing body in England, it was reported that on the 1st May 1875 there were three thousand five hundred and seventy 'lodges,' containing one hundred and six thousand eight hundred and twenty-five male; and sixty-one thousand six hundred female members; or a total of one hundred and sixty-eight thousand four hundred and twenty-five; which has now increased to more than two hundred thousand members. These statistics, however, do not include Scotland, Ireland, and Wales.

Having thus stated the numerical strength of the Order, we will furnish a brief outline of the principles which form the basis of its government.

Every candidate for membership must give a solemn pledge of total abstinence from all intoxicating drink, together with a promise to do all in his power to promote the cause of temperance; another clause in the obligation being, that he will not only take no part in knowingly injuring a fellow-member, but will, if he is in distress, grant him such assistance as will enable him to tide over his difficulties. In this respect the Order is identical with the principles of freemasonry, which seek to bind man to his fellow-man with ties of love and gratitude.

The title of 'Good Templars' was chosen by the founders of the Order as analogous to that of the 'Knights Templar' of the Crusades; thereby indicating the stern and unrelenting nature of the moral war which was to be carried on against the supporters of the liquor traffic.

Among the few preliminary tests to which candidates have to submit is an inquiry as to whether they believe in the existence and power of Almighty God as the Supreme Ruler and Governor of all. A committee of inquiry having reported on the eligibility of a candidate, and the ballot on his admission being favourable—four black balls being sufficient to reject him—he is initiated with an impressive ceremonial of some twenty minutes' duration, and thus becomes invested with the rights and privileges of membership.

Singing and prayer form a principal part of the initiatory ceremonial, the additional exercises being extempore, at the discretion of the chaplain of the lodge, or else according to certain prescribed forms contained in a book of ceremonies known as the 'ritual' of the order. A password is framed quarterly, which enables a member to pass the door-keepers, whose business it is to prevent the admission of non-members at the weekly session of the lodge; and while the lodge is sitting, each member wears the insignia of the order, the use of which in public demonstrations is compulsory upon no one. A probationary term of three months qualifies the new member for the second degree of the Order, and a further term of three months to the third; certain privileges, such as eligibility to sit in district or grand lodges, being contingent upon the attainment of the higher degrees.

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A subordinate lodge may be formed of any number of members not less than ten, and each office is equally available to the male and female members. Within certain prescribed limits, each lodge can, by its by-laws, fix its own rate of subscription, minimum age of candidates, &c.; while it has absolute control over its funds, using them for the promotion of temperance principles in whatever way seems best to the majority. Each lodge reports its numerical strength and other details once a quarter to the district lodge with which it is connected, and at the same time pays a tax of about twopence per member to the district lodge, to the sessions of which it has the right of choosing representatives in proportion to the number of members for whom the tax is paid. Those who have worthily filled certain offices in a subordinate lodge, are also deemed qualified to sit in the district lodge, but not with the power to vote as representatives.

There are about seventy district lodges in England, most of which have for their boundaries the limits of a county electoral division, such as East, North, and South Devon, &c. There are also many Good Templars on board our men-of-war, or in seaports much frequented by seamen of the royal navy; and these naval lodges are formed into a district, of which Captain Phipps, R.N. is deputy.

Each district lodge has a presiding officer bearing the title of District Deputy; and the control of the business of the Order in the district is vested in an executive chosen by the lodge, subject, of course, to the votes of the representatives at the quarterly meeting. From the several district lodges, representatives are chosen to sit in the chief governing assembly for England, and which is known as the Grand Lodge. The last meeting of this body was held at Newcastle-on-Tyne during Easter-week 1876, and was presided over by Mr Malins, the Grand Worthy Chief Templar of England, who is the only paid officer of the order. His salary, or rather an annual grant in recognition of his great services (for it has to be voted every year), is five hundred pounds. On the occasion in question the representatives or committee men at Grand Lodge numbered between five and six hundred, and as the sitting was public so far as the members of the Order were concerned, the capacity of the town-hall at Newcastle was tried to its utmost. The session occupied four days, during which a vast amount of business was done in connection with the Order, and many suggested improvements discussed.

In 1875, Hengler's Circus, London, was used for the meeting of Grand Lodge, and was filled to overflowing; while in 1874, St George's Hall, Bradford; Colston Hall, Bristol, in 1873; and the Corn Exchange at Preston in 1872 were crowded in like manner. But the assembly of each succeeding year surpasses that which has preceded it both in numerical strength and interest.

The internal affairs of the Order are carried on during the year by an executive council of eight members, aided by a weekly consultation committee. The offices of the Grand Lodge occupy a prominent position in the centre of Birmingham; and a considerable staff of clerks is required to conduct the enormous correspondence continually going on with every part of the country, and to despatch temperance literature and other matters requisite to carry out the business of district and subordinate lodges. To meet the cost of this establishment and other outlay, each district lodge remits a small quarterly tax, based upon the number of the members under its direction. Scotland and Ireland have each Grand Lodges with subordinate machinery similar to that of England. Wales has *two* such organisations, one for the English-speaking, and the other for the Welsh-speaking portion of the community.

Each state in North America has also its Grand Lodge, as also has Canada, Quebec, Australia, New Zealand, India, &c.; representatives from which meet yearly under the designation of the 'Right Worthy Grand Lodge.' The last sitting of this supreme body was held in Louisville, Kentucky, during the month of May last year. There are about sixty Grand Lodges in all.

Since the order was introduced into this country, Mr Malins has had the satisfaction of seeing the organisation for which he has done so much extended to Holland, Germany, France, Portugal, the Mediterranean, China, Japan, Ceylon, Africa, India, Australia, New Zealand, British Guiana, Barbadoes, British Honduras, Bermuda, the Argentine Republic, and many other places too numerous to mention.

The statistical returns from the several districts in England are being compiled, and it is understood that they shew satisfactory progress so far as they have yet been examined. Some idea of the work which is being carried on by the Independent Order of Good Templars may be gathered from the following particulars, gleaned from one of the annual Reports: 'Each lodge meets weekly, and over twenty thousand *public* meetings were held during the year; an average of nearly seventy a day.'

Of the English members of the Order, about one half are estimated to have become teetotalers on joining the order, the rest having been abstainers previously; while careful inquiries shew from twelve to fifteen thousand as the probable number of the Queen's subjects who have been reclaimed from a life of intemperance. There is also a juvenile branch, in which over fifty thousand children are enrolled as members.

Foremost among the questions which now agitate this remarkable society is that of the proposed admission of the negro to the rights and privileges of a 'Good Templar.' Grand Lodge is believed to be in favour of his admission to the Order; though it is scarcely to be wondered at, perhaps, that many Templars should find themselves at variance with their leaders on this subject. We think, however, that Good Templary would be ennobled by acknowledging the rights of man all over the world, be his colour what it may, to participate in any movement which has for its object the moral and social improvement of mankind.

All honour and success to such a glorious movement for the benefit of the human race! Of the incalculable good which has already been bestowed upon thousands of families by the beneficent exertions of these Good Templars it is impossible to speak; but its influence has been felt throughout the land as if it were a message from Heaven itself; while the ramifications of such a society in all parts of the world, even though it fail to stamp out the demon of intemperance, will surely

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at least mitigate the evil, and institute a beneficent medium of charitable intercourse between man and man. Again we say, all honour and success to such a glorious movement for the benefit of the human race.

## PORCELAIN-PAINTING.

Painting on porcelain has for some years past made such progress amongst the amusements of fashionable life, that the homely joys and destiny obscure of those who toil for a livelihood in this department of the useful arts acquire a new interest. In the group of Staffordshire 'pottery towns,' as they are called, which lie within a mile or two of each other, and are connected by the somewhat exclusive system of the North Staffordshire Railway, not far from the beautifully wooded conical hill of Cocknage, and at an easy walking distance from Trentham Hall, the magnificent seat of the 'Leveson-Gowers,' in one of the most charming silvan districts of England, is Longton, formerly called *Lane-end*, with its picturesque and quiet suburb of Dresden. In 'Burslem,' Hanley, Stoke, and Longton itself, the atmosphere may not be quite so pure as one could wish; but to find a bright and translucent atmosphere requires but a slight exertion. From Stoke to Newcastle-under-Lyme, and thence to Woolstanton, or to Chesterton and Silverdale, or to Trentham—by Longton pool, shining like a mirror in front of the handsome Hall, or by cool sequestered Blurton, with its quaint churchyard and umbrageous trees—the wayfarer passes along lanes of unrivalled beauty: in summer by rose-clustered cottages, and meadows where the youthful *Archie Lovel* may have gathered kingcups and daisies; and in the clear cold days of winter, by hedges jewelled with red berries.

Although in back slums of these towns, and amongst the dissipated, the pallid father, wan mother, and emaciated child may, as elsewhere, be occasionally seen creeping home; amongst the thrifty and orderly, no such lugubrious picture is presented; but as a rule one sees healthy-looking men and women, and rosy-cheeked urchins of the true English type. Indeed the beauty of delicate features and intelligence of expression, combined with physical vigour, are marked characteristics of the whole district, and such as a stranger would not be led to expect. While my metaphorical tent was pitched near a pretty little rivulet at Dresden, my visits to the neighbouring towns and places of beauty or interest were frequent, both in winter and summer; and I had consequently the best opportunities of inspecting these busy hives of industry, which have so marvellously sprung up from the original germ-thought of one man, Josiah Wedgwood, whose brain-labour has set all these hands in motion.

It would be out of place to enter into a fully detailed account of the manufacture of the various wares known by the generic name of *china;* but a few particulars may not be unnecessary, as an introduction to the special process of embellishment. Most of us are familiar with the earlier difficulties in the plastic processes—from the potter's wheel to the mould—with which Wedgwood had to contend. We know the components of the superior wares, and have at length discovered the Chinese secret—that it is the ingredient of *bone*-dust which imparts the semi-transparent quality; while the properties of the shining surface are well understood; therefore it is with the *bisque*, or unglazed ware that we shall commence, after it has been withdrawn from the *bottle*-shaped oven to the *dripping*-house.

In this latter department, the fresh-baked ware is immersed in a silicious solution, and thence conveyed, in bandbox-shaped *seggars*, to the 'glost' (glaze) oven to be fired. But should it be desired to ornament it with *printed* paper patterns laid upon the surface, this is effected before it is dipped. The ware is now *fired* until the glaze becomes transparent; after which it is removed to the 'glost' warehouse, where the various articles are assorted by classification, and then transferred to female artists skilled in the 'stencilled ground-laying,' as the process is locally termed, of the metallic colours, each of which is brought to a perfectly uniform tint with a 'boss' or pad.

Passing from their hands to the kiln, the ware is again fired, after which it is transferred to the fair 'paintresses' (a local word), whose superior intelligence, or taste, qualifies them to embellish it with what they call 'enamel' paintings of birds, flowers, and other familiar objects. It is then fired for eight hours; and finally transferred to the gilders and burnishers, who, with their agate implements, bring the process of ornamentation to its last stage.

But before this has been arrived at, many busy heads have been at work in the selection of materials and in their manipulation; for in the work of ordinary painters and 'paintresses,' rapidity of execution, as well as artistic dexterity, is required in order to earn a livelihood. On an average, one penny is the price allowed for the central floral pattern of an ordinary plate—such as a pink-rose with buds and leaves, a convolvulus, or any other simple flower. Each colour must be laid on with firmness and precision; and where the light is to fall, as on the convex petal of a rose, the effect must be produced by a rapid touch of the finger removing the colour. With a convolvulus, however, it may be remarked, the colour is dashed on rapidly, and with each dash the hair-pencil is swept to a point, more or less fine, according to the style of flower; and with *blue* flowers especially, the rule well known to water-colourists in painting an azure sky is never departed from.

The bisque or unglazed ware is now but seldom embellished with painting, for colours are found to have little brilliancy on its porous surface; consequently, this kind of ware is chiefly used where *form* alone is the paramount consideration.

In the manipulation of metallic colours, the superior porcelain-painter has to calculate the ultimate effect with the same care as the fresco or destemper painter; and yet it is surprising how limited is the fame of those who decorate our drawing-room and dessert ware with their artistic work, in which a few masterly touches in birds and flowers, figures and landscapes, give life to the cold clay; for with certain exceptions these artists are not allowed even to add their initials to their work.

Considerable nicety, only to be acquired by practice, is requisite in mixing the metallic colours; and for this purpose spirit of turpentine, combined with a thick oil obtained from exposure to the

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air for a certain length of time, of ordinary turpentine (called *fat*), is used; but should more *body* be required, tar is added. The mixed colour is then applied to the porcelain in the same manner as in ordinary oil-painting, but with one marked and important difference, namely, that in porcelain painting the colour must never be *worked*, but must be applied with a *full* brush, carried with a clean and precise sweep to lighter gradations of tint. Thus, the greatest depth of colour indicates the first impact of the full charged brush. Inattention to this dominating rule would be productive of clogginess and opacity.

Lastly, the brush or hair-pencil does not seem to be regarded as of such importance as one would imagine by the ordinary artists of our 'pot-banks;'* and it is not a little surprising, even to one long accustomed to the use of the pencil, to observe with what dexterity the most apparently intractable tuft of hair on the end of a quill can be brought into subjection by those who can get no better, and whose living depends upon their ingenuity.

Various kinds of brushes are used. Fine lines are expressed with a very long-haired thin camel-hair; while ordinary subjects are readily mastered with a medium size. But for more careful and minute work, such as heraldic-painting—as less liable to clog—the mounted sable (No. 1, 2, or 3) is the best.

Having satisfied myself that to a certain extent the art of painting on porcelain may be readily acquired by any one of ordinary intelligence; its *niceties*, like those of wood-engraving or any similar accomplishment, are nevertheless to be learned only by long practice. The mere application of colour within prepared outlines is often supposed to constitute 'the art of painting,' and there can be no doubt that, according to dictionary definition, it is *painting;* but as there is no *art* in it, so is there no credit due to the purely mechanical action of the painter's hand. As an amusement, where practised on artistic principles, porcelain-painting might, amongst amateurs, lead to pleasing results; but to 'take it up' merely as a fashion of the day is scarcely worth the trouble, and would be of comparatively little benefit to those who contribute materials.

## THE STRONG-MINDED WOMAN.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

'Do you mean to go to the Woman's Rights affair, Earle?' asked one young man of another from out a cloud of smoke. The two were sitting one evening in December in the smoking-room of Wilfred Earle, a rising young artist of the modern school of figure-painters.

'Yes, I do,' replied the one addressed, a fine-looking man of some five-and-thirty years, with thoughtful dark-blue eyes, a good forehead, from which the curly brown locks were departing fast, and a fine tawny beard and moustache. 'I shall go out of mere curiosity though, for of all offensive articles, to my taste a strong-minded woman is the worst. Just imagine the horrible bore of being tied for life to a woman who travelled about the country spouting on woman's rights! As if all women were not tyrants by nature, without developing the art into a system. Ugh!' and Earle shuddered.

'I should like to see your ideal woman, Earle,' said his companion. 'You are such a fastidious fellow.'

'Well, I suppose every man *has* some sort of ideal; mine is a very vague one. I should not like a heroine of romance, but a comfortable every-day wife.'

'To darn your stockings, let you smoke all over the house, give you good dinners; eh?'

'That's rather a low standard, my good fellow. If that were everything, why not take a good-tempered domestic servant? No, I should like my wife to be intelligent at least; if not intensely intellectual, well read, graceful, feminine. I don't mind so much about beauty. I can get paid models when I want them. One thing she must have—some sense of humour. That's what I complain of in these spouting females—they are so grimly in earnest! In short I want a jolly, unaffected, sensible girl, who will believe in me, make my friends welcome, my house comfortable, and be a pleasant companion to me after hard work. That's what my ideal comes to, Jack—not a very lofty one after all.'

'I don't know but that the clever women make the best housewives after all,' remarked Roberts, puffing thoughtfully away. 'My brother now—he married a girl just because she was a sweet, soft, amiable little thing; thinking that after knocking about the world a good deal, he should like a quiet comfortable home. He was not violently in love with Amy, but had a notion of settling down to domestic life. Well, she turned out the most incapable idiot; is given over to nerves, hysterics, all sorts of fancies; cries when he's out after ten, faints if he finds fault with her. It isn't her fault—there's no vice in her; she hasn't the *stuff* in her, that's all. My sister Maude, again—you remember her, Earle?'

'Yes. A fine girl; lots of go in her.'

'Rather too much, we thought. She was a bit of a flirt—but as clever as she could be. Well, she married a quiet, steady-going fellow we all said she would henpeck. I tell you, Will, they are a model couple! Maude makes a splendid wife, and it's the pleasantest house to stay in that I know. The husband always says the "clever women" are the cleverest all round.'

'Well, it's time we were off. Let's postpone the discussion *sine die*.'

Shortly after the foregoing dialogue, Wilfred Earle and his friend found themselves in the midst of a pretty considerable number of people entering the doors of a certain Literary Institute in one of the Surrey suburbs of London. The audience was mostly composed of well-dressed people; but there was also a tolerable gathering of trades-people and artisans in the back of the room. Earle and Roberts took their seat in a corner of one of the windows, intending to be unobserved; but they soon perceived a little lady, of a lively appearance, with bobbing gray curls and very small hands, which she kept in perpetual motion. One of these hands—incased in an exquisite glove—was waving and beckoning to them in an agitated manner. Simply bowing in return was no avail, the waving got more energetic, and Earle perceived

* China and earthenware manufactories in Staffordshire are invariably called *Banks*.

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he would have to obey the summons. The little lady was not going to lose the chance of catching even an incipient lion; and Earle was a rising man, and was beginning to be talked about.

'Bother it!' he murmured; 'there's that bore, Mrs De Lacy! I shall have to go to her. She is the most persistent woman I know, and the most crotchety. I believe woman's rights and wrongs are her latest craze. Come along, Roberts, and protect me.'

So the two men made their way to the front row, where sat Mrs De Lacy and her satellites. As for Mr De Lacy, no one ever thought about him. He was Mrs De Lacy's husband, and did very well at the foot of the table at dinner-parties, offering good wine to his guests. This, by the way, was the sole point where he dared act independently.

Mrs De Lacy was a rigid teetotaler, as well as a spiritualist, mesmerist, anti-vaccinationist, phrenologist, all the rest of it—a woman of theories; worked upon by every novelty, and the easy prey of any plausible adventurer. She had her virtues, shallow, conceited, egotistical as she was. She was kind-hearted and benevolent, only, unfortunately, her benefactions were generally wrongly directed.

'Here you are at last, naughty man!' she cried, giving Earle both her hands at once, to his no small embarrassment, as he did not know what to do with them, and would gladly have passed one on to Roberts, who was trying to hide a smile. 'What have you to say for yourself? I am very, very angry with you!'

'Indeed! I am deeply grieved! What have I done now, Mrs De Lacy?'

'Need you ask? Pray, how long is it since you were in Pembroke Terrace, sir?'

'You must really forgive me. I have been very much pushed with finishing a commission picture.'

'Well I will on two conditions, grant you pardon.'

'Pray name them.'

'One is that you dine with us to-morrow; to meet—but I won't tell you whom.'

'Is that a punishment? It is a very merciful one.'

'Ah, you have not heard the second condition. Mr De Lacy is foolish enough to want to have a portrait of my poor faded face, and I only agreed on condition that *you* painted it.'

It was as much as Earle could do to keep up an expression of complacency. He could not refuse; but it was no light penance to him—who disliked mere portrait-painting at the best—to be condemned to make a picture of Mrs De Lacy's little foolish face. However, he consented, as he could not well get out of it.

'Now that is settled,' continued the lady, 'sit down here and be charmed. Stay; I do believe you are one of the unconverted—of the old school in that respect, though your pictures are of the new. Well then, prepare to be converted. I shall give you up for ever if you are not enchanted with my Silvia.'

'Your Silvia! May I ask who she is?'

'Look at your prospectus, sir: "Miss Stirling will address the meeting."'

'And is Miss Stirling your Silvia?'

'Yes; to be sure. She is staying with me, and—— Oh, I have let out the secret of whom you are to meet! She is the dearest, most delightful—— Hush! It is time to begin. The chairman is rising. Now allow your stubborn soul to yield.'

Earle felt at once amused and annoyed. He savagely determined to detest Mrs De Lacy's 'Silvia.'

The chairman made a few introductory remarks; then another gentleman, who persisted in talking of 'females;' then a certain Mrs Leighton, who spoke well and pleasantly, as even Earle could not but acknowledge. She did not say anything strikingly new; but her manner was easy and ladylike, and she was sensible and straightforward.

When she had sat down, the chairman rose and announced that: 'Miss Stirling will now make some remarks on another aspect of the question—on the effects that the extension of the franchise to women might be expected to produce on the community.'

Earle had identified Miss Stirling with a tall slight figure sitting in the background. 'Now for a display of extraordinary self-possession,' he thought.

The lady came forward simply, but not with that air of coolness which he looked for. Miss Stirling might be six or seven and twenty. She was handsomely and becomingly dressed in rather a picturesque style, though not in the least *outré*, in black velvet trimmed with gray fur, made very plainly, and falling in heavy graceful folds round her slender figure. A black velvet hat and long gray plume suited her face to perfection; and that face, Earle could not but acknowledge, was a striking one. It was perhaps not actually beautiful, though the deep soft brown eyes and the sweet curved mouth were undeniably so; but full of character, and womanly withal. What struck Earle most, as being least expected, was the perfect simple unconsciousness of her manner. She was nervous; that was plain enough; her hands trembled, her colour was high, and she spoke rather falteringly at first; but there was a noble directness in her honest open glance that said volumes for the simplicity of her motive. She evidently spoke not to display her powers nor to impress herself upon her audience, but because she had a love for and belief in the cause she was advocating. After speaking a minute or two, Miss Stirling threw off her nervousness. Her voice—a singularly pleasant one, with the intonation of a well-bred lady—strengthened and grew animated; her words were well chosen and to the purpose. Each one told, and yet there was not the slightest oratorical display or straining after effect.

'Very well done. Yes; very well,' thought Earle. 'But I should like to see her at *home*, if such an exploded word forms part of a strong-minded woman's vocabulary.'

There was a slight good-humoured sarcasm and irony underlying the seriousness of Miss Stirling's speech, if speech it could be called, which prevented it from becoming wearisome, and no one was anxious for her to bring what she had to say to a close. She ended amidst quite a storm of applause.

Mrs De Lacy turned to Earle in a high state of delight: '*Now*, Mr Earle, what do you say to her? Surely, surely you are converted now.'

'To what, Mrs De Lacy?'

'Oh! to—to—woman's right to the suffrage.'

'I did not doubt before that she had a right to the suffrage.'

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'Did not you? Well, now, I thought you were an enemy to woman's progress.'

'I assure you, you thought quite wrong.'

'Really! Well, then, what is it you object to?'

'I have an objection—a very decided objection—I own, to women speaking in public,' said Earle emphatically.

'Hush, hush!' breathed Mrs De Lacy; and turning round, he saw Miss Stirling close behind him. She must have heard him; and indeed a slight arch smile told him she had.

'Mrs De Lacy,' she said quietly, 'are you ready? If you are, would you be so kind as to let me go now? I have such a headache.'

'To be sure, dear one!—Good-night, you bad prejudiced man!' she whispered to Wilfred. 'Remember to-morrow.'

Earle watched the velvet dress out of the doorway, admiring the graceful walk of its wearer, and then he and his friend returned through the cold foggy streets to their respective homes.

The next evening, when Wilfred entered the De Lacy's drawing-room, he found a party of about twenty persons assembled. The room was furnished, as might be expected from the character of its mistress, in a heterogeneous and peculiar manner—a little of every style, marking different periods of taste. Mrs De Lacy herself was bobbing about in the excited way that always reminded Earle of a canary-bird hopping from perch to perch—a resemblance heightened by the cap with yellow ribbons and feathers she wore, perched jauntily on one side. After having paid his addresses to the host and hostess, his eye involuntarily sought for Miss Stirling; she sat rather behind the rest, and was well dressed as on the previous evening. Her costume was of silk, of a cloudy aquamarine colour, with square-cut bodice. Her hair, coiled up in a large knot, was adorned with natural flowers; the bracelet and necklet she wore were of plain dead gold.

'She looks uncommonly well in evening dress,' thought Earle; 'not much of the coat-and-waistcoat style there! What finely formed arms and shoulders. I should like to paint her.'

Ponderous, stiff-looking Mr De Lacy bore down upon him and whispered mysteriously: 'You are to take Miss Stirling in to dinner. Come and be introduced.'

'But isn't she rather formidable?' remonstrated the artist.

'Formidable! Dear no; one of the pleasantest girls I know.'

In another minute Earle found himself part of the procession filing down to dinner, with a shapely hand upon his arm. After his remark of last night he felt unaccountably ill at ease, and was racking his brain for something to say; for 'I daren't talk weather to a strong-minded woman,' he thought; but when they were seated at table she relieved him by saying in her straightforward way: 'Are you Mr Earle the artist? Mrs De Lacy runs on so fast one does not carry away clear ideas from her.'

'Yes, I am. You did not hear then that I am pledged to paint her portrait?'

As he spoke he made so rueful a face that Miss Stirling laughed outright, but checked herself, saying with compunction: 'It is not nice of me to laugh at my hostess! And she really has been very kind to me.'

'O yes, she is good-natured enough! Still—in this instance allow me to say—the obligation is more on her side than yours.'

'Why? I don't see that.'

'Have you not found out then, yet, that our friend has a weakness for collecting celebrities at her house?'

'But then I am not one; so that does not apply. I suppose,' she added, looking up at him with an arch expression, he was quite ashamed of finding most winning, 'that accounts for *you* being here!'

'Do you really mean you do not consider yourself a celebrity?' he asked rather sarcastically.

'I don't say what I don't mean,' she answered coldly. 'You think, I suppose, whenever a woman "speaks in public" it is to shew herself off?'

'So you bear me a grudge for the unlucky speech you heard last night?'

Miss Stirling coloured. 'It is small of me to be vexed, I know,' she said, after a moment's pause, in her frank direct way; 'but we get a good many snubs, you must know, and we—or I, rather—are stupid enough to feel somewhat sensitive.'

'Well, please to forgive me. I spoke principally out of contradiction to Mrs De Lacy.'

'But you *did* disapprove. I saw it in your face. I believe most of your countrymen share your prejudice.'

'*My* countrymen? What! are you not my countrywoman?'

'I was born and bred in America. My mother is an Englishwoman; and we came over seven years ago, when my father died. So you did not detect the Yankee twang, then?'

Earle was taken aback. This young lady seemed determined to unsettle his old prejudices. If there were one thing he disliked more even than a strong-minded woman, it was an American. She was both, and yet he found it hard to dislike Silvia Stirling.

'An American!' he said.

'Yes;' and she smiled at his expression. 'Isn't that dreadful? Almost worse than public speaking! I see I am lost in your good opinion.'

'Miss Stirling,' Earle said honestly, 'I won't conceal from you, even if I could, that I have a prejudice against women taking part in public affairs; but I am quite willing to have it dispelled. I must tell you too, that though I came last night to scoff, I ended by admiring.'

'You are not flattering me?'

'Indeed I am not. You are the last woman I should dare to flatter!'

The beautiful clear eyes fell under his earnest gaze, and the colour rose into her face, which Earle thought at that moment almost a perfect one.

After a pause she said: 'Now, *I* think that both men and women would get on better if they helped each other more on common ground. The sense of superiority on your side produces aggressiveness and self-assertion on ours. Why not leave off quarrelling about who is the best, and agree to be different and yet friends?'

'People say friendship is incompatible between men and women.'

'People talk a great deal of nonsense,' she said a little positively: '*I* have several men-friends.'

Somehow Earle felt nettled at this assertion, and would gladly have done battle with all these

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disagreeable men-friends at once. He only said, however: 'I hope one day to be happy enough to make one of them; but meanwhile, how am I to see you again?'

'Are you not coming to paint Mrs De Lacy?' said Silvia, with her eyes on her plate, but the faint trace of a smile on her lip. 'I am staying here, you know!'

'To be sure!' he cried eagerly; 'I forgot that. I'll come to-morrow and begin. But after you leave here?'

'We live at Eaglemore Gardens,' she said simply. 'I will be glad to see you, if you like to call.'

This calm invitation slightly astonished Earle; he forgot that in America young ladies receive visitors in their father's house.

'Thank you,' he got out in some confusion.

Silvia seemed to read his thought. '*My mother* too, I daresay, will be glad to see you; but I suppose you have very little time for calls,' she said haughtily.

He recovered himself. 'You are very, very good,' he replied. 'It would be the greatest pleasure to me.'

For a few minutes there was a trace of stiffness in her manner, but it soon passed away; and the rest of the time they spent at the table was taken up with animated talk on all sorts of subjects.

In the drawing-room up-stairs there was music; and very soon Mrs De Lacy pounced upon Silvia, who was comfortably ensconced in a corner with Wilfred.

'Dear child,' she cried, 'it is your turn now. Don't waste more time on converting that prejudiced mortal.'

Silvia looked a little bit annoyed, and getting up quickly, moved to the piano, while Mrs De Lacy murmured: 'Sweet girl! Always so obliging!'

Wilfred stood behind her.

'What shall I sing?' she said, half to herself, looking round.

'You have *Love and Death* there, I see,' Earle said, stooping down. 'Please, *not* that.'

'Why not? It is a great favourite of mine.'

'So it is of mine. That is the reason I didn't want you to sing it to all these people. Some day I shall ask you for it.'

Without replying, she put the *Sands o' Dee* before her and sang.

Earle waited almost breathlessly for the first note. He was passionately fond of music, and he felt somehow as if an untrue or unsweet note from Silvia Stirling would have jarred him more than he could bear. But the voice and the manner of singing satisfied his fastidious ear absolutely. The sympathy which made her face so interesting thrilled in the pathetic tone of her voice, and Earle had never been affected by music before as he was now by her rendering of this simple song.

As she rose from the piano, she raised her eyes a moment to his: that strange meeting glance that strikes down into the soul, and in which thought seems to answer thought, passed between them like a revelation. It was only an instant, but it was a momentous one to each.

Wilfred Earle walked home through Dreamland. He was fascinated past control, and yet was angry with the fascination, and half wished for the spell to be broken. What strange fate had attracted his life suddenly towards this other, against whom all his prejudices revolted? Why did those clear eyes haunt him so? Had he, after all his sham fancies, struck on the true vein of love? *Was* this love, or only a half-willing fascination, that had changed the face of the world to-night?

'This is too absurd!' he exclaimed angrily. 'Here I have met just with what I most disapprove of—a public speaker and an American, and I can't get rid of the idea of her! I must go to-morrow and be disillusionised.'

## ON WASTE OF LIFE.

WHAT is our life given us for? If this inquiry were addressed to each one of our acquaintance, what curious diversities of opinion would be evinced by the replies, differing as they all would according to the various characteristics of each individual. Some would say their lives were given them for enjoyment, and by their actions lead one to believe that they value them exactly in proportion to the amount of pleasure they can obtain. Others, again, seem to think life is a necessary evil, which must be endured with philosophy and resignation; and to these it never appears to occur that there is a higher purpose in life than merely to exist.

A few there are—but these are unhappily very few—who regard life as a precious gift, every moment of which it is their bounden duty to turn to good account. To these last, the waste of life they see around them is perfectly inexplicable, and many are the quiet unobtrusive efforts they make, amongst their own acquaintance, to lead them to take higher and nobler views of the duties of existence. This, however, is a most thankless and generally most useless task. If the wish for superiority is not implanted by nature, it is almost impossible to supply the deficiency by art or argument. Those who are content to spend their lives in idleness and frivolity, can seldom be persuaded to alter their mode of life by the most powerful logic that can be used.

The present age no doubt can boast of greater progress in science and learning than can be claimed by the past generation, and yet it cannot be denied that the wish for mental superiority, and the industry necessary to attain it, is only possessed by the comparatively few, and that far too many persons are content with a kind of dead-level of existence—without ambition or desire to excel in any way. It is nevertheless true, and a fact for which we ought to be thankful, that the means for intellectual cultivation are now more than ever within the reach of all, and are eagerly taken advantage of by vast numbers; that schools of art, music, science, &c. are established in many places, and every encouragement given to study. And yet there are hundreds who voluntarily and systematically neglect every opportunity, and are content to spend their lives in ignorance and uselessness.

It is curious to note the line of demarcation that

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always seems to exist between those who habitually waste their lives and those who endeavour to redeem the time, and are ambitious of cultivating and improving their talents to the utmost of their opportunities. The former often allude to the latter with a kind of pitying scorn, and declare that 'life would not be worth having, in their opinion, if they had to spend it in that way.'

There is also a numerous class of persons who appear to consider that intellectual pursuits, and a desire to excel in them, ought to be left to those who prefer to spend their time in such (to them) laborious and uninteresting occupations, and that there is no law, human or divine, which requires them to fulfil the duties of existence in any other way than that which is recommended to them by their own frivolous inclinations. Their argument is probably one which they consider unanswerable—namely, that their parents 'got on very well without all those ideas, and why should not they.'

Certainly, if living day after day in one humdrum round of existence, without one spark of ambition, or one idea elevated above the most ordinary intelligence, can be called 'getting on,' such persons succeed admirably. Surely, however, the promptings of Nature are sufficient to prove that life is given us for some better purpose than to be spent in contented ignorance and mental inactivity, or in a hollow round of gaiety and amusement?

Many times we have been surprised by an observation or a wish from one who, to all outward appearance, was entirely devoted to a life of uselessness and gaiety, without a thought beyond. By that one remark or wish, a gleam of light is thrown upon the inner workings of the mind, and we cannot help regretting that in so many cases these promptings to do something different from their ordinary life—these first symptoms of intellectual life and activity, first sparks of ambition, which would, if carefully fanned, develop into a passion for excellence and utility, should so often be quenched by the fear of the ridicule and discouragement that they will inevitably meet with in the world. Nothing causes so great an isolation from human companionship as a consciousness of mental superiority. The sources of enjoyment and interest to some are weariness and disgust to others whose aims are higher, and whose thoughts are deeper, and who regard life as a gift to be spent in noble labour, and in improving the talents God has given them.

How often do we witness the sad spectacle of a mind deteriorated by indulgence and weakened by excess and frivolity; the saddest kind of waste of all! How often does one see in one's own circle of acquaintance the vigour of the intellect gradually declining under the adverse influences brought to bear upon it? But here the grave question ought to arise in our minds: Have we had anything to do with this deterioration? Has our want of sympathy and encouragement accelerated the fall of the lofty edifice? Could we not by timely advice, encouragement, and perchance by the much-needed assistance, have saved the tottering pillars of the mind from crumbling into dust at our feet? Let us remember that we have two important duties in life that we ought to fulfil: one is, to cultivate the intellect to the utmost extent in our power; and the other, to guide, assist, and encourage any who, less fortunate than ourselves, may be struggling under want of sympathy, want of advantages, and consequent depression. Mental cultivation increases our appreciation of every enjoyment of life. The more educated the mind, the greater our appreciation of higher forms of enjoyment. With what a different eye, for instance, does the botanist look upon the beauties of nature, to the country farmer, who has no idea beyond the probable price of wheat at the coming harvest! How interesting to an entomologist the various forms of insect life, which are regarded with apathy by those who are ignorant of their ways and habits. A cultivated mind renders its owner independent of many of the outward circumstances of life; and if his time is spent in useful and elevating pursuits, its tranquillity will be less disturbed than in the case of those who are dependent upon exterior amusements. *An aim in life makes ennui a thing unknown.*

It seems scarcely necessary to remark that this part of our argument applies only to those whose circumstances have placed them above the necessity of manual labour. We each have our duties in life to fill according to our different stations; and it would be as wrong and absurd in the tradesman, clerk, or mechanic to insist on spending the whole of his time in intellectual pursuits and scientific studies, as it is for those who perhaps have the greater part of the day at their own disposal, to waste its precious hours in uselessness and idleness. At the same time, it redounds greatly to the credit of those whose avocations allow them but little time for self-culture, that the few leisure moments they have are in numerous cases devoted to useful study.

## LION KINGS, QUEENS, AND TRAINERS.

The craving for excitement which shews itself in so many grades of society, and under such manifold forms—some innocent and some vicious—is strikingly displayed in connection with exhibitions of wild beasts. There is eagerness to see them because the animals are savage and dangerous in their native forests and jungles; eagerness to know how far they can be tamed when caged; still more eagerness to watch the perilous exploits of those performers who assume the majestic designations of lion kings and queens.

The training of wild beasts for exhibition purposes is an art requiring much patience and discretion to insure success. The trainer commences by feeding the animal from the outside of the den or cage; then ventures to enter, keeping his face steadily towards the animal, and avoiding any violence. Rough usage is abstained from as much as possible, as it rouses the 'dormant demon' in the creature. Lions like tickling and stroking, and may be tickled into submission when they could not be compelled. An old trainer once said: 'To get a lion to lie down and allow the trainer to stand on him, is difficult. It is done by tickling the beast over the

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back with a small whip, and at the same time pressing him down with one hand. By raising his head, and taking hold of the nostril with the right hand, and the under lip and lower jaw with the left, the lion by this pressure loses greatly the power of his jaws; so that the man can pull them open, and put his head inside the beast's mouth. The danger is, lest the animal should raise one of his forepaws and stick his claws in the venturesome trainer. If he does, the man must stand fast for his life till he has shifted the paw.'

About sixty years ago, when Ballard's Menagerie was halting on the road one night near Salisbury, a lioness escaped from one of the caravans, and before she could be recaptured, attacked and tore one of the horses of the Exeter mail; but she *was* recaptured nevertheless, by the coolness and daring of the keepers. Soon after this, Ducrow, the accomplished equestrian, engaged Atkins's lion, tigress, and hybrid cubs as an additional attraction to his circus. This achievement of rearing the progeny of a lion and tigress was much talked of at the time. The novel family were exhibited before royalty at Windsor Castle, and then at Bartholomew Fair; where a keeper lay down in the den, with the lion on one side, the tigress on the other, and the cubs disporting near him, ending by lying down on the lion, with the tigress lying on the man. The next excitement of the kind, which from its cruelty could not be endured now-a-days, was connected with the once-renowned *Nero* and *Wallace*. Wombwell advertised, when his menagerie was at Warwick, a combat between his lion Nero and six bull-dogs. It was a poor tame affair, for none of the animals shewed any desire for the encounter. A second attempt, with Wallace, gave rise to more of that morbid excitement for which such exhibitions are got up; the lion killed or disabled all the dogs, the last of which he carried about in his mouth as a rat is by a terrier or a cat. The affair brought money for a time, and then gave place to other sensational exhibitions. A trainer and performer known as 'Manchester Jack' was wont, at Bartholomew Fair, to take visitors with him into Nero's cage; many persons invested sixpence each in this risky adventure; but the poor beast had had his native spirit so quelled that the danger was perhaps not much after all. This Manchester Jack was rather a notable fellow in the profession; he trained Wombwell's lions to suffer him to sit upon them, keep their mouths wide open, &c. The newspapers more than once announced his death as a victim of some savage animal; but he belied them all, and died quietly in his bed as a taverner—notwithstanding that he had been credited by one paragraphist with having had his head bitten off by a lion.

The historically famous 'Lions in the Tower' gradually ceased to be a source of wonderment when Zoological Gardens became familiar; and the collection was dispersed about forty years ago. It had been a custom in the old times to name the Tower lions after the reigning sovereigns of Europe; and indeed the lion has generally been regarded as a royal beast. Lord Mahon, in his *History of England*, quotes a passage from the Earl of Chesterfield, tending to shew that there was a bit of superstition mixed up with this matter. Under date 1758 the Earl wrote: 'It was generally thought His Majesty would have died, and for a very good reason; the oldest lion in the Tower, near about the king's age, died about a fortnight ago.' But the king outwitted the lion, by living two years longer. A printer of ballads, not many years back, tried to make a little money by a smart bit of April Fooling. Knowing that many country people are still ignorant of the fact that the lions have long been removed from the Tower, he printed penny tickets purporting to admit the holder to witness the annual ceremony of washing the lions in the Tower on the First of April; how many ninnies were taken in by the trick, the record does not say.

Van Amburgh, the most renowned, perhaps, of all the lion-kings, came to England a year or two before the beginning of the reign of her present Majesty. He was a native of Holland, well-formed and handsome; and his collection of trained lions, tigers, &c. drew immense numbers of spectators. Van Amburgh's cool daring was remarkable; and when Edwin (afterwards Sir Edwin) Landseer exhibited at the Royal Academy his picture of the lion-king in the midst of his trained quadrupedal pupils, the excitement spread to a class of society above that which is usually supposed to be weak on such points. Van Amburgh's career in England continued on and off for some years. One of his exhibitions included a black tiger, a colour rarely met with in that animal; and a sort of drama was got up in which the lion-king personated Moroff, a brute-tamer. Among the bits of gossip which cannot well be traced to an authentic source, is one to the effect that the Duke of Wellington (who is known to have had a liking for the performances of Van Amburgh) once asked him whether he was ever afraid; to which the brute-tamer replied: 'The first time I am afraid, your Grace, or I fancy that my pupils are no longer afraid of me, I will give up.' Van Amburgh was killed more than once by the newspapers, as 'Manchester Jack' had been; but Mr Frost (whose curious volume, *The Old Showman*, is a veritable storehouse of gossip on these subjects) states that the hero retired with a competency, and lived till a recent date.

About the time of Van Amburgh the visitors at a country fair were invited to witness a man-and-tiger fight; but by all accounts it was a poor tame affair—it being somewhat doubtful whether the quadruped really was a tiger. Almost in the same year too, a bit of sensationalism was got up in the form of a spectacle, in which a Greek captive was thrown into an arena to be devoured by wild beasts, with (of course) the due accompaniment of terror and agony. Carter the lion-king, who was little if anything behind Van Amburgh in coolness, daring, and presence of mind, played in a drama as a lion-tamer, drove a pair of lions in harness, and maintained a 'desperate combat' with a tiger.

Directly it was found that the public were willing to pay for admission to displays of this kind, menagerie-keepers and circus-proprietors sought about for lion-kings wherever they could find them; and as a demand usually creates a supply, so was it in this instance: heroes sprang up in various obscure corners, each tempted by the high salary offered. A solatium of ten or fifteen pounds

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a week is no trifle to a man in a humble station. Crockett, who had been a bandsman at Sanger's Circus, won fame at Astley's Amphitheatre, not only by his performance before the public, but by an exercise of great courage at a perilous moment. One night the lions got loose. Crockett, to whose lodgings a messenger was quickly despatched, came and hastened into the arena. The lions were roaming about the auditorium, and had just killed one of the grooms. Crockett went amongst them, and with only a switch in his hand, drove or enticed them into their cage without receiving a scratch. The rumour of this bold and successful achievement brought him offers at an augmentation of salary. Just about a quarter of a century ago the proprietor of Manders's Menagerie wanted a lion-king to increase the attractiveness of his exhibition. A gingerbread stall-keeper offered; but proved to be not worth his salt, and the manager was disappointed in his hope of eclipsing a rival exhibition. One day a black sailor came to him and asked for employment as a brute-tamer; he was accepted; and soon afterwards the visitors at Greenwich Fair were invited to witness the heroic deeds of Macomo the African lion-king. Macomo (whatever may have been his real name) appears to have been a daring fellow, well adapted for the work he undertook. On one occasion an unusually savage tiger, newly purchased, was put into a cage already tenanted by another tiger. The animals began to fight furiously. Macomo, armed only with a small riding-whip, entered the cage; both tigers turned fiercely upon him and lacerated him severely; but (covered with blood as he was) he continued to whip them into submission. Not for one instant did he keep his eyes off them, and they knew it. Macomo had other narrow escapes; but like most of the lion-kings, he died quietly in his bed at last. Not so Macartney, an Irishman, whose habits were not sufficiently temperate for this perilous kind of work. He often turned his back on the animals, and was lacerated by them more than once. At length, when exhibiting at Bolton about fifteen years ago, he attempted to imitate Macomo's lion-hunt. He chased several lions around a large cage; one sprang at him, seized him by the right hip, and dragged him to the ground; then the others joined in the attack. The unfortunate man endeavoured to beat them off with a sword, but lost his life in the attempt.

These exhibitions have varied in some of their characteristics from time to time. In one instance hyenas and tigers were trained as performing animals—a feat not often ventured upon, as these animals are less to be trusted than the lion. After the death of Wombwell, his extensive menagerie was divided into three sections—each of which claimed, of course, to be the real successor to the original. One section gloried in a lion-king known as Lorenzo. A drama was got up, with Lorenzo and a lion as the performers, representing the classical story of Androcles. We all know the story. A Greek slave, flying from the cruel tyranny of his Roman master, plunged into a forest; he encountered a lion who was pained by a thorn in his foot. Androcles extracted the thorn, and won the animal's gratitude. Being recaptured, Androcles was condemned to be torn to pieces by a lion. The veritable lion which he had befriended happened to be the one caught and brought to the amphitheatre for this dread purpose. The lion knew Androcles instantly, came up to him, licked his hand, and shewed unmistakable signs of satisfaction. This bit of classicality was in a humble way imitated by Lorenzo and the menagerie lion. A lion-keeper, not a lion-king, was killed at Astley's some fifteen or sixteen years ago. A lion that had been honoured with the name of *Havelock* one night wrenched off the bars of his cage, and with three others escaped into the arena. Havelock sprang at the unfortunate keeper, and killed him instantly.

It is one feature in exciting exhibitions that if men are attractive when placing themselves in much peril, the so-called pleasure is enhanced when women are the possible victims. As it is in *trapèze* and acrobatic performances, so is it in those connected with the exhibition of wild or semi-wild animals. It is among the gossip of the theatres that one visitor attended night after night, in order that he might not be absent when Van Amburgh's head was bitten off (as many expected it would be) by a lion; and so the idea that something fatal might happen to one of the gentler sex lends an additionally unhealthy interest to the scenes we are now considering. As soon as lion-king exhibitions were found to be profitable, the proprietor of Hilton's Menagerie bethought him of bringing forward his niece as a lion-queen; he paid her well, the public paid him well, and thus an impetus was given to a new kind of speculation. A rival soon appeared at another circus or place of exhibition, and two lion-queens were starring before the public at one time. A third aspirant tried the enterprise once too often. Miss Blight, daughter of a member of Wombwell's band, was one evening in 1850 managing a performance of trained animals at a fair. One of the tigers was sullen and wayward; she incautiously struck him with a whip; the animal sprang at her, seized her by the throat, and put an end to her hapless existence before effective aid could arrive. The authorities prohibited such exhibitions after this melancholy catastrophe. Yet such is the contagion of ambition and love of a good salary, that other women were willing to offer their services as successor to the poor girl. A very tame lion was at another menagerie taken out of his cage and taught to crouch at the feet of a lady who personated Britannia.

Some of the animals thus exhibited are rather valuable. When a menagerie was sold by auction at Edinburgh in 1872, the lions brought individually eighty pounds, ninety pounds, one hundred pounds, one hundred and forty pounds, two hundred pounds, and one as much as two hundred and seventy pounds. One of these had performed with Lorenzo in the spectacle of Androcles. The highest-priced lion was purchased for the Bristol Zoological Gardens; he was regarded as the largest and finest at that time in England. A magnificent tigress was an object of eager competition; and an unusually fine elephant—very much renowned as a 'performing' elephant—brought six hundred pounds. Another menagerie was sold by auction in London more recently; the chief interest centred around two lion-cubs born in the menagerie eighteen months previously; they brought one hundred and fifty pounds.

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## NAMES.

THERE might be much amusement in tracing the origin of family names. Long ago—say about six or seven hundred years since—there were no family names at all. People had Christian names and nothing more, and of course there was often considerable difficulty in distinguishing individuals. Such at present is the case in Turkey, where the old eastern practice of using but a single name continues to be followed. Surnames were not introduced into England until after the Conquest. The fashion of using two names came to us from France, but for a time was confined to families of distinction, and extended slowly over the country. One thing is said to have promoted its use. Young ladies of aspiring tastes declined to marry gentlemen who had only a Christian name, such as John or Thomas, for they would necessarily have still to be called by their own name, Mary, Elizabeth, or whatever it was. Spinsters accordingly thought it to be a grand thing to form an alliance with a person possessing the distinction of a family name, by which they should ever after be called.

Curiously enough, so difficult is it to alter old usages, that until very lately surnames were scarcely used among the humbler classes of people in some parts of Great Britain remote from centres of civilisation. In these places, a creditor would enter the name of his debtor in his books as John the son of Thomas, just as you see genealogies in the Old Testament. Only now, from improved communication with the outer world, have practices of this kind gone out of use. We can easily understand how the names ending in *son*, as Johnson, Thomson, Manson (abbreviation of Magnusson), originated; and it is equally easy to conjecture how names from professions, such as Smith, Miller, or Cooper came into existence. It is equally obvious that many family names are derived from the nature of the complexion of individuals, as Black, Brown, and White.

At first sight, there is a mystery as regards the different ways in which certain names are spelled. Smith is sometimes written Smyth; and in some instances Brown has an *e* at the end of it. We see the name Reid spelled as Reade, Reed, and Rede. We see Long, Lang, and Laing, all variations of one name. The same thing can be said of Strong, Strang, and Strange; of Little and Liddle; of Home and Hume; of Chambers and Chalmers; and so on with a host of surnames in daily use. The mystery which hangs over various spellings is cleared up on a consideration of the indifferent scholarship which prevailed until even the middle of the eighteenth century. Names in old legal documents and in the inscriptions on the blank leaves of family Bibles, are written in all sorts of ways. A man seldom wrote his name twice in succession the same way. Each member of a family followed the spelling suggested by his own fancy, and added to or altered letters in his name with perfect indifference. Eccentricities of this kind are still far from uncommon in the signatures of imperfectly educated persons. There is, in fact, a constant growth of new names, springing from ignorance and carelessness, though also in some cases from a sense of refinement.

Perhaps there is a still more vigorous growth of names from foundlings. Driven to their wits' end to invent names for the anonymous infants thrown on their bounty, parish authorities are apt to cut the matter short by conferring names that are suggested by the localities where the poor children were picked up. A child found at a door will be called Door, and so on with Street, Place, Steps, Basket, Turnstyle, or anything else. Hundreds of droll names are said to have begun in this way. Possibly it was from such origin as this that a respectable citizen of Dublin, mentioned by Cosmo Innes in his small book on Surnames, derived the name of Halfpenny. Mr Halfpenny, it is stated, 'throve in trade, and his children prevailed on him in his latter years to change the name which they thought undignified; and this he did chiefly by dropping the last letter. He died and was buried as Mr Halpen. The fortune of the family did not recede, and the son of our

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citizen thought proper to renounce retail dealing, and at the same time looked about for a euphonious change of name. He made no scruple of dropping the unnecessary *h;* and that being done, it was easy to go into the Celtic rage, which Sir Walter Scott and the *Lady of the Lake* had just raised to a great height; and he who had run the streets as little Kenny Halfpenny came out at the levées of the day as Kenneth MacAlpin, the descendant of a hundred kings.'

The assumed name of MacAlpin brings us to the whole order of Macs, now spread out in all directions. Mac is the Gaelic equivalent for son, and accordingly Mr MacAlpin would in an English dress be Mr Alpinson. There happen to be two distinct classes of Macs, those with a Highland origin, such as Mackay, Macpherson, Macgregor, Macneil, Macfarlane, Macleod, and Macdonald—all great clans in the olden time; and the Macs of Galloway, where Gaelic is now extinct, and the races are somewhat different from the Highland septs—perhaps with a little Manx and Irish blood in them. Among the Galloway Macs are found the names Maclumpha, Macletchie, and MacCandlish, which evidently do not sound with the true Highland ring. The Irish have likewise their form of expression for son. They use the single letter O, as O'Connell and O'Donell. The O, however, signifies grandson, as it continues to do in the old Lowland vernacular in Scotland, where an aged woman in humble life may be heard saying of her grandchild, 'That is my O.' Prefixes or terminations for son are common among names in every civilised country in Europe.

As is well known, the Norman Conquest gave a new character to English names. From that time many of the most notable of our surnames are to be dated, not only in England, where the Conquest made itself cruelly felt, but in Scotland, where families of Norman origin gradually effected a settlement by invitation and otherwise. Names traceable to the Norman families are very commonly derived from heritable possessions, and till this day bear a certain aristocratic air, though altered in various ways. Doubtless in the lists of those 'who came over with the Conqueror,' there are innumerable shams; but there are also descendants of veritable invaders. We might, for example, instance the late Sir Francis Burdett (father of the Baroness Burdett Coutts), who traced his origin by a clear genealogical line to Hugh de Burdett, one of the Norman soldiers who fought at Hastings in 1066. That gives a pretty considerable antiquity to an existing family without change of name. On the Scottish side of the Border, we could point to a family, Horsbrugh of that Ilk, as being not less than eight hundred years old, and always occupying the same lands and possessions. Wallace, Bruce, Dundas, Fraser, Stewart, or to use its French form Stuart, are also Scottish surnames of great antiquity. To these we might add two names now ennobled, the Scotts, Dukes of Buccleuch, and the Kers, Dukes of Roxburghe. We find these various names meandering through history for six or seven hundred years.

On the original names borne by noted Norman families in England and Scotland, time has effected conspicuous changes. The prefix *de*, which was once held in high esteem, has been generally dropped. There has likewise, in various cases, been what might be called a vulgarising of the names. De Vesci is transformed into Veitch, De l'Isle into Lyle, and De Vere into Weir. Through various changes De Montalt has become Mowat, De Montfitchet sinks into Mushet, De Moravie into Murray, and Grossetête into Grosart. We cannot speak with too much contempt of the mythic fables invented to explain the origin of the names Forbes, Guthrie, Dalyell, Douglas, Naesmyth, and Napier—grand old names, which existed ages before the imaginary incidents that have been clumsily assigned as their commencement.

Any one disposed to investigate the historical origin of British surnames, would find not a little to amuse and instruct by making a leisurely survey along the east coast from Shetland to the English Channel. Every here and there he would alight upon patches of population, whose descent from Norwegians, Danes, Jutes, Angles, and other continental settlers in early times would be unmistakingly revealed in their surnames, the colour of their eyes, their complexion, and in their spoken dialect—the very pronunciation of certain letters; for the lapse of centuries and innumerable vicissitudes have failed to obliterate the normal peculiarities of their origin. Strange, indeed, is the persistency of race. We have heard it stated as a curious and little known fact, that on the west coast of Scotland there are families descended from the wrecked crews of the Spanish Armada, who scrambled ashore now nearly three hundred years ago. Herein, as we imagine, lies a mine of ethnographic lore, which in the cause of science and history would be not unworthy of exploration. A stretch within the Scottish Border would likewise not be unproductive. On the eastern and middle marches will still be found the descendants of the Eliots and Armstrongs who are renowned in the *Border Minstrelsy* of Scott; the Grahams in the Debatable Land; and on the west the Johnstons (with their cognisance of the winged spur), the Jardines, and the Maxwells. Are not these living memorials demonstrative of the truth of history and tradition?

The surnames common to Great Britain and Ireland received an immense accession by those religious persecutions in Flanders in the sixteenth, and in France in the seventeenth century, by which hosts of intelligent and industrious foreigners were forced to flee for their lives. The prodigious immigration from this cause, and to which has to be attributed much of our manufacturing prosperity, has seldom been seriously thought of. A painstaking account of this interesting invasion of Flemish and French artisans has lately been written by Mr Smiles,* which may

* *The Huguenots: their Settlements, Churches, and Industries in England and Ireland.* By Samuel Smiles. New and Revised Edition. Murray, London, 1876.

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be advantageously consulted on the subject. We do not go into the religious part of the question, further than to say that the expulsion of so many skilled labourers in the useful arts was a terrible blunder, which we can imagine has been long since repented of. Our concern being principally with the names of the refugees, we shall run over a few items, taking Mr Smiles as our authority. Speaking of the lace-manufacturing towns in the west of England, which had been enriched by the ingenuity of Flemish settlers, he says: 'Such names as Raymond, Spiller, Brock, Stocker, Groot, Rochett, and Kettel are still common; and the same trades have been continued in some of their families for generations.' Some Walloon refugees, cloth-makers, named Goupés, settled in Wiltshire three hundred years ago, and there their descendants are still, but with the name changed to Guppys. From the De Grotes, or Groots, a Netherlandish family, sprung the late George Grote, the eminent historian of Greece. The Houblons, who gave the Bank of England its first governor, the Van Sittarts, Jansens, Courtens, Van Milderts, Deckers, Hostes, and Tyssens, were all descendants of Flemish refugees. 'Among artists, architects, and engineers of Flemish descent, we find,' says our author, 'Grinling Gibbons, the wood-sculptor; Mark Gerard, the portrait-painter; Sir John Vanbrugh, the architect and play-writer; Richard Cosway, the miniature-painter; and Vermuyden and Westerdyke, the engineers employed to reclaim the drained land of the Fens. The Tradescants, the celebrated antiquarians, were of the same origin.'

Driven from the Netherlands by the intolerant policy of the Spanish authorities, who had possession of the country in 1555, the Flemish refugees with their descendants had been residing in England for several generations, when there occurred a fresh accession of immigrants on the score of religion. These were the families who, under prodigious difficulties, felt themselves obliged to flee from France in consequence of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes by Louis XIV. in 1685. These unhappy people escaping across the Channel in open boats, or anyhow, arrived on the coast of England and Ireland to the number of fifty thousand. They brought no money with them; but animated by an immense spirit of industry and independence, their presence was more valuable than untold gold. Settling in London and other quarters, there are till this day innumerable traces of their names in the general population. We might instance the names Baringer, Fourdrinier, Poupart, Fonblanque, Delaine, Payne, Paget, Lefanu, La Touche, Layard, Maturin, Roget, D'Olier, Martineau, Romilly, Saurin, Barbauld, Labouchere, and Garrick, whose real name was Garrigue—all of Huguenot origin. The names of French refugees who introduced silk-weaving into England are now to be seen in Spitalfields, where also a few of their mulberry trees still survive. The town of Portarlington, in Ireland, was entirely peopled by French exiles, and continues to bear traces of the original names. We are informed that a taste for cultivating flowers was spread through a number of the English towns by the French refugees. Silks, ribbons, lace, gloves, hats, glass, clocks, watches, telescopes (by Dollond), and paper were among the manufactures which they introduced. By the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, France appears to have lost all its hatters. Previously, England imported hats from France, but now the French had to import all their hats, at least those of a finer kind, from England.

The original French names were not always preserved by the refugees and their descendants. Becoming Anglicised, their names in several instances assumed an English form, which was not always an improvement. Mr Smiles gives us some examples: 'L'Oiseau became Bird; Le Jeune, Young; Du Bois, Wood; Le Blanc, White; Le Noir, Black; Le Maur, Brown; Le Roy, King; Lacroix, Cross; Tonnelier, Cooper; Le Maitre, Masters; Dulau, Waters; Sauvage, Savage and Wild. Some of the Lefevres changed their name to the English equivalent of Smith, as was the case with the ancestor of Sir Culling Eardley Smith, Bart., a French refugee whose original name was Lefevre. Many names were strangely altered in their conversion from French into English. Jolifemme was freely translated into Pretyman; Momerie became Mummery, a common name at Dover; and Planche became Plank, of which there are still instances at Canterbury and Southampton. At Oxford, the name of Williamise was traced back to Villebois; Taillebois became Talboys; Le Coq, Laycock; Bouchier, Butcher or Boxer; Boyer, Bower; Bois, Boys; Mesurier, Measure; Mahieu, Mayhew; Drouet, Drewitt; D'Aeth, Death; D'Orleans, Dorling; De Preux, Diprose; De Moulins, Mullins; Pelletier, Pelter; Huyghens, Huggens or Higgins; and Beaufoy, Boffy.' Some other conversions are mentioned, such as Letellier into Taylor; De Laine into Dillon; Dieudoun into Dudney; Renalls into Reynolds; Saveroy into Savery; and Levereau into Lever. While such havoc has been played in England with French names, a similar change, though on a less extensive scale, has been made on English and Scotch names in France—witness only Colbert, a minister of Louis XIV., descended from a Scotsman named Cuthbert; and Le Brun, an eminent artist, sprung from plain Mr Brown.

When William Prince of Orange arrived in England in 1688, he brought with him a number of trusty Dutchmen, who in civil and military life so distinguished themselves as to rise to eminence. Among these were William Bentinck, created Earl of Portland, whose son was raised to a dukedom; General Ginkell, who fought manfully at the Boyne, was created Earl of Athlone; and Arnold-Joost Van Keppel, was created Earl of Albemarle, whose descendant now enjoys the title. With George I. there began a number of German names which are now lost in the general population. Far greater additions, however, have been made by the progress of industrial settlement within the last fifty years.

A good feature in the more intelligent classes in England is, that entertaining no grudge at the immigration of foreigners who desire to pursue an honest calling, they receive them hospitably, and willingly hail them as naturalised subjects; for them and their descendants are indeed opened up according to merit the higher offices in the state. As a token of this liberality of dealing, we have only to glance over street directories and see the vast number of names of persons of German, Dutch, French, Swiss, Greek, and Italian origin. We could specify many estimable persons of these

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nationalities. But the topic would branch out sufficiently to fill a volume; and the more it is investigated the clearer is the view to be obtained of the manifold changes that have taken place in the tastes and conditions of society. Thanking Mr Smiles in the meantime for the ingenious contribution to the history of surnames, to which we have called attention, the subject is little more than touched on, and we should like to see it treated if possible in a thoroughly comprehensive spirit. W. C.

## THE LAST OF THE HADDONS.

### CHAPTER XV.—ROBERT WENTWORTH'S NEWS.

'Do you really think that I ought not to tell Arthur yet, Mary?' whispered Lilian to me later in the day, when she was about to accompany her lover into the garden.

'I should certainly advise you not to do so until we know whether or not the discovery is of any importance,' I replied in the same tone.

'I would so much prefer telling him,' she murmured anxiously.

'I can understand that, dear Lilian.'

'And still you think it best not to tell him?'

'I am only afraid that he might not hold the same views as you do yourself upon the point; and it would only lead to painful discussion, which it is as well to avoid; at anyrate, until you know for certain whether the document is genuine or not.'

Her respect for my opinion proved to be stronger than her respect for his; perhaps because I tried to appeal to her reason as well as to her feelings, and she did *not* tell him.

The next day passed, and the next, slowly enough to me, in the miserable state of uncertainty I was in, no sign being made by Robert Wentworth. But when another day went by, and then another, the truth began to dawn upon me. He had gone to Scotland to make inquiries on the spot, which proved that what he had learned from Mrs Pratt rendered it necessary so to do; and that everything now depended upon the validity of Mr Farrar's marriage with Marian's mother. Then I saw that it was not right to allow Lilian to go on without some sort of preparation for the blow, which might fall at any moment. It was now my duty to prepare her in some degree for what she had not the slightest suspicion of. If Robert Wentworth's inquiries had brought out the fact that Marian's mother died before Lilian's was married to Mr Farrar, there would not have been the slightest necessity for the journey to Scotland; and his setting forth without delay shewed me that he had grave grounds for believing the document to be a legal one. It was evident that everything now depended upon the legality of that marriage.

'Well, Mary, what is it? news—good news?' asked Lilian, as she entered my room. I had sent a message begging her to come to me after dinner, knowing we should be secure from intrusion there.

'Dear Lilian, what would you consider to be good news?'

'The legality of the marriage being proved, of course,' she answered promptly.

'I have no news, dear Lilian; but—I want to talk the matter over with you a little. I am beginning to get very anxious about not hearing from Mr Wentworth. He must have seen the necessity for going to Scotland; and if the marriage is proved to be a *bonâ fide* one, I fear'——

'What do you fear, Mary?'

'Dear Lilian, I foresee something which it is extremely painful to think of—something which has not, I think, occurred to you.'

'What is that?' she asked wonderingly.

'I do not like to even suggest it, because all may yet be well. Still it is my duty to warn you that there may be a consequence which you have not anticipated with reference to the'—— Some one was tapping at the door, which I had locked, and on opening it, I saw Becky.

'Mr Wentworth has just come, and he wishes to see you by yourself, please, Miss.'

'Where is he, Becky?'

'In the drawing-room, Miss; and I'll see that nobody shall disturb you,' mysteriously whispered Becky, who had, I suppose, received a hint from him that he desired to see me privately.

'Say that I will come immediately;' adding to Lilian, as I hurriedly made my way towards the door again: 'Will you wait for me here a few minutes, Lilian?'

But I had said enough to arouse her fears, though she was still in ignorance as to the cause, and she gravely replied: 'No, Mary; I will go with you. I know now that you are trying to spare me in some way—— O Mary! why do you look at me like that?—I *will* go with you and hear the worst!'

Well I knew that he would be as careful in telling her as I could be. And if there was indeed bad news, I should be very glad of his assistance in breaking it to her. We went down together; and one glance at his face, as we entered the room, warned me to expect the worst. His grave words, 'I wished to see you alone for a few moments, Miss Haddon,' confirmed my fears.

'I wished to come—I would come, Mr Wentworth,' said Lilian, slipping her hand into mine; 'and you must please to let me stay, if what you have to say concerns me. You have come to tell us what you have ascertained about the paper I found; have you not?'

I put my arm round her, with a look towards him. She looked from one to the other of us in some surprise.

'Yes,' he hesitatingly replied; 'I have been to Scotland.'

'Then why do you look at me like that? Why are you both so strange? Mary, *you* ought to know there is nothing I should be more rejoiced to hear than that the marriage was a legal one.'

'It is not that, Lilian.—I have guessed aright;

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you have been proving the genuineness of the marriage during your absence; have you not, Mr Wentworth?' I asked.

'I grieve to say that there was no difficulty in proving it, Miss Haddon.'

'Grieve! grieve!—when it proves Papa to have acted like an honourable gentleman, instead of —— O Mary, you too!' turning from him to me, with a wounded look.

He saw now that the one thing had not yet occurred to her, and turned silently away. He could not strike the blow.

I drew her to a couch by my side, and said with faltering lips: 'I fear that it has not occurred to you that, though it might be better for Marian that her mother's marriage should be proved, it would be worse for you.'

'Worse for me? Is it possible that you can for one moment be thinking about the money? Can you suppose that my father's good name is not more to me than such'——

'Dear Lilian, I was not thinking about the money,' I slowly replied, with a miserable sickening of the heart as I suddenly realised that the property also was lost. She would be penniless as well as nameless. I glanced towards him again. No; there was no hope!

'Then how can it be worse for me? How can it possibly be worse for me that Papa did right instead of wrong. Please tell me at once what you mean.'

Alas! the more she dwelt upon the honour, the more she was shewing us how terribly she would feel the dishonour! My eyes appealed once more to him for help. But he gravely said: 'Miss Haddon knows what there is to tell, and it will come best from her.'

So it was left to me. I, who loved her most, had to strike the blow. I only put one last question to him: 'Is what I most feared realised, Mr Wentworth?'

He bowed his head in assent, and walked towards the window as I went on:

'Lilian, dear sister—you promised to let me call you that—there *is* something to be suffered; and though I know you will bear it more bravely than many would, it will be very hard to bear. In your anxiety to do justice to Marian, you did not perceive that—it might bring suffering upon yourself.'

'Doing justice need not bring suffering, Mary.'

'It sometimes may, Lilian. The reward of right doing is not always reaped at the moment.'

'You are not talking like yourself, Mary. What do you and I care about getting rewards! Please tell me at once what I have to bear. I know now that it is something bad; and I know that you are both very sorry for me.'

'The bad news is the date of Marian's mother's death, Lilian. She died when you were about two years old.'

She saw; rose to her feet, and stood for a moment with her hands extended, as though to ward off a blow, and then fell back into my arms.

'Lock the door, please, and help me. She must not be seen by others in her weakness,' I said, placing her amongst the pillows. 'She will soon be herself again.' Then I bade him throw open the windows, whilst I gently fanned her.

In a few moments she opened her eyes, and struggled to her feet.

'Was it a dream—was it?' she ejaculated, looking eagerly into my face. 'Ah, no!' She was powerless again for a few moments. But she was gaining strength, and presently insisted upon hearing the whole truth from Robert Wentworth's own lips.

He saw that it would be more merciful to comply now; and did so unreservedly. He had been too much interested to leave a stone unturned, although every step he took more plainly revealed what it was so painful to discover. He had taken Counsel's advice upon it, and his own judgment was confirmed: Mr Farrar's marriage with Marian's mother was a legal one, and Lilian's mother had been no wife in the eye of the law.

I may as well state here that Mr Farrar received the paper with his letters to Lucy Reed from Mrs Pratt, after her sister's death, just as they had been found. I thought that it was not at all probable Marian's mother had ever realised her position, or she would have taken steps to secure it. Most probably, Mr Farrar persuaded her that the document was in some way informal. There is just the possibility that he did not believe in it himself; and had gone through the ceremony to satisfy Lucy Reed, whilst she was with him during a tour in Scotland.

Why he did not at once destroy the evidence against himself, when it came into his possession, since he never could have meant to acknowledge the marriage, is difficult to understand in a man of Mr Farrar's calibre—as puzzling as a murderer keeping the evidence of his crime about him. We only know that such things are not uncommon. It might have been that Mr Farrar kept the paper to remind him of Marian's claims upon him, though he never meant them to interfere with Lilian's. The latter's mother was a gentlewoman, young and beautiful. He had gratified both love and ambition in marrying her; and after her death, his love for her child engrossed his whole being. After a few moments' reflection, I said:

'They will be looking after us presently, Lilian. Would you like Mr Wentworth to explain to Mr Trafford?'

'Yes,' she whispered; her trembling hands clinging closer about me. Then, loyal and true to him, she added: 'But remember that I do him the justice to say that the loss of the—— Only my shame will trouble him. He has so often wished I had not a penny.'

I could only gather her to my heart, with a look towards him.

His was the hardest task after all! He and I knew that now. He left us alone; and my Lilian and I tried to find strength for what was to come, as only such strength can be found. But Lilian would never be the same again. Her love to her father had been wounded unto death; and I saw that it was her mother—her cruelly wronged mother—who had all her sympathy now. I shall never forget the agony expressed in the whispered words, 'Mother! mother!'

We were not left very long alone. Robert Wentworth could barely have had time to tell the story, when Arthur Trafford came striding in by the open window.

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'Good heavens, Lilian! what is this?' he ejaculated impetuously; adding, before she could reply: 'Wentworth tells me that—that you take this absurd affair seriously!'

'Seriously, Arthur?' she repeated, turning her eyes wonderingly upon him.

'I mean: he says you mean to act as though that ridiculous paper were genuine; but surely that is too absurd!'

'Is it not genuine, then?' she eagerly asked, her face for a moment brightening with hope, as she turned towards me: 'Is there any doubt about it, Mary?'

'I am sorry to say that I think there is not, Lilian,' I replied; feeling that it was less cruel to kill her hope at once, than indulge it. 'Mr Wentworth said he had taken Counsel's advice, you know.'

'Oh, I suppose it may be genuine enough for the kind of thing!' he said, with an effort to speak lightly. 'But of course, none in their senses would for a moment dream of acting upon it. At the very best, it would be only a very doubtful marriage, arranged, I daresay, to satisfy a not too scrupulous girl's vanity. The thing is done every day; and I am sure, on reflection, you will not be so Quixotic as to'——

'If the paper is legal, I must do what is right—Arthur,' she murmured in a low broken tone.

'Do you think it would be right to blacken your mother's good name and give up the—— All your father wished you to have? The truth is, you have not reflected upon what your acknowledgment of that paper will involve, Lilian. You cannot have given any thought to the misery which would follow. Any *true* friend of yours would have recommended you to at once put that paper into the fire.—Is that it?' he added, catching sight of the paper which Robert Wentworth had put down on the table before me whilst he was speaking, and which I had neglected to take up. 'Yes, by Jove, and that settles the matter!' catching it up and tearing it into shreds.—'I am your best friend, Lilian.'

'No, no, no! O Arthur, the shame of it!'

'Do not be distressed, dear Lilian; you forget that is only my copy of the original,' I said; 'Mr Trafford is spared.'

He tried to laugh. 'Of course I was only in jest, Lilian. But, seriously now, you should remember that Marian Reed has been brought up to consider herself what she is. But you—— It cannot be possible that you would commit an act which would brand your own mother with shame!' He was quick to see what weapon struck deepest, and did not hesitate to avail himself of it.

She shrank under his words, with a low cry. Seeing that he was so blind as to imagine that she would yield through suffering, I sternly said: 'Cannot you see that you are wounding her to no purpose, Mr Trafford? Lilian will do what she believes to be right, come what may.'

'Not if there is no interference—not if she is allowed to use her own judgment, Miss Haddon;' turning fiercely upon me. 'Unfortunately, she has chosen bad advisers!'

'O Arthur!'

'Come out with me, Lilian! I am sure I shall be able to shew you the folly of this,' he pleaded.

'No, no; I cannot change!—Do not leave me, Mary,' she entreated, holding fast to me.

'Dear sister,' I whispered, 'I think it will be better for me to leave you for a few moments. It will be sooner over, and you will find me in the garden presently.' And gently unclasping her hands, I left her alone with Arthur Trafford.

## UNDERGROUND JERUSALEM.

As is pretty well known, Jerusalem, the City of David, rendered glorious by the Temple of Solomon, has undergone extraordinary vicissitudes; has been sacked and burned several times, the last of its dire misfortunes being its destruction by Titus in the year 70 of our era, when there was a thorough dispersion of the Jewish race. This ancient city, however, which is invested with so many sacred memories, always revived somehow after being laid waste, but in a style very different from the original. As it now stands, Jerusalem is a comparatively modern town, built out of ruins, and only by difficult and patient explorations can portions of its ancient remains be identified. Of the old memorials the most remarkable are those underground; that is to say, in vaults and obscure places only to be reached by excavation.

The notification of this fact brings us to a brief but we hope not uninteresting account of what in very recent times has been done, and is now doing by the Palestine Exploration Society, by means of extensive excavations, of which a carefully written description is given in Captain Warren's *Underground Jerusalem*.

In February 1867, Captain (then Lieutenant) Warren started for Palestine with three corporals of Engineers, and on the 17th arrived at Jerusalem after a prosperous and uneventful journey. The city does not seem to have struck him as being either picturesque or beautiful. 'It is a city of facts,' he says, 'and but little imagination is required to describe it.' Yet when viewed from the Mount of Olives, with the hills of Judah stretching to the south, and the rich valley of the Jordan glowing like a many-hued gem beneath the vivid sunlight, and the mountains of Moab cleaving with their purple beauty the soft clear blue of the Syrian sky, he does not deny to it a certain charm; but his heart was in his work, and his work lay in the old walls, particularly those which marked the almost obliterated inclosure of the Temple.

This edifice in the latter days of its glory, after it had been partially rebuilt by Herod the Great, was a splendid building. To enable us to realise its gigantic proportions, Captain Warren tells us that the southern face of the wall is at present nearly the length of the Crystal Palace, and the height of the transept. The area within its walls was more extensive than Lincoln's Inn Fields or Grosvenor Square, and the south wall offered a larger frontage and far greater height than Chelsea Hospital. It was built of hard white stone, and was enriched with a variety of coloured marbles, with graceful columns, with splendid gates overlaid with gold and silver, with gilded roofs, and with all the gorgeous detail of costly arabesque and carving. So rich was it in its dazzling magnificence, that it aroused the envy and cupidity of all the nations around, and finally fell with the city it adorned before the conquering arms of Titus. The Roman general tried in vain

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to save it; fired in the wild fury of the onslaught, it was consumed to ashes; and its very foundations so obliterated by the superincumbent rubbish, that for ages its precise site has been unknown. In fact the only sites in Jerusalem which were known with absolute certainty were the Mount of Olives and Mount Moriah. Now, in consequence of the discoveries made during the course of his excavations, Captain Warren has been able to identify the walls of the Temple and to make a plan of its courts. He has also found the spot where the little Hill of Zion formerly stood, the Valley of the Kidron, and the true position of the Vale of Hinnom; but to accomplish all this he has had many difficulties to contend with, quite apart from the necessary labour attending the excavations. The civil and military pachas did all in their power to hinder him, and would not allow him to begin to dig at all until a firman from the Sultan arrived authorising his operations. In the interval of enforced leisure, before the Vizieral permission arrived, he paid some necessary visits in Jerusalem, and then made arrangements for a tour in the lonely wilderness country which stretches to the east of the city.

A camp-life, we are told, is at once the most healthy and the most enjoyable in the East. In summer, the domed houses of Jerusalem are intolerable from heat and unpleasant odours; but out on the wide open upland, with a good horse, galloping along the dewy plains in the fresh exhilarating morning breeze; or stretched at night on a carpet of wild-flowers, lazily watching the pitching of the tent; or following with idle glance the myriads of bright-hued birds that dart like rainbow-tinted jewels from branch to branch of the fragrant wild myrtle—there is no land like Palestine for enjoyment. Look where you will, the view is interesting; that village nestling on the hill-side is Nain—the Fair; that picturesque rounded hill clothed to the summit with wood is Tabor; yonder dazzling snow-crowned mountain is Hermon; and far off in the hollow of the plain, silent and still, you may see gleaming in the sunshine the sullen waves of that mysterious Sea that ages ago ingulfed the guilty Cities of the Plain. Around you, too near sometimes to be pleasant, are the black tents of the Bedouin, true sons of the desert, whose wild life has a zest unknown to the courts of kings: greedy of bakshish, arrant thieves, and utterly reckless of human life, the Bedouins can be very unpleasant neighbours; and Captain Warren conceived, probably with truth, that the Bedouin encamped near him had all the will to be troublesome, but fortunately lacked the power.

Having examined the aqueducts which anciently brought water to the Pools of Solomon, Captain Warren visited and explored a curious cave at Khureitûn, or rather a series of four caves opening into each other, which appeared to him to be the veritable Cave of Adullam, where David and his band of malcontents found refuge.

Permission from the Grand Vizier having arrived, and the necessary interview with Izzet Pacha being over, the excavations were at once begun, and then the magnitude of the proposed operations was for the first time fully realised by Captain Warren. He had heard vaguely that modern Jerusalem was built upon sixty feet of rubbish; but he found that the layers of accumulated debris extended to one hundred and thirty, and sometimes two hundred feet in depth. For workmen, he had the peasantry around, who were unaccustomed to the use of the spade and barrow. They worked only with the mattock, and used rush-baskets for carrying out the earth. Another obstacle to progress was the want of wood; not a plank was to be obtained except at a fabulous price. In spite of all these difficulties, however, he discovered in the first four months a portion of the ancient city wall; he identified the real Kidron Valley, which runs into the present one, and is choked up with rubbish to the depth of one hundred and fifty feet; and ascertained that the present brook Kidron runs one hundred feet to the east of, and forty feet above the true bottom of the stream. Thus it would seem that the desolate inclosures of modern Jerusalem, its paltry and yet crowded bazaars, and its gloomy narrow streets, entomb with the beauty and glory and hallowed memories of the past, even those landmarks of nature which we are accustomed to consider most changeless and imperishable. Beneath its wastes lie forgotten valleys and hills, streams which have ceased to flow, and fountains which have long been empty and sealed.

Having obtained the necessary apparatus from England, Captain Warren sunk shafts into the mounds of ruin near Jericho; but found only a few jars of ancient pottery, which crumbled into dust whenever they were exposed to the air.

It was now April, the loveliest month in the Syrian year, and the valley of the Jordan, which a few more weeks would transform into a parched brown desert, was in all the flush and glory of its green luxuriance. The wide plain glowed in the tender flush of the dawn like one vast emerald, while countless flowers unfolded their dewy petals, rich with rainbow tints of beauty, as if Iris were about to weave a gorgeous mantle for the departing summer; while hurrying onward to its dark mysterious Sea rushed the rapid river, its waters gleaming like crystal through the flowering branches of oleander which fringed its banks.

When out on this expedition, Captain Warren made the acquaintance of the Samaritans at Nâblus, and saw them hold their Passover in front of their ruined temple on Mount Gerizim. It was a striking scene, such as the gloomy brush of a Rembrandt might have loved to paint. As night darkened down over the landscape, it lent to the rugged wildness of the surrounding scenery a dim indistinctness, which gave vastness to its savage outlines; while in the foreground, tall ghoul-like figures in long white robes flitted about from one reeking oven-mouth to another, watching the sacred Passover lambs as they were in process of being roasted or rather charred with fire; while the moonlight straggling through the mist mingled with the smoky glare of the torches, and lit up from time to time the dark keen wily faces of the worshippers, crafty and yet fierce, expressive of the mingled courage and guile with which, although few in number, despised and demoralised, they have yet held and still hold their own.

The portions of the plain of Jordan at present under cultivation are very limited, and the crops raised consist of wheat, cucumbers, and tobacco.

During this tour Captain Warren had for guide or guard a certain Sheik Salah, who he says 'was really a good fellow; and if he had not talked

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so complacently of marrying an English wife, I should have felt quite friendly to him. This was his hobby. He had a great desire to go to England for this purpose; evidently supposing that he had only to appear there to take his choice of the first in the land.'

After three months of wandering through the country, Captain Warren returned to Jerusalem, to find fresh difficulties staring him in the face. The Turks did not keep faith with him; and he was obliged to prosecute the dragoman of the English Consulate, who had imposed upon him.

On the 10th of September his right-hand man, Sergeant Brattles, was taken into custody; and concluding, like the Apostle Paul, that he was a citizen of no mean nation, he refused to walk out of prison, when asked to do so, until the charges against him were investigated. This ended in his speedy release; and the works went on, resulting in the discovery of the gymnasium gardens built by Antiochus Epiphanes, the pier of the great arch destroyed by Titus, and a very ancient rock aqueduct, which was found to be cut in two by the wall of Herod's Temple. An old arch was also discovered, which Captain Warren conceives to be a portion of a bridge connecting Solomon's palace with the eastern side of the valley. Extending their researches by means of the rock-cut aqueduct, they were so fortunate as to find also an old drain, through which they crawled, and examined the whole wall as far as that well-known portion of it commonly designated 'The Jews' Wailing-place.' This aqueduct was so large that a man mounted on horseback might have ridden through it, and proved of great service to the exploring party until they found it cut through by the foundations of a house. During this month also they discovered the great south wall of the Temple. It has two entrances, known as the Double and Triple Gate; and besides these a single gate with a pointed arch was discovered leading to the vaults called Solomon's Stables. These vaults are of comparatively recent date (of the time of Justinian); but it struck Captain Warren that this single gate being at a place where the vaults were widest, was probably over some ancient entrance. He sunk a shaft beside it, and after much labour succeeded in clearing out an ancient passage lined with beautifully cut stones, with a groove at the bottom cut for liquid to flow along. This he concluded was the channel for the blood of the beasts slain in sacrifice, and he wished to push forward straight to the altar and ascertain its position, but was forced to desist by the opposition of the Turks. To this was added money difficulties, from which he was soon happily relieved, and enabled with a light heart to begin excavations within the area of the Temple. On the south-west side there is a double tunnel called the Double Passage, which is one of the most sacred of the Moslem praying-places. With great difficulty and only by a ruse, this hallowed spot was at last examined; but nothing of importance was obtained from it. The same may be said of a remarkable expedition into a sewer, which was certainly plucky, even heroic, but barren of any great result.

Aqueducts appear to be the order of the day in underground Jerusalem. Near a curious double rock-cut pool, which Captain Warren conceives to be the Pool of Bethesda, a rock-cut passage was noticed by Major Wilson filled with moist sewage. It was four feet wide, and had five or six feet of sewage in it when Captain Warren and Sergeant Brattles examined it. They accomplished their perilous voyage by means of three doors, taking up the hindmost as they advanced; and being everywhere obliged to exercise the greatest caution, as a single false step might have precipitated them into the Stygian stream below, which would have proved to them a veritable Styx; for once in, nothing could have rescued them from its slimy abyss. Fortunately, no accident occurred; but they discovered nothing beyond the fact that it was one of the aqueducts which had brought water to the Temple from the north.

About this time the Jews began to take a great interest in the excavations. There are on an average about ten thousand of them in Jerusalem, gathered out of every nation under heaven; but the bulk of them are either Ashkenazim (German Jews) or Sephardim (Jews from Morocco). The Sephardim are a dark robust race, with the traditional hooked nose of the Jews; the Ashkenazim are more fragile; and their women are often very beautiful—tall and stately as Sir Walter Scott's Rebecca, with lustrous almond-shaped eyes, black glossy hair, a delicate complexion, and a bloom so vivid that it puts to shame the blush of the damask rose.

It is the custom for all the Jews in Jerusalem to assemble every Friday at their Place of Wailing, under the west wall of the Temple court, there to lament aloud the calamities which have befallen their nation. It is a striking sight to see them at this mournful place of meeting. Differing in nationality, in dress, in language, in intelligence, in rank, they are united only by the curse, which has preserved them through centuries of persecution and exile, a separate and distinct people among the teeming myriads of the earth. There they lie before the curious gazer, old men and youth, matron and maid, prone on their faces on the pavement, or rocking themselves back and forward in their anguish; while the air resounds with their bitter wailing and lamentation, on which sometimes breaks harshly the loud laugh of the careless Frank, or the cold sneer of the haughty Moslem.

In January 1869 Captain Warren received a letter of instructions, directing him to abandon those portions of the work which did not promise immediate results. He had discovered in the Temple inclosure the north wall of Herod's Temple, but found it impossible to follow it up. He also came upon the old wall of Ophel, a portion of the first wall of the city. On stones in this wall were found characters which the most competent judges declared to be Phœnician; and also incised marks, such as are found on the old walls of Damascus and Baalbec.

About this time Lady Burdett Coutts offered to give twenty-five thousand pounds to supply Jerusalem with water, of which there is a great scarcity during the summer season; but the proposal ended in nothing, because the Turkish authorities shrewdly concluded that they would have to pay in the long-run for keeping in good order the aqueducts she restored. The want of water is one of the principal reasons why Palestine is at the present day so sterile and unhealthy. And this want of water is (as in other districts where woods are demolished) caused in a

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great degree by the destruction of the forests, and especially of the groves and vineyards which grew on the terraces along the hill-sides. The system of terracing, according to Captain Warren, has the effect of retaining the rain, which falls plentifully at certain seasons of the year, in its natural reservoirs about the roots of the trees and in the hollows of the rocks, instead of allowing it to tumble in wild torrents down the bare hill-sides, and rush headlong to the sea, wasting instead of dispensing all the rich blessings which water alone can give in a dry and thirsty land.

What is wanted, Captain Warren says, to make Palestine again a rich and fruitful country, 'is a good government, a large population, an energetic people, and a sufficient capital.'

Wheat grows luxuriantly in Palestine; and the grapes on the Sandstone formation are as highly flavoured as those of Muscadel, producing in the hill country of Lebanon an excellent wine. Very fine raisins are also dried in the east of Palestine; and the whole country abounds with sheep, goats, camels, horses, and mules. The mutton of Palestine is very poor, owing to under-feeding and to the accumulation of the whole fat of the animal in its enormous tail.

Patches of tobacco are grown; and figs, oranges, lemons, and apricots flourish when they are carefully tended.

Jerusalem is not entirely without the industrial arts: there are seven soap factories; and a considerable traffic in grain, which is altogether in the hands of the Moslems. There are also five potteries, and many people work as stone-cutters and indigo-dyers.

Captain Warren's last work at Jerusalem was excavating an old wall near the large reservoir called Birket Israil. Here he came upon a slit about eighteen inches wide and four inches high, and was naturally very much excited at something so unusual. At last he was upon the eve of some great discovery. This small aperture might perhaps give access to some secret chamber, in which the Ark and utensils hidden from the plundering Romans had lain undisturbed for ages. Here, favoured by fortune, he might perchance find the famous golden vine, which once with its shining clusters twined in gorgeous splendour around the entrance to the Temple. Vain dream! That rich fruitage was gathered hundreds of years ago by the hand of some bold legionary. After infinite trouble, the slit was enlarged so as to give access to the apartment, or rather passage below; and then Captain Warren found one of the most frequent facts—'in his city of facts'—an aqueduct!

Much as he has accomplished as the agent of the Palestine Exploration Society, a great deal yet remains to be done before the Holy City of the past can be disentombed from her sepulchre of centuries. That the work interrupted for the present will be continued at some future time, no one can doubt. Forlorn wasted Jerusalem, although no longer the prize for which rival races contend, is as truly hallowed still by solemn recollections to every thoughtful heart, as she was in the days when mailed Crusader and turbaned Turk fought beneath her walls for the mastery of the Holy Sepulchre. No spot on earth thrills the stranger with such mingled emotion as fills the breast of him who, standing on the Mount of Olives, marks its ancient gnarled trees, and remembers that there, on the sward beneath their hoary boughs, has echoed and re-echoed often in the mysterious past the footfall of the Saviour of the World.

## THE STRONG-MINDED WOMAN.

### IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

When Earle arrived at the De Lacys' house next day at eleven o'clock by appointment, he was shewn into the library, where he found Miss Stirling alone, busy at needlework. She looked so particularly feminine both in occupation and expression, that Earle fancied the soft gray homespun and crimson ribbon more becoming even than her evening attire. Both were slightly embarrassed as she rose and gave him her hand.

'Where is my sitter?' Earle asked, retaining the slim hand in his a moment longer than necessary.

'Oh! you might as easily catch quicksilver as Mrs De Lacy,' said Silvia, smiling. 'She is in and out fifty times an hour. I believe she went to get ready for you.'

'Meantime, I want to ask you a favour,' Earle said, busy with his apparatus. 'I want you to be so very good as to let me have a sitting from *you* too. I have a board on purpose.'

'But how will you get time?' said Silvia, her colour deepening.

'Oh, I shall have plenty, I fancy, while my legitimate sitter is running in and out. I will keep one beside the other on the easel.'

'I do not wish it kept secret from her,' said Silvia, with the proud honesty of her nature.

'Certainly not; but I want to have your face, if you will let me. I will copy it—for your mother, if I may. Will you give me permission?'

'O yes,' she answered confusedly, 'if you care.'

'I *do* care,' he said in a low voice; and at that moment the little lady darted in, the *tête-à-tête* was broken, and Earle, with a sigh, resigned himself to his unpalatable task.

He painted as steadily as the volatile nature of his model permitted, though it is not an easy thing to make a picture, worthy the name, of a once pretty meaningless face that has lost the charm of youth without gaining the dignity of matronhood. But he was rewarded for his penance, for after a while Mrs De Lacy was summoned to some *protégée;* and then, with a delightful sense of relief, he put the unsatisfactory labour on one side, and placed instead a clean canvas on the easel.

'Now, Miss Stirling, if you will be so kind, will you take that seat and reward me for the tedious hour I have passed?'

Silvia complied with his request quietly, without any affectation.

The artist became soon deeply absorbed in trying to produce a faithful likeness of the face before him. It was not only the shape of the features, but the expression of the whole, he wished to catch—as much as it could be caught upon canvas.

'I cannot get the mouth to my mind,' said he,

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dreamily thinking aloud, as artists do. 'What gives it at once that expression, sweet, arch, firm?'

Silvia started up indignantly. 'Mr Earle! if I am to sit here, at least spare me that sort of remark. Do you think any woman in the world could sit still and bear to hear her face analysed?'

'Do forgive me,' he cried, really distressed. 'Indeed, I did not mean to be impertinent, but I feel I was. We get so in the habit of ignoring the *personality* of the faces before us, through having those stolid paid models to paint from. Please look like yourself again, and forgive me.'

'Well, so I do,' said the 'subject,' with a return of her usual frank sweetness. 'I daresay you think I ought to have got hardened; but I am only a woman, after all, you know.'

'You are indeed,' murmured the artist, as he tenderly touched the curve of the upper lip.

So sped the days Earle spent at the De Lacys', the mistress of the house fondly imagining that he was bent on doing her portrait the fullest justice. At last Earle could not pretend that Mrs De Lacy's portrait required many more touches. One day he said sadly enough, as he and Silvia were alone together: 'It's no use; this must come to an end. I can't keep up the delusion that I want more sittings; so I must bring to a close the happiest hours I ever spent in my life.'

'I am going home to-morrow,' Silvia observed, with her eyes down.

'Going home! are you? And you said I might call; do you remember? Will you ask me again?'

'To be sure you may come; why not?' Miss Stirling answered.

'I will try and look forward to that then, for I do feel dreadfully down in the mouth, I confess, at having come to the last of these pleasant hours—pleasant to *me*, I mean. I can't hope *you* have found so much to enjoy in them.'

'O yes,' said Silvia, speaking with frank friendliness; 'we have had a great deal of very interesting talk—when poor Mrs De Lacy was out of the room,' she added with a mischievous smile.

'It is like you and no other woman I ever knew to say so!' he said warmly. 'I want to ask you—I know you will tell me exactly the truth—do you feel now as if I could be a friend of yours?'

'If you care to have a friend in a woman who acts constantly in opposition to your cherished ideas.'

'I have altered many of my ideas since I knew you,' Earle said gravely; 'many, but not all. Still you are better, even when you are doing what I disapprove, than any woman I ever knew.'

'I am glad you tell me the truth,' said Silvia. 'It is the best preparation for friendship. But tell me, what do you disapprove of in me?'

Her face was so gentle and winning as she spoke that he was on the point of saying: 'Nothing in the whole world; only be just yourself;' but Mrs De Lacy came in at that moment, and the words were not spoken.

Wilfred left the house feeling more depressed than there was any reason for. 'What have I made up my mind to do?' he thought. 'I can no longer conceal from myself that I love this woman, who is almost the opposite of all I ever thought to love; and yet I feel a sort of dread in letting this lead me on. Shall we be happy together if she loves me? That is the question I cannot answer. I will wait to see her *at home;* and then, I suppose I must let "the great river bear me to the main," and take my chance of happiness with the rest.'

Mrs Stirling and three daughters—of whom our friend Silvia was the eldest—lived in a pleasant terrace about a mile from the De Lacys. They were well to do, though not rich, and lived a happy busy life; each having interests both separate and in common. They had many friends, and it was a pleasant sociable house to visit at. Mrs Stirling was still young in mind, and entered into all her daughters' pursuits and interests with active sympathy. One afternoon they were all together in the drawing-room—except the youngest daughter Marian, who had a studio near where she painted every day—when a double-knock was heard; by no means an uncommon sound, and yet somehow, lately, every knock seemed to startle Silvia and bring rather a vivid colour to her face. The servant brought in a card inscribed 'Mr Earle;' and that gentleman followed, with an outward appearance of great coolness, but some inward trepidation.

'Mother,' said Silvia quietly, rising and giving him a cordial hand, 'this is my friend, Mr Earle, of whom I spoke.'

'We are very glad to make your acquaintance, Mr Earle,' said Mrs Stirling, in the same cordial natural way, making room by the fire. 'Silvia told us what a successful portrait you made of her.'

Earle's glance round the room pleased his fastidious taste thoroughly. It was emphatically a *lady's* room, filled with pretty feminine things; and without being in the least untidy, was evidently a room to be lived in and to have 'good times,' as Silvia's compatriots say. Mrs Stirling too, whose tall elegant figure and frank manner were repeated in her daughter's, was a woman of marked refinement and culture. He found out this much in five minutes.

They had plenty to say to each other; the Stirlings seemed to read everything, and to have thought about most things; but there was nothing in the slightest degree pedantic or 'blue-stocking' in their talk. So the chat went on merrily—for Wilfred too was a man who could think—but without much help from Silvia, who was unusually silent. Tea was brought in presently; and as she took her place at the tray, Earle found his eyes constantly straying that way and watching her pretty graceful movements. The mother's keen eyes soon discovered the secret, and she turned her head to conceal an amused smile.

'I was nearly forgetting one of the objects of my call,' said the artist, after paying an unconscionably long visit. 'I brought a copy of Miss

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Stirling's portrait to offer for your acceptance. Shall I fetch it? I left it in the hall.'

The picture was brought in; and Mrs Stirling regarded it with exceeding interest.

'It is indeed beautifully done—beautifully!' she said. 'How Marian will enjoy it! It is only much too good for me. You have idealised my Silvia, Mr Earle.'

'Yes; it is shamefully flattered,' said Silvia.

'I don't think so at all!' Earle cried eagerly. 'I am sure it is not in the very least! One tries always of course to catch the best expression, the happiest moment.'

'Well, you must have caught it at a *very* happy moment,' said Mrs Stirling; and then she was vexed with herself, for she saw that her daughter was vexed. To change the subject, she observed: 'Silvia is going to another Suffrage Meeting on Monday, in ——'

This did very effectually change the subject. Earle felt a revulsion of feeling that was painful to a degree. 'Indeed,' he responded coldly. 'Will you be at home on Sunday?'

This question, uttered under a sudden impulse, took them all by surprise. He addressed the question directly to Silvia, whose confusion made her stammer out some half-formed words; but Wilfred was quite calm and master of the situation. 'I was going to ask—if Mrs Stirling allows Sunday visitors—if I might call on that day. I particularly want to see you before you go to ——. May I come on Sunday afternoon?'

Silvia had never before felt so utterly at a loss for a reply; but her mother came to the rescue with some polite words; and the artist almost immediately took leave.

'Well, my darling,' said the mother, breaking the pause his departure left. 'What do you think of all this?'

'Mother,' said Silvia with gentle decision, 'I want to ask you, to please me, not to allude to this again till after Sunday.'

On Sunday afternoon—a dull, cold, foggy day enough—Wilfred found his way again to Eagle-more Gardens. His mind was made up; and his handsome face looked a little set and stern as he paused at the door and asked quietly this time for *Miss* Stirling. The American custom seemed to him at that moment to be a most respectable one. What an amount of management and finessing it saved, for of course every one knew it was Silvia, and Silvia only, he wanted to see.

He was shewn into a small study; and in a few moments heard a dress rustle down the stair and rather a timid touch on the door-handle. As Silvia came in, Earle's face by the dull light looked to her hard and strange, which did not tend to quiet her nerves. She was very pale, and there was an appealing wistfulness in her eyes as she lifted them to his which went straight to his heart; but he gave no sign. He took her hand, pressed it, and gently placed her in an arm-chair, while he remained standing by the mantel-piece with his head down. Neither had yet spoken; both felt they were touching upon a period of their lives with which common forms had nothing to do. Silvia heard her heart thump, and the clock tick, with painful distinctness: she seemed all ear. All around seemed oppressive silence. At last Earle broke the silence: his voice had a deeper tone in it than usual, a resolutely suppressed passion vibrated in it.

'Silvia,' he said, 'I am going to speak the very truth to you—as one speaks not often in one's life—you have taken possession of me—against my will almost—I love you as I never loved woman before—I scarcely know myself how deeply. Speak the truth to me as I have done to you. Whether you love me or love me not, I shall never offer to any living woman what I offer to you, for mine is no boy's love. Speak to me, Silvia.'

'I *will* tell you nothing but the truth,' she said, forcing her voice to be steady. 'I do return your love, I believe I do—though I hardly seem to have shaped it out to myself yet—but'——

'Yes; there is a "but"—I know it. What is your doubt, Silvia? Do not I care for you enough?'

'I believe you do,' she answered softly. 'I believe you must love me very much, because I know it is against your own judgment. But my doubt is—shall we be happy? I know I am not the woman you would deliberately choose for a wife.'

Earle half laughed, though he was terribly in earnest. 'What man in love ever "deliberately chose" a woman for his wife?'

'But should I, could I indeed make you happy?' she said.

'Yes, darling,' he answered, melting into tenderness, and sinking by her chair. 'If you can love me enough to make some sacrifices for me.'

'I should never hesitate to sacrifice anything but duty to one I love,' she said, as he drew her to him.

'Ah, but people have mistaken ideas of duty, often! I want you now, this minute, to give up something I believe you think your duty.'

'What is that?' she asked, drawing away from him.

'I cannot bear to have the woman I love standing up in public to speak before a crowd of vulgar strangers,' he cried, almost fiercely. If you love me, Silvia, give this up for me!'

'You mean on future occasions, after we are—are'——

'No; I mean now, to-morrow: give up this meeting for me, to-morrow!'

'Impossible! I cannot. They are reckoning upon me, and I have promised'——

'You could easily excuse yourself.'

'I will make no false excuses,' cried Silvia with warmth. 'I admit my love for you—but I will never bind myself to what you may choose to demand. If we married, you might trust me to consider your wishes before my own, before everything but conscience; but I will not give way to this exaction—now. I cannot break my promise, and do what I feel to be wrong and cowardly; no, not to be the happiest woman upon earth! And do you think a marriage begun like *that* would be a happy one? No, no; better be sorry now than then.'

He got up and stood apart from her, gloomily. 'Then you will not? A woman like you is too advanced for the dear old traditions of love!'

'I will never marry a man who is ashamed of what his wife has done,' answered Silvia very low, but calmly.

'My old prejudice was a just one, after all,' said he, with a sigh. 'Good-bye.'

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'Need we part so bitterly?' she said tremulously. 'May we not even be friends again?'

'Friends! It is the idlest folly talking of friendship, when one's heart is on fire with love. I could more easily hate you, Silvia, than only be your friend! Good-bye. God bless you, though you have tortured me. God bless you, Silvia.'

In another instant the front-door closed, and Silvia Stirling was alone with a breaking heart.

True to her word, she determined on going to —— the next day. She was looking and feeling wretchedly ill, but she would not give it up, and only stipulated that none but a maid should go with her to the station. It was Silvia's way to suffer in silence and alone. She took her ticket, and sank into a corner of an empty carriage with a heart aching to positive physical pain. To her annoyance a gentleman followed her in, and the train moved out of the station. She raised her listless mournful eyes and saw—Wilfred! She turned so white that he threw himself beside her, and in an instant had his arm about her.

'Why, why have you come?' she murmured with dry trembling lips. 'Cruel of you to torture me again!'

'My darling, it is not now to torture you that I have come—only for this—I can't live without you. I thought I could, but I can't. I have been so vexed with myself ever since we parted. Do you think you can forgive me, my sweet! and trust me with yourself after all?'

'Then you will let me—let me'——

'Let you be your own dear self? Yes, Silvia; I ask for nothing better. As long as we know and trust each other, what does it matter what all the world says? I *will* trust you, dear one. Can you trust me?'

For answer, Silvia put up her lips and met his in a first kiss. Nothing more was needed.

'I am going to shew you,' he said, after a delicious pause, 'that I can be superior even to my prejudices. I have come to take you to this meeting, and to steel myself, for your sake, to what I dislike as much as ever. I could not bear the thought of you alone and sad. I knew you would be.'

'This shall be the last time I do what you dislike,' she murmured softly.

'Don't promise anything,' he interrupted. 'I leave you absolutely free. We will work together and be, as you said, true friends as well as lovers. Are you happy now?'

The honest tender eyes answered the question for her.

Some months after, Mr Roberts received the following note from his old friend Wilfred Earle:

'DEAR JACK—I want you to come and dine with Benedict the married man next Tuesday, and see how happy his "strong-minded woman" makes him. You were right, old fellow! The clever women *do* make the best wives after all. That was a blessed day for me that I went, under protest, to hear my Silvia "spout in public." The spouting days are over now; but I am not ashamed of anything she has done or said. You may laugh at my inconsistency as much as you like; I can afford to laugh too, as I have won something worth winning. Come and judge for yourself, and see your old friend in Elysium, and then go and do the same thing yourself. I can tell you, my wife knows how to welcome my friends; and I hope you will think she makes her house and mine a pleasant one. *Au revoir*, Jack; and between ourselves—she does not at all object to smoking.

W. E.'

## LIME-JUICE.

THE subject of lime-juice has suddenly become one of great public interest. When the chief outlines of the proceedings and experiences of the recent Arctic Expedition appeared in print, much surprise and concern were felt at the sad prostration of so many of the crew by scurvy, the most terrible of all the diseases of maritime life. A Committee of experienced men, old Arctic heroes and medical officers, has been appointed by the Admiralty to investigate the whole subject. We shall of course abstain from all comment or speculation here as to the result; but our readers will not be unwilling to learn something concerning the wonderful effects of *lime-juice*, by contrasting the state of affairs before and since the introduction of that beverage (or rather medicament) as a regular item on shipboard.

Scurvy is a disease concerning which medical men are a little divided in opinion. The relative values of pure air, fresh water, vegetable food, and general cleanliness have not been precisely ascertained. The disease sometimes attacks landsmen under varied circumstances. Martin, who visited the Shetlands early in the last century, found that the inhabitants suffered much from scurvy, which he attributed to the too great use of salt fish. Brand, near about the same period, learned that the Orkney Islanders were often unable to obtain any kind of bread whatever; as a consequence, this dire disease was rife among them. In Von Troil's account of Iceland in the same century, he found that the people lived much upon stale fish, fish livers and roes, fat and train-oil of whales and seals, and sour milk; their clothes were often wet, and the poor folks were constantly exposed to all the hardships of poverty. Such persons supplied the greater number of cases of scurvy in Iceland; those inhabitants who took less fish, sour whey, &c., and ate Iceland moss and other vegetables, were less affected. A singular remedy, or supposed remedy, for those attacked was to bind earth-worms over the blotches, &c. produced by the disease, renewing them as fast as they dried up. The Faröe Islanders suffered much from this affliction at one time; but when the fishing declined and the people began to grow corn, the general health improved. Coming down to more recent times, Ireland suffered from scurvy during the famine years 1846–7; potatoes were almost unattainable, and other kinds of food high in price. Devon and Cornwall were at one time much afflicted in this way during the winter, the disease disappearing when vegetable food became abundant and cheap in spring and summer.

Soldiers and besieged cities have suffered terrible ordeals in this way. When Louis IX. led his crusaders against the Saracens in 1260, the French were much stricken with scurvy, owing to scarcity of food and water and the malarious state of the air. At the siege of Breda in 1625, and at that of Thorn in 1703; in the Hungarian campaign of the Austrians and Turks in 1720; at the siege of Quebec in 1760—the same calamity had to be

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borne. Towards the close of the last century, when Bonaparte crossed the Alps into Italy, his troops suffered greatly from this infliction. So did the British troops at the Cape in 1836. The armies on both sides were much afflicted with the malady during the Crimean War of 1854–5.

But it is in maritime life that this dreadful scourge used to be most appalling. It carried off more sailors than all other causes combined—nearly eighty thousand during the Seven Years' War alone. Salt food, absence of vegetables, foul or deficient water, defective cleanliness, mental depression, over-fatigue—some or other of these agencies were always at work. Vasco da Gama had full reason to know the effects of scurvy on his crew during his voyage to the East in 1497. Pigafella, during a voyage near Cape Horn in 1519, was exposed to the evils of biscuit worm-eaten and reduced to repulsive mouldy dust, and scarcely any other kind of food; his crew were attacked with scurvy severely; their gums swelled so as to hide the teeth, and the upper and lower jaws were so diseased that mastication was nearly impossible. All our famous old navigators—Drake, Davis, Cavendish, Dampier, Hawkins—had mournful reason to know how great were the ravages produced on their crews by this distemper.

Perhaps the most sadly celebrated of all voyages, in regard to this particular visitation, was that of Captain (afterwards Lord) Anson. He was placed in command of a squadron bound for the South Seas to act against French and Spanish vessels and settlements. The narrative of his voyage was afterwards drawn up from his papers by Mr Walter, chaplain of the *Centurion*. Setting forth in 1740, his sojourn in foreign regions was a prolonged one. After the squadron had rounded Cape Horn and entered the Pacific, scurvy began to make its appearance among the crews; their long continuance at sea, the fatigues they had undergone, and various disappointments that had had to be endured, all contributed to the spread of the disease. There were few on board the *Centurion* who were free from its attacks. In the month of April forty-three men died. Anson hoped that, as they advanced north, the spread would be checked; but the death-rate was nearly doubled in May. As the ship did not reach port till the middle of June, and as the mortality went on increasing, the deaths reached a number exceeding two hundred; even among the remainder of the crew they could not muster at last more than six foremast-men in a watch fit for duty. To sum up: in the first two years of a five years' voyage, Anson lost no less than two-fifths of the original crew.

Anson's experience shewed that the scurvy was not driven back even when the conditions might seem to have been moderately favourable. 'It has been generally assumed that plenty of fresh provisions' and water are effectual preventives. But it happened that in the present instance we had a considerable stock of fresh provisions on board, such as hogs and fowls, which were taken in at Paita; besides which we almost every day caught great abundance of bonitos, dolphins, and albicores. The unsettled season, which deprived us of the benefit of the trade-wind, proved extremely rainy; we were enabled to fill up our water-casks about as fast as they were emptied; and each man had five pints of water per day. Notwithstanding all this, the sick were not relieved, nor the spread of the disease retarded. The ventilation too was good, the decks and cabins well attended to, and ports left open as much as possible.' Another passage in the narrative tends to shew that the officers were much impressed with this failure of many preventives which are usually regarded as very important. 'All I have aimed at is only to shew that in some instances the cure and prevention of the disease are alike impossible by any management, or by the application of any remedies which can be made use of at sea. Indeed I am myself fully persuaded that when it has once got to a certain head, there are no other means in nature for relieving the diseased but carrying them on shore, or at least bringing them into the neighbourhood of land.'

Thus wrote an observant man in the days when the remarkable qualities of lime-juice were little known. Later in the same century, Captain Cook, owing either to better management or to being exposed to less unfavourable circumstances, or to both causes combined, fared better than Lord Anson. Although he had a little lime-juice, he reserved that for medical cases. He gave his men sweet malt-wort; another article administered was sowens, obtained by long steeping oatmeal in water until the liquid becomes a little sour; and sour-kraut, consisting of slices of cabbage salted, pressed down, fermented, and barrelled—without vinegar. Cook lost only one man from scurvy out of a hundred and eighteen, during voyages that lasted three years, and in oceans that ranged over so much as a hundred and twenty degrees in latitude. Quite at the close of the century, Péron during a voyage of discovery suffered greatly; but everything was against him. Putrefying meat, worm-eaten biscuit, foul water—all tended to produce such a state of matters that not a soul on board was exempt from scurvy; only four, including officers of the watch, were able to remain on deck. The second surgeon M. Taillefer, behaved heroically. Although himself affected, he was employed at all hours in attendance on the rest—at once their physician, comforter, and friend.

And now we come to the subject of lime-juice, a liquid which, on the concurrent testimony of all competent persons, possesses a remarkable power, both in preventing attacks of scurvy, and in curing the disease when the symptoms have already made themselves manifest.

How the discovery arose, no one can now say; probably the fact grew upon men's attention by degrees, without any special discovery at any particular date. That vegetables and fruits are acceptable when scurvy has made its appearance, has been known for centuries past. The potato, for instance, has often been purposely adopted as an article of diet in prisons, on the occurrence of this disease, with good effect—a few pounds of this root being added to the weekly rations. Countries in which oranges and lemons are abundant and cheap have not been much affected with the malady. In 1564 a Dutch ship, bringing a cargo of oranges and lemons from Spain, was attacked with scurvy; the men were supplied plentifully with the fruit, and recovered. Other varieties of the same genus, such as the lime, citron, and shaddock, gradually became recognised as possessing much value in cases of this malady. In 1636 Mr Woodall, a medical officer in the navy, published

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his *Surgeon's Assistant*, in which he dwelt forcibly on the great importance of employing fruits of this class. He expressed an opinion that oranges, lemons, and the like, come well to maturity in the intertropical zone where scurvy is most rife, and in a humble thankful spirit commented thus on the fact: 'I have often found it true that where a disease most reigneth, even there God hath appointed the best remedies for the same, if it be His will they should be discovered and used.' It was more than a century later that Dr Lind wrote especially on this subject, emphatically pronouncing that the juice of oranges and lemons is a better remedy for scurvy than any other known medicament. Lord Anson's disastrous experience had drawn public attention to the subject, and more attention was paid to Lind than had been bestowed on Woodall.

Nevertheless, the eighteenth century nearly closed before the English government were roused to action in the matter. To Sir Gilbert Blane is due the honour of inducing the Admiralty to furnish a supply of lime-juice to all ships of the royal navy, especially those starting on long voyages. The effect was wonderful. The records of the Royal Naval Hospital at Haslar, near Gosport, shewed that one thousand four hundred and fifty-seven cases of scurvy were admitted in 1780, whereas in 1806 there was only one single case; the introduction of lime-juice as a regular item in ships' supplies having taken place in the intervening period. Scurvy became quite a rare disease on shipboard; and many ships' surgeons are said to have advanced towards middle life without having seen an instance of it. When Captain Parry organised his expeditions to the icy regions, he was sedulously attentive to this as well as to all other matters connected with the health and well-being of his crews. As he found that some of his men occasionally shirked the lime-juice given out to them, he adopted the plan of mustering them every day, and seeing that every one drank off his due allowance.

When the juice has been obtained by the aid of a screw-press or any other means, it is heavy, cloudy, and sour. A proportion of ten per cent. of spirit is added to preserve the juice from being too much affected by tropical heats, and also to modify the possible effect of too great acidity. The mixture is carefully bottled for sea-use; and the sailors and marines begin to drink it about a fortnight after leaving port. About an ounce a day per man is the usual allowance, often mixed with sugar in their grog; the quantity is increased if any symptoms of scurvy make their appearance. Lime-juice may be preserved in the same way as ripe fruits by placing the bottles containing it in water, boiling for half an hour, gradually cooling, and hermetically sealing. Dr Leach, consulted by the Board of Trade, strongly recommended the use of lime-juice in all emigrant and other passenger ships, and drew up a dietary scale for this purpose. An act of parliament had before that date been passed, directing the adoption of this medicament in the mercantile marine; but the lime-juice supplied by contractors was found to be frequently so grossly adulterated that scurvy began to appear. Whereupon a further statute ordered that all lime-juice should be officially inspected before being placed on shipboard. One ounce daily per head is now a pretty general allowance in all ships alike. The better class of passenger-ship owners, such as Messrs Wigram, had long before adopted the system, without waiting for any official pressure.

It is now, to sum up, admitted beyond doubt or cavil, that lime-juice is the most valuable of all known agents for warding off scurvy, or for curing when the disease has made its appearance.

In an earlier paragraph we briefly adverted to the fact that a Committee is officially examining into the circumstances connected with the outbreak of scurvy in the *Alert* and *Discovery*. Of course no attempt will be made here to anticipate the result, nor to pronounce an opinion on the question involved. But Captain Sir George Nares has himself made public some remarkable observations on the matter, revealing facts never before so fully known to those who are most directly interested in the subject. In a speech delivered at Guildhall, the gallant officer said: 'No sledge-party employed in the Arctic regions in the cold month of April has ever been able to issue a regular ration of lime-juice. Every commander has desired to continue the daily issue while travelling, as recommended by medical authorities; but all have failed in doing so during the cold weather. In addition to the extra weight to be dragged that its carriage would entail, there is the more serious consideration of the time and fuel necessary to melt it. . . . After the middle of May, when the weather is warmer, lime-juice can be (and was) used as a ration. Of course hereafter lime-juice in some shape or other must be carried in all sledging-journeys; and I earnestly trust that some means will be found to make it into a lozenge; for as a fluid, there is and always will be extreme difficulty in using it in cold weather, unless Arctic travelling is considerably curtailed. Owing to the thaw which sets in before the return of the sledges, in its present state it must be carried in bottles; but up to the middle of May it remains frozen as solid as a rock. If the bottles have not already been broken by the jolting of the sledge or the freezing of the contents, they have to be broken on purpose before chipping off a piece of the frozen lime-juice, as if it were a piece of stone.' Cannot our pharmaceutical chemists come to the rescue, and devise some mode of making lime-juice into small convenient lozenges or dry confections?

## 'BELL-ANIMALCULES.'

As we write, we look upon a prospect which excites our wonder and interest. The eye sees a variety of form and structure presenting a combination of grace and delicacy hardly to be matched in the whole of Nature's domain. Within the compass of a small round disc or circle, we behold numerous beings, each consisting of a bell-shaped head mounted on a delicate flexible stalk. The margins of the bells are fringed with minute processes, resembling miniature eyelashes, and hence named *cilia;* and these processes wave to and fro with an incessant motion, by means of which particles of solid matter suspended in the water around are swept into the mouth of the bells. Suddenly some impulse moves the beings we are gazing upon to contract themselves, and as if by magic, and more quickly than the eye can follow them, the bell-shaped bodies shrink up almost into

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nothingness by the contracting power of their stalks. Soon, however, as the alarm disappears, the beings once more uncoil themselves, the stalks assume their wonted and straight appearance, the little cilia or filaments once again resume their waving movements, and the current of life proceeds as before.

The spectacle we have been describing is not by any means a rare or uncommon one, to the microscopist at least. We have merely been examining a tiny fragment of pond-weed and its inhabitants, floating in a thin film of stagnant water. Attached to the weed is a colony of those peculiar animalcules known popularly as 'bell-animalcules,' and to the naturalist as *Vorticellæ*. Yet common as the sight may be to the naturalist, it affords one example of the many undreamt-of wonders which lie literally at the feet, and encompass the steps of ordinary observers; and it also exemplifies the deep interest and instruction which may be derived from even a moderate acquaintance with natural history, together with the use of a microscope of ordinary powers.

The bell-animalcules are readily procured for examination. Their colonies and those of neighbour-animalcules may be detected by the naked eye existing on the surface of pond-weeds as a delicate white nap, looking like some lower vegetable growth. And when a portion of the weed is placed under the object-glass of the microscope, numerous animalcules are to be seen waving backwards and forwards in all their vital activity. The general appearance of each animalcule has already been described. The bell-shaped structure which, with its mouth turned uppermost, exists at the top of each stem or stalk, is the body. The stalk is never branched in these animalcules; and except in certain instances to be presently alluded to, each stalk bears a single head only. The structure of the stalk is worthy of special mention. The higher powers of the microscope shew us that within the soft substance or *protoplasm*, of which not only the stalk but the body also is composed, a delicate muscular fibre is contained. This fibre possesses the power of contracting under stimulation, just as the muscles of higher animals contract or shorten themselves. And by means of this structure therefore, the bell-animalcules, when danger threatens them, are enabled to contract themselves with great rapidity, the stalk itself shrinking up into a spiral form. The operation reminds one forcibly of some sensitive plant shrinking when rudely touched. The lower extremity of the stalk forms a kind of 'root,' by means of which the animalcules attach themselves to fixed objects, such as pond-weeds, &c.

The bell-shaped body is sometimes named the *calyx*, from its resemblance to the structure of that name in flowers. The edge of the bell possesses a very prominent rim, and within this we find the fringe of filaments or cilia, which in reality form a spiral line leading to the edge of the bell, where at one point is situated the mouth, represented by an aperture or break in the rim of the body. We have seen that the cilia create miniature maëlstroms or whirlpools in the surrounding water, which have the effect of drawing particles of food towards the mouth. The study of the bell-animalcules affords an excellent example of the gaps which yet remain to be filled up in our knowledge of the structure even of the lowest and commonest forms of life. No structures are more frequently met with in the animal world than the delicate vibratile filaments or cilia, so well seen in the bell-animalcules. The microscopist meets with them in almost every group of animals he can examine. They are seen alike in the gills of the mussel and in the windpipe of man; and wherever currents of air or fluid require to be maintained and produced. Yet when the physiologist is asked to explain how and why it is that little microscopic filaments—each not exceeding in many cases the five-thousandth part of an inch in length, and destitute of all visible structure—are enabled to carry on incessant and independent movements, his answer is, that science is unable, at the present time, to give any distinct reply to the query. No trace of muscles is found in these filaments, and their movements are alike independent of the will and nervous system; for when removed uninjured from the body of the animal of which they form part, their movements may continue for days and weeks together. What a field for future inquiry may thus be shewn to exist, even within the compass of a bell-animalcule's history—these animalcules being themselves of minute size, and even when massed together in colonies, barely perceptible to the unassisted sight!

A very simple and ingenious plan of demonstrating the uses of the cilia in sweeping food-particles into the mouths of the animalcules, was devised by Ehrenberg, the great German naturalist. This plan consists in strewing in the water in which the animalcules exist, some fragments of coloured matter, such as indigo or carmine, in a very fine state of division. These coloured particles can readily be traced in their movements, and accordingly we see them tossed about and whirled about by the ciliary currents, and finally swept into the mouths of the animalcules, which appear always to be on the outlook, if one may so term it, for nutritive matter. Sometimes when we may be unable to see the cilia themselves, on account of the delicate structure, we may assure ourselves of their presence by noting the currents they create.

The structure of the bell-animalcules is of very simple and primitive kind. The body consists of a mass of soft protoplasm—as the substance of the lower animals and plants is named; but this matter is capable of itself of constituting a distinct and complete animal form, and of making up for its want of structure by a literally amazing fertility of functions. Thus it can digest food; for in the bell-animalcules and their neighbours, the food-

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particles swept into the mouth are dissolved amid the soft matter of the body in which they are imbedded. Although the animalcules possess no digestive system, the protoplasm of the body serves them in lieu of that apparently necessary apparatus, and prepares and elaborates the food for nourishing the body. Then we have seen that the animalcules contract when irritated or alarmed. A tap on the slide of glass on which they are placed for microscopic examination, initiates a literal reign of terror in the miniature state; for each animalcule shrinks up as if literally alarmed at the unwonted innovation in its existence. This proceeding suggests forcibly to us that they are sensitive—if not in the sense in which higher animals exhibit sensation, at least in much the same degree and fashion as a sensitive plant. And where sensation exists, analogy would lead us to believe that some form of apparatus resembling or corresponding to nerves exercising the function of feeling, must be developed in the animalcules. Yet the closest scrutiny of the bell-animalcules, as well as of many much higher forms, fails to detect any traces of a nervous system. And hence naturalists fall back upon the supposition that this curious protoplasm or body-substance of these and other lower animals and plants, possesses the power of receiving and conveying impressions; just as in the absence of a stomach, it can digest food.

The last feature in the organisation and history of the bell-animalcules that we may allude to in the present instance is that of their development. If we watch the entire life-history of these animalcules, we shall observe the bell-shaped heads of various members of the colony to become broadened, and to increase disproportionately in size. Soon a groove or division appears in this enlarged head; and as time passes, the head appears to divide into two parts or halves, which for a time are borne by the one stalk. This state of matters, however, does not continue; and shortly one of the halves breaks away from the stalk, leaving the other to represent the head of the animalcule. This wandering half or head is now seen to be provided at each end with cilia, and by means of these filaments swims freely throughout the surrounding water. After a time, however, it settles down, develops a stalk from what was originally its mouth extremity; whilst the opposite or lower extremity with its fringe of cilia comes to represent the mouth of the new animalcule. We thus note that new bell-animalcules may be produced by the division of the original body into two halves. They also increase by a process of *budding*. New buds grow out from the body near the attachment of the stalk; these buds in due time appearing as young Vorticellæ, which detach themselves from their parent and seek a lodgment of their own.

These briefly sketched details may serve to interest readers in a comparatively unknown field of observation, accessible to every one who cares to know something of one of the many life-histories with which our universe teems, but which from their very plenty are seldom thought of or recognised. And the present subject is also not uninteresting if we regard it in the light of a corrective to those too commonly received notions, usually fostered by ignorance of our surroundings, that there is nothing worth attention in the universe but humanity and human affairs.

### ADVICE TO YOUNG WOMEN.

In marrying make your own match: do not marry a man to get rid of him or to save him. The man who would go to destruction without you would as likely go with you, and perhaps bring you along. Do not marry in haste, lest you repent at last. Do not let aunts, fathers, or mothers sell you for money or position into bondage, tears, and life-long misery, which you alone must endure. Do not place yourself habitually in the society of any suitor until you have decided the question of marriage; human wills are weak, and people often become bewildered, and do not know their error until it is too late. Get away from their influence, settle your head, and make up your mind alone. A promise may be made in a moment of sympathy, or even half-delirious ecstasy, which may have to be redeemed through years of sorrow, toil, and pain. Do not trust your happiness to the keeping of one who has no heart, no health. Beware of insane blood, and those who use ardent spirits; shun the man who ever gets intoxicated. Do not rush thoughtlessly, hastily, into wedded life, contrary to the counsels of your friends. Love can wait; that which cannot wait is something of a very different character.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

### LINES TO THE MEMORY OF THOMAS TYRIE,

A YOUNG EDINBURGH POET OF GREAT PROMISE.

THE fairest flowers that Summer wrings
From grassy mound to scent the air—
The leaves that sweetest beauty wear
When from the skies on happy wings
Spring flies to earth—in sad decay
Are first to fall, and fade away.

And like the garden rose that rears
'Mongst lesser flowers its stately form,
But droops and dies before the storm,
When Winter's gloomy face appears—
Yet leaves within Affection's heart
A beauty, that can ne'er depart—

A love, that Death may never claim,
Nor mix with his forgetful gloom
Amidst the stillness of the tomb;
So Memory keeps *his* honoured name
Within the mind; there shall it be
Till Time shall find Eternity.

His life was like the snowy cloud
That peaceful decks the evening sky,
And fills with love the gazer's eye;
But when the voice of thunder loud
Commands, it finds an early doom,
And disappears amongst the gloom.

Or like the snowy-crested wave
That sweeps along the sounding shore
In sunshine, then is seen no more,
Was his sweet life that early gave
Its noble soul to Him who lives
For aye, and takes but what He gives.

Ne'er trod the earth a purer soul
Than he, upon whose early bier
I lay unworthy tribute here;
Nor, while the stream of life shall roll,
On earth at least I hope to find
A youth of more exalted mind
Than he, whom God hath called away
To grace the loveful lands of never-dying day!

D. R. W.

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## 'LIVES O' MEN.'

THE stranger who sails for the first time up the Firth of Forth must be struck with the numerous villages that stud its picturesque shores. These for the most part are fishing-villages, inhabited by a race of hardy men, who at times run fearful risks at sea. Though the morning may look settled, and the prospects of a good 'take' induce the boats to venture forth far out to sea, the afternoon may prove so boisterous that all hands are glad to beat a retreat, and leaving lines or nets to look after themselves, make for some harbour of refuge. Sometimes, as was prominently the case last year, the weather may come on so suddenly violent that the best appointed boats, handled by experienced men, run dreadful risks, and reach the sheltering haven only by a hair's-breadth. At times no skill can avail, and wives and mothers—and as we had occasion to shew in a recent article on the Hebrides, sweethearts—are left lamenting. It is unfortunate that many of the harbours on the Firth of Forth are dry or nearly so at low-water, so that a boat at sea *must* wait outside before the crew can venture in; for thus are doubtless lost many boats and their hapless crews that otherwise might 'make the run' and be out of danger. Unable to make harbour from want of water, there is no alternative but to lie off under close-reefed sail till the tide makes, or be dashed to splinters on a lee-shore. This will assist the reader of the following story in understanding the anxiety felt by those on shore for the boats at sea, even when the boats appeared in sight. Having braved the open sea in all its fury, the attempt to take the harbour at the ebb might have been disastrous to all.

With this preface we offer to our readers a description of such a scene as witnessed by one who has kindly placed it at our disposal. His story runs as follows:

'It's a sair, sair nicht, sir. God help them out on the sea!' With these words was I greeted as, through the darkness of that awful night of the 3d of August last, I groped my way to the harbour of the small fishing-village on the east coast of Scotland where I was then staying, being interested in the herring-fishing there.

On the evening of the night above mentioned a number of the boats had gone to sea, even though the weather (to say the least of it) looked threatening. The fishing up to this date had been a comparative failure; but signs of herring on the coast had been met with on the previous night; and with time wearing on, little doing, and a number of mouths to fill, the hardy weather-beaten fishermen were loath to lose a chance; so to sea they went, some few boats being providentially kept on shore.

The night, from being threatening, grew bad, with gathering clouds and rain, and gusts of wind from the sea. Wives kept up good fires against their husbands' return, as all expected the boats back. The *last* boat that went out *did* return, but no others; and the fishermen on shore were of opinion that with the wind they had had, the boats would be 'weel at sea an' sweer' (unwilling) 'to turn!'

Eleven o'clock comes, and the weather not much worse. Opinions are hazarded that it will 'maybe tak aff wi' the tide;' and I turn in and am soon asleep. Not to sleep long, however. One o'clock, and I am awakened with the howling wind, blast after blast, battering the rain against the windows, and rattling and banging windows and doors; and the noise of that dread continuous, seething, inexpressible *hus-sh* from the now storm-tossed angry sea. Out of bed at once, and into clothes and oilskins, then out into the night. Dark? Yes; black! Wind like to tear you off your legs, and rain blinding; but worst of all, that raging sea outside.

I struggle down to the harbour; and there, under the lee of an old boat, I find two or three fishermen, and am greeted with the words I commenced with. I could merely make out the indistinct forms of the men, but I knew the voice of the one who spoke. He was an old man now, past going to sea; but out there,

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somewhere in the darkness, were two sturdy young men, his sons, for whom he had worked in their childhood, and who now worked for him in his old age. Well might he pray: 'God help them out on the sea!' A month or two later than this, last year, his youngest, bonnie son was one of a crew of five drowned in that very sea, before his old father's eyes.

During temporary lulls, we could hear that there were others about; and often a sad pent-up wail, choked with a sob, told of 'wives and mithers maist despairin'' wandering past through the darkness and rain.

The cold gray dawn comes at last, only to shew us a widespread army of fighting waves dashing wildly on to the shore, and making a clean breach over the protection breakwater of the little harbour; plainly shewing the impossibility of any of the boats taking *that* harbour, even should they make shoreward. The safety of the boats inside the very harbour even has to be looked after, for when the tide makes, the run will be likely to snap everything.

As the morning advances and no boats heave in sight, the question arises, Where will they be? Some say they will make this or that harbour farther north; while others say they will be riding out the storm at sea, 'hanging by'* their nets. Already, by break of day, between twenty and thirty dripping half-clad women have started to walk along the coast to the next fishing-ports. They cannot wait here till the telegraph opens; and when it does open it finds plenty of work without them.

Some men have taken the road also, promising to telegraph back, should they find any tidings of friends or neighbours. Those of us left here gather together at sheltered corners and peer out to sea and hazard an opinion now and then. The old man before spoken of tells how he was at sea the night of the great loss twenty-nine years ago, but doubts if it was as bad a night as this has been. Another—even older-looking—tells how that night is as fresh in his memory as yesterday, for, as he said, he had then thought his last night on land or sea had come. He too is sure this has been a wilder night; but then he hopefully adds: 'Look at the boats they've got to work wi' noo!' Then with a sigh: 'But a' will no tell their tale o' this nicht.'

Morning grows into noon, and the rain has now settled down into a dark drizzle, occasionally clearing a little and allowing at times a better look-out to sea.

During one of these breaks a boat heaves in sight, evidently making straight for the harbour, under a small patch of sail, and labouring heavily in the trough of the sea. Instantly the village is in a commotion, for well do all know what will be the fate of that boat and crew should they get too far in-shore. The cries of the poor women are heart-rending as they rush hither and thither through cold and wet clasping their bewildered little bairnies to their breasts. Away there goes a stalwart young fellow with a tar-barrel on his shoulder, followed by others carrying wood and shavings; and in a few minutes a warning flame bursts from the hillside; up goes a white flag on the end of the pier, a signal of too much sea on for taking the harbour; and there also from a schooner inside the harbour waves the Union-jack half-mast high, with ensign reversed—a world-wide understood signal of danger. Soon also another fire blazes from another point higher up, from where it is considered it will be better seen by those in the boat; and the old boat-builder (from whose yard the barrel, chips, and shavings have been got) stands by with a flagon of oil, from which, from time to time, he pours a little over the fire, making it shoot forth a flashing, brighter flame.

Now all has been done that can at the moment be thought of, and it only remains to wait. The boat still seems to be making for the shore; and from that it is surmised that those on board of her are strange to this part of the coast. 'He's keepin' her awa.' 'Na; he's only jibing her end-on to the seas.' 'She's gaun aboot.' 'Na, na; the Lord hae mercy on them; he's gaun to try the harbour!' Such are a few of the exclamations from the anxious group round, or rather behind that danger-fire; and there also from the lips of a bonnie fisher lass about fifteen or sixteen I hear the earnest muttered prayer: 'The Lord be at the helm. O Lord, be at the helm!' Her father and three of her brothers went to sea last night in the same boat, and strange to say—though not known to her or any on shore at the time—that boat for whose guidance she prayed *was* her father's. Still the boat holds on—until again, and this time almost with a shout, it is announced that 'she's gaun aboot' (shifting her course). Yes, and this time it is right. She *is* about. There is a sigh of relief from all, and many a hearty 'Thank God.' Tongues seem loosened now, and criticisms are passed on how 'she's behavin',' and how 'he' (the steersman) 'works her.' All agree that those in the boat will make for a port about fifteen miles farther north, which it is thought will be possible to be entered with safety. At least all are relieved that for the present the boat seems out of danger.

The Telegraph Office immediately on its being opened, and ever since, has been completely besieged. What a picture, and how impossible to picture it! A little wayside railway office crushed full of dripping, crying women, with a sad-faced man here and there. Not a sound, except occasionally a smothered sob or whisper, and the tic-tic-tic of the instrument, meaning joy or grief perhaps to some of these poor women, all eagerly watching that lad, or rather boy, the only one there who understands that tic-tic-tic.

Then when news *does* come of this or that boat's safety, watch the brightening faces of those to whom it is good news; their long-drawn thankful sigh of relief, and their again saddening look as they think of others around them who have got no news yet. Quietly they pull their shawls over their heads and slip out, only to make room for others who have been standing outside in the rain waiting their turn.

But hollo! There goes the fire on the hill again. What does it mean? Another boat? No; but the same one is about. Again all is consternation and wonder, until the old boat-builder says quietly: 'He's weel acquaint. It's ane o' oor ain folk, an' he's gaun to dodge aboot expeck'n the wind to tak aff.' And he is right too; for the boat only comes near enough not to be *too* near,

* Herring boats frequently ride out a gale at sea by being made fast by stout ropes to the nets, which answer the purpose of an anchor. In this position the boat is said to be 'hanging by' the net.

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then 'bout ship and out again. After a time another boat heaves in sight, then another, until, by about five o'clock in the evening, there are eleven boats tossing about out there on that wild sea, in sight of home, waiting for the storm to abate and the sea go down. News has also come to hand of the safety of other six of the thirty boats that went out from here last night, so that there is still about half of them to be heard of yet, should those in the offing turn out to belong to the place.

Well, it did 'tak aff;' and by nine o'clock that night fourteen boats managed to get safely into the harbour, though with great difficulty and danger.

What a sight was that also! A well-manned salmon coble kept afloat in the fairway ready for an emergency, and at the same time giving confidence to those in the boats taking the harbour. The pier crowded with men, women, and children, anxiously, silently, watching each boat through the peril. Then the greetings and questionings of the tired, starving fishermen, whom the sea seems to have given up.

Still lots of the boats have yet to be heard of, and many a one wanders the whole night through, unable to rest in his anxiety for the missing ones. Next day, however, all are accounted for. All safe, except one boat with a crew of five, swamped out at sea, in that dreadful August storm, and all hands drowned; and it has proved a 'sair, sair nicht' for the poor old fisherman with whose words I began this sketch, for one of his stalwart sons was one of that crew of five, who leave four widows and thirteen 'faitherless bairns;' proving how appropriate it is in regard to the pursuit of the 'caller herrin'' that

> Wives and mithers maist despairin'
> Ca' them *lives o' men.*

## A MORNING IN A LONDON HOSPITAL.

'If you will meet me at —— Hospital at half-past ten on Monday morning, I shall be happy to shew you anything in my power.' So ran a note I received some little time since from a privileged visitor at one of the largest London hospitals. An hour's ride brought me to the gates of the institution, which is in the very heart of busy London, and yet, as far as noise goes, might be miles away from all its life and bustle. A little world by itself it stands, having its own laws and customs, its chiefs and subordinates, and certainly its own joys and sorrows. Crossing a stone yard and up a flight of steps, the first obstacle presented itself in the shape of an ever-watchful porter; but the name of my correspondent had a magical effect in quieting his fears. Friends of the patients are allowed to visit them on three days in the week at stated hours; but beyond this, without private interest, it is by no means easy to obtain admission to any hospital.

Passing through the porter's gate, I found myself in a stone hall, where my friend joined me; and opening a door at one end, she led me into the accident ward. Down each side of the long room were arranged beds at short intervals, each with its coverlet of blue check and curtains to match. Yet there was little monotony in the appearance of the whole, each bed taking different shapes according to the nature of its inmate's accident. Skilled hands know how to place sufferers in the position that causes least pain; and light frames are fixed over injured limbs to prevent contact with the bed-clothes. Each bed too has a chain suspended from the top, with a handle attached; by which simple contrivance patients are enabled to raise and in some measure help themselves much sooner than would otherwise be possible. Some of the worst 'cases' are too ill to notice us as we go round; but from the greater number we get something of a smile.

Our next step was to mount the stairs on the other side of the hall. We now came to a large male surgical ward, holding about fifty beds arranged as before described. Here the dressers or house-surgeons were beginning their duties. The first bed at which we paused was tenanted by a boy of twelve or fourteen years old, with a bright and not unhealthy looking face; but a terrible abscess had formed on the calf of the leg, so affecting the bone that a serious operation was necessary to prevent amputation. This had been performed a few days before our visit; but useful as chloroform is at the time of an operation, it by no means saves all the pain. The first dressing is much dreaded, and even in the case of which I write the poor boy's sufferings were very great; but he was a true Briton as to endurance. I did not know which to admire most, his bravery or the steady hand and eye of the surgeon, who did not shrink from inflicting necessary pain, whilst with bright words of encouragement he helped his poor patient to 'be a man.' The air of cheerfulness about the ward was surprising; round the fireplaces were groups of patients, just well enough to be up. Gaunt and ill they looked, but as ready as possible for a bit of fun. The Sister of the ward comes out of her cheery little room just as we turn to go away, so we stop for a few minutes' chat with her. She tells us that in addition to the services of Chaplain and Scripture-readers, each ward is visited once a week by ladies, who talk to the patients one by one, reading to them, and trying to shew sisterly sympathy with their sorrows. Sister says that the patients look forward to the visiting afternoon with great pleasure, and my friend remarks: 'No wonder; poor things! They must find it very dull lying here day after day and week after week.'

Sister breaks into a merry laugh, and utterly scouts the notion that her ward could be anything but bright and pleasant. 'You see,' she said, 'mine are surgical cases. It may be dull perhaps on the medical side; but here the patients are well as a rule, except in one particular thing.'

To our inexperienced minds 'one particular thing' seemed quite enough. Asking the same Sister whether she found it difficult to obtain permission from one of the authorities to do something she wished, she answered with an amused smile: 'I never have any difficulty in getting anything for anybody.' It certainly would be difficult to refuse anything to such a bonnie face and pleasant manner. One could not but be thankful that she and others like her shed their sunshine where there must of necessity be so much shadow.

In the next ward (female) we had a few words with a motherly night-nurse. She goes to bed after dinner (about 1 P.M.), and comes on duty again at nine in the evening; but turning night

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into day seems to agree capitally with her. Seeing several cots with tiny inmates, we ask her whether they give her much trouble: her prompt answer is: 'Not a bit; not half so much as some of the grown-ups.'

'And the medicine; have you difficulty with that?'

'Never; however nasty it is, they drink it up without a word.'

One case of a poor woman is both medical and surgical—a terrible string of maladies; but another nurse, in answer to the question, 'Can she recover?' answers heartily and with real interest: 'Indeed, we hope she will.' She certainly would not without great care and the best of nursing. Near her is a cot, and my friend asks the four-year-old inmate what is the matter. A tiny voice pipes out in the very highest of high trebles: 'I'se here tawse I tarn't walt.' A dislocated thigh will prevent the poor baby from walking for several weeks. In the next cot is a girl of five, injured in the same way. 'Run over,' nurse tells us; and adds: 'Half of them are.'

A few more visits on the surgical side, and we come down-stairs again, and go through a door at the opposite end of the hall from the porter's lodge. The medical cases are in a block of buildings quite distinct from the surgical. The first ward we entered was chiefly occupied by consumptive patients. On opening the door, a most pitiful wail greeted us. Going up to the cot from whence it proceeded, we found a tiny child lying with its eyes fixed on the ceiling and giving utterance to the most heart-rending cries. The Sister, nurses, and patients were alike almost in despair about her. One nurse told us that little Jessie was eighteen months old, though not so big as some children of as many days. She had been brought to the hospital a week before, *starved*. Her limbs were so rigid that they could scarcely bend them. A patient told us that she nearly *bit through* the spoon when first fed. The doctor considered her much better; but she cried or rather wailed the whole night and all day, unless nursed or fed. Nurse had taken her into her own bed for three nights with little avail; and all the inmates of the ward were feeling worn out with worry and want of sleep. At a subsequent visit I found her still wailing, and tried the experiment of nursing her for some hours. She was perfectly good in my lap, and went to sleep. Flattering myself that I had done a good work in securing a quiet morning for the other patients, I put my lady down in her cot. She lay for just one minute, and then opened her eyes with a shriek that made me glad to bundle her up and quiet her at any cost. At my last visit I found that Sister had been obliged to send her away, after trying what having the mother in at night would do, and finding it of no use. One poor woman, very ill in the next bed, said to me: 'I do love little children, and I have a baby of my own, so I don't mind some crying; but it was dreadful to hear that child cry day and night, and no sleep for any of us.'

There seems to be no special ward set apart for children; but cots are sprinkled about in the female wards for those under the age of seven. As a rule, the patients like this, and the little ones get a good deal of notice and petting; but I am afraid no one regretted poor Jessie excepting a deaf and dumb boy in a cot near, who could not hear her cries, and delighted in clapping his hands at her. He was a handsome child of five, with a wonderfully bright smile, and very quick at catching the meaning of the slightest sign. At this first visit, his only amusement was to fold up the bed-clothes and throw them on the rod over his crib. His little tray had no toys on it; and notwithstanding his sunny face, one could not but fancy the days must have been very long and uninteresting. The last time I saw him he was rejoicing over some bright pictures, pointing out their beauties to his kind nurse, and making all sorts of inarticulate sounds of joy. One nurse had a rather quaint idea of the use of pictures. In answer to my question, 'Would No. 7 understand these?' she said: 'O yes; he'd know how to tear them up!'

After speaking to several of the patients, our attention was drawn to a woman, who looked so much a picture of health, that it needed quite an effort of faith to believe her when she said that, two or three weeks before, she had been so dangerously ill that she scarcely expected to leave the hospital alive; but under treatment she had improved so rapidly that she was hoping to go to a Convalescent Home in a few days. Several of the patients were well enough to be about. Whenever this is the case, they take what share they can in waiting on those too ill to help themselves. One or two are so ill that they cannot put a foot to the ground, need to be lifted in and out of bed and waited on like children. The Sister of this ward is most admirably suited to her post. She has the gift of governing, and nurses, as well as patients, are completely under her control. One of her duties is to go round the ward administering medicine to each patient (the medicine is kept on a shelf over the bed); and certainly the way they took it bore out the statement of the nurse spoken of at the first: however disagreeable, it was swallowed at once without the shadow of a grimace. Sister too presides over the distribution of the smaller articles of food, kept in little movable cupboards, of which there is one to each bed. The bread is baked in small tempting loaves, and brought into the ward in what looks likes a clothes-basket. Two patients carry this up the middle, whilst Sister asks each in turn how much they feel equal to. The amount they then receive lasts them till the following morning. A stated allowance of butter is given in the same way. A bill of fare hangs over each bed; eggs and all other extras being only given under the doctor's orders. In addition to this diet-card, a form is suspended from the bed's head, filled in with the name, age, address, and disease of the patient, together with the names of his or her doctor and house-surgeon, also the date of admission.

Going up another flight of stairs, we entered a ward for what a nurse called 'difficult cases;' by which she meant diseases that require special attention, and that do not shew themselves so decidedly as to leave no doubt of their nature. The ward is large, holding about fifty beds; but evidently it was not built originally for an hospital. Several rooms seem to have been thrown into one by removing the doors; but the projections of the division walls remain and serve to break the monotony of appearance. Of

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the same size and build was the next we entered, which was privileged in possessing the society of two cats as pets. Here we found another baby of the same age as Jessie, and like her, *starved;* but here the likeness ended. This little creature seemed the darling of the ward; nurses and patients vied with each other as to who should nurse her, and all declared 'she never cries, and gets *so* fat.' Whilst talking about her we saw one of the saddest of hospital sights. On entering, we had noticed one bed with a curtain drawn round it. 'Very ill indeed,' was the explanation given. At the other end a bed stood surrounded by a screen. Standing with my back to the door, I suddenly saw a change come over the patients' faces. Turning quickly, I was surprised and shocked to see two men bearing on their shoulders a coffin. They had to walk the whole length of the ward to take away the body of a patient who had died the night before in the screened bed. As the bearers walked past, it was painful indeed to see the strained gaze fixed by the patients on their sad burden. Even the children seemed to feel the possibility of their being the next to be so carried. It seems strange that this practice of not *immediately* removing the dead (to be coffined apart from the wards) should be continued, especially at this particular hospital, where the comfort and cheerfulness of the inmates are so constantly kept in view.

There are pretty fern-stands scattered about in different parts of the building; suitable texts in neat frames hang over the beds; and the fireplaces give a specially pleasant look to the wards. Some of them are really handsome. Coloured tiles of nice design extend a foot or more beyond, and above the fire itself, so that even in summer-time the fireplace is a pretty spot, and in winter the reflection of flame in the china is most cheery. Then each ward has its couches and chairs. In one we noticed a comfortable crimson sofa, looking most tempting with its white crochet antimacassars. 'Sent just as it is, by a lady,' we are told. Near it were several American chairs with holland covers bound with crimson. The effect was really good; and in this respect the hospital contrasts well with those where no effort is made to enliven the inevitable gloom of so much suffering and sorrow. The Sisters dress in black, with white lace or muslin caps; and the amount of taste exhibited in their arrangement shews no indifference to personal appearance. The nurses are suitably dressed in uniform of print dress and plain cap. Both Sisters and nurses are, as a rule, sunny and kind, and nothing could exceed the courtesy with which I was received, nor the pleasant way in which information was volunteered. The house-doctor, who was spoken of most affectionately by the patients, gave me kind permission to come again and see what I had that day missed—the early morning work.

We were about leaving the hospital, when my friend exclaimed: 'You must see this ward.' So saying, she led me to a small building by itself in the garden, where the patients take exercise when convalescent. Certainly it was a pleasant spot. The sun shining in, made it seem the brightest of the wards. It is divided into two rooms, one for male, the other for female patients. The cases are chiefly bronchitis and similar acute diseases. It is presided over by a sweet-looking Sister. She has her little establishment all to herself, including a separate room for any desperate case. She is an enthusiast at her vocation, and tells us she gets all the best cases. Asking for an explanation of 'best,' she says: 'My gentlemen' (students) 'are the most advanced, and so they pick out all the most interesting, I mean dangerous cases.'

On our way out, my friend shewed me the block of buildings set apart for the use of out-patients. Pointing to one room, she said: 'That is where they do any *little* thing—such as taking out a tooth.' I am afraid most of us are in the habit of looking upon that operation as anything but little; and to tell the truth, the patients we encountered coming up the steps seemed to share the popular notion, and did not look particularly joyful in their anticipations. So we left the hospital, feeling thankful that, though suffering and poverty must always be, so much is done to alleviate the sorrows of the suffering poor.

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## THE LAST OF THE HADDONS.

### CHAPTER XVI.—MARIAN'S RISE IN LIFE.

In the garden I found Mr Wentworth pacing one of the side-walks.

'How does she bear it?' he asked, advancing towards me.

'I do not fear for her—eventually. But it is very terrible.' Striking my hand upon the arm of a garden-seat, I angrily added: 'And he dares to call it love! Thank God, the more she sees of it the less she will believe in it!'

'He is trying to persuade her not to act upon that paper. I saw that was his intention.'

'But you were not so blind as to suppose he would succeed?' I retorted.

'No; I was not so blind as that.'

'He will only succeed in making her suffer more; though there may be some use in that. Her eyes may be opened to his selfishness and—and utter worthlessness, at last. Indeed, I am proud to say I never called that man my friend.'

'Sit down, Miss Haddon; you will want all your nerve presently,' he said gently. 'What should we do without you?'

I sat down, and gave way to a few tears.

'There; that's all right: done you good; hasn't it?'—in a relieved sort of tone; but looking as though he were not a little puzzled at my getting relief in that fashion. I could not help feeling that he regarded my tears indulgently—as less to be dreaded than fainting, but as curious, decidedly curious, *man* that he was!

The Fates were certainly against my impressing Robert Wentworth with the notion that I was above feminine weakness; he so naturally, and I now believe quite unconsciously, shewed a vein of satire upon such occasions. Yet I do not think that he intended to be satirical, when he appeared most so; it simply arose from contrast—his inability to comprehend certain forms of weakness, and his ludicrous gentleness towards it. But be the cause what it might, his gentleness had now the good effect of putting me upon my mettle.

Seeing that I was beginning to recover my dignity, he went on more securely: 'She needs all the help you can give her. Poor Lilian! it is terribly hard for her to lose her lover as well as

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her name and fortune, Mary' (from this time I was never again 'Miss Haddon' to him). 'But if she can keep her faith in friendship, she will in time get over the loss of the rest.'

Yes; she would lose her lover as well as her name and fortune. Robert Wentworth saw as clearly as I did that sooner or later what had happened would separate them. We saw them step from the window; and hastily bidding me good-bye, my companion was turning away.

'Please do not leave me just yet,' I pleaded.

'It is better I should go—for you all. The fewer witnesses of the humiliation the better. By-and-by—in a day or two;' and laying his hand for a moment on mine, as it rested passively on the seat, he walked quickly on down the path to go out by the door leading from the lower grounds.

As Lilian drew nearer, followed by Arthur Trafford, his lowering brows and angry eyes told me that the beginning of the end had already taken place. But she was not drooping now. She placed her hand in mine, and held it with a firm hold, which I thought intimated that she had not succumbed under pressure. Nay, she was growing stronger rather than weaker under it. But she left him to explain; and if I had hoped anything from Arthur Trafford, the way in which he spoke would have destroyed my hope.

'Miss—Farrar' (there was a sufficiently long pause between the words to bring the colour rushing to her cheeks) 'seems determined to take your advice, Miss Haddon. She means to recognise that marriage, cost what it may.'

There was something peculiarly offensive, and I saw that he meant it to be so, in imputing the 'advice,' as he termed it, to me. But this was not a time for me to retort, so I merely replied: 'You are angry, Mr Trafford.'

'Angry! Is it to be expected that I could stand quietly by and make no protest, while such a sacrifice was being made? I suppose you have persuaded Lilian to believe that the consequences to her are nothing to me; you have tried to make her believe that I do not love her.'

'I believe that you *do* love her, Mr Trafford,' I replied. It was not his love, but its quality, which I doubted. Looking steadily at him, I added: 'And now is the time to prove the worth of your love.'

'I can best do that by protecting her interests, Miss Haddon.' Turning pleadingly towards Lilian again, he added: 'If you would only promise me to delay making it known for a few days—for a day—while we talk it over, and—and take further advice. For Heaven's sake, do not do such a rash thing on the impulse of the moment, Lilian! Say you will think it over?'

'It needs no thinking,' she murmured.

'And my wishes are nothing to you?'

'I hoped—I believed—that you would help me to do what I am doing, Arthur,' she replied in a low broken voice.

'Is it possible that you can think that I should help you to sacrifice your mother's good name, and disobey your father's wishes, to gratify a sentimental and very doubtful feeling, such as this? It will not even be of any real benefit to the girl herself, who is already much better off than she had any right to expect, and happy enough as she is. I say nothing of the entire disregard of *my* wishes—the cruel injustice to me—after being so long led on to believe in your love for me.'

'Spare me!'

'How have you spared me?'

'I *cannot* act differently—I dare not!' she ejaculated, wringing her hands.

'Not though you cast away my love in doing it?'

She was silent; her clasped hands tightening painfully over each other, as she bowed her head in an agony of suffering, which his own nature was too shallow to understand.

I think that he once more imagined that he had found the way to influence her, and he impetuously went on: 'You cannot mean to cast me off. Dearest Lilian, I know that your love for me is true, and'——

'I *must* do what is right. O Arthur, it is so hard to bear, and I need help so much: for our love's sake, help me!' putting out her hands towards him with a last appeal.

'You call it right to bring shame upon your dead mother and to be untrue to me?'

'You are pitiless, Mr Trafford!' I put in, losing all patience. 'And you do not know Lilian, or you would see that you are adding to her suffering to no purpose; for you will not alter her determination: she will act according to her perception of what is right in the matter, suffer what she may.'

'Then let her take the consequences!' he exclaimed, losing all self-command, and without another word turning away and walking off in a towering passion; as I afterwards found, going through the house and straight down to the railway station.

Lilian clung sobbing to me a few moments: 'God help me! Pray for me, Mary!'

'You are helped, dear Lilian. Strength *has* been given to you, and the rest will come easier.'

'Yes; nothing can be very painful now'—wearily.

A servant came to tell us that tea was taken in, and that Mrs Tipper and Miss Reed were waiting for us.

'Have you quite decided to make it known at once, dear?'

'Yes; the sooner it is over the better.'

'Perhaps it is. Would you like to go to your room, and leave me to prepare them a little, dear Lilian?'

'Yes; I should be very glad—if you do not mind—if you think it is best, Mary.'

'I think it best for you to be present,' I replied, reflecting that it would at least be better for her than brooding over the miserable scene which had just been enacted. 'But if you do not feel equal to it, and would like me to act for you, I will of course do so.'

'I will come with you,' she quietly replied, putting her hand into mine.

I stopped for a moment to kiss the pure brow, then we went together to the morning-room.

'Excuse my sending, dears; but we thought that you had perhaps forgotten,' said the kind little lady. 'But where are the gentlemen? James said that Mr Wentworth had arrived.'

'They are gone,' I replied, trying to nerve myself for what was to come.

'Gone, dear?' Then she nervously added, taking note of Lilian's white face: 'Is there

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anything the matter? Is not Lilian well, Mary?'

I placed Lilian on a couch, and took my seat beside her; then replied: 'She has had a very great' (I was going to say shock, but substituted) 'surprise. Something has occurred which will affect her whole future life.'

I saw that Marian's interest was awakened now.

'Affect her whole future life!' she slowly repeated. Then with a sudden unholy light in her eyes, she eagerly went on: 'You don't mean to say that there 's been a quarrel, and that it 's all broken off between Mr Trafford and her?'

'Be good enough to listen quietly,' I sternly replied. 'Lilian wishes me to tell you, and I will do so in as few words as possible. In looking over the contents of a cabinet which had belonged to her father, Lilian found a paper purporting to be an agreement, which, being signed in Scotland, constitutes a marriage between Mr Farrar—and your mother.'

'Ma!'

'And after ascertaining that it is genuine, for that kind of thing' (I could not help putting in the last little tag, though I might just as well have left it unsaid, so little did it trouble her), 'Lilian has decided to act upon it. She intends to recognise your mother's marriage, though it be at the sacrifice of everything she most cares for in the world.'

Mrs Tipper hurriedly rose from her seat, and crossed over to Lilian's side.

'Married to Ma!' ejaculated Marian, gazing at us with dilating eyes and parted lips. 'My gracious! And if Ma was his wife, I must be his daughter—his eldest daughter, and I 've as good a right'—— She paused, for the moment quite dazzled by the light which was breaking in upon her; then presently added, a little more doubtfully: 'But you forget; Ma died only fifteen years ago, and Lilian is over seventeen. How could he have two wives, unless'——

'It is Lilian's mother who was wronged,' I explained, feeling that the sooner it was all said the better, if I wished to spare Lilian as much as possible from hearing the other's comments.

'My goodness!' In her surprise and excitement, forgetting company manners and her usual fine-ladyism, as well as being entirely oblivious of Lilian's position and consequent feelings in the matter. 'Then that was what you meant when you questioned me so closely the other day about the exact time of Ma's death. You *were* sharp!'

Mrs Tipper had Lilian in her arms, murmuring tender love-speeches over her. Marian might go on as she pleased now.

It did please her to go on. 'To think of Ma being Mrs Farrar after all! I should like to hear what Mr Pratt will say to *that*, after talking about being able to tell a lady when he saw her! Mrs Farrar! And I'm the eldest daughter, and'—— A new thought occurred to her, and she went on with raised colour: 'Why, if I'm the eldest daughter, the real Miss Farrar, and there was no will, everything must be mine!'

'Everything you most care for will most probably be yours.'

My words brought back the recollection of Arthur Trafford, and she eagerly whispered: 'Does he know, Miss Haddon? Will it make any difference to him, do you think?'

I turned away in disgust, and went towards Lilian.

'Come, Lilian; you need rest and quiet: come to your room, dear.—You will come with us—will you not, Mrs Tipper?'

'Certainly I will,' returned Mrs Tipper promptly, rising to accompany us: 'my place is with her.'

There was no necessity to apologise for leaving Marian alone. She was for the moment too entirely absorbed in the contemplation of the great change in her prospects to take any notice of our proceedings. 'Miss Farrar!' I heard her repeating to herself, as she stood gazing out of the window at the Fairview terraces and gardens, whilst we made our way towards the door—'Miss FARRAR!'

Well, we were not entirely comfortless; we three could wonderfully help each other. Mrs Tipper had at once returned to her allegiance; and from thenceforth, I knew that Lilian would reign alone in her heart. Indeed I think it was some time before the dear little woman could forgive herself for being so disloyal to Lilian as to allow the other to reign with her, even for a time. Marian's reception of the news had shocked her a great deal more than it had shocked me, because she was less prepared to see the former as she really was.

We were sitting together, and were already I was thankful to find beginning to be able to face the worst and talk over the event with some degree of calmness, when Lydia the housemaid tapped at the door with a message from 'Miss Farrar.'

'If you please, ma'am, Miss Farrar wishes to know if you will come to tea, or if you would prefer its being sent up here?' said the girl, staring at us with all her eyes, astonishment depicted in every line of her face.

Truly Marian had lost no time in making the change in her fortune known. But that was, I suppose, to be expected. Obeying a sign from Lilian and her aunt, I bade Lydia bring us some tea there.

We none of us went down again that night, although two or three very gracious messages were sent up by 'Miss Farrar.' The repetition of the name, and the girl's whole manner very evidently shewed that she had been taken into Marian's confidence. I could see by her hesitating reply to a question of Lilian's, that she had been informed that her young mistress had no right to her father's name; and this made me at length decide to give Lydia the true version of the story for circulation. There was now no helping its getting about, and therefore I determined that Lilian's unhesitating justice should be made known. Following her out of the room, I rapidly gave Lydia an account of what had happened. It was not necessary to dwell upon Lilian's unswerving truth and justice. I just related the facts, and they spoke for themselves.

Lydia was astounded; too much so to pick and choose her words, or to assume a higher morality than she really felt.

'My! Give up all that, when she might so easily have kept it all! Oh, Miss Haddon, an angel straight down from heaven couldn't do more than that! It 's almost *too* good, it really is' (regretfully), 'giving up this beautiful house, and thousands and thousands a year, when she might have just torn up that paper, and nobody ever been the

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wiser! One wouldn't mind if a bad person had to give it up; but it don't seem right for dear Miss Lilian to suffer—it really don't.'

'Do not you think she is better able to endure suffering than a bad person would be, Lydia?'

'I suppose she is, Miss; I suppose that 's religion; but—— There; I can't bear to think of it! That Miss Reed, who isn't fit to hold a candle to her for goodness, leave alone ladified ways, to be set up above over Miss Lilian! A pretty mistress *she* will make; though,' added Lydia, gradually awakening to the possibility of certain consequences accruing to herself, 'I shan't be here long to see it. I 've let her see what I think of her, a good deal too plain for that; and for the matter of that, so has every one of us, though she 's only got herself to thank for it.'

I had had my suspicions that Marian was not liked amongst the servants; indeed Becky had more than once given me a hint that the former was just as much disliked in the house as Lilian was beloved. The first thing the next morning, Becky shewed me something else.

'Why, what is the matter, Becky?' I inquired, when she entered the room, her swollen eyelids and red nose betokening recent and violent emotion, which I could not wholly attribute to her attachment to Lilian, and consequent sympathy with her suffering. Though Lilian was growing in Becky's favour, the growth was slow.

'Please, don't ask me, Miss'—lugubriously. Then, after a struggle against herself, she put down the jug of water she was carrying, and burst forth into a wail of sorrow.

'I must ask you, Becky, and of course you must tell me your trouble.'

'You 've got to go,' she sobbed out. 'You 're going to be sent away the very first! She told Lydia so this morning. But I 'll go too; I told her so. You will let me go with you; won't you, Miss Haddon, dear? You 've always been my real mistress in my heart; and it won't make scarce any difference to you, till we can get another place. I can live on as little as you can; and there 's another quarter's wages nearly due.'

'Hush, Becky! Don't cry so, child!' I murmured, not a little touched, and trying to wipe her tears away. 'It is not so bad as you think—not for me. I should very much prefer leaving Fairview now, I assure you, indeed—— What if I tell you a secret, Becky; something which no one else, not even Miss Lilian, knows, though I love her so much? I think I can do very well without taking another situation, and I mean to have you with me.'

'Do without!' she ejaculated, her thoughts, I think, reverting to my small success in 'doing without' at Mrs Sowler's. 'Don't try that again, for'——

'Listen a moment, Becky. In three or four months I am going to be married.'

'Married! Oh, Miss Haddon, dear!' she ejaculated, her mouth expanding and her whole face brightening. 'And may I guess who he is? I think I can.'

'Yes.'

'It 's that gentleman, Mr Wentworth, who comes here so often, and looks at you so. Isn't it? Mr [illegible]rs said he knew it would come. And I [illegible]lieve there 's another gentleman in all [illegible] had an[illegible]as is so fit for you, that I don't; for I is. I s[illegible] know a little about him too. I did not like to tell you before, but that time as'——

'Stop, stop, Becky!' I ejaculated, laughing outright. 'What in the world put such an idea into your head? Mr Wentworth indeed! Certainly not; *quite* a different kind of gentleman.'

'Oh!' said Becky, her face falling.

'But I do not wish it mentioned, Becky. I only tell you that you may have the pleasure of feeling that you and I need have no anxiety about the future; for of course you will be with me.'

There was only one little drawback to Becky's happiness now—the regret that Robert Wentworth was not to be my husband; and I thought his being so great a favourite of hers quite sufficiently accounted for her disappointment. I, in turn, was a little disappointed that the face I had shewn her in the locket was so difficult to connect with the idea of my happiness; though I told myself Philip must look much more manly now. But having set Becky's fears at rest, I was a great deal too anxious about Lilian's future to think much about my own.

## FOSSIL MEN.

Men of science in their eagerness to support a theory are apt to fall into mistakes. They reason honestly enough, but from too narrow a basis of facts. For example, the skeleton of a man is found imbedded in limestone. That man must have lived in the geological period, long before the commencement of human record. This theory looks well, but is not satisfactory. We do not know at what time the limestone, which was originally a loose substance, assumed the rocky form. There is a case in point.

At the western end of the geological galleries of the British Museum may be seen a human skeleton imbedded in a block of limestone brought from Guadeloupe. At first sight this would seem to be a silent but unimpeachable witness to the remote antiquity of our race. On investigation, however, the fossil man is found to be in this point of view a bearer of most unreliable testimony. All fossils are not necessarily very old, and this skeleton is comparatively a modern one. The limestone in which it is imbedded is a very rapidly formed deposit of corals and small shells bound together by a kind of natural calcareous cement. The remains are those of an Indian, whose death is placed by some authorities at as recent a period as two hundred years ago. The same rock often contains remains of unmistakably recent origin. In England a coin of Edward I. has been found imbedded in it; in France a cannon buried in this hard stone was quarried out of a deposit on the lower Rhone.

Another 'fossil man' was found at Denise in Auvergne. The bones were beneath the hardened lava stream of an extinct volcano, and it was alleged that the volcanoes of Auvergne had not been active since the Christian era, as Julius Cæsar had actually encamped among them. This view was put forward more than thirty years ago. Since then, a more careful investigation of local

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history has proved that there were serious volcanic disturbances in Auvergne as late as the fifth century; and further, it appears that the original position of the buried man is very doubtful, as there has been a landslip on the spot.

In 1848 some human bones were found imbedded in the rocks on the shores of Lake Monroe in Florida. It was reported at the time that the rock was a coralline limestone; and on this basis Agassiz and Lyell assigned to the fossil men an age of at least ten thousand years. But the claim to this venerable antiquity was unfortunately exploded by a discovery which shewed that the evidence on which it rested was false. Pourtalès, the original discoverer, came forward to rectify the mistake. The rock in which the bones lay was not the old coralline limestone of Florida, but a recent freshwater sandstone, which contains (besides the bones) large numbers of shells of precisely the same species as those still indigenous to the lake.

So far we have dealt only with errors resulting from imperfect information or too hastily drawn inferences. But there are cases in which, as we have said, an uneducated man has succeeded in deceiving a geologist in his own special line of study. The well-known jaw of Moulin Quignon is a case in point. Every one has heard of M. Boucher de Perthes' careful exploration of the gravels of the Somme Valley, which resulted in the discovery of thousands of flint implements, the handiwork of primitive man in Western Europe. But up to 1863 M. Boucher de Perthes had found no human remains in the gravel, though it had been predicted that such would be found; and he was naturally anxious to make the discovery. He had offered a reward for this purpose to the workmen of the different gravel-pits in the valley. Several attempts had been made to deceive him with false discoveries, but in every case his special knowledge had saved him from falling into a trap. At length he and many others with him were completely deceived by the cunning of a workman. In 1863 a quarryman at Moulin Quignon, near Abbeville, came to M. Boucher de Perthes with the news that he had laid bare a human bone in the gravel. He had left it undisturbed, in order that the professor might himself examine it *in situ*, and explore the surrounding deposit for further remains. M. de Perthes and some of his friends went to the spot. Half imbedded in the gravel—a bed of pebbles stained a dull red by the presence of iron in the deposit—they found a human jawbone with several teeth still in position, the whole stained like the surrounding gravel. Close by was a flint hatchet.

As soon as the news of the discovery reached England, a number of English men of science visited Abbeville. To the doubts which they expressed as to the genuineness of the discovery, M. de Perthes replied that he had himself removed the jawbone from the undisturbed bed of gravel, and that the workmen who had uncovered it were men of irreproachable character. Two conferences of French and English geologists were held, one at Paris, the other at Abbeville; the bone and teeth were carefully examined; and though many were not fully satisfied, the general impression was that the discovery was a genuine one. M. de Quatrefages expressed his opinion that it might be regarded as 'the first human fossil ever discovered except in a cave.' But among the English geologists there were some who were not so easily convinced. One of the teeth was brought to London and subjected to microscopical examination; and it was shewn that there were no signs of mineral infiltration into its structure. The tooth was like one from a recent grave. The jawbone when sawn across at Paris had emitted the odour of fresh bone. It was pointed out that the edges of the flints found with it were quite sharp and fresh; there were no signs of rounding or rolling in an ancient river. The workmen were watched. It was discovered that they occasionally found means to introduce flint implements of modern manufacture into the gravel. It was observed too that the reddish deposit on the bone could easily be imparted to the surface of bones and flints by artificial means. Suspicion was thus aroused in many quarters, when Mr Busk opened a Celtic grave not far from Moulin Quignon, and there found the skeleton of a Gaulic warrior *minus the lower jawbone*. The famous jaw of Moulin Quignon was all that was needed to make the skeleton a perfect one. For most men this has settled the question of the non-authenticity of the discovery. But some still believe in it.

Another famous fossil is the 'Calaveras Skull,' alleged to have been found one hundred and fifty feet deep in the shaft of a gold mine at Angelos, in Calaveras County, California. The skull is said to have come from the gold-bearing gravel; and in the strata above are no less than five beds of lava and other volcanic rocks. Professor Whitney secured the skull for the Museum of the Californian Geological Survey; but he was not the actual discoverer, and there is a pretty general impression that he was 'hoaxed.' Dr Andrews of Chicago investigated the matter, and gives evidence that the skull was taken by two of the miners from a *cave* in the valley, and placed in the gravel where it was found with a view to hoax the officers of the Survey; and this would explain the fact that there are well-marked traces of stalagmite upon the skull. This 'discovery' it was that suggested to the Californian humorist Bret Harte the idea of his amusing *Address to a Fossil Skull*. Many of our readers are doubtless already familiar with it; they will pardon our quoting a few lines for those who are not. The poet's exordium is a solemn one:

> Speak, O man less recent! fragmentary fossil!
> Primal pioneer of pliocene formation,
> Hid in lowest depths below the earliest stratum
> Of volcanic tufa.
>
> Older than the beasts, the oldest Palæotherium;
> Older than the trees, the oldest Cryptogami;
> Older than the hills, those infantile eruptions
> Of earth's epidermis!

He begs the skull to tell its story: what was its epoch; did its former possessor behold 'the dim and watery woodland' of the carboniferous times; or did he live when 'cheerful pterodactyls' might

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have circled over his head. An answer was vouchsafed to him.

Even as I gazed, a thrill of the maxilla,
And a lateral movement of the condyloid process,
With post-pliocene sounds of healthy mastication
Ground the teeth together;

And from that imperfect dental exhibition,
Stained with expressed juices of the weed Nicotian,
Came those hollow accents, blent with softer murmurs
Of expectoration:

'Which my name is Bowers! and my crust was busted
Falling down a shaft in Calaveras County;
But I'd take it kindly if you'd send the pieces
Home to old Missouri!'

The bone-caves have of course yielded numbers of ancient skulls—most of them, be it noted, very well developed, and many superior to savage skulls of the present day. The strangely deformed skull of the Neanderthal Valley (found near Düsseldorf) is thought by many to have been that of an idiot. It stands unique among ancient skulls. Even the famous skull of the Engis cavern near Liège, is said by Professor Huxley to have 'no mark of degradation about any part of its structure. It is in fact,' he continues, 'a fair average skull, which might have belonged to a philosopher, or might have contained the thoughtless brains of a savage.'

But we must stop here, or we shall drift into the controversy on primitive man—rather too wide a subject to enter upon here. Let us merely note that among all the remains that we possess of primitive man, we have no vestiges of that ape-man or man-ape which figures so prominently in certain modern theories of the origin of man.

## SUCH OLD FRIENDS.

### A STORY.

### CHAPTER I.—COUNTRY LIFE.

THE century was much younger, but it had passed its stormy infancy. Just as after a stormy night we take down the shutters and let in the light and rejoice in the calm of the dawn, so the country was beginning to breathe freely after the long years of agitation it had known. Peace was turning men's thoughts homewards, and there were even spirits daring enough to suggest that the very constitution of England itself needed patching up, or perhaps entirely renovating; scientific men were talking of the wonderful power of steam; but meantime ordinary mortals were content with the road, and were very proud of their 'High-flyers.' People were not so used to novelties then as we are now, and 'newfangled' was frequently the verdict on them, given with severity and even distrust. The far-spreading ocean of Time rubs off points and sharp corners, and leaves them smooth and rounded, and ready to fit in. But the eddies had scarcely yet stirred our far-off west county village. Once a week indeed, the Squire had a newspaper, which he lent to the Rector, who gave the benefit of it to some of his parishioners in his calls before passing it on to the doctor; and so news slowly circulated. It was such a quiet spot; the Parsonage and the Hall nestled lovingly together, with the Church like a link between; a small apology for a village was tucked close under the hill; and a few farms and homesteads scattered here and there completed the parish. But such a wealth of broad fair meadows and laden orchards lay around! The upland fields were bleaker and more stubborn, but the growth of purple heather covered many deficiencies, at least to the eye of the lover of beauty; and the all-bountiful Hand that planted the earth had crowned the ridges of hills with trees. Such trees, so grand and calm and stately in their growth! Winter had the hardest possible fight to rob them of their last robes; even November, whose sky is proverbially 'chill and drear'—November, whose 'leaf is red and sear,' found them in a perfect sunset glory, from gold to deepest purple.

'I do not believe there are any trees like ours,' exclaimed Dorothy Linley; and I think she ought to know, for she had lived with them all her life—not that it was a very long life either when our, or rather her story begins. She had scarcely seen a score of years; but things look bright and sharply defined seen through the clear atmosphere of youth. It was no wonder that she thought so on this afternoon as she stood at the open window, looking up the long avenue of pink-and-white horse-chestnuts, while the air was fragrant with the May from the tree on the lawn. It was not a mere afternoon tea, but the real meal that was laid in the Rectory drawing-room. In those days the article itself was costly but good, and they drank it out of tiny cups. Some had been handed down from a former generation and had no handles, others of more modern make had. Dorothy's mother was sitting at the table, surveying with a little pleased satisfaction its hospitable spread of country dainties prepared under her own eye, if not with her own hands. They were expecting a guest—Madam from the Hall. Mrs Linley's hands were never idle; the whole parish could bear witness to her 'notableness;' and her daughters were considered models of 'bringing up.'

'You would not have liked to live in the town where you were born, my dear,' she said in answer to Dorothy's exclamation; then suffering her work to drop into her lap, she looked beyond the slight figure at the window, away through the chestnuts, far back into the past. 'I thought as you do when first I walked up this avenue carrying you, an infant, in my arms. Your father and I had had a hard struggle—his means were so small as a curate, and he tried in vain to increase them by teaching—those were such terrible times; bread was almost at famine price; and I have sat with windows and doors bolted and barred, trembling to hear the people in the streets, for bread-riots were not uncommon. Everything was taxed, even the light that came in at the windows; so many of them were closed up, making the houses dark and gloomy. We could hardly believe it, when your father's cousin Kent Linley, whom he had not seen for years, wrote to say that the family "living" was vacant, and sooner than give it to a stranger, he offered it to him.'

'It must have been like a glimpse of Paradise, mother.'

'It was; for your father's health was giving way under the strain. He would have it that you, our first child, born just when our troubles were greatest, were the herald of the peace that was coming; and when he gave you his mother's name, he called you also Olive. You were the first he christened at the little church here, and "Dorothy

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Olive" the first name he wrote on the parish register.'

'Was Madam at the Hall then?' asked her daughter.

'No; the Squire brought home his bride two years later, before your sister was born; and Mrs Melton used to come and see us very often. As you know, she gave Juliet her own name. We thought it rather fanciful, but could not refuse so kind a friend.' Mrs Linley looked up and smiled as the owner of it entered the room—a younger copy of herself, small, and with the same sweet tender eyes.

'Mother dear,' said the new-comer, seating herself beside her, 'do you know what it is my godmother is coming to talk about this afternoon?'

'No, my child: perhaps some parish matter.'

'Perhaps,' said Dorothy from the window, 'it may be the long-talked-of visit to London.'

'Oh, if it should!' cried Juliet, her face flushing with delight at the thought.

'Well, we shall not have long to wait,' answered their mother, laying down her work; 'for I hear the wheels coming up the avenue;' and the Squire's large roomy carriage, drawn by its two sleek well-fed horses, drawing up to the door, they all rose to receive their guest.

## CHAPTER II.—VISITS.

And so it proved. Around the tea-table the purpose was unfolded; for the warm-hearted mistress of the Hall *had* come to ask to carry off her favourite. 'Mr Melton and I have been thinking lately,' she explained, 'that if we put it off much longer we shall not care to undertake such a journey; and we should like to take Juliet to see London: it is an old promise; and we like to have young folks about us.'

A slight sigh escaped the speaker, and it found an echo in the gentle hearts round her. They knew that easy and comfortable as her lot was, it did not lack its sad memories, and in three little graves in the churchyard on the side of the hill were buried the dearest hopes of the Squire and his wife.

Juliet took her godmother's hand and kissed it gratefully. 'How good you are to me!' she whispered. The hand was passed softly over the fair cheek, and then the broken thread of talk was taken up.

'We have another reason also. We think' (they were always one, the Squire and his wife) 'that we ought not to remain strangers to the next heir, who you know is my husband's great-nephew' (here the voice trembled slightly); 'so we have arranged to meet him in London, and hope to bring him back. We should like him to make acquaintance with the old Hall before going abroad, as he talks of doing.'

We will not follow the ladies in all the plans that were necessary to prepare for so great an event; female requirements were much the same then as now, only the journey was a more considerable undertaking, occupying several days, as they were to post. Presently they were joined by the Rector, who gave a pleased adherence to the whole scheme. 'But,' he added, looking fondly at his younger daughter, 'will this small head bear the weight of so much dissipation? She has never left the nest before.' The thought of the separation brought a cloud over Juliet's brow; but Madam said in her sweet way: 'Such birds will always wing their way back;' and the shadows beginning to lengthen, she rose to go. It was but a short walk across the fields, the houses being within sight of each other, and the Rector accompanied her back to the Hall.

Before the chestnut blossoms had faded, Dorothy found herself at home alone; but time did not hang heavily; more little services fell upon her, and there were little surprises to prepare, like small flints with which to strike light even out of a loved one's absence; and the parent hearts fearing she might be dull without her sister, devised many little pleasures. There were long rounds with her father, and kindly welcomes in many lowly homes; then came the sweet hay-time, and hospitable teas in comfortable farm-houses; two or three visits were even made to the nearest town, a two hours' drive, and there she found many who claimed and valued the Rector's friendship. She always looked back upon it as a time of peace. How often we are allowed to find an Elim before resuming the weary desert march!

Letters then did not appear at the breakfast-table on the wings of the penny postage, but waited for the cover of a friendly frank; and the absence not being a long one, those from our travellers were few and far between. Juliet spoke of the great city and the sights she had seen; but the streets seemed dark and dull; people too did not seem so cheerful as at home; and the Squire and his friends in their talks often shook their heads and said: 'The times were so bad,' that it sometimes gave her a frightened feeling as they drove slowly home at night through the dark streets with flaring links. She liked best when they went a day in the fine Park at Bushy, and Stafford Melton had taken them upon the river. Yes; they had met the future heir of Melton Hall, and he was to return with them.

Swiftly the days flew by, till one evening the Squire's carriage waited at the Rectory gate to take them to meet the newly arrived travellers, and father, mother, and Dorothy gladly obeyed the summons.

In the joy of the sisters' meeting, Dorothy was scarcely conscious of the presence of a stranger, until she heard the Squire's voice addressing her father: 'Our newly found nephew, Stafford Melton; we want him to come and be at home among us; and as the Rectory and the Hall have always been such old friends, we trust he will follow suit.' The two gentlemen shook hands cordially; and then Dorothy in turn found herself face to face with the new guest: 'Another young friend—Miss Dorothy Olive Linley.' (The Squire, like the Vicar of Wakefield, loved a full sounding name.)

So they all sat down to supper in the old wainscoted parlour, Mr and Mrs Melton declaring there was no place like home. Dorothy found herself wondering a little at Juliet's merry flow of talk with the grave-looking stranger; but there was not time for reflection; indeed there was so much to hear and tell, that when the sisters were once more together in their own room, it was not until Juliet's pretty head sank on the pillow for very weariness that the eager strains ceased; they died away in a last question: 'Dorothy, what do you think of Stafford Melton?'

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'He has a good face,' replied Dorothy, musingly recalling it.

'Yes; but you should see his friend, Gilbert Strange.'

### CHAPTER III.—VISITORS.

It was not long before Stafford Melton became quite at home; his grave manner was only the indication of a thoughtful mind, and in nowise implied a want of cheerfulness. Cordial as his relations with his uncle became, it was at the Rectory he found the most sympathy. The Squire was a politician of the old school, with a wholesome dread of anything newfangled, while the young man had imbibed some of the rising spirit of the age. 'I,' Mr Linley was wont to say, 'am a man of peace, and to avoid storms, eschew politics;' but he lent a willing ear to all that was stirring men's minds—social questions, new inventions, and the wonders beginning to be worked by the marvellous power of steam. There was often another listener too; Dorothy followed these new tracks of thought, and it was in the light of a new experience, every day becoming deeper. She never asked herself what it might be that made her feel such gladness, only when Stafford spoke of his travels in prospect, her heart sank at the thought of what life would be like when he had gone.

September came, and then she saw Gilbert Strange, Stafford's close friend, whom the Squire had cordially invited to come and join their sport when the vacation should set him free, for he was a young barrister. Used to a life in town, he threw himself with almost boyish ardour into their country pursuits; and his high spirits and courteous ways soon endeared him to the little circle. He won the Squire's heart, and many a cover they shot over together, for often Stafford, who was no sportsman by choice, abandoned the gun for more peaceful rambles with the Rector and deep discussions on the new theories of Culture.

'You see, Mrs Linley,' said Gilbert, as he joined them one evening to find his truant friend, 'Fortune committed an error in casting our lots in life. Stafford ought to have worn my wig and gown; while I—can you not fancy the country Squire I should have made?'

Dorothy, who was sitting near, looked up from her work. 'Do you not think, Mr Strange,' she asked, 'that it is better to improve your acres than to shoot over them?'

'Miss Dorothy,' he said, in mock-appealing tones, 'I always remark that you are severe upon my follies, and the worst part is, your arguments are unanswerable. Stafford is happy in having so staunch a supporter.' It was a random shot, but Dorothy felt the colour rise to her face; and her mirthful adversary continued: 'I must retire from the field.—Miss Juliet, will you be more lenient, and accord me a shelter?' Juliet moved her seat to allow him to take one near, with a smile of welcome, but said nothing. I think Gilbert was beginning to read even her silences, and another heart too guessed their meaning.

Days flew by, but still the young men lingered. October was dying out with such a flush of glory, it seemed like the last kiss of Summer. 'Oh, must it ever change to winter?' sighed Dorothy as from their window she watched Juliet start on some kindly errand to a cottage near. Only a little while she stepped out of the every-day world into the ideal; her youth's golden dreams were passing away as swiftly as that autumn time. Presently, her sister was again in sight, but this time not alone. Oh, cruel picture set against the fair sky! what sharp instinct like a quivering stab made it so clear? The little downcast figure lifting its softened eyes in mute apology for the pain it gave, and Stafford's well-known form bending towards it with sad earnest pleading. They pause at length, and he crushing his hopes in a last grasp of the little hand, turned and walked quickly away. Dorothy's heart went out to him in pity and unknown sympathy—those two, so far apart, and yet both passing through their baptism of fire. She could not stand idle; she would go to meet her sister; there was nothing strange in that; they often did so to each other; and swiftly she hurried down the avenue into which Juliet had turned. She was met almost sharply.

'Why, Dorothy, why did you come? Do you not see it is raining?'

Yes, the sun had gone down, and a soft October shower was dropping on the dead leaves.

'I thought it would be dusk, dear, and you were alone.'

'Yes, at least now. But,' faltered Juliet, 'I met Stafford;' and with a sudden outburst, she almost sobbed: 'Why should he love me? He wanted me to be his wife!'

'And you could not?'

'I! O no—of course not.' Dorothy could not see the reason so plainly; but Juliet seemed to do so very conclusively. 'I am so sorry,' she went on. But her auditor cared to hear no more; she knew it now, and wanted only to take up her steely shield of womanly pride. 'Had we not better hasten in?' she said gently. Already the pretty frilled cape on her shoulders hung limp with the damp.

### CHAPTER IV.—IN DESOLATION UNREPINING.

That evening Juliet was tired, and sat quietly working; but Dorothy read aloud and talked and went through the little home duties with the iron entering her soul. O true words! None others so fitly express the cold hard pressure of a hopeless pain. But such brave hearts do not go through the conflict unaided; and often a passing shelter is provided, into which they may creep till the worst is over.

The next day Dorothy's limbs ached, and her throat pained her. 'She must have taken a chill last evening,' Juliet said; and for several days she kept her room, waited on by loving hands. Even a mother's eyes cannot always discern how much is ailment of the body and how much of the mind. But Dorothy was almost thankful for the pain that laid her quietly by, when nothing was expected of her; the trial could be faced, the burden adjusted for every-day bearing, and she was spared even the sight of Stafford. She heard the horses' feet beneath her window when they came to take leave, and received their kindly messages. To Juliet she never again spoke of that autumn afternoon. Perhaps Gilbert guessed his friend's secret, and generously forbore to wound him further by the sight of his own success; or perhaps he read his fate so surely in Juliet's eyes

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that he felt secure in waiting. Certainly it was not until some months after, when Stafford was away in foreign lands, that he came to ask her to be his wife. It was not a long engagement. There being no obstacles, they were soon married, and he took her away to his London home. They sorely missed the bright young girl at the Rectory, and father and mother drew more closely to the one daughter left. Dorothy had passed into the bloom of womanhood before the blow came that broke the little circle; the kindly Rector was laid in the village churchyard, and then Mrs Linley and her daughter removed into the neighbouring town.

As if to compensate for some things denied to Dorothy's lot in life, Fortune's gifts were cast into her lap. The same cousin who years before had bestowed the family living, dying childless, again benefited his far-away relatives; and when the dear old Squire was gathered to his fathers, he had not forgotten the children of his old friend. Thus spared the thorn of poverty herself, Dorothy lightened it to many another; and as time rolled on, was numbered in the ranks of those dear maiden ladies (what should we do without them?) in whose lives are hid many an unwritten story, and who make the sweetest aunties and such dear old friends.

And did Dorothy lose all sight of Stafford Melton? No; bear witness, years of kindly intercourse and loyal friendship. It has been said that the hopes of the past are the best seed-bed of the future—even crushed and broken ones bear their fruit.

When at length *he* became master of Melton Hall, and brought home his young bride, to whom should she, strong and proud in her husband's love, turn so warmly as to his old friends Dorothy and her *mother*; and when gentle Mrs Linley was laid beside her husband, the young mistress at the Hall grieved for her almost like a daughter.

Dorothy Linley and Stafford Melton lived, in their respective walks down the pathway of life, to see the ripening century roll its wealth of marvels at the feet of another generation, and rejoiced in the development of many of the theories of their youth; yet sometimes, as they looked on the old spots, they spoke of years gone by, for they were such old friends.

## RABBITS IN NEW ZEALAND.

We already have had some remarks on the disastrous increase of rabbits in South Australia; and now comes to us information from New Zealand, that describes the alarming spread of the creatures in that colony, into which they had been imprudently introduced about twenty years ago, under a fancied notion of doing good.

It appears, says our authority, that it is about twelve years since the rabbits began to attract attention by their numbers and the increasing extent of their ravages in the district of Southland. In the immediate neighbourhood of Invercargill, a tract of grass-land was first found to be colonised by a large number of these rodents; and settlers in more remote parts of the country came from time to time to trap a few of the animals, and carry them away to various localities in the interior. By this means new centres of reproduction were created; and with the idea of conferring a benefit upon their neighbourhood the colonists were unwittingly spreading and multiplying what has now proved a uniform pest. The rabbits themselves gradually moved onwards, in ever-increasing numbers, leaving what was once a country of rolling sward and valuable grass-land a complete desert. During the last two years the greatest impulse seems to have been given to their migration, and they may now be found in suitable localities swarming on the banks of rivers, in the sunny grassy uplands, and surmounting the highest ranges of hills.

It has been calculated that, from the number of times they breed, the number of their progeny, and the early age at which the young begin to reproduce their species, a pair of rabbits will multiply to the amount of a million and a quarter in the space of four years! When the exceptional advantages which they meet with in New Zealand are considered, in the absence of enemies, the sparse population of the country, and the abundance of food which they can obtain, it is not surprising that they have increased enormously.

The matter indeed is becoming one of very great danger to the welfare of the colony; so much so, that a special Commission has been appointed by the government to inquire into the subject. Without quoting an array of figures to prove the harm which has been wrought in a few short years, it may truly be said that large tracts of rich pasture-land have been converted into a veritable wilderness. The sheep-farmers and cattle-raisers find their occupation is becoming impossible. The yield of wool is falling off fifty and sixty per cent. in quantity, while its quality is deteriorating. The lack of food has caused many farmers who used to kill two thousand five hundred animals out of a stock of sixteen thousand, to reduce their stock to a few hundreds, hardly any of which are fit to be killed. The number of lambs in proportion to the ewes kept has fallen from sixty-five or seventy per cent. to in some cases twelve and a half per cent.

It must not be imagined that no efforts have been made to keep down the pests. Large numbers of men and dogs are employed specially for the purpose of shooting and trapping the rabbits. In one run, where scarcely a rabbit was to be seen three years ago, there are now sixteen men and one hundred and twenty dogs employed; costing the lessee twopence for each rabbit-skin brought in, and ten shillings per week for each man, besides the expense of keep and powder and shot. And the numbers killed are enormous. On this run, says the official Report, the average number of rabbits killed weekly is between four and five thousand; and though thirty-six thousand were killed in 1875, yet the report is that there is no appreciable decrease. On another run, close on sixteen thousand rabbits were killed during the first three months of the year 1876 at a cost of twopence a skin. On a third, the expense each

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week averages twenty-seven pounds; and fifty thousand rabbits were killed in the first four months of 1876. On a fourth run, nine men are employed with sixty dogs, killing at the rate of two thousand per week.

One landowner, in despair of reclaiming a large tract of land infested by these destructive rodents, inclosed an area of ten thousand acres with a solid masonry wall, the foundations of which were dug down to the hard rock, to prevent any chance of the rabbits burrowing under it. Seven years were occupied in erecting this 'great wall'—an undertaking comparable with the ancient walls built in the north of England to keep out the Picts and Scots—and thirty-five thousand pounds were expended in the course of the work. What a happy family the countless myriads of rabbits in that area must be, if they have not already starved themselves to death! This heroic remedy was adopted not only in New Zealand but in Victoria; for others of our Australasian colonies besides New Zealand have (as we have already shewn in the former article) suffered from a scourge of conies. Tasmania and Victoria and South Australia have been made the victims of a misplaced confidence in the virtues of the rabbit. The chief inspector of sheep in Tasmania, writing in 1875, stated that at that time the rabbits were consuming sufficient food to support two hundred and fifty thousand sheep, and thus causing a direct annual loss to the colony of sixty-two thousand pounds, without taking into account the money expended in keeping them down. In all these colonies special laws have been made for the purpose of dealing with these troublesome inhabitants. The main feature of the system adopted is that trustees are appointed, who have power to levy a rate on the lands in 'proclaimed districts,' the proceeds of which are expended in a specially organised campaign against the rabbits; and generally good results have followed these operations. There are runs in Tasmania on which a good shot could bag three to four hundred bunnies in a day six years ago, but where half-a-dozen could not now be seen in the same time.

Some enterprising individuals have put into practice the old motto that 'Out of evil cometh good,' by buying up the slaughtered hosts of rabbits, cooking their bodies, and preserving them in tins as an article of food, and preparing their skins for the market. Nearly half a million rabbit-skins were exported from Hobart-Town in 1874, valued at three thousand seven hundred and twenty-five pounds.

What has been done in Australia and Tasmania ought *primâ facie* to be as easily accomplished in New Zealand. So urgent, however, are the representations of the farmers—and so great the fear of the government, which derives a large revenue from the rents paid for land, that this source of income will fail, as the land threatens soon to become worthless—that it is proposed to supplement such measures by a state grant in aid of the war against the invaders, and by the introduction of natural enemies, such as stoats, weasels, ferrets, and hawks; and means have already been taken to send a few of our surplus stock of these invaluable animals from England. If ordinary measures of this kind are not sufficient to keep in check the inordinate increase of an animal which will reproduce itself a million and a quarter times in the space of four years, extraordinary means must be adopted.

## THE MONTH:

### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

'On the Transport of Solid and Liquid Particles in Sewer Gases,' is the title of a short paper by Dr Frankland, read at a meeting of the Royal Society. That particles of many kinds are constantly floating in the atmosphere, even at great heights, is well known. At times noxious or deadly particles are diffused among the mass, and disease and death are the consequence. Dr Frankland has proved by experiment that noxious particles can be conveyed long distances, and he sums up his conclusions thus: '1. The moderate agitation of a liquid does not cause the suspension of liquid particles capable of transport by the circumambient air, and therefore the flow of fresh sewage through a properly constructed sewer is not likely to be attended by the suspension of zymotic matters in the air of the sewer. 2. The breaking of minute gas bubbles on the surface of a liquid is a potent cause of the suspension of transportable liquid particles in the surrounding air; and therefore when, through the stagnation of sewage, putrefaction sets in, and causes the generation of gases, the suspension of zymotic matters in the air of the sewer is extremely likely to occur. 3. It is therefore of the greatest importance to the health of towns, villages, and even isolated houses, that foul liquids should pass freely and quickly through sewers and drain-pipes, so as to complete their discharge from the sewerage system before putrefaction sets in.'

The Birmingham Corporation sewage-works comprise a farm of two hundred and sixty-six acres in the valley of the Tame. The outflow of the two main sewers is treated with lime, which throws down the solid matters; and after the sewage has crossed a few tanks, the liquid portion flows into the Tame in a condition much less impure than the water of the river itself. The deposited sludge amounts to nearly four hundred tons a day. Great part of this is utilised by 'double-digging' of it into the land, three years being required to dig the whole farm. Another part is converted into Roman cement by General Scott's process.

The results appear to be satisfactory, for we are informed that 'the rye-grass grown on the farm averages from thirteen to fourteen tons an acre at each cutting, and several cuttings are obtained each year. After each cutting the land is immediately irrigated thoroughly with sewage, and in about three weeks the next crop is generally ready for cutting.'

At Manchester the Health Committee collect the excrementitious matters and other house-refuse in properly constructed vans, which are cleansed after each journey to the yard in the outskirts. There the whole mass is sorted; and what that sorting involves may be judged of from the fact that the quantity collected each week amounts to about three thousand tons, comprising 'paper, one ton; rags, three tons; dead dogs, cats, rats, guinea-pigs, and other animals, two tons; stable manure, seventeen tons; meat tins and old tin and iron, thirty-three tons; refuse from slaughter-houses and fish-shops, sixty tons; broken pots,

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bottles, and glasses, eighty tons; vegetable refuse, door-mats, table-covers, floor-cloths, and old straw mattresses, one hundred tons; fine ashes, one thousand two hundred and thirty tons; cinders, one thousand four hundred tons.'

In a communication to the Scientific and Mechanical Society of Manchester, from the *Proceedings* of which these particulars are taken, it is further stated that 'not only is patent manure produced, but disinfecting powder, mortar, fuel, and other useful commodities, all from the vilest refuse; and another matter for wonder is that all this abominable stuff is worked up with so little offensive smell arising from it. In addition to these works, there are workshops in which the Corporation make their own vans, pails, harness, and other requisite appliances for dealing with the new system of treating town-refuse.' No coal is bought: the cinders brought in furnish fuel enough for all the furnaces and heating apparatus, and for the 'destructors,' in which the absolute refuse which was formerly piled in huge heaps in different parts of the city, is burnt into harmlessness, while the heat is communicated to a neighbouring 'concretor.' 'The spent fuel,' we are told, 'is carted to the mills, and is there converted into mortar, a mortar too of the best description, as the samples of brickwork built with it abundantly testify.' Some of the most offensive refuse is passed through the 'carbonisers,' and 'is resolved into a perfectly harmless material.' From all this we learn that the art of keeping a town thoroughly clean may be made to occupy a high place among the useful arts.

The manufacture of iodine by distillation of seaweed, established a few years ago in the isle of Tyree and other parts of the West Highlands, *still goes on*, and as is stated, with tenfold increase. The *selling* price, which used to be 1s. 3d. per ounce, is now not more than 5½d.

In America it has been discovered that the canker-worm, which infests fruit-trees to a mischievous extent, can be effectually checked and destroyed by smearing the stem and branches with printers' ink. It is interesting to know that there are two ways in which printers' ink can be made use of for the suppression of pests. And in France experience has proved that the *Phylloxera* can be destroyed by planting red maize between the rows of vines. The insects quit the vines and attack the maize-roots.

Meteorologists are well aware of the fact, that as a rule the barometer rises and falls twice within the twenty-four hours. Wherever observations are made, this movement is seen; and attempts have been made to refer it to the influence of tides in the air. But what causes the aërial tides? Some observers say magnetism, others say heat and differences of temperature. Mr Blanford, meteorological reporter to the government of India, has studied the subject; and in a communication to the Asiatic Society of Bengal, he remarks: 'It appears in a high degree probable that a great part of the diurnal irregularity of the barometric tides is due to the transfer of air from land to sea, and *vice versâ*, and to a similar transfer which may be proved to take place between the plains and the mountains. But the phenomenon is very complex, and much study and labour are yet required to unravel its elements, consisting as they do partly of elastic and reactionary pressure, partly of dynamic pressure, and partly of variations in the static pressure of the atmosphere. Till this shall have been done, and it shall be found, after all, that heat and its effects are insufficient to explain the phenomenon, it seems premature to resort to magnetic and electrical phenomena for the explanation of the barometric tides.'

Amateur meteorologists would do well to remember that the trustworthiness of the anemometer as a measurer of the force of the wind is seriously affected by the presence of trees; even a single tree will exert a disturbing influence. For wind-observations, the more open the space the better. We hear that the Meteorological Office is about to place at a high elevation an anemometer which will indicate its work to the observer below by telegraph. In the study of the weather, it would often be of advantage to know the rate and force of the wind on the top of St Paul's or Ben Lomond.

It had been noticed that ozone was developed by the spray of water when under pressure; Signor Bellucci was thereby induced to make observations at the Falls of Terni 'to ascertain if ozone was produced by the natural pulverisation of the water, especially as he had often noticed there the characteristic odour of ozone.' The tests employed completely demonstrated the presence of ozone, and that the quantity varied with the volume of water rushing over the Falls. From this result Signor Bellucci concludes that wherever water is converted into powder or spray, whether by a cascade, a torrent, or by the rolling of waves, there ozone is produced. 'It is noteworthy that the air over the surface of the ocean is richer in ozone than that collected on land. Hence the production of ozone may be due to the electrical state induced by the friction of the minute drops of water against one another, which is increased by the mineral matter suspended or even dissolved in the water.'

Land flooded by the sea generally remains barren many years. The *Journal* of the Chemical Society gives a German chemist's explanation of the reason why. The land is charged with too large a proportion of chlorine salts; it has a tendency to remain damp; and there is a formation of ferrous sulphate, which, as is known, exerts a very prejudicial influence on plant-growth. Land when brought into this condition by an inflow of the sea, should be drained as quickly as possible, and sown with grass or clover and allowed to rest. Experience shews that it recovers its fertility sooner if treated in this way, than when cultivated all the year round as arable land.

In the course of a lecture on the Motion of Waves in Air and Water, by Professor Guthrie, a light, hollow india-rubber ball was floated on water, and a vibrating tuning-fork was held near it. The ball moved towards and followed the fork. Why? Some people might say that the fork attracted the ball; but the lecturer decided that attraction had nothing to do with it. Each oscillation of a wave is followed by a reflection: in this case, the reflection pushed the farther side of the ball; from which the conclusion was drawn 'that there is no such thing as attraction—that the apparent pull will be found to be a push from the opposite direction. The approach,' said Professor Guthrie, 'need not necessarily be called attraction, and it is better in all cases to substitute the word approach, which is a fact, for attraction, which is a theory.'

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Mr Siemens' paper on the Bathometer, which we noticed some months ago, is now published in the *Philosophical Transactions*. Objections have been made to the instrument as an indicator of the depth of the sea, because the sea-level is disturbed by the attraction of large masses of land. Mr Siemens answers that he is aware of the objection; that the bathometer is not expected to do more than indicate comparatively small variations in total terrestrial attraction, which the hydrographer or navigator using the instrument will have to interpret according to the circumstances of the case. If the zero-point of the instrument varies with the latitude, or in consequence of special geological causes, we must bear in mind that these causes are of a permanent character, and that when an ocean has been once surveyed by means of the bathometer, the special local conditions become observed facts, and would thus serve to increase the value of the bathometer as an instrument for measuring the depth of the sea without the use of the sounding-line.

At a meeting held at Salem, Massachusetts, a lecture on 'Visible Speech' was delivered by Professor Graham Bell, who, by means of the drum in a human ear cut from a dead subject, has succeeded in producing a phonautograph. The ear is placed in the end of an ordinary speaking-trumpet; on speaking into the trumpet the drum is set in motion; this moves the style; the style traces the effect on a plate of smoked glass; and by means of a camera the curves and lines can be exhibited to a large number of spectators. The five vowels make five different curves; and according to Mr Bell, there is no such thing as a sound or tone pure and simple, but each is a composite of a number of tones; and the wavelets by which these are produced can also be shewn on a screen. Tables of the various symbols have been drawn up, and found useful for educational purposes, as was demonstrated by a young deaf and dumb pupil from the Boston Institution, who interpreted the symbols at sight.

Professor Bell has improved the method devised by his father, formerly of University College, London, for rendering speech visible; and as is well known, membranes have long been used for experiments in acoustics. Some of our readers may remember the experiments of Mr W. H. Barlow, F.R.S., described in his paper 'On the Pneumatic Action which accompanies the Articulation of the Human Voice,' read two years ago at the Royal Society, and published in vol. 22 of their *Proceedings*. And within the past few weeks we learn that the telephone has been so far improved that an account of a public meeting was talked into one end of a wire and was distinctly heard and understood at a distance of eighteen miles.

There is good news for eaters of fish, for the government of Newfoundland have recently ascertained from the survey made by Professor Hind, under their authority, that the fishing-grounds off the coast of Labrador cover an area of more than seven thousand geographical square miles; about a thousand more than the Newfoundland fisheries. And there is good prospect of duration, for the Arctic drift brings down infinite quantities of the infusorial animals on which the cod-fish delight to feed. Owing to the higher latitude, the fishing season varies from that of Newfoundland; and it is found that the cod approach the shore one week later for every degree of latitude, going northwards. The coast of Labrador is described as similar to that of Norway, bare and rocky, and cut by fiords, some of which penetrate seventy miles inland. A summer cruise along that coast would be an interesting adventure for some of our yachtsmen.

The Smithsonian Institution at Washington does not confine itself exclusively to science, but makes itself useful in other ways. One of these ways is fish-culture; and we find from a recent Report, that in three years 1873-75, the Institution distributed forty millions of fish. Among these, shad and two kinds of salmon were the most numerous. The distribution is carried on under the superintendence of Professor Baird, an American naturalist of high repute.

A recently published part of the Royal Asiatic Society's *Journal* contains a report of a meeting held some months ago in which Sir H. Rawlinson stated that from the further investigations that had taken place there was reason to believe 'that the Hittites were really the chief people intervening between Egypt and Assyria, and that to them we owe the intercommunication of the art of those two countries.'

At the same meeting, Professor Monier Williams, in giving an account of his visit to India, mentioned that while there he had heard the learned men speak Sanscrit with astonishing fluency; and that in his opinion the day is approaching when Sanscrit will be as much studied in England as Greek.

One of the English delegates who took part in the International Statistical Congress held last September at Buda-Pesth, remarks on the disadvantage under which the Hungarians lie in their isolation from other nations by their language. It is a serious obstacle to their development; and as antipathies of race prevent their adoption of German, he recommends that they should take to English. In this he says: 'There would be no race difficulties, and the use of English would aid the Hungarians in more ways than one, and secure for them a predominance on the Lower Danube.'

If the present enthusiasm for African travel should continue, Africa will, before many years are over, cease to be an unknown country. Travellers from Germany, France, Belgium, Italy, and Portugal, are either actually at work or about to commence their explorations, in addition to the Englishmen who are always pushing their way into the interior. And now that Colonel Gordon (Gordon Pasha) has been appointed by the Khedive of Egypt governor of Sudan, facilities for travel in the equatorial regions may be looked for, and Æthiopia will cease to be a mystery.

We are informed that the use of leather belts for transmission of power in factories is more widely spread in the manufacturing districts than is implied in our paragraph on that subject (*ante*, p. 63), and that in the Anchor Thread Works at Paisley, where the belts were adopted four years ago, two thousand five hundred horse-power are transmitted by means thereof.

We take this opportunity of correcting an error in our recent article on *Austrian Arctic Discovery*. Lieutenant Payer's farthest point north ought to have been 82° 5′ instead of 85° 5′.

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## THE HIGH-METTLED RACER.

AT Cooke's well-known travelling Circus there may be seen some remarkable performances with horses and small ponies that have been trained for the purpose. In London, at Hengler's Cirque, as it is called, there is a fine stud of horses, which commands general admiration. Without depreciating modern establishments of this kind, our recollections go back to Astley's Amphitheatre, near Westminster Bridge, as it used to be thirty to forty years ago, under the management of the late Mr Ducrow. The feats there performed by some of the horses were exceedingly wonderful. The animals seemed to possess a degree of human intelligence. They were accomplished actors. Their powers of simulation with a view to entertain spectators went far beyond what any one could expect whose knowledge is confined to the ordinary class of horses. We will mention a few particulars regarding the horses at Astley's as they occur to our memory.

One evening the performance represented a house on fire. All the inhabitants of the dwelling had managed to escape except a lady in an upper story. You saw her at a window throwing about her arms wildly, and screaming for help. Her appeals to the assembled crowd beneath were heart-rending. The firemen could not reach her, for the stair was seemingly in a blaze, and there was no fire-escape. The spectators in the theatre were wrought up to an agony, it being but too evident that the poor lady was doomed to perish by a painful and violent death. In the midst of the commotion, a horse which belonged to the lady rushed upon the stage. In its stable it had heard the screams of its mistress, and hastened to do its best to save her. Without saddle or bridle, it was seen to rush into the house, and to climb the stair amidst flames and volumes of smoke. It reached the apartment where the lady was. She mounted on its back, holding by the mane, and the horse descending the stair brought her safely to the ground. Prolonged shouts of applause rewarded the hazardous exploit. The whole thing was a beautiful piece of acting, evoking throughout sentiments of pleasure and admiration. Nothing but kindness and long training could have made the horse so clever in knowing what to do and to do it well. The feat was the more surprising as horses usually have a dread of fire which is not easily conquered. It will be understood that the fire had been so adroitly managed as to effect no injury on the theatre, and that there never had been any real danger.

On another evening at Astley's a still more remarkable piece of acting by a white horse named Prince, was offered for public entertainment. It was in a play called the High-mettled Racer. The play was in several successive acts, and designed to represent different stages of degradation in the career of a horse from youth to old age. The spectacle was painful but touching, and unfortunately in too many cases true to nature. We shall endeavour to describe some of the scenes.

When the piece opens, we have a view of an English country mansion. In front there are several mounted huntsmen in scarlet coats ready to set out on a fox-chase. They are waiting till a young lady comes out of the mansion to accompany them. We see the lady, who is properly equipped for riding, descend the steps at the doorway, and by the aid of a groom mount a young and beautifully shaped white horse that is in readiness for her. She speaks to it affectionately, and calls it her dear Prince. The elegant form of the animal, its proud bearing, its glossy coat, and the spirited way it prances about, excite general admiration. After a little galloping to shew its paces, the horse with its fair rider goes off with the huntsmen and hounds in pursuit of a fox—that was also a taught actor in its way—which leads the party through a variety of difficulties, such as climbing up rocks, leaping over hedges, and so forth, till at length, when on the point of being run down, it dashes into the cottage of a poor old woman, who humanely gives it shelter. She takes up the fox lovingly in her arms, and saves it from seemingly impending destruction. That may be called the first stage

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in the horse's career, during which Prince was well attended to and happy.

At the beginning of next act, the horse is to appearance several years older, and is no longer fit for racing or hunting. The lady, its first owner, had from some circumstances been compelled to part with it. From its swiftness in running, it had been purchased to run at celebrated horse-races, at which it had on several occasions won prizes, and its sprightliness obtained for it the name of the High-mettled Racer. After this it was transferred from one owner to another, always in a descending scale, until poor Prince is seen in the condition of a cab-horse in the streets of London. It has somewhat the look of its former state, but is terribly broken down in figure and spirit. Its plump and glossy appearance is gone. It is dirty and dejected. It hangs its head droopingly down. Its ribs shine through its skin. Its joints are stiff. It stands on three legs, with the other leg resting on the point of the foot, just as we see cab-horses trying to rest their aching limbs when standing in a row for hire. What a wretched downcome from that which Prince had enjoyed in 'life's young dream!' There awaits it, however, a still lower depth of misery.

In the following act, Prince is reduced to the forlorn condition of drawing a sand-cart, when it can hardly draw its own legs after it. To appearance, it is half-starved. A child offers it a few straws, which it is glad to eat. It seems to be little better than skin and bone. The cart in which it is yoked belongs to a rude jobber whose object is to wring the utmost possible work out of the animal before selling it to be killed. A feeling of horror and compassion thrills through the spectators. They can hardly believe they are only looking at a play, for the simulation is perfect. Staggering along with its draught under the cruel urging of the whip, the moment arrives when Prince can go no further. Its unhappy span of life is terminated. It suddenly drops down under its weary load—to die, and be relieved of all its troubles. Unyoked from the cart, and relieved of its harness, there it is stretched out, with a crowd of idlers about it, seemingly at the last gasp, and offering in its fate a dreadful instance of undeserved cruelty to animals. 'Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn.' Quite true; but, alas, inhumanity to man is nothing in comparison with the inhumanity which is recklessly exercised towards the horse.

There is a concluding scene in the life of the horse we have been describing, which must on no account be omitted. While lying in the street in its death-struggle, and when preparations were making to drag it off to the shambles, a lady who is passing recognises the dying animal as being her favourite horse Prince, which she had ridden years ago at the fox-chase. At the same time the poor beast faintly lifting its head, recognises its old mistress, and with failing eyes seems to implore her compassion. In a state of distraction, the lady kneels down, takes the horse's head in her lap, speaks to it consolingly, and once more calls it her dear Prince. Oh, what she would not do to revive the dying animal, and give Prince a new lease of existence! Just at this juncture, in the manner of the old plays, when something supernatural was required to get over a serious difficulty, a sylph-like being in the character of a benevolent fairy appears on the stage carrying a magic wand. Her mission, she says, being to redress wrong, she touches the dying horse with the wand and bids it rise. In an instant Prince starts up from its recumbent position, and to the delight and amazement of everybody, it is as fresh, plump, glossy, and beautiful as when it went out with the hounds in the fox-chase. The lady springs upon its back, and off Prince goes at a splendid gallop. The applause was, of course, immense!

Perhaps in the whole annals of horsemanship there was never demonstrated a more wonderful case of acting. The horse had all along been feigning for public amusement. It had feigned to be a cab-horse. It had feigned to be tired when it stood on three legs. It feigned to be dying when it dropped down in the sand-cart. The whole affair was a piece of simulation, and by means of some adventitious aid in discolouring the skin, the deception was complete. A hasty rub with a cloth puts it all to rights; and instead of dying, Prince gallops off in the consciousness of having performed a brilliant piece of acting.

What we have narrated from recollection will assist in illustrating the natural intelligence of the horse, and the extent to which it can be educated by patient and gentle training. Harsh treatment would be all a mistake. Words kindly spoken, some small reward in the shape of a mouthful of what is agreeable—a trifling sweetmeat, for instance—will work wonders in forming the character of the horse, and teaching it to perform any required feat. We have always thought that an impressive moral lesson was conveyed in the play of the High-mettled Racer. W. C.

## THE LAST OF THE HADDONS.

### CHAPTER XVII.—MRS TIPPER TO THE RESCUE.

THERE was the gravest reason for anxiety respecting Lilian's future. Marian at her very best, and with the strongest motive for making herself agreeable to Lilian, had never been a companion for her; and now! Would it be possible for Lilian to remain at Fairview for even the three or four months until Philip's return? I had very grave doubts upon the point.

That Marian was better than she had appeared when she first became acquainted with her good fortune, I am bound to acknowledge. Although she had at first seen the question entirely from one point of view, it presently became evident that she was not lacking in a certain kind of good-nature, which, in my prejudice against her, I had not given her credit for being capable of. Evidently she now meant to be kind and considerate, and to act generously, according to her light. Indeed I think she flattered herself that nothing could be more amiable and generous than was her demeanour towards Lilian, the morning after the revelation had been made. If Lilian found her graciousness hard to bear, she did not blame Marian for it. She came to meet Lilian with a kiss, as the latter entered the breakfast-room, and was altogether a great deal more than usually affectionate in her morning greeting. Moreover, she made some effort to keep her delight, at the discovery which had been made, as much out of sight as possible.

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As yet it was only in Marian's altered bearing towards the servants that the effect which the change in her position had upon her could be seen. She had many a time expressed her opinion that Lilian was not sufficiently dignified in her bearing towards her inferiors, and she was now shewing us what she considered to be the proper deportment of a mistress; though the effect was somewhat marred by their reception of it.

But it did me real good to see the fealty of one and all to Lilian. That Marian should at once pass to the head of the table was, I suppose, under the circumstances, to be expected; and neither Mrs Tipper nor Lilian appeared in the slightest degree annoyed by it; both, perhaps, too much absorbed to care where they sat. But I was somewhat amused to find that the arrangement of the breakfast things was swiftly altered; and so far as the replacing the urn, cups and saucers, and so forth went, where Lilian sat was made the head of the table. Marian looked very indignant and rather foolish; but she could not very well protest at that moment.

I am afraid I did a little enjoy witnessing her mortification, when Marian found that Lilian was treated with as much deference as though she were a queen, and invariably served before herself. Saunders, indeed, made quite a demonstration of obeying Lilian's slightest glance; whilst the new power was very indifferently waited upon by his subordinate. It was no use giving orders; Saunders was deaf and dumb and blind, so far as Marian was concerned. He could not, and would not, look over her indecent haste in stepping into his beloved young mistress's place; and as I afterwards found, he had made up his mind to leave Fairview immediately the change that had taken place was made known; and having Lilian to refer to for a character, was independent of Marian's patronage, and took delight in shewing that he was.

Lilian's past kindness to them was beginning to bear fruit amongst the servants. Every one in the house seemed desirous to prove their love and sympathy with her now. She had informed me that she meant to lose no time in putting Marian in possession, and very quickly proved that she was in earnest. As soon as we four were alone together in the morning-room, she quietly began, looking a great deal more self-possessed than the Lilian of yesterday:

'I do not know precisely what has to be done; but I suppose some legal form has to be gone through to put you in possession of—your—rights, Marian; I have therefore telegraphed for the solicitor. He will tell you what has to be done; and I hope it may be got through as quickly as possible, for all our sakes.'

'Well, dear, I leave all that to you. I don't want to hurry you; no one could behave more kindly about it than you have, for I'm sure it must be dreadful to have to give up all—— But there; of course you will live here with me,' added Marian, in an outburst of good-nature. 'I'll give you as much as you meant to give me, and'——

'Pray'——

'But I must say it, dear. I am not going to forget all your kindness to me. No one shall be able to say that I have not behaved generously.'

'I am sure you mean well,' returned Lilian, shrinking nervously under the generosity. 'But I do not as yet quite know what I shall do. Of course Auntie and Mary and I must be together, and we none of us mind being poor. Perhaps Mary and I could try opening a little school?'—with a glance towards me.

'We shall contrive to get on very well, dearie,' was my cheerful little rejoinder.

Marian was about to protest; but Lilian gravely went on: 'If I can in any way do without accepting your—kindness, you must excuse my saying that I prefer independence.'

No mention, I believe no thought of Arthur Trafford in connection with her future life. She seemed to realise that if he had not already deserted her he would do so very shortly: it was only a question of time.

'Oh, you mustn't talk like that, you know!' said Marian; 'you mustn't, really. It sounds like pride; and why should you be too proud to take an allowance, when I was not? At anyrate you must, and shall, take as much as Pa used to allow me—two hundred a year, you know;' with the air of feeling that she was acting very largely.

'Please excuse me now; I have something to attend to up-stairs,' said Lilian, moving towards the door. 'Come, Mary.'

I promptly rose to accompany her. Marian looked as though her good-nature was becoming exhausted.

'Oh, by-the-bye, stop a moment, Miss Haddon. I shall not be in need of a companion; at least, if I have one, I should like to choose for myself; so perhaps, under the circumstances, you will not require a long notice. You couldn't expect it; and'——

'I shall not require any notice whatever from you,' was my cheerful rejoinder. 'My engagement was with Miss Farrar.'

'You forget *I* am Miss Farrar.'

'You will very often have to put up with my forgetfulness upon that point while I remain at Fairview,' was my mental comment. But I gravely informed her that she need have no fears about my being troublesome in any way.

Mrs Tipper had been silent during our conversation, apparently thinking over some little plan of her own; but she rose at once to accompany Lilian and me, no way deterred by Marian's protests. For the first time I noticed a quiet dignity in her bearing, which sat extremely well upon her, as she said: 'My place is by the side of my dear Lilian.'

As I had expected, an early train brought Arthur Trafford, eager to recommence his efforts to persuade Lilian to fall in with his wishes; and perhaps not without hope that, now she had had time to realise what the giving up would really be, he would find her more plastic in his hands. As I have said, such as it was, his love was sincere—only one thing seemed worse than losing her; and he would not lose her without a desperate struggle. He came, prepared to exert all his powers of persuasion. Her firmness, or obstinacy as he chose to call it, had quite taken him by surprise, and he could not as yet believe in it, being more inclined to ascribe it to temper than to conviction. He met with a little rebuff in the outset, in her unwillingness to see him alone. He had been shewn into the library, where she was sitting with Mrs Tipper and me; and in reply to his invitation

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to go elsewhere, she had murmured something about preferring to remain there. As he could not very well request Mrs Tipper and me to leave them, and we ourselves made no attempt to do so, having, in fact, exchanged a glance which meant not leaving Lilian without orders, he was obliged to put up with our presence.

He found her quite as unmanageable upon the one point as she had been the evening before; and in his disappointment and mortification, laid bare his own motives more than he was conscious of doing. And terrible as it was for her at the moment, I was even glad she should see him as he really was. Better that her love should be killed at one blow, since it had to be killed, than by the slow torture which a more gradual unveiling would have entailed.

As she shrank back, gazing at him with dilated eyes and white face, I knew that she had at last awakened to the truth. *This* was not the hero she had worshipped—a man whose capacity for doing great deeds only lacked opportunity for its development. He could not help shewing us what it was which he most felt the loss of.

Then he was impolitic enough to attack me before her; something more than insinuating that I was the marplot who had come between him and his happiness. In his heat, he could not perceive that if I were really what he accused me of being, he was paying Lilian a very bad compliment in declaring that she was completely under my influence.

'You cannot deny that you have encouraged her in this!' he angrily exclaimed, turning upon me. 'You dare not say that you have not!'

'I dare to say that I honestly think she has done what is right, and would do it though the whole world turned its back upon her; and I am proud to be considered her friend, Mr Trafford.'

'My only one!' sobbed Lilian, clinging to me.

'No, indeed. Every one who respects truth and unselfishness, must be your friend, dear Lilian.'

'I am sure Mrs Tipper will be more open to reason!' he hotly ejaculated, turning towards her, as she sat regarding him very attentively. 'You, madam, will not, I am sure, desire to see your brother's wishes so disregarded.'

But he had revealed himself to her as well as to us, and found Mrs Tipper also was on Lilian's side. Indeed she came out quite grandly. If, as I suspected, he had hitherto attributed her amiability to want of character, he could do so no longer. She was worthy of being Lilian's aunt; and not at all unlike her niece, allowing for the difference in early training. There was a grave quiet dignity in her tone and bearing as she expressed her entire approval of the step Lilian had taken, which appeared to quite take him by surprise.

'I thought you loved Lilian, Mrs Tipper.'

'I do love her, Mr Trafford; more than ever, since she has shewn me that not even her love for you can turn her aside from doing what she believes to be right.'

But its being right was just what he would not for a moment allow, and he again and again went over the same arguments, now pleading, now reviling, still unwilling to believe in the utter uselessness of it all. 'It was all very well now, in the first flush, of thinking she was doing a generous action; but how would it be by-and-by, when she found herself penniless and dependent upon the bounty of another, and that other Marian Reed? A nice thing to be patronised and walked over by a girl like that!' and so forth, in the one-sided, unreasoning way with which people who have a special end in view are apt to talk, basing his arguments upon the consequences which might ensue from the act, instead of upon the right or wrong of committing it.

'My dear Lilian will not be dependent upon Miss—Marian's bounty, nor will she be penniless or homeless, Mr Trafford,' said Mrs Tipper. 'I did not like to mention it until I was quite sure; but I have made inquiries, and Mr Markham tells me that the two hundred a year which was placed to my account was settled upon me by my brother after my husband's death. I recollect Jacob telling me, when I first came to live at Fairview, that he had made me independent; but I did not understand it as I do now. Of course my dear Lilian and Mary will share it with me.'

What a relief it was to hear this, for Lilian's sake. It had been so painful to think of her being obliged to be dependent upon Marian, even for a time. And how hearty, though at the moment only expressed by a look, was my gratitude to the dear little woman for her kindness and consideration for me. She did not know that I only needed her love. I had received fifty pounds for my salary, and that would more than suffice to keep me until Philip's return; but it did me real good to know that she was not aware of my prospects, when she so generously included me with Lilian in the offer of a home.

Lilian got through the pitiful scene with her quondam lover better, on the whole, than she had done the night before. His threat, once more used in the heat of the moment (I did not give him credit for seriously entertaining the idea, as yet), to the effect that her act would part them, was acquiesced in; not angrily, nor defiantly—with no attempt to conceal the pain it cost her, but acquiesced in. He might come again and again and threaten as he pleased; it would be no use now. Moreover, I had the comfort of believing that, bitter as the suffering was to her, it would not be of long duration. Though she as yet knew it not, he had not the power to shadow her future life. In truth he was likely to suffer a great deal more than she was. Say what he might, he estimated her more highly than he had ever done before. The very decision which he so complained of raised her in his estimation; whilst all the glamour was gone from him in her eyes now.

He left no stone unturned whilst it was still not too late, and brought his sister to assist him. Both, I saw, attributed a great deal of blame to me in the matter; and both were now candid enough to give more expression to their antagonism than they had previously done. But their antagonism I had no right whatever to complain of, since my estimation of them was not higher than theirs of me.

Mrs Chichester was in a somewhat awkward position. She had the gravest reasons for doing her best to further her brother's wishes, and was at the same time very desirous of keeping in Robert Wentworth's good graces. All her diplomatic powers were brought into play; and she had the mortification of perceiving that it was all to no purpose. It was almost amusing to see her

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assuring Mr Wentworth, with tearful eyes and clasped hands, that whatever others might think, she meant to uphold her dearest Lilian; in contrast with certain little speeches addressed to Marian, which occasionally met my ears. One thing was evident, she did not wish to get out of favour with the new power.

There was no fencing between the two men. A sharp hand-to-hand encounter for a few moments, and then friendship lay dead. Robert Wentworth had spoken his mind; and the other had declared that from thenceforth all friendship was over between them.

Arthur Trafford was in some measure perhaps to be pitied, at this crisis of his life. Enervated by a life of luxury and indolence, he probably lacked the power to put his shoulder to the wheel, and try to earn a living for himself and Lilian. Supposing the idea to have crossed his mind, and he was not so utterly worthless that it may not have done so, he must have realised what terribly uphill work it would be to commence the struggle for a livelihood at eight-and-twenty, and with no special aptitude or preparation for any profession. He had lost all: the girl he loved? her fortune, and his friend; and I will do him the justice to say that the loss of Robert Wentworth's friendship was no light trouble to him, though he himself had cast it off. He was a poorer man than I had imagined him to be; having, in fact, lived upon the principal of the small sum left him by his father, and depending upon his marriage with Lilian for future supply.

I was heartily glad when the matter was in Mr Markham's hand, and so far placed beyond dispute; after which we were for a short time left undisturbed by Arthur Trafford and his sister. But one visitor made her appearance at Fairview, who occasioned Marian not a little mortification, of which I was an unwilling witness. It was the third morning after the discovery had been made known. Lilian, who spent most of her time in her own room with Mrs Tipper, had asked me to bring her a book from the drawing-room. I entered the room, and had just reached the table where I was to find the book, when the sound of half-suppressed sobbing warned me that I was intruding upon some one; and glancing round, I was astonished to see Marian seated on one of the couches, and the figure of a homely-looking woman kneeling at her feet, with her hands raised as if in supplication, and tears streaming from her eyes. In another moment I recognised Mrs Pratt; and hastily catching up the book I wanted, turned to quit the room, quite as much averse to intrude as they could desire me to be. But Mrs Pratt had recognised me, and entreated me to stay and try to help her.

'You are the lady who came with Miss Farrar that day. Do, pray ma'am, try what you can to persuade Miss Reed not to injure the dear young lady, who has been so good to her.'

'I am afraid I have no power to do so, Mrs Pratt,' I returned.

'Really, aunt, I little thought *this* would be the consequence of my telling you about my good fortune. It doesn't seem natural to take it in that way, it really doesn't! I made sure you had come to see the place and congratulate me, and I had you shewn in here on purpose that you might see for yourself. But instead of being glad, you behave like this, wanting me to give it all up, and before Miss Haddon too!'

'You know what I have told you; pray, think better of it, Miss Reed, dear.'

I had reached the door again, when Mrs Pratt's words caused me to pause, my pulses throbbing a little more rapidly than usual. What if there were in truth some bar to Marian's right, and Mrs Pratt knew it? I waited.

'What you have told me is no reason for giving up what belongs to me,' angrily returned Marian. 'And I must once more remind you that I am Miss Farrar now.'

'It *is* a reason, and a good one. I have told you why your mother would never have made use of that paper; and if you turn against that sweet young lady, who was so good to you, nothing but sorrow will come of it.'

'It's all nonsense saying Ma would not have made use of it. How could she, when Pa had the paper in his own possession?'

'I believe he only had it amongst the letters and papers she wished to be sent him after her death. She would never have used it if she had known it was legal, because—you force me to say so—she knew that she was not worthy to be called his wife!'

'You are very cruel and wicked to say such things; and you shall not go on!' ejaculated Marian, with flaming cheeks. 'A pretty sister you must be to talk in that way!'

Mrs Pratt wrung her hands, crying bitterly: 'I loved her through it all; she knew I did; and I've done my duty by you; but I cannot see that dear young lady turned out of house and home, without'——

'Good gracious, aunt, how you talk! As though I were going to turn her out of house and home, when Miss Haddon knows how generously I have behaved, if she would acknowledge it!'

I took Mrs Pratt's hand in mine, and looking into her eyes, solemnly asked: 'Will you tell me the truth, Mrs Pratt? Was there anything in your sister's life which prevented her marriage with Mr Farrar being a legal one?'

'I can't say so much as that, Miss—she wasn't married to anybody else; but he knew, and she knew, that she was not worthy to claim a wife's'——

'That's quite enough, aunt,' interrupted Marian. 'They are my rights; and I've told you over and over again that I don't mean to give my rights up. It looks as if you were envious of my good fortune—it really does. Not that it will make any difference to me in what I mean to do by-and-by,' she added largely. 'I intend to make you and Mr Pratt a handsome allowance; and some of these days Susy shall come down and see Fairview.'

'Not a penny; your uncle and me wouldn't take a penny of the money, if we were starving!'

'Ah, you will think better of it by-and-by,' complacently returned Marian. 'And you won't find that I shall draw back from my word. Your behaviour to-day won't make any difference to me, though some people wouldn't notice you again after it.'

Mrs Pratt drew her shawl about her with trembling hands, and turned towards the door.

'Don't go away like that, aunt. You haven't seen anything. Let me shew you the conservatory, and the'——

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But Mrs Pratt hurried out of the room, and was gone before Marian could prevent her. The latter stood for a moment looking doubtfully at me, then said a little consciously: 'I suppose it 's no use asking you not to mention what aunt said, Miss Haddon?'

'It would be no use, if my mentioning it would be of any service to Lilian,' I replied. 'But as I do not wish to give her unnecessary pain, I will not tell her—at anyrate for the present.'

'Nor Mrs Tipper?'

'No; unless I at any time see more necessity for telling her than I do now,' I said, as I quitted the room.

I was not a little disturbed by what Mrs Pratt had revealed. It seemed doubly hard that Lilian's mother should be displaced by a woman whom her own sister acknowledged to be unworthy of the name of wife. In my anxiety, I put a few cautious words to Mr Markham in a few minutes' *tête-à-tête* I contrived during one of his visits; but I only got a few cautious words in return, and the information that the Scotch marriage was undoubtedly a legal one.

Meantime I was more than once obliged to remind Marian that she was not mistress of Fairview until the legal formalities were gone through which should put her in possession. She had at once commenced to assume the dignity of the position, and did not hesitate to call the servants to order when they became too openly oblivious of it. Nor, indeed, did she hesitate to point it out to Lilian, when the latter for a moment forgot the change in her position, and gave some little order to the servants. But with Lilian it was only a momentary and quite natural forgetfulness. Her reign had hitherto been so supreme and undisputed at Fairview, that she could not all at once get accustomed to the altered aspect of affairs. But her apologies were very graciously accepted.

'Don't say a word, dear; it 's a wonder you don't forget oftener. And I'm sure no one could be nicer than you are about it, no one!' And she was candid enough to add: 'I'm not sure that I should have taken it so well as you do myself, though I know how to behave as well as most people; and no one shall say I can't be generous now.'

I believe that she did honestly try to be what she considered generous. But her conception of generosity! Poor Lilian found Marian's generosity and good-nature a great deal harder to bear than her reverses just now.

## A WALK ACROSS AFRICA.

After the first Livingstone Search Expedition in Africa had come to an untimely end, a second was fitted out with the surplus funds remaining from the original subscriptions, which was 'intended to be placed entirely under the orders of Dr Livingstone, for the purpose of supplementing his great discoveries.' The command of this expedition was conferred upon Lieutenant Cameron, R.N., who had more than once volunteered to the Council of the Royal Geographical Society for employment in Africa, had already spent three years on the east coast, and had studied the Suahili language. He left England *en route* for Zanzibar on the 30th November 1872, accompanied by an old messmate in the person of Dr Dillon; and the public have already been made aware of the salient points of his journey; of the alteration in his plans necessitated by the death of Livingstone; of the death of two of his companions, and the return of the third from Unyanyembé; of his solitary advance to Ujiji for the purpose of recovering some papers of Livingstone's, left there by him before his last fatal journey; and of his return in April 1876, after an absence of three years and four months, after having performed the hitherto unprecedented feat of traversing tropical Africa from east to west. Thus the way has been paved for the appearance of the two volumes now before us,* which contain a full account of the whole expedition, of the peculiarities of the country, and of the manners and customs of the inhabitants.

If the reader will open an ordinary map of Africa, he will find to the westward of the great lakes a blank extending from the equator to about twelve degrees south, indicative of an almost entirely unexplored country. This, roughly speaking, may be called the basin of the river Congo, which probably drains all or nearly all of that enormous area. If he will then consult the map which accompanies these volumes, and will trace the route of their intrepid author, he will find that after leaving Nyangwé it traverses a most important and hitherto completely unknown portion of this district—namely, the water-shed separating the two great river systems of the Congo and Zambesi. In this as well as in his careful circumnavigation of Lake Tanganyika to the south of Ujiji, and in the evidence he brings confirmative of the river Lualaba being the Congo, the principal geographical value of his discoveries may be said to rest. Even those who have not made the physical features of Africa an especial study cannot fail to follow the author in the few but lucid remarks he makes on this subject, especially if they will consult his map, which not only clearly marks the different water-sheds, but contains a horizontal section of his route, shewing at a glance the configuration of the country. It is not, however, our desire to enlarge upon the scientific results of his expedition, though they must not be altogether lost sight of, but to follow him through the experiences he recounts in these pages.

Zanzibar was reached without incident, except the addition of another European to the party in the person of Lieutenant C. Murphy, R.A., who volunteered at Aden, and on obtaining permission from the military authorities, followed them by next mail. The difficulties of getting together men and necessaries were enormous—although they were fortunate, as they thought at the time, in securing the services of Bombey, 'the chief of Speke's faithfuls,' though he did not ultimately prove of as much service as had been expected—and were enhanced by their having arrived simultaneously with Sir Bartle Frere, to whose mission they were supposed to be attached, a belief which occasioned 'numerous vexatious troubles and enormous expense.' At last, however, they left Zanzibar on February 2, 1873, in two hired dhows for

* *Across Africa.* By Verney Lovett Cameron, C.B., D.C.L., Commander Royal Navy, Gold Medallist Royal Geographical Society, &c. Two vols. with numerous Illustrations. London: Daldy, Isbister, & Co., 56 Ludgate Hill. 1877.

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Bagamoyo, 'the principal point of departure for caravans bound to Unyanyembé and the countries beyond.' Here pagazi or porters, and askari or soldiers, had to be hired; but they proved very slow in engaging themselves; and it was not till after considerable delay had been experienced that a start was effected. Before they finally left, another volunteer joined the expedition—Robert Moffat, a grandson of Dr Moffat and a nephew of Dr Livingstone, who on hearing of it, had sold a sugar plantation in Natal 'which formed his sole inheritance,' and had hastened to offer his services.

On his arrival, Cameron determined to push on at once with Dillon and such men as were already on the spot, leaving Murphy and Moffat to follow with the rear division of the caravan. The country through which they marched consisted of 'rolling grass-land interspersed with belts of timber, and every now and then small knolls crowned with clumps of trees and shrubs;' and as they got farther from the coast small lagoons made their appearance, 'in which beautiful large blue-and-white water-lilies grew.' Before they reached the Usagara Mountains, which form the first elevation after leaving the coast, the country became 'well cultivated, and dotted with numerous hamlets peeping out of woods and bosquets.' While close to Kisémo they met with baobab-trees for the first time; gigantic representatives of the vegetable kingdom, whose smallest twigs are 'two or three inches in circumference, and their forms of the most grotesque ugliness.' Indeed the scenery of this part of Africa is as highly spoken of by Lieutenant Cameron as by former travellers; he says: 'It was so delightful that we scarcely thought of fatigue.'

After passing the Usagara range, the travellers came to 'a vast expanse of mud with two or three troublesome morasses on the western side,' known as the Makata Swamp, in crossing which an untoward incident occurred, which resulted in Dr Dillon having a severe attack of fever and dysentery, which confined him to his bed for three weeks. While Cameron was thus detained, bad news reached him from those in the rear. Both Murphy and Moffat had suffered from several attacks of fever, and the latter was very ill. This was on the 16th May; and on the 26th the party under their command arrived, but with only one of the Europeans—Moffat was dead: the first victim claimed by the insatiable African climate, and another name added to the long and noble list of those who have sacrificed their lives in the cause of exploration and the suppression of the slave-trade.

A few days after the receipt of this sad intelligence, the expedition moved forward, though Murphy was only partially recovered and the author was very lame. Their road lay through a mountainous country, in the dips and valleys among which the mparamusi tree was observed. This is one of 'the noblest specimens of arboreal beauty in the world, having a towering shaft sometimes fifteen feet in diameter and one hundred and forty feet high, with bark of a tender yellowish green, crowned by a spreading head of dark foliage.' Shortly afterwards they entered the kingdom of Ugogo, 'a dried-up country with occasional huge masses of granite, and the stiff Euphorbia clinging to their sides.' The inhabitants of this district were reputed to be a brave and warlike race; but Lieutenant Cameron found them 'the veriest cowards and poltroons it is possible to conceive.' They are easily distinguished from other tribes by the custom of piercing their ears and enlarging the lobes to an enormous size; 'in fact the ear of a Mgogo answers much the same purpose as a pocket to people indulging in wearing apparel.' At this time, as during the whole journey, much trouble was experienced from the idleness of the men, who were also 'constantly grumbling and growling;' and there is no doubt, as Cameron afterwards discovered for himself, that they were treated with too much consideration, and as is almost invariably the case, took advantage of their master's kindness.

In the centre of Ugogo is a broad depression known as Kanyenyé, ruled over by a chief named Magomba, who is mentioned by Burton in 1857, and is said by the natives to be over three hundred years of age and to be cutting his fourth set of teeth. Lieutenant Cameron believes this ancient chieftain to be in truth 'considerably over a century,' as his grandchildren were gray and grizzled; and it is an undoubted fact that the natives of Africa under favourable conditions attain to an extremely old age. The price of provisions in this district was enormous; 'eggs, milk, and butter were more expensive than in England;' the natural result of the continual passage of caravans and the few wants of the natives, who having no use for money, decline to part with their food except at exorbitant rates, as soon as their modest requirements in the shape of cloth and beads are temporarily satisfied.

Unyanyembé, the first stage of the journey, was at length reached; and the expedition was very kindly received by the principal Arabs, though their stay there was destined to be a far from pleasant one. Within two days of their arrival the author was attacked by fever, quickly followed by Dillon and Murphy, which never left them again for many hours during their stay there. About this time Dillon wrote home in the following terms: 'On or about (none of us know the date correctly) August 13, Cameron felt seedy. I never felt better; ditto Murphy. In the evening we felt seedy. I felt determined not to be sick. "I *will* eat dinner; I'll *not* go to bed." Murphy was between the blankets already. I did manage some dinner; but shakes enough to bring an ordinary house down came on, and I had to turn in. For the next four or five days our diet was water or milk. Not a soul to look after us. The servants knew not what to do. We got up when we liked and walked out. We knew that we felt giddy; that our legs would scarcely support us. I used to pay a visit to Cameron, and he used to come in to me to make complaints. One day he said: "The fellows have regularly blocked me in—I have no room to stir. The worst of it is one of the legs of the grand piano is always on my head, and people are strumming away all day. It's all drawing-room furniture that they have blocked me in with."' It seems marvellous that expeditions can be successfully carried through such a country as this, where all the Europeans composing them are liable to be simultaneously delirious from fever, and have to trust to Providence and their constitutions to get well again, there not being a soul to look after them. It is indeed most painful to read the narration of the continual

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sufferings of these brave men; fever, dysentery, and blindness in continuous succession, and through it all the work had to be and was carried on. At last the news of the sad death of Africa's greatest traveller reached them, and altered all their plans. The author and Dillon determined to press on for the west coast *viâ* Ujiji; while Murphy, considering the work of the expedition at an end, decided to return coastwards. Dillon, however, was unable to carry out his determination, owing to being attacked a few days later by inflammation of the bowels, which rendered his return to the coast the only course which gave any hope of recovery; and consequently he accompanied Murphy, while Lieutenant Cameron pursued his journey alone.

At this time the author says of himself: 'I was nearly blind from ophthalmia, and almost unable to walk from the pain in my back; while fever, which was still hanging about me, had reduced me to a skeleton, my weight being only seven stone four.' Yet he determined to persevere. A few days after his start a messenger arrived with the dreadful news that Dr Dillon had shot himself on November 18, while delirious from fever; and how severely this intelligence was felt by the survivor may be imagined from his describing the day on which he received it as the saddest in his life. The exigences of his own position, however, at that moment were so great as to demand his whole attention; porters could hardly be obtained, and it was only by leaving twelve loads behind, and reducing his personal kit to a minimum, that further progress was rendered possible. The country travelled through 'was perfectly charming, the trees delicately green and fresh, the open grassy glades enamelled with various wild-flowers.' Indeed he says that it would have required no great stretch of imagination to fancy one's self 'in the wooded part of an English park,' had it not been for an occasional lion or elephant's skull which bestrewed the ground. The Sindi was crossed on February 2, on a mass of floating vegetation, similar to that which our readers may remember offered so many obstructions to Sir Samuel Baker's advance up the Nile; and about a fortnight later the expedition came in sight of the great Lake Tanganyika.

The author was hospitably received by the Arabs at Kawélé, where he remained a few days, while procuring boats in which to cruise round the southern coast of the lake. This occupied about two months; and the reader will find much interesting information in the portion of the book devoted to it. By the end of May, the journey was again resumed, Nyangwé being now the immediate goal, from where Cameron hoped to reach the mouth of the Congo by descending the Lualaba in boats. Here the Mpafu tree was observed for the first time, from the fruit of which scented oil is obtained. It is a magnificent tree, often thirty feet or more in circumference, and rising to eighty or a hundred feet before spreading and forming a head, the branches of which are immense. India-rubber vines were also very common, their stems being the thickness of a man's thigh. Indeed 'sufficient india-rubber to supply the wants of the whole world' could easily be collected there. On this march, as indeed throughout the whole journey, we hear much about the slave-trade and its fearful results. The inhabitants constantly came into camp with slaves for sale, who were gagged by having 'a piece of wood like a snaffle tied into their mouths.' Heavy slave-forks were placed round their necks, and their hands were fastened behind their backs. 'They were then attached by a cord to the vendor's waist.'

On arrival at Nyangwé, a station of the Zanzibar traders on the banks of the Lualaba, and situated at the lowest point in the great depression which exists across Central Africa, he found the natives so unwilling to part with their canoes that he was forced to forego his plan of descending that river by water; and having met with a half-caste Arab named Tipo-tipo, who had a settlement towards the south-west, he decided to accompany him and attempt to reach Lake San korra, a large sheet of water into which he was told the Lualaba ran overland. His hopes in this direction were, however, also dashed to the ground by the answer of the chief whose territory it would be necessary to traverse, that 'no strangers with guns had ever passed through his country, and none should without fighting their way.' He therefore decided to go to the capital of Urua, a kingdom about a month's journey to the S.S.W., where some Portuguese were reported to be, and if possible work his way from there towards the mysterious lake.

For some days they journeyed through a 'fairly populated country, with large villages of well-built and clean huts, disposed in long streets, with bark-cloth trees planted on each side;' and a friendly intercourse was kept up with the natives, until one day Cameron was 'unpleasantly surprised' by having some arrows fired at his party while they were passing through a narrow strip of jungle. This culminated a day or two afterwards in a regular attack from a large body of natives, who were, however, easily beaten off. In this affair Cameron acted with the very greatest forbearance; a forbearance which was probably interpreted by the natives to mean fear, as they continued to harass him for some days. The reason given for the attack was that a Portuguese caravan had been destroying villages in the neighbourhood, murdering the men, and carrying off the women and children as slaves. It may be here noted that Lieutenant Cameron speaks in the very strongest terms of the conduct of the Portuguese, and says that 'the cruelties perpetrated in the heart of Africa by men calling themselves Christians, and carrying the Portuguese flag, can scarcely be credited by those living in a civilised land;' indeed it is not going too far to assert that the fearful state of anarchy and misery into which Central Africa is plunged is chiefly if not entirely owing to the behaviour and example of the Portuguese—the late protest to the contrary of the Chamber of Deputies at Lisbon notwithstanding—as well in their settlements on either coast as in the interior.

The capital of Kasongo, king of Urua, was reached without further accident; and here we are introduced to two personages, representing the extreme type of their respective classes. Jumah Merikani, an Arab with a dash of the negro, was a very estimable specimen of his race, being 'the kindest and most hospitable' of the many Arab traders met with, of whom, as a body, Cameron speaks in favourable terms; the other,

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José Antonio Alvez, a half-caste Portuguese, though spoken of by the natives as a white man, proved himself, by his treatment of the English traveller, to be a hypocritical liar, thief, and ruffian, even beyond the ordinary measure of his class; and it is disheartening, after all that has been done, to think the name of European must necessarily become synonymous in the native mind with that of unmitigated blackguard and slave-dealer, so long as it is represented by such as Alvez. Kasongo, the Urua king, himself as debauched a ruffian as could well be imagined, willingly assisted Alvez and his crew in their murdering and plundering expeditions, while he placed every obstacle in the way of Cameron's explorations, and detained him to all intents and purposes a prisoner at his capital. He was, however, permitted to visit a lake in the neighbourhood, which contained three detached villages, built on piles, and only approachable by canoes; but as Kasongo would give him no help in trying to reach the Congo, nothing remained but to make the best of his way to the west coast, as already his stores and goods had so greatly diminished, chiefly through theft and robbery on the part of his own servants, many of whom were the off-scourings of Zanzibar, that it was doubtful whether they would prove sufficient even for that distance.

A start was, however, at last happily effected; and after innumerable delays and difficulties Bihé was reached. On this march Cameron and his followers suffered much from want of food, and he even had to sell his shirts and great-coat to keep them from actual starvation. From here to the coast was somewhat over two hundred and fifty miles; and as the path lay through an extremely mountainous country, it presented formidable difficulties to men in such an enfeebled condition as those who composed the expedition were from long travel and weeks of semi-starvation. It was, however, absolutely necessary to press forward, and the march through Bailunda was at once commenced. The scenery of this district is spoken of by Lieutenant Cameron in the most glowing terms; 'neither poet with all the wealth of word-imagery, nor painter with almost supernatural genius, could by pen or pencil do full justice to the country of Bailunda;' 'nothing could be more lovely than this entrancing scene, this glimpse of paradise.' Little time was, however, allowed him to enjoy its beauties, as the necessity of hurrying forward before the men utterly broke down was too pressing to be trifled with.

Indeed soon after, twenty men complained of being unable to continue the journey; 'swelled legs, stiff necks, aching backs, and empty stomachs being the universal cry.' It therefore became necessary to adopt some decisive step; and Cameron decided to throw away everything but instruments, journals, and books; and taking a few picked companions, make a forced march to the coast. It is already well known that this measure proved successful; that Benguela was reached, though not a day too soon, as even twenty-four hours' delay would have probably caused the scurvy which had attacked him to end fatally; and that those left behind were succoured, and ultimately restored to Zanzibar, while Lieutenant Cameron returned to England.

Thus concludes the graphic and well told narrative contained in these two volumes, which, despite some trifling literary shortcomings, are thoroughly deserving of recommendation to the reading public. Their story is simply told, but the interest is well maintained throughout, especially on those points which touch on the horrors of the slave-trade and the evil results of Portuguese rule. In conclusion, we may add that since Dr Schweinfurth published *The Heart of Africa*, no book on African travel has appeared with illustrations in any way comparable with those which embellish these volumes.

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# SUNSHINE AND CLOUD.

IN TWO PARTS.

## PART I.—SUNSHINE.

### CHAPTER I.—ISAAC WEBB.

Isaac Webb was twenty-four years of age. He was very tall, very thin, and very pale; on the whole, his appearance was not prepossessing. To these outward gifts might be added two inward ruling passions—love of self and love of money. It may be taken that the one was as powerful as the other. Some people said that he loved Isaac Webb more than the root of all evil; others, that he loved the said root more than the said Isaac Webb: the point was never decided, so they may be bracketed equal. But he had some good points, as every one has. In the first place, he was by no means of a suspicious or jealous turn of mind. This may have proceeded from the great confidence he had in his own judgment; for he thought himself a very shrewd fellow, a very deep dog. 'You're not to be easily bowled over, Isaac,' he would say to himself very often, rubbing his hands; 'and if anybody thinks he can snuff you out, let him try it on, and burn his fingers—ha, ha!' Such were Isaac's modest reflections on his own sagacity.

Another point to be scored to him was his abstemiousness. But certain uncharitable people ascribed even this to a second motive. 'For,' said they, 'he don't eat much because of the economy of the thing; and he does not drink anything except water, not because he's pledged to it, or because stronger drink don't agree with him, for why does he make up for it when he can do it at somebody else's expense?' This is what they said, and it certainly was rude of them to make such remarks; but it must be admitted that Isaac did not despise the creature comforts of this life when he did not have to stand treat to himself. Now it is impossible to account for this fact; he could not himself—never even attempted it. He had many other little peculiarities and traits of character, but they only revolved as minor worlds around the great suns above specified.

Isaac Webb was an orphan; that is to say his father had died when our hero was yet in his infancy; and his mother feeling her first husband's loss to be so deplorable, had joined herself unto another, and had emigrated with that gentleman to Australia when Isaac was about thirteen years old, leaving that worthy youth to the care of her half-brother, who in *his* turn had departed this mortal life about a year previous to the opening of this story, leaving its hero entirely to his own devices. He had a few other relatives scattered about the country, but none on whom he bestowed more than a passing remembrance. In the first place it was

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cheaper, for he had nothing to expect from them; and in the second, he did not want them, nor did they want him.

His visible means of subsistence were derived from the rents accruing from a whole nest of cottages situated in the country town near which he resided, together with a few good-sized parcels of garden-ground and sundry other 'effects,' including about a thousand pounds in ready-money put out at interest, but on which he could lay his hand whenever he thought proper. Altogether his net income (after deducting a decent amount for repairs, tenants who travelled by night unexpectedly, and other casualties) amounted to about two hundred and fifty pounds a year; and on this sum he had boarded, lodged, and clothed himself since he came of age, and had contrived out of it to put by a very pretty slice as well.

His place of habitation consisted of two small rooms over a little grocer's shop at Dambourne End in Southshire, about a mile distant from the town of Dambourne, in which place his patrimony was situated. He was engaged in no business, though fully appreciative of the L. S. D. side of the question, but considered that his interests and fortunes were bound up in the cottages and garden-ground, and that he should be leaving the substance and grasping a shadow if he in any way neglected the inheritance and devoted his time to any other pursuit—at all events at present. Thus he had lived from day to day for the last few years without any kind of change to vary the monotony of his existence. He had but few friends, and those of a very commercial character, and no luxuries or amusements beyond a second day's paper, and an occasional—very occasional—new suit of clothes. Therefore it was not so very extravagant of him to take into consideration, in the early summer of the year 1868, whether it would not be well to treat himself to a little change of air and scene. He had not, he fancied, been feeling quite the thing lately; and he thought it might be a wise proceeding on his part to recruit his health and spirits, and at the same time add to his already large store (in his own eyes) of shrewdness and worldly knowledge. Of course he never for a moment contemplated anything so costly and unnecessary to him as a mere pleasure-trip, so did not need to consider the most comfortable and enjoyable place whereat to spend the next five or six weeks of the summer. Not at all. He had only to make up his own mind as to the place where it would be possible to find anything fresh to add to his crowded storehouse of facts, monetary and otherwise.

As he that June evening thus ruminated in his little parlour over the shop, a bright idea suddenly occurred to him. 'Isaac,' said he, 'where have your wits been wool-gathering all this time? Oughtn't you to have known in a twinkle that there was only one place that would do for you? London's the only place that's fit for *your* capabilities, my boy; and London it shall be.'

### CHAPTER II.—OUR HERO PREPARES TO GO TO LONDON.

There were, however, one or two little matters to be arranged before Isaac could give himself up to his journey in search of fresh experience. One was to endeavour to find a tenant for his lodgings during the time that he would be absent from them, because it would never do for him to pay for the use of two beds and sleep only in one. But in this he met with no difficulty; for on his popping the question (not matrimonially of course) to Mrs Clappen, his landlady, she immediately averred that the circumstance was providential. Isaac himself did not quite see how Providence was likely to be interested in so mundane a matter as lodgings to let, so ventured to ask why.

Mrs Clappen explained. 'Well, sir,' said she, 'a young gent which is quite a stranger to me, looked in the shop, you see, yesterday mornin'—yes, it must ha' been in the mornin' time, for Mrs Swaller had jest come in for to get some Epsin salts for her little boy, which is things I don't 'old no belief in myself, though sellin' 'em for the benefit, as you may say, of them as does; and I was jest a-asking Mrs Swaller if she wouldn't have a packet or two of grits to make a little gruel in order to comfort her little boy's stumick, as you may say, and she was jest a-sayin' as her youngest child's teeth, which is a twelvemonth old come next Sunday week at a little afore two, wasn't doing as she could wish, when this gent, which is a stranger to me, as you may say, looked in the door, and says: "Ladies," he says—them was his words—"Ladies, I am hextremely sorry to disturb you, more particular in your maternal simperthisin's," he says; "but does either of you ladies 'appen to know whether anybody 'appens to 'ave a good-sized room, or two small uns adjoining, which would be equally convenient, ladies," he says, "to let at a lowish figure for about a month or so in a week or two, ladies."

'We was naturally taken with 'is *hair* and that; and I says to Mrs Swaller: "Do you know of anythink that would do for this 'ere gent?" I says. "Well, no, I don't, not 'ereabouts," she says; "but I 'eard Mrs Speller, what lives up agen the 'pike, say as 'ow she wouldn't mind meetin' with a genteel party, which of course we 'ave 'ere," she says, alludin' to 'is *hair*; "but that's a couple of mile furder on," she says, "and might be too far for the gentleman. And besides," she says, "she couldn't board him, and that might be naturally ill-convenient." And the gent, he says, with a pleasant smile, quite afferble: "Ladies, I mustn't be no furder away from Dambourne town than this," he says; "and if you don't know of nothink else, ladies," he says, with a hamiable smile, "'ere 's my address," he says, "in case you 'appen to 'ear of anythink.—Good mornin', ladies," he says; and with that he went off, as you may say.' Mrs Clappen, quite out of breath, wiped her face with her apron as she concluded her narrative.

After a few questions from Isaac as to what the person was like, and if Mrs Clappen thought he would take care of the place, and not wear the carpet out, and so on, it was settled that she should write to Mr Scamplin, for such was his name, offering him her apartments for six weeks certain, at the same price her present lodger was paying; and stating that they would be at his disposal at that day week, if he liked to take them, and on his giving two references; Mrs Clappen declaring that she "'ad no doubt from 'is *hair*' that all would be satisfactory, and that Mr Scamplin would come to terms.

The following morning found Isaac with his tailor—Mr Batfid by name—who carried on a

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small business at Dambourne, and who exhibited in his window a placard (pinned on to an antique pair of hunting breeches) announcing in faded red-and-blue characters the fact of all orders and repairs being executed with fidelity and despatch; which gave one the idea that any unfortunate coat or other garment that might come under Mr Batfid's manipulation was forthwith mutilated and murdered, a black flag being hoisted to celebrate the event. But Isaac formed no such suspicious notions, but took himself to the industrious proprietor, and ten o'clock found him in the agonies of measurement with Mr Batfid—a very small man—on a chair behind him, stretching up to his collar. These preliminaries ended, and the material (of a good wearing colour) chosen, the small but highly respectable man of business was all but thrown off his balance by Isaac's announcement that he must have the complete suit home in four days from that time. Mr Batfid declared that he did not see how he could possibly accomplish so much in so short a time. 'For,' said he, to give weight to his argument, 'you must remember that you are a very tall gentleman, a very fine figure, sir, and all the seams are naturally very long.'

'It did not occur to me before,' said Isaac; 'but I ought to have gone to the ready-made place lately opened at the corner, for I am told their charges are very low, and there is of course no delay in getting your things home.'

Mr Batfid hoped if he had any respect for his fine proportions that Mr Webb would never come down to that; and finally promised, in order to oblige a customer, that the garments should be finished by the time named, even if he only took a few passing winks of sleep on his board until they were completed.

Isaac having thus arranged matters with the worthy tailor, bethought himself that he had neither invested in new boots nor a new hat for a long time past, but had been wearing out sundry old ones, formerly in the occupation of his mother's half-brother, lately deceased; so betook himself to the necessary shops for providing himself with these luxuries; and having walked past the cottages and garden-ground, took himself and his new purchases home to his lodgings.

Two days later the post brought a letter from Mr Scamplin, engaging Mrs Clappen's rooms, and inclosing two London references (whence also he hailed), which were about as useful to that estimable lady as if he had mentioned a friend in Greenland and referred her to *him;* but she had such trust 'in 'is hair,' that she was sure it was all right; and Isaac, not being of a suspicious turn of mind, fell in with her views on the subject. So Mr Scamplin was written to, and the matter was settled.

Isaac having given the cottages and garden-ground into the charge of an old school-fellow of his, who was proprietor of a stationer's business (on a very limited scale as to stationery) and a night-school (very limited also as to learning, charges, and scholars), patiently waited for Mr Batfid's promise to be fulfilled, and was ready for his flight.

### CHAPTER III.—IN THE METROPOLIS.

Mr Batfid was true to his word, and the new clothes were duly delivered; and when day broke on the 13th of June, all was in readiness for Isaac's departure. Mrs Clappen, after much cogitation, could put this journey down to no other cause than her lodger's marriage on the quiet; not that she had reason to suppose he meditated taking such a step, but as he was so 'close' in his manner, she was pretty sure he would not take her into his confidence until the fact was accomplished. Although this was not Isaac's intention just at present, yet he had often thought whether he, as a landed proprietor, ought not to take unto himself a wife. With so very much on his side, he had no doubt of being able to find, whenever he might think proper to seek, a lady not only ready but eager to ally herself to so desirable a partner.

The only bar to his taking upon himself the holy estate of matrimony had been the expense; since he justly considered that no two persons, be they ever so economical, could by any possibility subsist on the same amount of rations, &c. as one, even supposing them to be like the wedded couple celebrated in song, one of whom could eat no fat, the other no lean, and thus, by a happy division of labour, accomplishing the cleanliness of the platter. It was not likely that Isaac would be so fortunate as this; and supposing he were, he and his good lady would not be able to do a similar thing with regard to clothes as the before-mentioned happy pair did with regard to victuals.

Isaac had many times considered this matter, and with his usual perspicuity, had arrived at the conclusion that there was but one course open to him; to wit, his alliance with some lady possessing sufficient means of her own to be able to bear her share in the cost of housekeeping—thus making matrimony subservient to patrimony; and his intention was to look out for such a party.

The sunlight peeping into Isaac's bedroom awoke that wary individual, who proceeded to arise and dress himself in his new apparel. This apparel was not, after all, entirely satisfactory, inasmuch as Mr Batfid, too much impressed apparently with the magnitude of his undertaking, had exaggerated the length of the seams and the fineness of his customer's figure; for Isaac found himself arrayed in a pair of inexpressibles very much too long, a waistcoat very much too tight, and a coat very much too high in the neck, very much too long in the sleeves, and likewise in the waist.

Nothing could be done but brace up the first until they nearly mounted to his arm-pits (and were even then too long), let out the second as far as it would go, and turn up the cuffs of the third. Thus habited, and with a cotton umbrella in one hand and an old carpet-bag in the other, Isaac made for the railway station, caught the 10.33 train, and was whisked up to London in an hour and five minutes.

He was not an entire stranger in that city, for he had visited it once before in company with his mother's half-brother, and remembered where to put up; namely, at a small coffee-house in the neighbourhood of Islington. Arrived there and a small bedroom engaged, the umbrella and bag were deposited in a corner, and Isaac, after carefully locking the door, took himself out for a stroll, telling the landlord he would be back at six o'clock, when he would regale himself with a chop and slice of cheese by way of dinner. Not that he entertained any high-fangled notions about dining late, but because of the economy of the thing; for a bun and a glass of water contented

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him in the middle of the day; and by this arrangement of six o'clock dinner, tea and supper were both dispensed with, these two meals per day being thus ticked off to Isaac's credit.

The first few weeks of his sojourn passed in a manner that would have been intolerably slow to anybody else, but did not appear so to him. There was much for him to see and admire in his own way, and this way was to walk about from morn till eve through the crowded streets, and more particularly those which were devoted entirely to business. Thus, next to a visit to the Docks, perhaps his favourite walk was through Upper and Lower Thames Street, where he would watch the loading and unloading of the various goods and merchandise. Not indeed with any distinct and particular purpose; but it was a delight to him to gaze upon these outward signs of the wealth within, and to ruminate on the possibility that he might one day acquire a share and interest in some large money-making business, which would serve as a stepping-stone to yet greater wealth and influence; and to be able to purchase such an interest was probably one of the reasons for his parsimoniousness. A laudable ambition, so far as it went; but the end was more thought of than the means by which it was to be accomplished; not indeed that he harboured an intention of any dishonesty, but he simply considered that the more he scraped, the sooner the final consummation would be attained.

## POISONED ARROWS.

That savages in various quarters of the world possess the knowledge and means of rendering their arrows poisonous, is a statement which is generally believed by ordinary individuals, from the schoolboy fresh from the perusal of books of adventure and travel, to his more mature and less sanguine elders. When, however, this topic is subjected to strict and sober investigation, it is found to present elements of inconsistency, or at anyrate of doubt, which at once tend to modify the previous and apparently well-founded belief of the inquirer. It is, in fact, found that the knowledge and use of deadly poisons by savages have been simply taken for granted, and that most of the stories or tales of the marvellous effects of wounds inflicted by poisoned weapons are based upon no kind of reliable evidence. These remarks apply to the general accounts given of the practice of savages in this respect. It is well known, however, that in some special instances an accurate practical knowledge of vegetable poisons is possessed by certain savage races. Thus the famous Woorali poison, obtained from a plant allied to that which affords the *Strychnia* of medicine, is used as a poison by South American tribes; and the juice of an allied plant (*Strychnos cogens*) is used to poison arrows in Darien and Panama.

But putting cases of poisoning by matter derived from vegetables entirely out of the question, it is also a matter of belief that savages have become possessed of the knowledge that animal matters in a state of putrefaction or decay, when introduced into the circulation, are capable of causing serious consequences, or even death itself. Accordingly certain races were believed to poison their spears and arrows by dipping them in the putrefying carcase of some animal; the results of wounding by these weapons being supposed to resemble those seen familiarly amongst ourselves, in the case of medical men and others who have accidentally punctured themselves whilst performing *post-mortem* examinations or dissections. Here again, however, elements of discrepancy appear. For the pathologist demands generally the existence of some special poison, generated by some special process in the course of putrefaction. In other words, cases of true blood-poisoning by decomposing animal matter are not of invariable occurrence after dissection-wounds; and such cases are further subject to modifying conditions in the patient—such as those of age, state of health, and susceptibility to the action of the poison.

Some highly interesting and important information on the present subject has recently been afforded by the inquiries of Staff-surgeon Messer of the royal navy, into the reputed poisonous qualities and nature of the arrows of South Sea islanders—a race which, more perhaps than any other tribe of savages, has been credited with the knowledge and use of poisoned weapons. Dr Messer had an excellent opportunity of making investigations into this subject during the visits of H.M.S. *Pearl* to the New Hebrides islands, and to the islands of Banks and Santa Cruz, in the summer of 1875; and as certain cases of wounding with arrows occurred under Dr Messer's eyes and were treated by him, his remarks on this subject possess a more than usual interest.

The common belief that savages possess the requisite knowledge and skill to manipulate and concentrate vegetable poisons, so that these poisons may prove of effective kind when applied to weapons, and used, it may be long after the application of the fresh poison, is freely commented upon in an adverse manner by Dr Messer. He further points out that savages themselves may firmly believe in the deadly nature of their weapons, without having any idea of the really innocuous nature of the substances with which they have smeared them. And great allowance must also be made for the influence of fear and superstition. The implicit belief in the poisonous nature of the weapons forms a point of no mean importance in the consideration of the causes whereby serious or fatal effects are produced. The 'nervous system becomes liable,' to use Dr Messer's words, 'to certain diseases on the slightest provocation;' and once convinced of the deadly nature of the weapon which has wounded him, the savage—and the civilised man also—comes to regard a fatal result as inevitable—this result accruing simply from 'want of moral courage to resist disease.'

The chief element in cases of poisoning which appears to have given countenance to the reality of the effects of the poison, is the occurrence of tetanus or lock-jaw after wounds. This disease,

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familiar to every medical man, as also resulting from injuries entirely dissociated from poisoned wounds, is ascribed by the uninitiated and ignorant to the effects of the poisoned weapons of the savage. And hence the belief in the potency of the virus becomes more and more assured. Thus, as is well known, Commodore Goodenough and a party of men were fired at with arrows at Carlisle Bay in Santa Cruz. The officer and five men were wounded by arrows, and a second officer had his hand scratched with the point of an arrow held in the hand of a native. The wounds in every case were slight. But the ship was ordered to return to the more temperate climate of Sydney, in order to give the sufferers the best chance of averting, what Dr Messer feared might possibly be favoured by the heat of the climate—namely, the occurrence of tetanus. All went well until the fifth and sixth days after the reception of the wounds, when the Commodore and two of his men began to shew symptoms of this disorder, which unfortunately proved fatal to the three patients within sixty hours.

Now, as Dr Messer proceeds to remark, here were three cases which might be cited, and which have been referred to as proving the actual occurrence of poisoning after the wounds of arrows. But the query which science asks is, whether the symptoms in these cases present any difference from those in ordinary cases of tetanus, and whether anything special occurred in their history to indicate the action of a specific poison? Without entering into particulars, it may be asserted that these cases, in every detail, presented nothing unusual or inconsistent with the idea of their being instances of ordinary tetanus. The occurrence of the disease was favoured—as is well known to medical men—in the wounded by the mental excitement and fear consequent on the belief that the arrows had been poisoned. There was, in fact, an utter absence of all the symptoms of poisoning; and the tetanus did not occur under any unwonted conditions, but simply under those which favour its development after injuries of ordinary kind. Where then, it may be asked, is the evidence of poisoning? To this query the obvious reply must be that, as regards the reputed poison of the arrows, no evidence is forthcoming, from the entire history of the case.

The actual investigation of the arrows of the natives of the South Pacific islands forms by no means the least interesting part of Dr Messer's communication. The arrows are generally composed of three pieces—the shaft made of a light cane, the head composed of hard wood, and the point or barb formed simply of the sharpened end of the head, of a sharp bit of bone, of the fin-spine of a fish, or the spine of a sea-urchin's shell. Specimens obtained from the New Hebrides measured three feet in length, and weighed about eighty grains; the points being formed of a piece of human bone of very tapering form, and ground down to a very fine point. The point was smeared with a black substance which had dried in separate masses upon the bone. The arrows which were fired upon Commodore Goodenough and his party at Carlisle Bay, Santa Cruz, were four feet in length, and had points, composed of slender and sharp pieces of human bone, about eight inches in length. The 'poisoned' arrows are carried about in quivers, and are not only carefully looked after by the natives, but are very difficult to obtain, presumably on account of the natives being jealous that the purchasers might become possessed of the knowledge of the poison, which in their eyes renders the weapons so valuable. The arrows of the Santa Cruz islanders were not carried as poisoned arrows almost invariably are, and were readily sold to the crew of the *Pearl* by the natives.

As far as could be ascertained, the processes adopted by the South Sea islanders to poison their arrows, consist firstly in the habit of inserting the weapons in various parts of a decomposing human body; the neighbourhood of the kidneys being usually preferred for this purpose. Now, as already remarked, it so happens that physiologists and medical men are in possession of some very definite information regarding the manner in which decomposing animal matters act on the human organism. And on the other hand, there appears to be an utter lack of evidence obtained from the observation of cases of poisoned-arrow wounds, to shew that there is any analogy between the symptoms observed in these cases and those prevailing after blood-poisoning. It is also very worthy of remark that tetanus—the commonest result of poisoned-arrow wounds—is not known to be caused by the introduction, within the system, of decomposing animal matter.

The second mode in which the natives of the South Pacific islands are believed to render their arrows noxious, is that of smearing them with some poisonous vegetable matters. It is probable that if poisoned arrows are really prepared by savages in any way, it is in this latter mode that they are rendered noxious. But there is an evident discrepancy between the action of any known vegetable poisons and the symptoms observed after wounding with the arrows of savages. Thus woorali acts by paralysing the muscles concerned in breathing. 'Corroval' and 'bao,' two poisons allied to woorali, act by causing coma or stupor and paralysis of the heart. The effect of the Upas tree of Java (*Strychnos tiente*) is to produce artificial tetanus; and strychnia introduced into the blood directly, as by inoculation, gives rise to marked symptoms, which resemble tetanus—but with this remarkable and notable distinction, that the tetanic convulsions set in *immediately* after the poison has been introduced into the system, and not after several days of incubation. Thus it is clear, from this latter fact alone, that strychnia and its allies can hardly represent the poisons with which the arrows of savages are smeared—admitting that these weapons are poisonous in any degree.

The historical accounts of cases of wounding by the arrows of savages, evince a singular want of any distinct or decided evidence to prove the clearly specific nature of any symptoms observed. Thus Mendaña in 1595 remarks that the Santa Cruz islanders were believed to use poisoned arrows, but the Spaniards did not believe the poison to be of very noxious kind. Burney in the *History of Discoveries in the South Seas* makes an observation to the same effect; and as Dr Messer well remarks,

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probably no fatal case occurred—with one exception—from wounding with the arrows, else such a result would have surely been mentioned. In 1797 Carteret in the *Swallow* visited Santa Cruz, and several of his crew were severely wounded by arrows of the usually reputed and poisonous kind. Three fatal cases occurred, but no mention is made of the effects being due to poison—a fact which would have been expected to have been duly chronicled from its interesting, if also sad, nature. Direct experiments with poisoned arrows are mentioned in the second volume of Forster's account of Cook's *Voyages;* the arrows being those of the New Hebrides islanders. A dog was wounded with the weapons, but no ill effects followed; whilst fishes were not affected after being wounded with these avowedly poisonous weapons. A pig wounded in 1827 by a poisoned arrow from the Santa Cruz islands, exhibited no symptoms whatever; and it is noteworthy to find that in the attack on Bishop Patteson's party at Santa Cruz in 1864, after which two deaths from tetanus occurred from wounding by arrows, the weapons were said *not* to have been poisoned. Here we find an effect produced from non-poisoned arrows similar to that observed in the case of Commodore Goodenough after wounding with weapons reputed to be poisoned.

Accounts given by missionaries of the probable nature of the poisons used to render arrows noxious, appear to shew that the natives of the North New Hebrides and Banks' islands do not themselves attach importance to the effects of the substance with which the arrows are poisoned, but seem to regard the innocuous human bone, forming the point of the weapon, as a powerful agent in producing deleterious effects. The poisons, according to the evidence of the missionaries, are derived from vegetables; the plants used in Banks' islands being 'Toe,' a species of Euphorbiaceæ, and 'Loke,' a climbing plant, allied to Strychnia. The same evidence declares the fact that the usual effects of wounding with arrows so prepared are inflammation, and occasionally tetanus; but the important remark is also made that the natives of the South Pacific are very subject to tetanus 'after wounds *not* produced by poisoned arrows,' and that this disorder is also common among the natives independently of wounding.

Professor Halford of Melbourne University—an authority on snake-bites—gives evidence to the effect that dogs and pigeons exhibited no evil effects after being wounded in various ways by poisoned arrows, obtained from the Solomon Islands, and by the substances obtained from these weapons.

That Dr Messer's observations on this subject therefore afford good grounds for believing that many of the reports relating to the deadly nature of the arrows used by the South Sea islanders are decidedly erroneous, there can be no reasonable doubt. And that many of the cases of so-called poisoning are due simply to mental fear and the physical irritation inducing tetanus, seems also a fair inference. But there can be no doubt, that at the same time, travellers and missionaries, by careful observation, might furnish scientific men with secure data upon which to establish sound conclusions. At present, the entire body of evidence clearly warrants us in entertaining a negative opinion regarding firstly the generally poisonous nature of the arrows of South Sea islanders; and secondly regarding the use by these races of any active poison derived from decomposing animal matter.

## MINDING THE BAIRN.

THE little story of 'Rob Graham,' which lately appeared in these pages, may possibly have aroused some interest concerning the poor but by no means insufficient manner in which children are reared among the Scottish peasantry. They get their food regularly, though in a plain way. They are usually stuffed into holes and corners to sleep. The older girls take charge of the younger; even the boys are pressed into this sort of service. All without exception run about barefooted in summer—not altogether on account of the cost of shoes, but from preference. Where there are burns to paddle in, and waters to cross, shoes and stockings would only be an encumbrance.

A farm establishment in Scotland is familiarly known by the Anglo-Saxon term, the *toun*. It is so called by the workers on the farm. Embraced in the toun, though situated perhaps at a hundred yards distant, is a row of cottages with little gardens behind them. These are the quarters of the hinds or ploughmen and their families. Ordinarily, there are dwellings for five or six hinds, besides one for the grieve or overseer. Latterly, the condition of the hinds—at least in the southern counties—has been greatly improved. They are each allowed so much oatmeal per annum; and perhaps a cow, which is allowed to graze with the cows of the farmer. There is an allowance of a rig or two of potatoes. A pig may be kept. The farmer engages to give the use of a horse and cart to drive a certain quantity of coals. Besides these indispensable allowances, there is a wage paid in money. The total value may be estimated at from fifty to sixty pounds a year. That does not seem a large income, but the outgoings are small—very different from what they are among artisans in large towns, where everything has to be bought and paid for. There is the house free of rent; the oatmeal for the porridge; milk from the cow in abundance; potatoes for the lifting and storing; coal driven to the very door; vegetables from the garden; fresh and pure water from the mountain rill; hams of the last year's pig dangling from the ceiling. For all this there is doubtless pretty hard labour in the field and barn; yet there are many assuagements. The labour is regular and healthful. Nothing is paid for seats in the parish church; the minister exacts no fees for baptisms; the children are educated for a trifle in the nearest school; even before the late access of educational power, there was no want of schooling, nor was there any disinclination to make use of it. We do not remember ever visiting the house of a Scottish peasant and not seeing books—very frequently a large family Bible—and that is saying a good deal.

For anything like thrift and comfort, there is of course a dependence on the wife. She has no servants to assist her. She could not pay for help. She is wife, house-servant, and cook all in one. Woe be to the hind who marries a slattern, one who likes finery and has a taste for delicacies!

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This, however, rarely occurs. We can say that within our observation the hinds' wives are thrifty and industrious, making the best of matters within their sphere. To use a common phrase, they soon 'fall into a family.' Then arise new duties to be encountered. We have often been filled with wonder how they at all manage to conduct their multifarious affairs. Not only the house to look after, but a crowd of children. It is a blessed thing for them that there is the open air, with the slip of green before the door, to which all the youngsters at times may be bundled, and where they rollick and tumble about, strengthening their legs and arms, and bringing their lungs into splendid exercise. Without a particle of scientific knowledge, the *clachan* generally is by intuition kept in excellent health.

The hind's wife, in looking forward to a family, is hopeful that her first-born may be a female. The hope is quite natural. In high life, where it is important to have a male heir to an estate, it is anxiously hoped that the first will be a boy; and when he makes his appearance, the bonfires are set ablazing. Among the cottagers we are talking about, there is no heritage but toil. The poor wife, foreseeing what may be her fate—a 'heavy handful' of children—piously wishes that she may be provided with a girl, who will grow up to help her in her interminable round of duties. Heaven has heard and answered her prayer. A baby girl is placed in the loving arms of her mother. We need not be surprised that the infancy of this eldest daughter, as conventionally considered, is curtailed in order that she may qualify for the position of nurse to her brothers and sisters. As early as her sixth year, she has not only to superintend the amusements of those next to her in seniority, but to undertake the sole charge of the baby while the parent is otherwise necessarily employed. And it is marvellous how aptly a child so placed will assume the air of responsibility, and evince the tact and solicitude of maternity! When children better circumstanced are yet devoted to the interests of their dolls, she is seated at the cottage-door, or on the green bank amongst the daisies, singing to her little human charge, or with matronly pride twining chaplets of the simple flowers for its adornment. Her engrossment would be perfect, but that she has occasionally to cast her eye in the direction of the burn to see that Johnnie, aged four, has not ventured too close to its margin; or to look that Bessie, in the innocence of her two and a half years, does not pull the tail of the faithful but cross-grained old collie which snoozes on the grass beside them. Returned home with her charges as gloaming falls, the baby is transferred to its mother; but the little maid's anxieties are not yet ended. She assists Johnnie and Bessie to their suppers, and then, amid pleasant reminiscences of the day's simple events, undresses them for bed. In virtue of her position in the household, she herself is permitted to sit up an hour or two later, and is rewarded for her good behaviour by being permitted for a short time to nurse baby in its night-clothes. Thus the first-born girl grows up to womanhood—her mother's right hand and the friend-in-council to each and all of her nurslings.

Where the elder children are boys, the less fortunate mother has to do her best with the material at her disposal—that is, invest one or other of her manikins with the rôle of nurse. The character is not so natural, nor can the experiment, we are afraid, be considered an invariable success; and yet we have known boys with strong innate love for children, whose skill and devotedness in nursing would put to shame many a woman of average maternal instinct. But however that may be, the young rustic rarely escapes altogether what to many of them is at times the irksome task of 'minding the bairn,' although, on the score of his incipient manhood, he may the earlier transfer the service to his juniors. At one stage or other of his boyhood, if his supply of sisters is limited, he is liable to be called from his hoop or marbles, or to forego his projected bird-nesting, in order to rock the cradle or dandle the baby while mother washes up the house or gets ready father's dinner. Even the youngest of the family does not always succeed in evading the doom of his elders; for one or other of these having married young and settled down in the neighbourhood, has of course defied all that philosophy has said or might have to say on the subject, and straightway added to the population; so that nothing is more natural than that the immature uncle or aunt should be wheedled or coerced into tending their still tenderer relatives until one of them shall have developed sufficiently to assume the hereditary duties of its position.

A curious reversion of this case is when the grandchildren are called upon to 'mind' their uncles or aunts—a by no means inconceivable circumstance, when the frequency of early marriages among the poor is considered. We remember some years ago, while on a visit in Forfarshire, that this very subject was broached by our hostess, who, as faithful helpmate of the minister, was herself mother-in-chief to the parish. She told us of a poor woman who had had a great number of children, all of whom had died young except one, a girl, who had married early, but who also died, in giving birth to an infant son. The infant was taken care of by the bereaved grandmother, who was still in the prime of life, and who had herself, after the adoption of her grandson, other two children, one of which survived, a fine boy of fifteen months old. At our friend's invitation we visited with her the humble cottage where this singular combination of relationships existed. The mistress was busy churning as we entered, while seated by the fire was the grandson, some eight or nine years of age, engrossed in the task of amusing the baby. After greeting the good dame in homely kindly manner, the minister's wife turned to the children and asked: 'How are you to-day, Jockie?'

'Fine,' answered the little fellow bashfully.

'And how is your uncle?' continued his questioner with a merry twinkle in her eye and a significant glance at us.

'Ou, he's fu' weel; only gey girnie whiles wi' his back-teeth,' glibly answered the urchin, throwing aside his shyness when his precious charge had become the subject.

'Dear me, Jockie,' laughed my friend, 'you will have some trouble with him then?'

'Whiles,' soberly said the boy, who, although conscious that the question was meant for banter, seemed unable to restrain himself on a matter evidently near his heart. 'He disna sleep weel, an' I 'm obliged to sit up at nicht an' whussle till

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him; but he's guid, puir mannie, when the fashious teeth are no troublin' him.'

We were much affected by the artless affection which Jockie displayed towards his uncle; and learned recently with pleasure that he had, through the minister's good services, been appointed pupil-teacher in what was formerly the parish school; and that his nursling, hardier than the rest of the family, was acquiring his first knowledge under his nephew's affectionate tuition.

Without pleading ignorance of the evils frequently attendant on the practice of intrusting children with the care of infants, we prefer simply to accept it as inevitable, and to contemplate the advantages with which it is as undoubtedly accompanied. In the first place, it is this early discipline, this facing of the harder realities in their lot from the outset, which could alone prepare those in the humbler walks of life to tolerate the position in which their maturer years will have to be spent. The girl whom necessity has taught the rudiments of housewifery simultaneously with her alphabet, and the mysteries of nursing together with the secret of making pot-hooks and hangers, will blend most naturally and easily into the mistress of a poor man's home, where the anxieties and solicitudes common to women are indefinitely multiplied. If not so palpable, the value to boys of the knowledge of simple household duties is after all scarcely less important; for aptitude in these is perhaps the most efficacious weapon with which he can enter the lists of a determinately arduous life. In their acquirement the future workman has been taught self-reliance and the habit of industry—qualities on which his success mainly depends; while he is specifically prepared for the not uncommon eventuality—as soldier, sailor, or emigrant, or even in the ordinary casualties of married life in his own sphere—of having to minister to the physical wants of himself and others. Nor in the last of these situations will his juvenile experience of 'minding the bairn' be without its useful application; for at meal-times, in his evenings off work, and even in the night-watches, he will be called upon to accept his share in those solemn rites which his domestic felicity has entailed.

There is a reflection too of a far higher character to which the consideration of this simple theme not inaptly gives rise. Solicitude for the welfare of those whom they have cared for and protected remains with the elder brothers and sisters in greater or less force throughout life; and the younger members of the family can never wholly divest themselves of the confidence and respect which such services have engendered. Each unit in the tale of the poor man's family thus stands to the other not merely in the fraternal, but, in varying degrees, also in the filial relation. Hence that wonderful tenacity of kindredship by which they are distinguished. Diverging careers, conflicting interests, petty jealousies, and even animosities, may temporarily step in to arrest the current of their affection; but the advent of calamity or sorrow to one or other is a signal which rarely fails to reunite them in bonds stronger than ever. Is not blood, after all, thicker than water, in their own idiomatic phrase? The successful digger or colonial shepherd needs nothing more transcendental than the memory of the humble home in which all were mutually dependent, to send his tenderest thoughts wandering across the ocean which divides him from his playmates and friends. Wherever their various lots may be cast, there is to the end a common haunt in which their loving spirits may meet, in the 'auld clay biggin' or 'humble cot' where each in his turn performed his part in 'minding the bairn.'

The family affections are, moreover, the pith and marrow of patriotism; and who will venture to estimate the degree in which a nation's stability is dependent upon the primitive economy of the poor man's household? It is only by association with the loves and sorrows and joys of his childhood that the external surroundings of his home become endeared to the heart of man. How naturally Burns arises, in his *Cotter's Saturday Night*, from the more immediate reflections which the happiness of his humble characters suggests, to that eloquent exclamation in praise of his native land, beginning,

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs.

## CAPTURING OSTRICHES.

The greatest feat of an Arab hunter is to capture an ostrich. Being very shy and cautious, and living on the sandy plains, where there is little chance to take it by surprise, it can be captured only by a well-planned and long-continued pursuit on the swiftest horse. The ostrich has two curious habits in running when alarmed. It always starts with outspread wings against the wind, so that it can scent the approach of an enemy. Its sense of smell is so keen that it can detect a person a great distance long before he can be seen. The other curious habit is that of running in a circle. Usually five or six ostriches are found in company. When discovered, part of the hunters, mounted on fleet horses, will pursue the birds, while the other hunters will gallop away at right angles to the course the ostriches have taken. When these hunters think they have gone far enough to cross the path the birds will be likely to take, they watch upon some rise of ground for their approach. If the hunters hit the right place and see the ostriches, they at once start in pursuit with fresh horses, and sometimes they overtake one or two of the birds; but often one or two of the fleet horses fall, completely tired out with so sharp a chase.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

## SONNET.

Oft let me wander hand-in-hand with Thought
In woodland paths and lone sequestered shades,
What time the sunny banks and mossy glades,
With dewy wreaths of early violets wrought,
Into the air their fragrant incense fling,
To greet the triumph of the youthful Spring.
Lo, where she comes! 'scaped from the icy lair
Of hoary Winter; wanton, free, and fair!
Now smile the heavens again upon the earth;
Bright hill and bosky dell resound with mirth;
And voices full of laughter and wild glee
Shout through the air pregnant with harmony,
And wake poor sobbing Echo, who replies
With sleeping voice, that softly, slowly dies.

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## THE COMING OBELISK.

FOR more than fifty years we have heard of projects for bringing to England the prostrate obelisk lying on the sandy shore of Egypt at Alexandria, and popularly known as Cleopatra's Needle. Every successive scheme of this kind has come to nothing. When the French army quitted Egypt in 1801, the British officers, wishing to have some memorial of the victories of Sir Ralph Abercrombie, claimed the prostrate obelisk as a spoil of war, and formed a plan for bringing it to England. A ship was obtained, a mode of stowage planned, and a jetty built between the obelisk and the beach. The Earl of Cavan, in command of the troops, headed the scheme; Major Bryce, of the Royal Engineers, worked out on paper the details of the operation; while officers and men alike subscribed a certain number of days' pay to meet the expenses. The obelisk was to be introduced into the ship through the stern port, and placed on blocks of timber lying over the keel. But difficulties of various kinds arose and the scheme was abandoned.

Eighteen years afterwards the Pacha of Egypt, Mehemet Ali, presented the prostrate obelisk to the Prince Regent; the British government accepted the gift, but took no steps towards utilising it, being deterred by an estimate of ten thousand pounds as the probable cost of bringing the monolith to England. Thirty-three more years passed; the Crystal Palace Company was organising its plan for the costly structure and grounds at Sydenham; and a question was started whether Cleopatra's Needle would form an attraction to the place. Men rubbed up their reading to ascertain how the ancients managed to remove such ponderous masses as this. It is certain that the stone must have been quarried in Upper Egypt, and conveyed somehow down to Thebes, Alexandria, and other places in that classic land. Pliny describes a prostrate obelisk which was moved to a distance by digging a canal under it, placing two heavily laden barges on the canal, and unloading them until they were light enough to rise and lift the obelisk off the ground; it was then floated down the Nile on the barges, and landed and set up by the aid of a vast number of men with capstans and other apparatus. A plan was suggested to the Crystal Palace Company for bringing Cleopatra's Needle to England on a raft; but the idea was relinquished. Subsequently there were several projects for importing the obelisk; but they also fell through, after not a little eager expectation and talk. Thus, from one cause or other, the famed obelisk was left undisturbed, and what may be deemed British property still lies in a kind of buried state among the sands on the coast of Egypt. Luckily, it has not suffered injury by delay in removal. The stone is of a hard texture, and its entombment has been rather an advantage than otherwise. Although first and last there has been much said about Cleopatra's Needle, we shall attempt to give some account of it and of a freshly conceived plan for bringing it to England.

The ancient Egyptians excelled in the art of erecting magnificent temples, pyramids, obelisks, and other works in stone, all of which, or the ruins of them, fell into the hands of successive conquerors—Persians, Greeks, Romans, Arabs, and finally the Turks. Among the long roll of monarchs of the ancient Egyptians, one stands out conspicuously for grandeur of character and the splendour of his reign. That was Thothmes III., who flourished fourteen hundred and forty-four years before the commencement of our era, that is to say, three thousand three hundred and twenty years ago. He ordered to be executed two obelisks of gigantic dimensions for the City of On, or City of the Sun, the name of which was changed by the Greeks to Heliopolis, a word signifying the same thing. During the lifetime of Thothmes, the obelisks were cut out of the quarries of Elephantiné, which consist of the rose-coloured granite of Syene, or Es-souan. These obelisks were to be set up in front of the Temple of the Sun, and in however mistaken a way, must be viewed as a pious tribute to the Almighty, personified in the Sun as the author of Light and Heat, the fructifier and sustainer of animal and vegetable existence.

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The preparation of the two obelisks was the work of years. Before their completion, Thothmes III. had passed away; and the honour of setting them up in their appointed place belonged to one of his successors, Rameses II., familiarly known to us as Sesostris. We can fancy the imposing ceremonies which took place in erecting the obelisks in front of the Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis. Both obelisks were inscribed with hieroglyphics, signifying that they were erected to the god Ra, or the Rising Sun, and to Tum, or the Setting Sun, which identify them with the most ancient and perhaps most poetical superstition in the world. To these hieroglyphics were added others by Rameses II., commemorative of certain military conquests.

And where is now Heliopolis, the City of the Sun, at which these grand obelisks were set up and venerated by the ancient rulers of the country? It is extinct. As in many other old Egyptian cities, its dwellings, built of unburnt bricks, have long since crumbled into heaps of dust. Its splendid monuments are destroyed or dispersed. When the Romans took possession of the country, the two obelisks that had been erected by Rameses II. in honour of the Sun were removed by the celebrated Cleopatra to grace the Cesarium at Alexandria about the year 40. There, near the shore, they were set up. One of them remains where it was placed, and is a well-known landmark. The other fell, from what cause is unknown, and there it has lain till our times.

Such in brief is the history of Cleopatra's Needle. It is upwards of three thousand three hundred years old; and whether standing or lying, it has been at Alexandria for at least eighteen hundred and thirty years. How along with its fellow it was transported from Heliopolis to Alexandria, can no more be known than how the Pyramids were built. Doubtless, there would be an enormous expenditure of human toil; but at the time that was not regarded. Unfortunate beings captured in battle were condemned to slavery, and if they perished in dragging huge stones, no one cared. If Cleopatra's Needle could speak, it would tell of cruelties of which we can form no adequate conception.

The two obelisks were nearly of the same dimensions; and standing in their original position in front of the Temple of the Sun, they must have had a most imposing appearance. The prostrate obelisk, square in form, measures sixty-eight and a half feet long, six feet eleven inches wide on each side at the base, tapering to four feet nine inches near the summit, whence it narrows to a pyramidal point called the pyramidion.

We may have a pretty good idea of its appearance from that of the Luxor obelisk, set up on a pedestal in the Place de la Concorde at Paris, which is the same shape, and measures seventy-two feet three inches in height, exclusive of the pedestal of fifteen feet, and weighs five hundred thousand pounds. The cost of removing this obelisk from Luxor, near Thebes, to Paris, was about two millions of francs, or eighty thousand pounds. It is a handsome monolith, of reddish Syenite, but unfortunately it is damaged near the top, and suffers from the bad taste exhibited in the pedestal on which it was erected in 1836. In Rome there are a number of obelisks of different sizes that had been brought from Egypt by the Romans. Europe may be said to have come in for a fair share of these ancient monuments. There is room, however, for one more—Cleopatra's Needle, which, had matters been managed rightly, should long since have been brought to England and set up in the metropolis.

This brings us to the project now set on foot by Mr Erasmus Wilson, an eminent surgeon in London, and who has munificently undertaken to be at the entire cost of bringing the obelisk from Alexandria. The idea of doing so arose, as Mr Wilson explains in a letter to a friend, in having had a communication from General Sir James Alexander, C.B. 'He, Sir James, recounted that he had paid a visit to the prostrate obelisk at Alexandria in the spring of 1875, with the view of ascertaining its state of preservation and the possibility of bringing it to London; that he stripped it of its covering of sand, and found the column uninjured, and that he felt assured that its transit might be safely accomplished; that all that was needed were the means of defraying the cost, and the determination to bring the undertaking to a successful issue; that he contemplated for this object to obtain the interest of the city of London and the government; but that, although he had secured the co-operation of the Metropolitan Board of Works for a site on the Thames Embankment, he had made no substantial progress.' Mr Wilson goes on to explain what he did in the circumstances. 'On the 7th of December, I had a conversation with Sir James Alexander. He was very anxious to succeed in his object, and he mentioned a plan proposed by Mr John Dixon, C.E., whom I promised to see. At my interview with him, I listened to his plan. He explained the position of the monolith, within a few yards of the sea, and the ease with which it could be inclosed in a cylinder, rolled into the water, towed to the harbour for the purpose of putting on to it a keel, a rudder, and a deck, and then ballasting it to a proper depth of flotation. The process required care, nicety, and judgment, but was evidently sound and practicable.' The professional advice Mr Wilson received helped to confirm this opinion, and he finally resolved to enter into a contract for the safe transport of the monolith. Mr Dixon was willing to limit the cost to eight thousand pounds; but to leave no room for failure, it was agreed he should receive ten thousand pounds on the safe erection of the obelisk on the Thames Embankment within a specified period. A contract was entered into on this basis; Mr Dixon undertaking all risks.

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We gather from Mr Wilson's letter that he had serious misgivings as to the success of a public subscription, and that after all it was a shabby kind of proceeding, unworthy of so great an object. In short, feeling he could afford the outlay, he took the matter in hand personally, and the element of expense was therefore at an end. Any other difficulty was removed by Mr Dixon receiving the concurrence of the government and of the Khedive of Egypt. 'I have,' says Mr Wilson, 'the assurance from Mr Dixon that the cylinder ship with its precious freight may be expected to float into the Thames in July next.'

So far as we can understand the proposed plan, Cleopatra's Needle is to be fixed by cross divisions or diaphragms of wood in a cylindrical vessel of malleable iron plates. There will be seven diaphragms, and consequently nine water-tight compartments. For safety, the obelisk will be inclosed in wood, and well packed, a little below the central level of the vessel, which will be closed at both ends. When completed with the obelisk inside, the vessel will be about ninety-five feet in length and fifteen feet across. After being rolled into the sea, and towed to the harbour, it will be ballasted, and be provided with a keel, deck, sail, and rudder. For these operations, manholes will have been left in the cylinder. These holes will be opened, so that access may be obtained to all the compartments. There will be no part into which a man may not enter if necessary, until the cylinder is finally sealed up for floating.

When made thoroughly ship-shape and seaworthy, then the vessel with its precious freight will set off on its voyage, under the charge of two or three skilled mariners, for whom a small cabin on deck will be provided. It will be towed the whole way by a steam-tug; the sail being simply for steadying the cylinder. The steam-tug, or with whatever other assistance that may be necessary, will tow the vessel up the Thames, and lay it alongside a convenient part of the Embankment. Where its precise site is to be has not, we believe, been determined. By the agency of hydraulic power, there will be no serious difficulty in raising it to an erect position on its assigned pedestal. There will, we think, be a concurrence of opinion, that no site would be so universally acceptable as on some conspicuous point of the Thames Embankment, where the effect towards the river would be particularly striking. What more fitting place of permanent repose than the banks of the 'Silent Highway' for the ancient symbol of contemplative veneration, the Divine Architect of the Universe, Ra and Tum?

A great day for the metropolis will be that on which this vastly interesting monolith is stuck upright in English ground! We can shew some minor works of art of perhaps as great antiquity, such as the stone axes of the pre-historic period, but nothing to compare with the product of Egyptian civilisation something like four thousand years ago. Trusting that no untoward accident may occur to derange the plans for the maritime transport of this interesting object, there cannot but be a universal feeling of satisfaction at the gracious manner in which Mr Wilson has organised a scheme for effecting what has baffled everybody since the beginning of the present century. When there is so much begging of money for all sorts of objects, the heartiness of his spontaneous generosity will be frankly acknowledged.

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## THE LAST OF THE HADDONS.

### CHAPTER XVIII.—MARIAN'S GENEROSITY.

MARIAN was, I believe, genuinely disappointed at Lilian's decision to leave Fairview and retire with her aunt to some cottage home.

'It will look so!' she ejaculated again and again; which words perhaps best expressed her sentiments upon the point. 'People might think I had not been inclined to behave handsomely towards you, you know; but I'm sure no one could offer more fairly than I do. There's the run of the place, and a carriage to ride out in, and your keep, and all that; besides two hundred a year to spend as you please. *I* had only two hundred a year to do everything with, you know, before Pa died. And if that isn't enough—well, I shouldn't perhaps mind saying'——

'It would be a great deal more than enough,' murmured poor Lilian. 'Only I must be with my dear aunt wherever she is, and she prefers having a home of her own, however humble.—Do you not, auntie?'

Mrs Tipper was very decided upon that point; and Marian did not object. 'Auntie' was quite welcome to consult her own taste in the matter. Indeed Marian was more ready to fall in with the little lady's desire to leave Fairview than it was under the circumstances quite polite to do.

'But for you, dear, it is altogether different,' she went on to urge. 'You are young, and have been brought up like a lady; and it really seems quite cruel for you to be going to live at a cottage, when there's such a home as this offered you.'

'I should prefer being with my aunt,' repeated Lilian, with flushed cheeks, turning her eyes, full of tears, lovingly towards the little lady, who nodded and smiled as though to say: 'Do not fear my being wounded by anything that is said, my dear. I shall only be troubled when you are.'

'You haven't tried it yet, dear,' sagely returned Marian; 'and you don't know what it is to live like poor people. Think better of it; and I will have a *distang-gay* lady to go about with us; and we will fill the place with company, and have lots of gaieties. Do, pray, think what you will be giving up, before you make up your mind.'

But she found that Lilian was not to be tempted; and Marian was at length brought to see that her arguments were of no avail. So I think she satisfied herself with the reflection that she had done all that could be expected of her, only stipulating that Lilian should acknowledge her generosity to 'people,' as she indefinitely termed the Fairview world.

'It is only fair that it should be made known that I was ready to act generously, you know.'

Lilian promised that it should be made known. Moreover, when at length matters were finally

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settled, Marian begged Lilian to take anything which she had a fancy for with her.

'I mean, of course, the things that have been given to you, you know,' she said a little hurriedly, as though afraid that her generosity might be interpreted too literally; adding, with a little laugh: 'If you took *everything* you fancied, there would be nothing left at Fairview, I expect! But there; just say what is yours, and I will take your word for it!' she ejaculated, in another outburst of good-nature.

If it had been left to Lilian, very little would have been taken from Fairview. But it was not left to her; and Mrs Tipper and I were more business-like, and did not hesitate to secure for Lilian not a few valuables. That little lady recollected a great many things which had been named by Mr Farrar as gifts to his child. Fortunately for her, he had been in the habit of talking about any new purchases which he made to add to the glories of Fairview, as presents to Lilian. In fact, had we kept strictly to the letter of Marian's offer, and taken whatever had been given to Lilian, we might have carried away nearly everything the house contained. As it was, we did not scruple to claim a great deal. Her mother's jewellery; a nice little collection of pictures; the grand piano, which had been a birthday present; and an endless assortment of valuables, even to a new silver dinner-service. For the last, we were indebted to Saunders, who reminded Mrs Tipper and Lilian that Mr Farrar had mentioned at the dinner-table having ordered the new pattern expressly for his daughter, by-and-by, naming the cost. Poor Mr Farrar! it is pitiful to reflect how glad we were to avail ourselves of his little ostentatious speeches, for the benefit of his child.

But in spite of herself, Marian began to look very grave and anxious as one thing after another was eagerly named by the servants as 'Miss Lilian's.' They had got scent of what was going on, and were eager to give evidence of this or that having been given to her. She had made up her mind to be generous, and strove hard with herself. But when it came to be a question of a set of diamonds, she could control herself no longer, nervously questioning as to the evidence of its having been a gift to Lilian's mother. Was the inscription inside the case—'To my dear Wife, on our wedding-day'—sufficient to make the diamonds Lilian's; and would Lilian mind repeating his exact words when her father put them into her hands on her last birthday.

'Of course I only want what is right; but she wasn't his wife, you know; so it couldn't be their wedding-day,' anxiously ejaculated Marian, her eyes dwelling fondly upon the jewels in their open cases.

Fortunately for us, Lilian fled at the first words, and we had Robert Wentworth to help us, so we battled courageously for the diamonds, and at length gained the day. Marian was obliged to yield, though she did so with a sigh over 'Pa's extravagance.' 'He never gave diamonds to Ma! Why, Lilian will have quite a large fortune to take away, with one thing and another!' Then, in reply to some allusion from Mr Wentworth about the fortune Lilian was *leaving*, he was sharply reminded that it was not hers to leave. 'People seem to forget that it's only my rights, and if it were not for my generosity things would be very different for Lilian.' For she was, I think, beginning to feel that her generosity was not sufficiently recognised, and it required some little encouragement in the way of being appreciated to keep it alive.

Meanwhile, Mrs Tipper and I were quietly at work in search of a cottage. We succeeded beyond our expectations; being fortunate enough to secure a pretty little place on the outskirts of a neighbouring village, at a very moderate rent, Robert Wentworth giving us material assistance in the negotiations. Having overcome the dear little woman's scruples about accepting half of my fifty pounds as my share towards the first three months' housekeeping, we gave ourselves up to the business of furnishing; and in this also Robert Wentworth was of much assistance to us, though I do not think that any one besides myself attributed it to anything warmer than friendship. Becky and I and a couple of work-people were busily engaged from morning till night in arranging and making ready, in order that no time might be lost in getting away from Fairview before Marian's good-nature altogether collapsed. Lilian was becoming very anxious to take her departure; and it was evident that to Mrs Tipper herself the change would be a very welcome one.

'To tell the truth, my dear, it will be a real blessing to me to live in a small house and be able to go into my own kitchen again,' she confided to me. 'You and the dear child will be the company in the parlour; and I shall make the puddings and pies, and know what's in them!' she ejaculated, enjoying her little jest.

Of course I did not mean to be idle, though I agreed that the dear little lady should reign supreme in the kitchen. Becky was to be our factotum; and very proud she was of the position, making it very evident that Fairview had altogether lost its attractions for her now. We began to plume ourselves upon having quite a little model home, where nothing but love and peace would be admitted. Ah me! it was as well we should think so!

It was a very pretty, if somewhat fantastically built cottage, which had been erected for an ornamental lodge at the entrance of a fine estate, the property of an old but impoverished family, which had been brought to the hammer, and sold in separate portions. The house itself—a fine old place, built in one of the Tudor reigns—stood on an eminence some two miles distant, and had been taken on lease by some benevolent lady, for the purpose of making a Home for girls who had suffered imprisonment, with a view to prevent their further degradation.

Our cottage was situated just out of the village, which lay in the hollow at the foot of the hill, on the side of which stood the house which I have mentioned as being visible from one part of the Fairview grounds, and which I so coveted for my married life with Philip. A little to the left, at the back of our cottage, still stood a portion of the fine old woods as they had been for many a generation of the A—— family. The land on the other side of what had once been the avenue, had been turned into hop-fields and so forth. In front of the cottage, the space had been so much encroached upon that what had once been a fine private road was now but a narrow lane. Branching from that lane, on the right was the village, and

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on the left another lane leading to a field, through which there was a right of way to the railway station; and from the stile of that field ran two paths, the lane I have mentioned passing the cottage and on to the village; and another lane at right angles with it, leading through the woods.

There was some little talk of *my* house soon being in the market, said the work-people, to whom I was curious enough to put a few questions about it. The lease was expiring, it seemed, and the present residents did not intend to renew it. This was news indeed. If, by good fortune, Philip arrived in time to secure it, how delightful it would be; the two others I most cared for in the world living so near us! How delightful to be able to shew my appreciation of the kindness I had received in some better way than by words! Then I pleased myself with another pretty picture of the future, in which Lilian and Robert Wentworth were the principal figures.

That Lilian would very long remain as depressed as she now was, I did not believe; her mind was a too healthy one for that. Indeed the reaction had already set in. After the first shock was got over, she was, I think, not a little astonished at the comparatively small amount of regret she suffered on account of the loss of her lover. It might be that she was beginning to realise the fact that her love for him had never really been what she had imagined it. In one point she was mistaken. She believed that he also had deceived himself, and was firmly persuaded that he did not love her and never had.

*I* knew that Arthur Trafford was in truth suffering the keenest misery in his efforts to tear himself away from her. He loved her better than all the world, except himself; and although he had not sufficient manliness and moral courage to make an effort in the right direction, I was glad to see he had the grace to be heartily ashamed of the part he was playing. I could not help being a little amused by Mrs Tipper's mild suggestions, in the midst of his wild ravings against his miserable fate. Indeed her very practical advice about looking for work, and never blaming Fate or giving up hope as long as he had youth and strength and his two hands to use, was not the lightest punishment he had just now to bear, Lilian being present, sitting white and silent with downcast eyes. I think he was almost driven to the verge of entreating her to share his poverty and challenge fortune with him; but he did not get beyond the verge. Marian silently watched with keen eyes and heightened colour, and it was not difficult to read her thoughts. She still found her position at Fairview a somewhat anomalous one; and would continue to find it so as long as Lilian remained there; the latter being treated as mistress, and she herself as much as possible ignored by the servants.

It was, I think, some little relief to us all when the cottage was declared ready for occupation. Mrs Tipper and I contrived to spare Lilian the leave-takings and final wrench of separation from the home she had always been taught to consider her own. We invited her to go to look at the progress of our work; and once there, we hinted that she might just as well remain at the cottage. There need be no returning to Fairview unless she desired it. As we had hoped, Lilian was only too glad to avail herself of the suggestion; unconsciously shewing how much she had dreaded a parting scene. So we three took tea together in the little parlour, which was to serve as dining-room. Our drawing-room, as we jestingly called it, on the other side of the house, was left unfinished, for Lilian and me to arrange, according to our own taste—in truth to afford some occupation for the former's hands and thoughts, and to leave no time for dwelling upon bygones, at any-rate for a while. Mrs Tipper and Becky had contrived to make it appear quite a festive occasion; the tea-table being spread with all sorts of little home-made dainties, which we felt bound to make a demonstration of enjoying, and I verily believe did enjoy a great deal more than we were conscious of doing, so pleasant was the contrast to the meals we had latterly partaken at Fairview. We could now freely shew our thoughts to each other, and that itself was no slight boon, after being obliged to pick and choose our words, as we had been in Marian's presence.

Afterwards I left Lilian with Mrs Tipper; I knew that she would put aside her own feelings in her desire to please the dear little mistress of the cottage, by shewing an interest in the arrangements which had been made, &c. And I had to set forth for Fairview again, in order to make the best excuses I could for Lilian's non-return.

I found Marian very much inclined to take offence at the method of quitting Fairview. Of course she would have sent Lilian in the carriage in a proper way; and she ought to have been allowed to shew people what her feeling in the matter was. 'Going off in that way makes it look as though I had not been inclined to treat Lilian handsomely; and I call it very unfair towards me!'

I intimated that Mrs Tipper and I had hoped to spare Lilian's feelings in leaving the home she had been taught to consider her own.

'But I think *my* feelings ought to have been consulted too, Miss Haddon. It's all very well to talk of Lilian's feelings; but it is not fair to let people think I don't want to do right,' she repeated, walking to and fro amidst her gorgeous surroundings. 'Of course they will think so now she has gone off in that way, and all my generosity goes for nothing! Besides, I was not prepared to be left alone in this sudden way, the servants all as upstart and impertinent as ever they can be. And I haven't been able to engage a lady-companion yet.'

In truth, Miss Farrar—I suppose I must give her the name now—had found well-born ladies (she had made it a *sine qua non* that the lady she sought should be well-born as well as everything else that was desirable in a companion) were either at a premium just then, or they did not incline towards Fairview, for she had not as yet succeeded in finding one after her own heart. In her difficulty, she extended the olive-branch to me; beginning by a little pointedly reminding me that the burden was already heavy enough upon Mrs Tipper's shoulders, and opining that I should no doubt be glad of something to do.

'I shouldn't mind paying you a pound a week till I got suited; and,' she was good enough to add, 'we don't know but what a permanent engagement might come about, if we get on together.'

I declined with as good a grace as I could,

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politely but very decidedly; and then went upstairs to label the boxes and parcels which were to be sent down to the cottage, and make sundry other arrangements for a final flitting.

## THE JUNGLE AND ITS INHABITANTS.

In an interesting volume on the *Large and Small Game of Bengal*,* Captain J. H. Baldwin presents us with a peculiarly striking picture of field-sports pursued in the ample game-preserves of India. The tiger, the tyrant of the Indian jungle, has, as is due, the precedence over his feebler or less dreaded congeners. Skirting the base of the Himalayan range, extending east and west for many hundreds of miles, is a tract of land covered with jungle, called the Terai; this is his chosen home. Cradled in the long feathery grass of the jungle, he gambols about in his infancy playful as a kitten, and usually attains when full grown the length of nine or nine and a half feet. Wild hogs, deer, and all the larger species of game, are his usual prey; but sometimes a pair of tigers will take up their abode within a mile of a village, sallying out from their lair every three or four days to pull down a bullock or a buffalo, always selecting the fattest in the herd. The strength of their muscular fore-arms is enormous. Captain Baldwin says: 'I remember in Assam a tiger in the dead of night leaping over a fence nearly five feet high, seizing one of the largest oxen, and again leaping back, dragging the bullock after him across several fields and over two hedges.'

In his old age, when his teeth become worn, he not infrequently becomes a man-eater; and such is the devastation he then occasions, that whole villages are sometimes deserted, and extensive districts laid waste from dread of these feline scourges. In these disastrous circumstances the advent of an English sportsman with his rifle and elephants is hailed as a godsend by the whole neighbourhood.

A tiger when brought to bay often 'spits' exactly like a cat. Contrary to the received opinion, tigers seldom roar; but at night the forests resound with the hideous din of their cries, which resemble the caterwauling of a whole squadron of gigantic Tom-cats. In making a charge the tiger utters a series of short vicious coughing growls, as trying to the nerves as the most terrific roar. Tiger-hunting, even from elephant-back, is always accompanied with danger. One day when Captain Baldwin and a friend were out beating the bush for tigers, one of his beaters, a fine young man, 'foolishly crept forward to try and discover the actual spot where the tiger was hiding. He must have approached within a few feet of the animal, for it struck but one blow without moving or exposing its body, and dashed the unfortunate man with great violence to the bottom of a stony ravine.' He was rescued at once, but died the same evening, his skull having been fractured by the blow from the tiger's paw.

In tiger-shooting, when you discharge your piece, whether you hit or miss you must not move, but standing perfectly still, keep your eye on the animal and put in a fresh cartridge. Many lamentable accidents have occurred from sportsmen going rashly up to fallen tigers, erroneously supposing them to be dead. One or two stones should always be thrown first, to see what power of mischief is left in him, for it is quite possible that he may require another ball as a quietus.

A tiger cannot climb trees, but he can spring to a considerable height, and this should be remembered in shooting them from what are called machâns, a sort of framework of poles resting on the higher branches of a tree. An officer, some years ago, in Central India got into a tree which overhung a water-course to watch for tigers. He was a considerable way up the tree, but he did not advert to the fact that the high bank of the ravine behind him was almost on a level with him. In no long time a tiger came to drink, and he fired at and hit it, but failed to kill it; when the enraged brute rushed up the bank to the higher ground behind, and springing upon him, dragged him out of the tree, and bit and tore him so frightfully that he died very soon after he was rescued.

Powerful and ferocious as the tiger is, he is afraid of the wild-dog. A pack of these ravenous creatures, finding strength in their union, will set upon, kill, and devour a tiger.

In the opinion of some old Indian sportsmen, the panther is even more to be dreaded than the tiger. He is a large, powerful, thoroughly ferocious brute. In old age he also sometimes takes to man-eating, but not so often as the tiger does. Our author, however, gives an instance 'of one in Gwalior who had devoured over fifty human beings, and was the terror of the whole district.' One evening Captain Baldwin, along with a friend, was perched in a tree in an open part of the jungle, near the carcase of a cow, which had been killed as was supposed by a tiger. The body was covered with birds of prey struggling and fighting over it like so many feathered demons, when suddenly a great commotion occurred among the noisy diners-out, and with a whish-h-h of their heavy wings they left their dainty fare, and flew into the trees close by, making way as it appeared for their betters, for very soon a huge brute approached the carcase, and began to tear and gnaw at the flesh. 'A tiger!' whispered the captain to his companion. 'No; a very large panther,' answered the other, firing as he spoke, but not killing the animal. In a minute he recovered himself, and springing up, made straight for the tree. It was an ugly situation, for although a tiger cannot climb a tree, a panther can, as well as a cat. As he approached, another shot was fired at him, which passed between his fore-legs, and he paused and looked up. 'Never,' says our author, 'shall I forget the devilish expression of that terrible countenance.' An awful moment of suspense followed, during which Captain Baldwin contrived to give him his quietus.

The leopard resembles the panther, but is smaller, and altogether a less formidable animal. It never attacks man, and rarely shews fight unless brought to bay, when, like all the felidæ, it is more or less dangerous. The lynx, which is smaller than the leopard, is a rare animal; and the

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cheetah or hunting leopard is also comparatively seldom met with in a wild state.

The bear, which we are accustomed to associate with cold countries, such as the north of Europe and North America, is also very frequently met with in the very hottest parts of India. Here, as in colder countries, he is a sagacious animal, and varies his carnivorous diet with berries, sugar-cane, honey, and every kind of insect he can get at. It is a mistake to suppose that they hug their victim to death; they draw him towards them with their paws, and bite him on the face or arm. A bear's paw, from the huge curved claws with which it is garnished, is a very terrible weapon. They almost invariably strike a man in the face; and Captain Baldwin tells us of a native named Dhun Singh, 'who was a most enthusiastic follower of the chase, and always joined our shooting-party in the hot-weather months, and who was, by a single blow from the fore-paw of a bear, disfigured for life in an instant, and left senseless on the field. He was afterwards such an awful object that I never could look at him without shuddering.'

The striped hyena is a native of India. He is an ugly cowardly brute, with an indescribably hideous cry. Goats, sheep, dogs, or a young child who has strayed from home, are his favourite prey. He never shews fight, but slinks away from the hunter's presence, much after the fashion of the wolf, who is also credited with a large amount of child-slaughter. A fearful loss of life is caused in this way in some districts by these brutes; and in common with the rest of the Indian carnivora, government offers a price for their destruction. The wild-dog is lighter in colour and taller than the jackal. It is a gaunt, ungainly, ravenous creature, of wonderful speed and endurance. If once a pack get upon the track of any animal, its fate is sealed. They even attack tigers and bears, and as often as not get the best of it. In some parts of the jungle, the wild buffalo are very abundant; they are always found in herds, which sometimes consist of eighteen or twenty, but oftener only of five or seven. The bull is much larger than the cow, and when old is always dangerous.

The dense thick bush and tall reeds and grass which surround the *jheels* or solitary jungle lakes, are a favourite resort of buffalo. There they feed on the rich herbage, and approach the water by long tunnels in the grass and reeds. The extreme danger of encountering these creatures is graphically described by Captain Baldwin, who one evening, accompanied by a native, went down to one of these jungle lakes, and hearing something move in the long grass, had the temerity to enter a tunnel. Up to his ankles in mud, and with scarcely room to move or turn, he was straining his eyes to discover the game, when there was a sudden crash through the brushwood, and before he could bring his rifle into position, 'I was hurled,' he says, 'to the ground with astonishing quickness by a tremendous butt on the right shoulder, followed by a pair of huge knees on my chest, crushing me down. The buffalo then commenced butting me with his huge head. I was covered with foam from his vile mouth: most luckily the ground was very soft, or I must have been killed. I had fallen on my back, but managed, by clutching the root of a small tree, to draw myself from under him; but as I did so and turned over, he struck me a terrible blow on the back with his foot, breaking two ribs; and then I was powerless, and imagined all hope of escape to be over. He gave me a bad wound on the left arm, another dangerous one under the arm-pit, a third on the hip—all with his horns; and then I found myself lifted off the ground and thrown a tremendous somersault in the air.'

Stunned and bleeding, our unfortunate sportsman was pitched upon his head, and landed behind a low thorn-bush at the edge of the lake. More dead than alive, he had yet sufficient presence of mind to remain perfectly still. A few yards off he could see his shaggy foe, sniffing all over the scene of the late tragedy. Satisfied with his victory, the buffalo then raised his head, listened intently for a few minutes, and to the inexpressible relief of his victim, trotted off in another direction. Faint and dizzy, but feeling that he must make an effort to escape, Captain Baldwin rose, staggered about thirty paces and then fell over in a dead-faint. When he revived a little he found his Hindu servant, who had been far too terrified even to try to help him in his hour of need, crying over him, and trying to bind up his bleeding arm. In a moment he remembered all that had happened; and motioning to the man to be silent, he got him to help him to his feet, and with his assistance, staggered fifty yards farther, when exhausted nature again gave way, and he fell to the ground, able only to murmur in a faint voice: 'Water; bring me water!' The Hindu ran down to the lake with his master's hat, which he filled with water, and having given him a little to drink, poured the rest of it over his head. He then cut his linen coat into strips, dipped them in water, and with them bound up the wounds as well as he could. 'Now,' said his master, 'put your rifle at full cock on the ground beside me, and run for assistance as fast as you can.'

He obeyed, and the captain in this almost helpless state was left alone. Night was beginning to fall; and he could hear from time to time some animal moving behind him through the undergrowth of matted creepers and reeds; but he was too much exhausted either for curiosity or fear, and at last, through sheer weakness, fell into a doze, from which he was awakened by the glare of torches. A brother-officer, after a long search, had found him; and although it was many weeks before he could move hand or foot, he got at last all right again, and was as dashing a sportsman as before; only he ever afterwards took care to give a buffalo bull as wide a berth as possible—in which prudent precaution he is imitated even by the tiger. This latter tyrant of the jungle, red with the slaughter of scores of buffalo cows, is careful to treat with profound respect the grizzled patriarchs of the herd.

Wild elephants, which were once abundant in the dense forests at the foot of the Himalaya, are still plentiful in Assam and Burmah, where many are yearly caught and tamed for the use of the government. Elephant-shooting is prohibited, except when a wild elephant becomes dangerous, and is transformed from a peaceable denizen of the forest into the morose, sullen, and savage brute known as 'a rogue elephant.' The Indian rhinoceros is plentiful in Assam and in the Bootan jungles, and resembles an immense pig, with a long horn carving backwards at the end of the

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snout. If unmolested, it is harmless; but if assailed, it will make a furious charge, when its long horn is an ugly weapon to encounter.

Wild hogs are very plentiful all through the scrub and brush jungle. Old males are armed with large semicircular tusks nine inches long. A more formidable antagonist than a wild boar with these tremendous weapons in full play need not be wished for. There is no cowardice about *him;* he is game to the backbone, and will fight to the last, and sell his life dear. 'Sportsmen have frequently been mauled,' Captain Baldwin says, 'in encounters with wild boars; and a European in the Customs Department near Jhansi many years ago lost his life, so fearfully was he gored by a hog which he had wounded.' The flesh of the wild boar roasted and eaten cold is delicious.

Passing over the various species of deer, each of which our author describes, we come to the Himalayan chamois and the thar, which frequent the rocky fastnesses of the Himalaya, and the hunting of which is quite as hazardous an amusement as hunting chamois among the mountains of Switzerland. As among the European Alps, so among the Himalayan Alps is the sportsman not only rewarded by the fascination of the sport itself, but by the surpassingly beautiful scenery amid which it is pursued. Above him rise the magnificent hills, dazzling in snowy grandeur, cleaving the skies with peaks which tower nine thousand feet higher than the highest mountain in Europe; below him in the distance spreads a varied and splendid landscape of hill, forest, and river, with distant plains luxuriant with ripening crops, shading beneath his feet into shaggy stretches of woodland, penetrated by deep, well-nigh inaccessible chasms and glens, abysses of pine, and precipices, and foaming torrents, such as Salvator Rosa would have loved to paint. Huge rugged crags tower like vast cathedrals above the giant trees, their crests covered with gentian and stone-crop; while round their base cling dark green clumps of rhododendrons, all ablaze with scarlet beauty, their blossoms shining like points of flame against the foliage of the splendid walnuts, and apricots behind, whose fruit at certain seasons literally strews the ground.

Camp-life in such a spot is beyond all things enjoyable. The atmosphere is clear and exhilarating; a sparkling streamlet gurgles across the little meadow in which your tent is pitched, diffusing a pleasant freshness around; radiant butterflies hover above the water, or alight like living gems upon the long fronds of the magnificent coronets which crown the giant tree-ferns. The ravine behind you, dark with forest, is vocal with the mellow notes of unfamiliar songsters. The eye, as you gaze, loses itself in a stupendous panorama of mountain peaks, rocky ridges, winding valleys, glittering streams, populous plains, and pathless fever-haunted jungles; while nearer, on the verge of the wood, a herd of ravine deer are feeding; lazily you watch them while you sip your coffee, all unconscious of the close proximity of a splendid wild blue sheep, which is gazing intently down at you from its bushy covert. Did you move? The motion was so slight as scarcely to be perceptible to yourself; but the startled creature rushes like an arrow down the grassy slope, and threading the ravine, rejoins the herd of its companions, to whom it immediately imparts the intelligence of your whereabouts, and in a moment they all make off, gliding shadow-like and swift along the precipitous mountain side.

India presents a wide field for the researches of the ornithologist, and is the native home of many of our feathered favourites, such as the peacock. This lovely bird, superb in its native forests, is accounted sacred by the Hindus. It delights in patches of jungle by the side of rivers, where on moonlight nights its shrill discordant cry may be often heard swelling the savage concert. The red jungle-fowl is very like the bantam in appearance, but its plumage is more brilliant, and like its *confrères* of the poultry-yard, it is very pugnacious.

There are six different kinds of pheasants in the Himalaya, most of them excellent for the table, and all of them more or less beautiful. There are also many varieties of partridge. The quail, which is always fat, is a *bonne bouche* fit for an epicure. Captain Baldwin says of it: 'A quail-pie or a quail-currie is a dish for a king.' There are four varieties of grouse, the largest of which is the sand-grouse, a very fine bird; but the monarch of Indian game-birds is the bustard. 'It is,' our author says, 'in my opinion the king of game-birds; and the value of its feathers, its excellence as a bird for the table, and last, though not least, the very great difficulty of shooting it, render it a prize to be much coveted.' The oobara is a small species of bustard; and to a certain extent a migratory bird. The floriken, one of the finest of Indian game-birds, has beautiful black and white plumage, and its flesh when cooked is peculiarly rich and delicate. There are two varieties of it; and several kinds of plover, which, however, are not abundant.

Different species of crane abound, as do woodcock and snipe. Of the latter, as many as fifty or sixty couples are sometimes bagged in a day in a rice-field or by the edge of a swamp.

On the lakes and jheels in the north of India, below the Himalaya, thousands of wild-fowl congregate about the beginning of October on their way south. On the jungle swamps and lakes wild ducks of various kinds abound; wild geese are also common, as are several varieties of the shieldrake. In company with these migratory wild-fowl arrives the flamingo, a very beautiful bird, with brilliant rose-coloured feathers. It has, however, little except its beauty to recommend it, for when cooked, the universal verdict of the mess-table was, 'that it was a very poor bird.' During the cold season the bittern is plentiful in Northern India, and unlike the flamingo, is very good eating. On the banks of large rivers the curlew is sometimes found, and several kinds of green pigeons abound.

From birds, Captain Baldwin suddenly skips back to beasts, and gives us a sketch of the Indian hare. Of this little creature there are two varieties; and they seem to have as hard lines of it (especially in the neighbourhood of barracks) as their well-known congeners have at home. With a passing glance at this four-footed martyr, we bid adieu to a book which is well fitted to inspire not only a love of sport, but of natural history. Nowhere can this interesting science be studied to greater advantage than in these wide-spreading Himalayan jungles, where mountain torrents gurgling down the beautiful ravines, temper the air to delicious coolness; where great trees grow stately as masts, making a pleasant twilight with their lustrous unfamiliar foliage;

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where gorgeous flowers bespangle the greenery, and round the overhanging boughs our hothouse ferns cling with ample stems and giant fronds, forming bowers through which lovely bright-hued birds flit, and multitudes of insects find shelter, filling the otherwise silent noon of the tropics with their shrill incessant hum.

## SUNSHINE AND CLOUD.

IN TWO PARTS.

### PART I.—SUNSHINE.

#### CHAPTER IV.—MISS ANGELA FAITHFUL.

One evening in the fourth week of our hero's stay in town, he took up a book while he was waiting for his chop, and a card fell on the floor. This card he discovered was to admit the bearer to a ball about to be held in the neighbourhood. When the landlady appeared, he asked if the card belonged to her. She said she had been looking everywhere for that card; they had had some to dispose of, and they had sold all but this one; a customer had wanted it, but as she could not find it, he had procured one elsewhere. Would Mr Webb like to buy it himself?

Mr Webb thanked her, but declined.

'Oh, well,' said she, 'it will be of no use now to us, as the ball begins at nine o'clock this evening. Perhaps you will accept this ticket, and make use of it?'

This, after a little consideration, Isaac was happy to do. It would pass away a few hours, and it would lead to no expense, as he observed that the ticket included refreshments. He did not suppose he should dance; he never had done such a thing, but there was no telling, if once his blood was up. So at eight o'clock Isaac donned a clean paper collar, took his well-tried friends, his gray thread gloves, and walked leisurely to the place of entertainment. He arrived there about nine; and on presenting himself and his ticket, he was directed to the Master of the Ceremonies, a dapper little man with a short dress coat and very tight pumps, who did not seem capable of standing still for a minute. He received Isaac's name and ticket, and danced off with him to the ballroom; and throwing open the door, announced in a very shrill voice, 'Isaac Webb, Esquire, ladies and gentlemen.'

The ladies and gentlemen addressed consisted of an antique female in black silk mittens, and two youths elegantly attired in suits from Moses's establishment, one of whom was whistling a 'fast' tune, and the other sauntering about with his hands in his pockets. Each of them seemed particularly careful to give the mittened lady a wide berth, thus testifying to all whom it might or might not concern that they were not all members of the same party. Now these persons were evidently not *au fait* with the usages of polite society; for of course they ought not to have been in their places at the time named on their tickets, but should have been there at half-past nine at the earliest. But here they were, listening to the tuning and consequent grating of two violins and a harp, placed on a small platform at one end of the ballroom. A violoncello was also expected (so the Master of the Ceremonies in a whisper through the door informed the company), but had not yet arrived.

In the course of the next quarter of an hour several more squires and dames were announced; and the arrivals kept on increasing until half-past nine, by which time (the violoncello having put in an appearance and all things being ready) the Master of the Ceremonies (Mr Hoppe by name) opened the ball by the announcement of a polka. That individual seemed to take a particular interest in Isaac; perhaps on account of his countrified appearance, for Mr Batfid's productions had not been designed or intended for a ballroom; or perhaps because he was a complete stranger. At all events, he now suggested that Isaac should lead out the antique lady, to whom Mr Hoppe would be happy to introduce him, and polk with her. But Isaac declined the honour, saying that he 'was much obliged, but that he would wait a bit;' so the lady and himself were among the few who kept their seats.

Almost immediately afterwards the door was opened, and Miss Faithful and her niece Miss Angela Faithful, were announced. Miss Faithful looked about fifty-five or sixty years of age; she was tall and slight, and had evidently been a beauty in her day. Such was her niece now; there could be no two opinions about it. Even Isaac, who had no great appreciation of feminine charms, was sensible of it the instant she entered the room. She was tall, and her figure was beautifully shaped; she had dark hair and eyes, a brilliant complexion, and features almost faultless. Moreover, she was dressed quietly, but in excellent taste. Before Miss Angela Faithful had been in the room many minutes, Isaac became aware of a peculiar sensation wholly unknown to him. Unqualified admiration it certainly was; but anything more? Well, he could hardly tell. He certainly felt interested in her, and desirous of a better acquaintance. But he did not know how this was to be done. Of course the most natural and proper thing to do was to obtain an introduction, and ask her to dance; but for the first time in his life Isaac Webb did not feel unlimited confidence in his own powers. And the feeling was reasonable; for to attempt to dance in public without having learned either a step or a figure, is, to say the least, a hazardous and serious undertaking.

The two ladies did not remain alone many minutes, for while Isaac was observing them (at all events one of them), a young man advanced, with whom they were probably acquainted, for he took a seat beside them, and at the next dance—a quadrille—walked off with Miss Angela on his arm to join the set. Isaac watched them take their places, and watched her through every figure of the (to him) incomprehensible dance; and when it was ended, his eyes followed her round the room and back to her seat. Her partner then left her; but his place was almost immediately filled by a lean young man with yellow hair, who was brought up and introduced by Mr Hoppe. Again Isaac watched her take her place by her partner—this time in a waltz; and as he put his arm round her waist, and she placed her hand on his shoulder, Isaac thought he should like to be in a similar position; and as the yellow young man did not excel in the mazy dance, Isaac fancied he could

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make quite as good a performance of it. But he let the next dance begin; and towards the end of it he made his way to Mr Hoppe, and requested the favour of an introduction to Miss Faithful.

'Do you mean the old lady?' asked the Master of the Ceremonies; 'because if you do, I warn you she is as deaf as a beetle, and if you talk so as to make her hear, you will have all the people in the room stand still to listen to you.'

'I mean the young lady,' said Isaac; 'and just tell me,' he added, 'the proper thing to say when you ask a person to dance.'

'We commonly say,' replied Mr Hoppe: '"May I have the honour of dancing this quadrille with you, if you are not engaged?" But gentlemen may vary it according to taste.'

'All right; of course,' returned Isaac. Whereupon they walked to where Miss Angela Faithful, just left by her last partner, was sitting. Mr Hoppe went through the introduction; and Isaac, who, to tell the truth, felt very ill at ease, repeated the formula given him by the Master of the Ceremonies. Angela looked at her list of engagements, hoping to find she was bespoken for this dance, without remembering the fact; but such was not the case; so with a whispered 'With pleasure,' she took his arm, and they stood up in a polka.

When the dance commenced, Isaac never felt so uncomfortable in his life. Where to put his feet he didn't know, and where to turn he didn't know. If he turned one way, it was evidently contrary to his partner's expectations, for they pulled different ways; if he turned another, he ran a-muck into another couple; and this on one occasion was nearly attended with serious consequences; and it was only by tearing a rent in his partner's dress that he was able to save himself a sprawl upon the chalked floor. To the spectators the performance was very diverting. To see this long clumsy yokel floundering about with so handsome and graceful a girl and so good a dancer, put one in mind, as a gentleman remarked to his neighbour, of the Beauty and the Beast. At length, after two or three turns round the room, Isaac was obliged to give in; not indeed through any feeling that he was making an exhibition of himself (for of that he was wholly unconscious), but from sheer inability to keep his footing any longer. With his head in a whirl, he conducted his partner to a seat and fell into one himself. At the end of a few minutes, she retired from the ballroom to get the rent in her dress made whole; and when she was gone, Isaac sought out Mr Hoppe, and asked him if he could tell him who the lady was and whence she came.

Mr Hoppe could only inform him that she lived somewhere in Holloway with her deaf aunt, her present chaperon; that her father and mother were dead; and that the only relative she had nearer than the aforesaid aunt, that he knew of, was a brother living abroad.

Isaac hinted about money.

'Oh,' said the little man, rather amused, 'she is not badly off in that respect; for she has a nice little bit from her mother, and considerable expectations from her aunt, I have heard.'

O Isaac, you are a deep dog! But you had no idea that on the other side of the canvas partition by which you were standing were a pair of ears intently taking in every word that passed—the possessor of those ears being Miss Angela Faithful. No, Isaac; you simply thought that here was the very object you were in quest of, and that you must pursue the subject further.

## CHAPTER V.—OUR HERO IS FULFILLING HIS DESTINY.

In a few minutes after the foregoing conversation, the fair subject of it returned to the ballroom somewhat flushed, thereby heightening the effect of her charms, as Isaac acutely observed. She returned to her original seat beside her aunt, and in lieu of conversation smiled once or twice upon that lady. It was indeed of no use to talk, as Mr Hoppe had remarked, and the usual medium of communication—a slate and pencil—had been forgotten and left at home.

Isaac arose from his seat in order to obtain a better view of his charmer; for as certain reptiles are said to be influenced by dulcet sounds, so was that wily creature Isaac Webb under the spell of female beauty. And not merely beauty. 'A nice little bit' from a mother, and 'considerable expectations' from an aunt, formed a most delightful *tout ensemble* and subject for reflection. So he stood and watched her for a few minutes with his hands in his pockets, and nervously balancing himself first on one leg and then on the other, until at length he began to flutter himself, as it were, towards his siren; just as a sombre moth beats about a strong light ere it offers itself up, a willing victim, on the pyre of its own supineness. Besides, Isaac was the more attracted towards her by reason of the furtive glances which the young lady cast in his direction; for although she was surrounded by a number of young men—other moths of varied hue—still their attentions did not seem to satisfy her; and so it happened that Isaac finally took unto himself what appeared to be (even to his unsophisticated mind) a half-bashful, yet a wholly meaning and appealing glance, and joined the circle of admiring swains. He speedily, with Miss Angela's co-operation, found himself near her, and when opportunity offered, volunteered to conduct her to the refreshment buffet—an invitation that was promptly accepted; so he in triumph led her off, to the no small surprise and vexation of his jealous rivals. Arrived at the buffet, he handed, with the most feeble attempt at graceful politeness, such comestibles and beverages as his fair partner would partake of, with no further mishap than the breakage of a wine-glass and the imperilling of a large glass epergne by collision with his elbow, and the consequent vibration of the structure to its very foundation. The light repast now under discussion brought to his recollection the more important one of supper; and our hero, who had become quite a gallant by this time, broached the subject to his companion, assuring her with all the warmth of which he was capable that 'he was certain he wouldn't be able to swallow a morsel unless she was by him to give his food a relish,' and as he beautifully expressed himself in metaphor, 'sharpen his appetite like a strop does a razor.'

How could any young lady take upon herself the responsibility of a hungry gentleman's enforced fast? Angela felt that *she* could not, so promised to accompany Isaac to supper; reminding him, moreover, that he must engage her for the dance immediately preceding that gastronomic event.

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This her admirer pledged himself to do; swallowing with a gulp the fears that would intrude themselves as to what the effect of the dance would be upon his appetite. All he hoped was that it wouldn't be a waltz, a polka, or a schottische; and in this frame of mind he returned with his partner to the ballroom.

'I have been looking for you, Angela; will you sing a song?'

Isaac turned round, and recognised in the speaker the young man who had been Angela's partner in her first dance that evening. He bowed slightly to her companion as he paused for her reply.

'With the orchestral accompaniment?' she asked.

'Certainly, if you prefer it,' he answered; 'but a piano has been brought in, and your voice may possibly feel more at home with that.'

'But I do not like to be the first to begin,' she urged diffidently.

'Oh, never mind about that; there is no one here can do it better, I'll engage; and if it will add to your courage, I will play the accompaniment, or turn over the leaves for you, whichever you like.'

'O no; you must accompany me. But it was the merest chance that I brought any songs with me.' With that, she bowed to her late partner, took the young gentleman's arm, and walked over to the piano.

In a few minutes her voice rose above the chat and murmur of the ballroom, and the purity of its tone and the unaffected and pleasing manner of the singer, enforced silence even among those who were not music-lovers. Among these Isaac might certainly be included; for beyond the performances on a harmonium in Dambourne End church on Sundays and an occasional German band or barrel organ on week-days, his opportunities of hearing music had been exceedingly limited. But perhaps it was this very ignorance of the subject that caused him now to drink in with the greatest delight—an almost exaggerated delight—every note and every word that fell from the charming songstress's lips. The composition itself was of no particular merit; it was simply a melodious English ballad; but the voice and manner of the singer, assisted by the tasteful execution of the accompaniment, seemed to fascinate all present, and a unanimous burst of applause at the conclusion testified to their appreciation of the performance.

And now dance and song followed each other in quick succession, and Isaac was unable to get near Angela, or even to catch her eye, for she had been so much sought after, and had joined in almost every dance. She was indeed the belle of the evening; and many eyes other than those of Isaac followed her as she threaded the intricacies of the Lancers or Caledonians, or was whirled along by her partner in the giddy waltz or polka.

As for Isaac, he had, to his great comfort, remained quite unnoticed, except on one or two occasions, when his fascinated gaze had led him from his vantage-ground against the wall, and he had found himself among the dancers. On each of these occasions he had suffered much, having been severely jostled by one couple, his favourite corns trodden on by a second, and himself finally sent back with a bound to his former position against the wall by a third. Nor did he obtain sympathy from any of them—nothing but scowls.

## CHAPTER VI.—A PRESSING INVITATION.

At length Mr Hoppe, in obedience to a previous request from Isaac, came to inform him that at the conclusion of the next dance—a quadrille—there would be an adjournment for supper. Our hero took this opportunity of asking about the gentleman by whom Angela's song was accompanied.

'I can give you no account at all, sir,' said the Master of the Ceremonies; 'though there are not many gents in this neighbourhood that I have not some knowledge of.'

Isaac meanwhile looked about for Angela, and soon discovered her sitting with her aunt and the unknown gentleman.

'You come to claim your engagement,' she said, as she rose and took his arm.

'You look tired,' remarked Isaac, feeling he must say something, and the fact of her looking tired and flushed having struck him first. 'Besides,' he thought, 'women like to be told they look tired.'

'Do you think so?' she replied with a slight blush, as they walked round the room. 'I should scarcely have thought you would have noticed it; but I *am* rather tired,' she continued, 'as I have been dancing a great deal; and besides that, I feel excited as well, for I have had a very unexpected pleasure to-day. My dear brother, who has been abroad for some years, returned to London to-day without giving us any notice of his coming. He arrived at our house a very short time before we started here, and as he would not hear of my giving up the ball, he came too.'

'Was it your brother who played for you when you sang?' asked Isaac.

'Yes,' she replied. 'It is an old song we learned together many years ago; and as he is a very ready player, it was no trouble to him to accompany me.'

While they thus conversed, the quadrille had been formed, and now the dance was just about to begin.

'Shall you mind very much if we do not dance this time?' inquired Angela of her companion.

'Not at all,' answered Isaac, much relieved; 'not if I may talk to you instead,' he added shyly.

He had committed himself now to a task far more difficult to him than even dancing a quadrille; for of what topics to choose as conversation with the fair creature by his side, he had not the slightest idea. So they walked on in awkward silence.

'Would you mind making me known to your brother?' Isaac at length asked.

'I will with pleasure,' she returned; and seeing him approach in their direction, she caught his arm, and introduced him to Mr Webb as her brother Herbert, from abroad.

'Very pleased to make your acquaintance, Mr Webb,' said he. And then, after a pause, and with an almost imperceptible glance at Isaac's clothes and general appearance, he continued: 'If it is not a rude question, are you a resident in London, or merely making a short stay in it?'

Isaac hated to be questioned; but he *must* answer; there was no help for it. 'I am staying

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for a time here,' he said vaguely, 'but my regular home is in the country.'

'Staying with friends, I suppose?' pursued Mr Faithful, not at all abashed.

'No,' answered Isaac; 'I am staying at a coffee-house.'

'You must find it dull sometimes,' said his irrepressible questioner; 'but I presume you have friends in the neighbourhood, or some business to occupy your time and attention?'

Isaac thought it might save further questioning if he gave a little voluntary information.

'I am staying in London for a few weeks for a little change,' he replied. 'I have no friends here, nor any particular business; but I am used to being much alone, so that I do not find it dull.'

'That will not, I hope, prevent me improving my acquaintance with you. I am at present staying with my aunt; in fact, I only arrived in London this afternoon, so have had no time to seek other lodging, even if I do so at all. But speaking in my aunt's name as well as in my own, I hope you will favour us with a call. You will excuse my card, for I have not one with me; but I daresay aunt has her case in her pocket, as she seldom used to go anywhere without it.—Do you mind feeling for it, Angela?'

She presently returned with a card, to which her brother added his name. 'We shall be glad to see you at any time,' he said, handing it to Isaac; 'but possibly the evening may suit you better than any other time, and if so, you will be more likely to find me in.'

Really, notwithstanding his questions at the commencement of their conversation, he was, Isaac considered, a very agreeable person; for he had given him the very opportunity he sought, the difficulty of obtaining which had exercised his mind during his sojourn by the ballroom wall. He did not consider it singular in the least that Herbert Faithful should have pressed such an invitation upon him, a total stranger. No; he was evidently a man of quick discernment, and had at once probed through, with his mind's eye, a portion of the crust of Isaac's reserve, and had discovered some of the precious metal beneath.

Any further conversation at the time was prevented by a general move towards the supper-room; and Herbert, asking his two companions to wait for him, presently brought up the aunt, and the four went into the supper-room together. During the meal, Herbert made himself particularly agreeable; so much so, that Isaac threw off a little more of the crust of his reserve, even going so far as to mention Dambourne End, and to give out a slight glimmer of his own importance in that place as a landowner. The supper, after the manner of such entertainments, was not a protracted one, and passed off, so far as our party was concerned, with no further contre-temps than was occasioned by Isaac, in the exuberance of his feelings, inadvertently tilting his chair so that he came in contact with the back-comb of a middle-aged lady who was sitting back to back with him, thereby forcing that useful ornament into her scalp. A loud scream was the result; but the lady was more startled than hurt, and after apologies more or less awkward from Isaac, she regained her composure and her appetite, and harmony was restored.

After supper, Angela danced but once, and after singing a duet with her brother, came with him to Isaac to say good-night. He accompanied them and their aunt to their cab; and after promising to call upon them very soon, they drove off, and he returned to the ballroom. But the place was now without any interest for him; so after wondering within himself that his heart should have been so easily and speedily reached, and with a new and indescribable feeling of loneliness upon him, he bade Mr Hoppe good-night, after an ineffectual attempt on that individual's part to get at Isaac's habitation and business; and having made no other acquaintance whatever in the room, he obtained his hat and departed to his coffee-house.

## A MEDIUM'S CORRESPONDENTS.

THE Americans usually plume themselves upon being the 'smartest' people under the sun; but as an acute writer observes, the very admiration they bestow upon shrewdness shews that the quality is really rare among them. Your ideal American, spry as a fox, supple as an eel, 'cute as a weasel, would have a bad time of it if his countrymen generally were equally spry, supple, and cunning. Charlatans and impostors can only thrive in a credulous community, and in no country in the world do the pestilent creatures ply such a profitable trade as in the Great Republic. In almost every newspaper and popular periodical published in America, wizards, fortune-tellers, clairvoyants, and seeresses 'born with a veil,' advertise their readiness to supply psychometrical, phrenological, and planetary readings, or solve all difficulties relating to business, love, trouble, and disease, for some fifty cents or so; while mediums of every variety offer their services to any one requiring spiritual help—and willing to pay for it.

One of these tricksters, practising in New York, lately came to grief in a curious way. Prudently dispensing with the paraphernalia usually affected by the craft, Medium Flint adopted a simpler and less risky method of swindling, merely undertaking for a fee of two dollars to act as a medium of communication between his patrons and their friends in the spirit-world. Any one desirous of obtaining news or advice from that mysterious debatable land had only to send him a letter addressed to a spirit and securely fastened; unless that were done, it would not be answered; Flint's agency being only efficient when his mind was blank and passive to both questions and answers, and delivering in his own handwriting simply and precisely what was dictated to him by the spirit communicating. Of course the recipients of these proxy-written spirit-replies never doubted their genuineness, especially as they came accompanied with their own epistles with their covers *intact*.

Unfortunately for himself, Mr Flint gave his wife—'a spiritualist herself, but not of the same kind as her husband'—good cause to leave his house; and the abused lady carried away with her not only the little apparatus by whose aid he unsealed the communications of his dupes, but the book in which the rascal copied them and the answers he manufactured; and to make matters worse for the unlucky medium, Mrs Flint thought proper to publish a selection from his correspondence, 'to warn people against quack spiritualists,' and serve for the entertainment of all not

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concerned. It serves to shew too how widespread the belief in spiritualism is in the States; for Flint's customers are of all grades, from the humble individual whose highest ambition is to occupy a clerk's stool, to an ambassador-elect, anxious to settle a doubtful point respecting his pedigree, before leaving his country to represent it at the Court of St James.

Flint warned his patrons of the necessity of putting their questions briefly, clearly, and distinctly, 'the mixed kind defeating the object of the investigation.' The hint was thrown away upon most of them. A young lady signing herself 'Miss Fany Crosby,' with a confusing contempt for the rules of spelling and punctuation, thus addressed her dear mother: 'Can you tell me if I will be developed the time you told me I Wold thrue Mr Foster if not tell me When if you can Will I be a good Medium Will I wright impressnoley or Makonakley Will I be a seeking Medium Will I ever see you the same as eny spiret While in the body can all of our dear Spiret Friends controle me When I am developed as Will I be controled by a Guid to home they will Dicktate will Ida alwayse Treate me as she does now will she Mary and do well will Dear Mattei Ever have Meny children. Will they be Gurls or Boys where can I Find Some of Aunt Rachels Boys is she with you and is she hapy is Gand Mother on your sid yet will Liddia out live Harry Can she Be developed as a Medium Will I ever be welthy can Amandy be a Medium how long shall we stay in this house will I go into the country this Summer to Liddias is Ida going to Die soon.'

Miss 'Fany' is but one of many aspirants to the doubtful honours of mediumship, who, anxious as they may be to receive an affirmative answer to the question, 'Shall I become a medium?' are not prepared to accept it as a full equivalent for their two dollars. A would-be clairvoyant writes to his father: 'I would like to know how you are. What have they done with your property in Bray? Will I ever get any portion of it? Please give me advice on business matters. Give me all the help you can.' Another affectionate son asks his father for 'points' in the patent business. Nathan Crane is desired to instruct his nephew whether it were best to sell his business or hold on. Fred Felton wants his brother to tell him if his partner may be trusted, and if the firm would do wisely to decline giving credit to customers; while a gentleman 'engaged in making Nature's Hair Restorer,' entreats Brother William to give his personal attention to the matter, and inform him what is the best plan to adopt to make the Restorer pay a profit very soon; although he betrays a sad want of faith in the virtues of that article, by pestering a number of denizens of the spirit-world for recipes for the manufacture of hair restoratives, in the expectation of obtaining valuable information at a trifling cost; like a litigant who asks the shade of Daniel Webster for legal assistance concerning certain lawsuits; as if it were likely that even a disembodied lawyer would give professional advice gratis!

A lady sends a loving greeting to her departed cousin Phœbe, fully believing the lost one watches over her, and asks: 'Can you see mamma and I in our daily life here? Can you see my dear loved George? How long before he will be free from the unlawful bond now entangling and oppressing him? Will Georgie return to me this autumn? How soon will we be wedded?' A widower propounds a few 'live questions' to his dead 'wife in heaven,' and wants to know if she is happy; if she can come back to earth, or desires to do so; if dear little baby is with her; and if she can find any medium in Philadelphia through whom he could communicate with her. Another widower, not without hope of finding consolation for his loss, wishes his lamented wife to tell him if he had better sell his business and go to Europe with his patent rails, or remain where he is and marry Miss Boyd. Jealousy is not supposed to exist in the spirit-world, or Camilla Stick would scarcely invite her defunct husband to enlighten her as to the intentions of a certain gentleman by informing her whether Mr W—— loves her and will marry her, or whether he rather inclines to 'Cora,' and will visit that damsel when he goes to Philadelphia. Less excuse for his inquisitiveness respecting other folk's feelings has Mr Key, who writes to his brother: 'Can you tell me if my niece Marie will recover and be a well and strong girl; and who she is in love with? What are my prospects in New York, and had I better remain here, or go home to my father? Also if my tickets in the Louisville lottery will gain me a prize, and what do you think of cotton declining? Will Mr Zoborowski do anything for me, and does he really like me? Does my sister feel sorry for what she has done? Will Anna Zoborowski marry a foreigner? Does she love any other person? Does Alexander love Marie? and does Alores love Anna? Good-bye, my dear brother. Can you give me the names of some friends in the spirit-world?' The credulity demonstrated in these and such other ridiculous questions almost exceeds belief. And this in a country boasting of its education and its shrewdness!

## AN IRISH MISTAKE.

For more than twenty years it has been my custom to recruit myself every autumn with a walking tour of over a month's duration. By this means I have seen more of these islands than any one of my acquaintance, and have had peeps into the inner life of the people such as few tourists obtain.

In doing this, I never overstrained myself, as is now too often the fashion. I walked just so far as I pleased, and rested when nature or my inclination gave me the hint. Sometimes my journeys were made in the cool of the evening, sometimes in the early morning; often I slept in the cabin of some labourer, and not once or twice, but a dozen times, have been forced to make my lodging under the lee of some friendly hay-rick.

One of these autumns, over ten, and less than twenty years ago, I made the west of Ireland the field of my operations. Starting from Galway, in a little less than three weeks' time I beheld the broad waters of Corrib, Mask, and Conn—had lost myself in the wildernesses under the shadow of Croagh Patrick—and looked with awe at the bold headlands of Mayo, against which the restless Atlantic beats with a ceaseless roar.

By the evening of the twenty-first day, I found

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myself at Ballina, my mind full of indecision as to how I should occupy the week or ten days I had yet to spare. To go back over the same ground, I looked on as a waste of time; to plunge inland was to doom myself to days of weary trudging through rather uninteresting country. After deliberation, I decided to head for Sligo, feeling sure that the beauties of Lough Gill would well repay me my long walk thither.

Next morning I was up early, and, knapsack on back and stick in hand, started off on my journey.

For the first mile or two, the road was level and easy; but presently its character changed, and the country around grew poor and wild. It seemed a land drenched with constant showers, and beat upon by constant gales. There was nothing to charm me in anything I saw, so I hurried on.

After ten hours' almost constant walking, the country began to improve, and presently I found myself in the little village of Ballysadare. Here I halted, for, as may be expected, I was both tired and hungry.

A good dinner, however, soon made a wonderful change in me for the better. There were still a couple of hours to pass before dark, and how better could I employ them than by attempting to cover in an easy way the five miles yet between me and Sligo? Once there, I could make up by a day's idleness for this day of extra exertion. So, after a short rest, I shouldered my knapsack, grasped my stick, and started off again.

Once clear of the village, the country began rapidly to improve, and the scenery at one or two spots was so pleasant, that I was tempted to loiter. I was not more than half the way, when I suddenly wakened to the fact that night was beginning to fall about me fast.

'I cannot reach Sligo now before dark; that's certain,' I muttered, as I hoisted my knapsack an inch or two higher, and began to cover the ground at my best rate. 'However, the sooner I get there the better.'

Presently, I reached a spot where four roads met, and while I stood doubtful which to take, a gig driven by some one singing in a loud key overtook me. At sight of my lonely figure, the gig was halted suddenly, and the driver ceased his song.

'Ah, thin, may I ask, is your honour goin' my way?' said a full round voice. 'It's myself that's mighty fond of company o' nights about here.'

'I don't know what *your* way may be,' I replied. 'I wish to go to Sligo.'

'Ah, thin, an' it's that same Sligo, the weary be on it, that I'd be afther goin' to myself,' answered the driver. 'But your honour looks tired—manin' no offince—an' perhaps you'd take a lift in the gig?'

'Thank you; I will take a lift,' I replied, as I stepped forward and sprang quickly to the seat. 'The truth is, I feel rather tired, as you say.'

'An' has your honour walked far?' asked the driver, as the gig rolled on towards the town.

'I've walked from Ballina since morning,' I replied quietly.

'From Ballina! There, now, the Lord save us!' cried the man, as he half turned in his seat and gazed at me in astonishment. 'Why, that's a day's work for the best horse in the masther's stables.'

'Your master must keep good horses, if I may judge by the one before us,' I answered.

'The best in all the county, your honour, though I say it. There isn't a gossoon in the three baronies but knows that.'

'Your master's a bit of a sportsman, then?'

'Yes, your honour; an' if he'd stick to that, it's himself'd be the best liked man from Ballina to Ballyshannon. You wouldn't find a better rider or a warmer heart in a day's march. But thim politics has been his ruin with the people.'

'Oh, ah; I have heard that Sligo is rather a hot place during elections,' I replied. 'But surely the people don't turn upon their friends at such a time?'

'They'd turn upon their own father, if he wint agin them,' replied the driver solemnly. 'See now, here I am, drivin' the masther's own gig to town just be way of a blin', ye see, while he's got to slip down the strame in Jimmy Sheridan's bit of a boat. Ah, thim politics, thim politics!'

'Oh, then, there's an election about to take place, I presume?'

'Thrue for ye, your honour, thrue for ye,' replied the man dolefully. 'There nivir was such a ruction in Sligo before, in the mimiry of man. Two lawyers a-fightin' like divils to see who's to be mimbir.'

'Then I'm just in time to see the fun.'

'Fun, your honour?' echoed the man. 'It's not meself that'id object to a bit of a scrimmage now an' agin. But it's murther your honour'll see before it's all over, or my name isn't Michael O'Connor. Whist now! Did ye hear nothin' behin' that hedge there?'

At this moment we were about the middle of a rather lonesome stretch of the road, one side of which was bounded by a high thin hedge. The dusk of the evening was fast giving way to the gloom of night.

'I—ah—yes, surely there is something moving there,' I replied. 'It's some animal, most likely.'

'Down in the sate! down, for your life!' cried the driver, as in his terror he brought the horse to a halt. 'I'——

His speech was cut short by a couple of loud reports. A lance-like line of fire gushed from the hedge, and one if not two bullets whizzed close past my ear.

As I sprang to my feet in the gig, the driver slid down to the mat, and lay there in a heap, moaning. 'Are you hurt?' I asked, as I strove to get the reins out of his palsied hands.

'I'm kilt, kilt intirely!' he moaned.

'Aisy now, aisy there, your honour!' cried a voice from behind the hedge just as I had gained the reins. 'It's all a mistake, your honour, all a mistake!'

'Give the mare the whip! give the mare the whip!' cried the driver, as he strove to crawl under the seat; 'we'll all be murthered!'

Instead of taking his advice, however, I held the mare steady, while a man pressed through the thin hedge and stood before us, a yet smoking gun on his shoulder.

'What's the meaning of this?' I asked coolly, for the new-comer's coolness affected me. 'Did you want to murder a person you never saw before?'

'I'm raale downright sorry, your honour,' replied the man in just such a tone as he might have used had he trod upon my toe by accident; 'but ye see you're in Wolff O'Neil's gig, an' I took ye for him.—Where's that fellow Michael?'

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As he said this, the man prodded the driver with the end of his gun, while I—I actually laughed outright at the strangeness of the affair.

'Go away with ye, go away!' moaned the driver. 'Marther! thaves! murther!'

'Get up with ye, an' take the reins, you gomeril you,' said the man, as he gave Michael another prod that brought him half out. 'You're as big a coward as my old granny's pet calf. Get up, an' take the reins, or I'll'——

'Oh, don't; there, don't say nothin', for the love of heaven!' cried the driver, as he scrambled into his seat again and took the reins in his shaking hands. 'I'll do anythin' ye till me, on'y put that gun away.'

'There,' replied the man, as he lowered the gun till its mouth pointed to the ground; 'will that plase ye? Now, tell me where's Squire O'Neil?'

'He's in the town be this,' replied the driver. 'O thim politics, thim politics!'

'Hum; so he's managed to get past us, after all. Well, tell him from me, Captain Rock, that if he votes for the sarjint to-morrow, it's an ounce of lead out of this he'll be after trying to digest. Now, mind.'

'I'll tell him, captain, dear! I'll tell him,' replied the driver, as he fingered the reins and whip nervously. 'But mayn't we go on now? mayn't we go on?'

'Yis, whiniver the gentleman plases,' replied the man. 'An' I'm raale sorry, as I told your honour, I'm raale sorry at the mistake.'

'Well, I'm pleased, not sorry,' I replied, laughing, 'for if you'd hit me, it wouldn't have been at all pleasant. But let me advise you to make sure of your man next time before firing. Good-night.'

'Good-night, your honour, good-night,' cried the man, as Michael gave the mare the whip, and sent her along at the top of her speed to the now fast-nearing lights of the town. In less than a quarter of an hour we had dashed through the streets, and halted opposite a large hotel. Here Michael found his master, as he expected; and here I put up for the night, very much to the astonishment of every one. Soon after my arrival, I asked to be shewn to my room; but it was one o'clock in the morning before the other guests ceased their noise and allowed me to go to sleep. Next day I slept rather late, and might have slept even later, but that I was rudely shaken out of a pleasant dream by a wild howl, as of a thousand demons just let loose. Starting up quickly, and looking out on the street, I saw that it was filled with a fierce-looking crowd, out of whose many mouths had proceeded the yell that wakened me. Dragging on my clothes, I rushed down to the coffee-room. There I learned that the people outside had just accompanied Squire O'Neil back from the polling-place, where he had been the first to vote for 'the sarjint.' Now that this fact had become generally known, they were clamorous that he should be sent out to them, 'to tear him limb from limb.' Presently, while their cries rose loud and long, the squire entered the room—a tall, military-looking man, with a little of a horsey tone, nose like a hawk, eyes dark, yet glowing like fire.

'They don't seem over-fond of me, I see,' he said with a smile, as he bowed to those in the room, and advanced to one of the windows and coolly opened it. Waving his hand, the crowd became instantly silent.

'Now, don't be in a hurry, gentlemen,' he said in a clear voice that must have been distinctly heard by every one. 'You shall have the honour of my company so soon as my horse can be harnessed, I assure you.'

'Eh, what! what does he mean?' I asked of a person next me. 'Surely he will not venture out among these howling fiends?'

'That is just what he is going to do,' replied my companion. 'There is no use talking to him. He has given orders for the mare and gig to be got ready, and it's as much as any one's life is worth to try to stop him. Wolff by name, and wolf by nature; he's enraged at having to steal down here last night like a thief. Ah, there the fun begins! Look out!'

As my companion spoke, he griped me by the arm, and dragged me close against a space between two windows. Next moment, a shower of stones crashed through the windows, leaving not a single inch of glass unbroken. Then, at longer or shorter intervals, volley followed volley, till the floor of the room was completely covered with road-metal and broken glass. Presently, there was a lull in the storm, and the crowd became all at once as silent as the grave. In the hush, I could distinctly hear the grating sound of the opening of some big door almost under us. I looked inquiringly at my companion.

'It's the entry doors being opened to let the wolf out,' he said in reply. 'Ah, there he is.'

I glanced out of the window, and saw the squire alone in his gig, a smile on his face, his whole bearing as cool and unconcerned as if there was not a single enemy within a thousand miles. Then I heard the great doors clang to, and as they did so, the crowd gave vent to a howl of delighted rage.

At the first appearance of the squire in his gig, the people had swayed back, and left an open space in front of the hotel. Now they seemed about to close in on him, and one man in the front stooped to lift a stone. Quick as lightning, the hand of the squire went to his breast, and just as the man stood upright to throw, I heard the sharp crack of a pistol. The man uttered a wild shriek of pain, clapped his hands to his cheeks, and plunged into the crowd. The bullet had entered at one cheek and gone out at the other, after tearing away a few teeth in its passage. The man was the very person who had made the mistake in shooting at me over-night.

'A near nick that for our friend,' said the squire in his clear voice, while the crowd swayed back a pace or two. 'But the next will be nearer still, and I've nearly half-a-dozen still left. Now, will any of you oblige me by stooping to lift a stone?'

He paused and glanced round, while every man in the crowd held his breath and stood still as a statue.

'No? you won't oblige me,' he said presently, with a sneer. Then fierce as if charging in some world-famous battle: 'Out of my way, you scoundrels! Faugh-a-ballagh!'

At the word, he jerked the reins slightly, and the mare moved forward at a trot with head erect, and bearing as proud as if she knew a conqueror sat behind her. Then, in utter silence, the crowd swayed to right and left, leaving a wide alley, down which the squire drove as gaily as if the whole

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thing were some pleasant show. When he had disappeared, the crowd closed to again, utterly crestfallen. Then for a short time the whole air was filled with their chattering one to another like the humming of innumerable bees; and presently, without a shout, and without a single stone being thrown, the great mass melted away.

Next morning, at an early hour, I left Sligo as fast as a covered conveyance could carry me. I did not care to wait for the slower means of escape by foot, fearful that next time a mistake was made with me the shooting might possibly be better than it was at first.

## PROCESSIONARY CATERPILLARS.

'While out for a walk the other day we came across a curious incident in natural history. At Cap Martin, about two miles from Mentone, our attention was attracted by something by the road-side which looked at a little distance like a long thin serpent. At first we thought it best not to go very near, but curiosity prevailed, and upon closer inspection we found it was a long line, consisting of ninety-nine caterpillars, crawling in single file close after one another. Our curiosity led us to remove one from the middle, a little distance from the others, and we found his place was soon filled up; but he crawled back to them and edged his way into the line again. Then we removed the leader: this brought them for a time to a standstill. After a little while they began to move on, and then we put the original leader in his proper place, but this brought them again to a standstill; and from the way they moved their heads from side to side, a great deal of talking seemed to be going on, and they decided their original leader was not fit to lead, and they chose another, while he had to make his way into the line lower down. A little farther on we saw another line of forty-four coming up in the opposite direction, and we were curious to see what would happen when they met, imagining they might perhaps have a fight; but such was not the case: they joined the others by degrees, and so made a much longer line and marched on.

'We have since heard they climb some particular kind of trees, and make their nests in them, which has a very injurious effect, and often kills the trees, unless the branches are cut off which hold the nests.'

In an interesting little work on *Insect Architecture*, published in 1830, mention is made of these social caterpillars, the construction of their nests, and their processionary habits. The writer says: 'It is remarkable that, however far they may ramble from their nest, they never fail to find their way back when a shower of rain or nightfall renders shelter necessary. It requires no great shrewdness to discover how they effect this; for by looking closely at their track it will be found that it is carpeted with silk, no individual moving an inch without constructing such a pathway both for the use of his companions and to facilitate his own return. All these caterpillars, therefore, move more or less in processional order, each following the road which the first chance traveller has marked out with his strip of silk carpeting.' Further remarks are made of two species 'more remarkable than others in the regularity of their processional marchings.' 'These are found in the south of Europe, but are not indigenous in Britain. The one named by Réaumur the Processionary (*Cnethocampa processionea*) feeds upon the oak; a brood dividing, when newly hatched, into one or more parties of several hundred individuals, which afterwards unite in constructing a common nest, nearly two feet long and from four to six inches in diameter. It is not divided into chambers, but consists of one large hall, so that it is not necessary that there should be more openings than one; and accordingly, when an individual goes out and carpets a path, the whole colony instinctively follow in the same track, though, from the immense population, they are often compelled to march in parallel files from two to six deep. The procession is always headed by a single caterpillar; sometimes the leader is immediately followed by one or two in single file, and sometimes by two abreast. A similar procedure is followed by a species of social caterpillar which feeds on the pine in Savoy and Languedoc, and their nests are not half the size of the preceding; they are more worthy of notice from the strong and excellent quality of their silk, which Réaumur was of opinion might be advantageously manufactured. Their nests consist of more chambers than one, but are furnished with a main entrance, through which the colonists conduct their foraging processions.'

The lady whose remarks are recorded above has since written that the species she observed feeds upon the pine-trees in the neighbourhood of Mentone.—S. W. U. in *Hardwicke's Science-Gossip*.

## THE TOMB AND THE ROSE.

(TRANSLATION, FROM VICTOR HUGO.)

The tomb asked of the rose:
'What dost thou with the tears, which dawn
Sheds on thee every summer morn,
Thou sweetest flower that blows?'
The rose asked of the tomb:
'What dost thou with the treasures rare,
Thou hidest deep from light and air,
Until the day of doom?'

The rose said: 'Home of night,
Deep in my bosom, I distil
Those pearly tears to scents, that fill
The senses with delight.'
The tomb said: 'Flower of love,
I make of every treasure rare,
Hidden so deep from light and air,
A soul for heaven above!' A. J. M.

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## A MARVEL OF ARTISTIC GENIUS.

COGGESHALL in Essex is a small market-town, which in days past was of some slight importance as a busy little manufacturing place, but which of later years has been drained of population, like many another place, to supply material for the great 'centres.' It now has little to boast of but its fine church, one of the three finest in the county, and some most interesting ruins, well known to antiquaries; it takes, however, a great pride in owning the parentage of the subject of this notice.

John Carter was the only son of a respectable labourer in Coggeshall, but was himself brought up to silk-weaving, that being the staple trade of the town. He was educated in the usual way at the national school; but at the age of thirteen was transferred to Sir R. Hitcham's grammar-school, where he continued about two years. During this period he was chiefly remarkable for his aptitude for getting into mischief; and the only sign given of the latent talent which was afterwards so strangely developed in him was in drawing horses and dogs of questionable beauty on his slates and copy-books; the walls of his cottage also were frequently put under requisition for the same purpose; a mark of talent which his mother in those days could have readily dispensed with, as not tending to improve the look of her humble apartment, which she always kept most scrupulously neat and clean. He was a bright intelligent boy, and this and his high spirits made him a general favourite, but proved also a great snare to him. He became acquainted with a set of wild young men, and soon, naturally enough, became the ringleader in all sorts of daring enterprise.

When Carter was about twenty he married; but though his wife was a quiet and respectable young woman, his marriage does not appear to have steadied him. He and his wild companions used to meet at one of the public-houses and there talk over and arrange their operations. One of the projects which these choice spirits agreed upon was a rooking expedition, the young rooks being then in season. It was in the month of May 1836. The place agreed on was Holfield Grange, there being there a fine old avenue of elms, in which the rooks from time immemorial had comfortably settled. The avenue was disused; and as it was some little way from the house and away from the road and preserves, there was little chance of their being interrupted by watchmen or gamekeepers. They arranged to meet in a field outside the town with a given signal, by which they might know friend from foe; this was to avoid leaving the town in a body, which might have suggested suspicions of mischief, and induced a little watching. Midnight found them all at the rendezvous, and little more than half an hour's walking brought them to the chosen spot. Carter, foremost as usual, was the first to climb one of the tall trees, and was soon busy enough securing the young birds. The trees in the avenue are very old, and stand somewhat close together, their gnarled and massive boughs frequently interlacing, making it quite possible for an expert climber to pass from one tree to another. In attempting to perform this, Carter deceived either in the distance or strength of a bough, missed his hold and fell to the ground, a distance of about forty feet. He had fallen apparently on his head, for it was crushed forwards on to his chest. For a time he lay perfectly senseless, and the dismay of his wretched companions may be imagined. Their position was an unenviable one, to say the least. What were they to do? A mile and a half from the town, in the dead of night, in the midst of their depredations, which must now inevitably become known, and with one of their party dying or dead, they knew not which.

After a time, Carter seems to have recovered consciousness partially, and made them understand, though his speech was so much affected as to be almost unintelligible, that he wanted them to 'pull him out!' This rough surgery they therefore tried, some taking his head and some his feet, and pulled till he could once more speak plainly; and having done that, seemed to think that there was nothing more they could do.

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Would one or two more judicious tugs have fitted the dislocated bones together again, or would they have broken the spinal marrow? Who can tell? In either case the world would have lost one striking case of latent talent developed by a misfortune which seemed indeed only one remove from death; so we will not complain.

Finding that no further improvement took place in the poor fellow, and that he had lapsed into unconsciousness, his companions procured a hurdle, and laying him on it with all the skill and gentleness of which they were capable, retraced their steps to the town, and bore him to the home which he had left a few hours before in the full strength and health of early manhood. They laid him on his bed and then slunk away, glad to shut out from their sight the terrible result of their headlong folly, one only remaining to tell to the poor wife the sad story of the disaster. The doctor was sent for; and the result of his examination was the terrible verdict that Carter had not in all probability many days or even hours to live; in any case, whether he lived or not, he was paralysed without hope of recovery.

He did not recover consciousness entirely till the following night; and we who have the full enjoyment of our limbs and health can hardly realise what that poor fellow must have suffered in learning that, even if life were granted to him at all, it was under such terrible conditions as at first to seem to him less a boon than a burden. He would never again be able to move hand or foot, the only power of movement remaining to him being in the neck, which just enabled him to raise or turn round his head; that was *all*—there was not even feeling in the rest of his body. What a dreary blank in the future! What wonder if the undisciplined soul cried out aloud with repining, like a wild bird beating against the bars of a cage; what wonder if in the bitterness of his heart he cried: 'Of what good is my life to me! Better that I had never been born, since all that makes life sweet is taken from me.'

Anguish unknown, terrors too great for words, must that poor soul have met and overcome, ere he had learned the great lesson of sorrow, that life, true life, does not consist in mere physical capabilities and enjoyments, but that there is a far higher, nobler life, the life of the soul and mind, which is as infinitely above the other as heaven is above earth. His mind being now no longer overridden by his superabundant physical nature, began to work and put forth its powers and energies; but it was long ere he found any object on which to expend those powers; not till he had, through several long and heavy years of suffering, learned the great and most difficult lesson of patience—patience, without which he would never have accomplished the wonderful work which we will now proceed to describe.

Having read one day of some young woman who, deprived of the use of her hands, had learned to draw little things with her *mouth*, he was seized with a desire to try the same thing, and was not content till he had made his first attempt. Deprived of the use of his hands, why not try his mouth! A butterfly that had fluttered into the cottage was caught and transfixed; a rough desk extemporised, and with such materials as a sixpenny box of paints afforded, he made a sketch of the insect. Delighted with his success, he determined to persevere. A light deal desk was made after his own directions, on which to fix his paper; the picture he was about to copy being fastened above, or if large, hung from the top of the bed by tapes; he always drew in bed, his head being slightly raised by pillows. A pencil about six inches long and bound round with thread was put in his mouth, and with this he sketched his subject. A saucer of Indian ink was prepared, and a fine camel-hair brush was dipped and placed in his mouth by the attendant; these brushes were sometimes not more than four inches long. In this way he produced the most exquisite drawings, equal to fine line engravings, which were sold for him by his friends and patrons, some of them finding their way into the highest quarters; and thus he was enabled to experience the delight of feeling that paralysed as he was, he was not a mere burden, but was able to contribute to his own support.

Several of the most beautiful of his works are now in America, and we believe we are right in saying that as much as twenty-five and fifty pounds apiece have been given for them. Another very fine work, a copy of 'St John and the Angel,' about eighteen inches by twelve, is in the possession of Robert Hanbury, Esq., of Poles Ware, Hertfordshire, and is wonderful in its power and delicacy. In the copies from Rembrandt, Carter has so completely caught the peculiar touch and style of the great master, that even a connoisseur would have some difficulty in distinguishing them from the original.

Carter tried various styles—water-colour, chalks, mezzotint, and line drawing; but it was the last in which he succeeded best, and which best displayed his great delicacy of touch. The chalks required too great pressure, and fatigued him so much that he was only able to finish two or three pictures in this style, a masterly head of St Peter being one; but the grand sweep of the unbroken lines in these shews, we think, his talent more than any of his works.

He found many kind friends who interested themselves in his work, and supplied him with subjects to copy; notably amongst these, Miss Hanbury of Holfield Grange, now wife of the Dean of Winchester. Mr Richmond the artist also came to see him on several occasions, and speaks of him thus in a letter: 'The first time I saw him [Carter] I was taken to his cottage by the Rev. Charles Forster, vicar of Stisted, Essex; and the impression of that visit I shall never lose, for the contrast of the utterly helpless body of the man with the bright and beaming expression of his face, which only a peaceful and clear spirit could raise, was a sight to do one good. It was as it were "the face of an angel," and I always think of him in connection with that passage.' This latter remark is no exaggeration, for Carter was more than ordinarily handsome, of that old Roman type so common amongst the agricultural labourers in Essex, which ill-health and suffering had only improved by

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adding refinement to his well-cut features; and the expression of deep humility and patience was most touching in its earnestness. Richmond, speaking elsewhere of his works, says: 'His power of imitation was extraordinary—I mean it would have been extraordinary in one possessing hands to execute his thought with; but to see him with his short pencil between his lips executing with the greatest precision and skill intricate forms and describing difficult curves, filled me with wonder and admiration.'*

Carter lived for fourteen years in this helpless condition, during which time he was a constant attendant at the church. A light frame and mattress, on which he lay perfectly prostrate, was lifted on to a sort of little wheel-carriage, and thus he was carried into the church, and lay during the service. Useful for locomotion, this carriage, sad to relate, was the cause of his death. One day, the lad who was wheeling him about, lost his hold at the top of a hill; the carriage ran back with violence against a wall, and upset the poor fellow into the road. From that day he sank rapidly, and died on the 2d of June 1850.

There was a post-mortem examination; and the injured portion of the spine was removed, and presented by Professor Hilton to the Museum of the College of Surgeons, London, 'where it remains,' as he said in lecturing on the case at the College, 'a typical specimen almost unique in interest.'

[The sight of the drawing of the 'Virgin and Child,' by Carter, which has been submitted to our inspection, is eminently suggestive of what may be done in the most adverse circumstances, and also rouses sentiments of profound regret at the sudden and unforeseen death of a being so highly gifted with the light of genius.—ED.]

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## THE LAST OF THE HADDONS.

### CHAPTER XIX.—MRS CHICHESTER'S ARRANGEMENT.

WHEN an hour later, I re-entered the drawing-room to make my adieu to Miss Farrar, I found that the aspect of affairs had altogether changed. She was lounging in her favourite attitude of negligent ease, in a low chair, playing with the appendages to her watch-chain; and opposite to her sat Mrs Chichester.

Marian did not give me time to speak, hurriedly commencing, with haughty graciousness, the moment I entered the room.

'Oh, it is Miss Haddon.—Come in, Miss Haddon. I am sorry to disappoint you; but I have been thinking the matter over since I spoke to you, and have come to the conclusion that I shall not require your services. The truth is I could not feel quite sure that you would suit me, and therefore I have made another arrangement—a much more satisfactory one.'

For a moment I did not quite comprehend the state of affairs, asking myself if she could have so far misinterpreted my words as to suppose that I had expressed a wish to remain with her. Then the truth flashed upon me, and I calmly replied:

'It is quite possible I might not have suited you, Miss Farrar. If, as I suppose, you have made an arrangement for Mrs Chichester to reside with you, I believe you will find her much more amenable and easy to get on with than I might prove to be.'

Marian looked at me doubtfully, not quite sure whether to interpret my words favourably or not. Mrs Chichester's lips closed tightly for a moment, then she said with her accustomed gentleness and suavity: 'The arrangement between Miss Farrar and myself is so essentially different from ordinary engagements, Miss Haddon; simply a friendly one.'

'Yes, indeed,' said Marian, with a grand air. 'Accepting an occasional little offering' (here I knew she was quoting) 'is quite different from receiving a salary, you know.'

I cheerfully agreed that it was different; and was mischievous enough to congratulate 'Miss Farrar' upon having found so disinterested a friend in the time of need.

With heightened colour, Mrs Chichester explained that she had only done what any moderately good-natured person would do, in offering to stay with one who had been deserted by those who ought not to have deserted her.

'Yes; that's what I call it!' said Marian, eagerly catching at the word. 'I've been deserted by those who ought not to have deserted me! And here's Caroline, that I never cared for, and who I thought never cared for me, turns out my best friend. Caroline had taken a great fancy to me from the beginning, only she was afraid of shewing it, in case Lilian should be jealous. But since my sister has chosen to desert me as she has, she can't complain about my choosing a fresh friend. As you know, I have done all I could to make things pleasant for Lilian. No one in the world could act more generously than I have done to her. Any one might tell that, by the heaps and heaps of things which have been taken out of the house, without my saying a word. And then the piano, when it was found that it would have to be sold on account of being too large for the cottage, I paid the price it cost two years ago. Two hundred and fifty pounds for a second-hand piano, Caroline! I shouldn't mind if I'd been treated accordingly. But to go away like this, without so much as saying thank you. As Caroline says, it is treating one too bad; it really is!'

I glanced smilingly at Caroline's flushed face, and then wished them good afternoon.

'I hear that you are going to stay at the cottage, Miss Haddon?'

'For three or four months I am, Mrs Chichester.'

'Until you find another engagement, I presume?' she asked, eyeing me curiously.

'Until I make another engagement,' I smilingly replied.

But the 'three or four months' had aroused her suspicions, though I did not perceive in what way.

'You have made the best of your sojourn at Fairview, Miss Haddon'—softly.

'The very best, Mrs Chichester,' was my cheerful response; although I did not see the whole of her meaning, as I was to see it later. I knew enough to be sure the drift of it was not very friendly. One thing was very palpable

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* See *Memoir of Carter*, with Illustrations, by Rev. W. J. Dampier. Simpkin and Marshall. 1876.

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—I made no advance in Mrs Chichester's good graces.

They followed me to the hall with messages for Lilian.

'I can't forget that she's Pa's daughter, you know,' said Marian, once more striving to be generous. 'Give my love to her, and tell her not to hesitate about sending for anything she may require from the garden or what not; she will miss things so at first, you know. And I don't see why she shouldn't have milk; cook said we have more than she can use just now. If we go on keeping two cows she shall always have it. And say that the very first time we drive out I will call at the cottage.'

Saunders, who opened the door for me, drew his hand across his eyes as he strove to stammer out a message to the 'dear young mistress.'

'Of course you will come to see her; she will be desirous to hear how you are getting on, Saunders,' I replied, beginning to find some difficulty in keeping up my own courage. But there was more to try me yet. Before I could make my escape, every servant employed in or about the house had crowded into the hall, down to Tom the garden-boy.

'Tell the dear young mistress our hearts ache for her.' 'Tell her there isn't one here as wouldn't go barefoot to serve her. God bless her!' 'Tell her her kindness to mother will never be forgotten as long as I live.' 'Why didn't she let us say good-bye, Miss Haddon?' 'Why didn't she shake hands with us before she went, Miss?'—they asked one after the other.

The wisdom of our getting her away as we did was manifest enough. 'It would have been more than she could have borne,' I replied, in a broken voice. 'But it will do her good to hear of your shewing so much kindly feeling, though she never doubted your attachment to her. And of course she expects that you will all go to see her.'

'Ay, that we will!'

Then I got my own share of parting good-wishes, as we shook hands all round, not at all disturbed in the process by the sudden slamming of the drawing-room door and the violent ringing of a bell.

Satisfactory as it all was from one point of view, I congratulated myself upon having contrived to spare Lilian this scene, as well as the final good-bye to the home that ought to have been her own.

I turned from the main road and walked slowly down across the fields at the back of Fairview until I reached the stile at the end of the lane. Then seating myself upon the cross step, I yielded to a little sentiment, telling myself that there must be no such indulgence at the cottage for some time to come. We needed our full share of common-sense to keep the atmosphere healthy. It was all very well trying to assume philosophic airs about wealth; it did very well in my own case, for instance; but I really could not see that it was better for Lilian to lose her large fortune—and so lose it. Into what different channels would the money have passed from her hands, how different a class of people would have been benefited from those who would now be the recipients of it. Granted that Lilian herself might be as happy in the future as though she possessed a large income, how many would be the worse for her not possessing it. The other was already developing a mean nature, and would grudge expenditure upon anything which did not immediately minister to her own gratification. And so forth and so forth. I complained to myself in the short-sighted way with which many of us are apt to judge when looking at a question from one point of view only. I did not even take into consideration the fact that the loss of fortune had already brought about one good effect—that of making Arthur Trafford appear in his true colours, and so sparing Lilian from much misery in the future.

'How did she bear it, Miss Haddon?'

I looked up to find Robert Wentworth standing on the other side the stile. I rose, shook hands, and replied: 'As you might expect she would. But we contrived to spare her a final parting scene;' going on to tell him how we had managed it.

'A good idea. And Mrs Chichester has stepped in, has she?' he added musingly. 'Well, I suppose that might have been expected too. Trafford will have a useful ally.'

I told him of the offer I had received, smiling a little over the recital.

'Fortunately you are not like other women; you can smile at that sort of thing. And you will not, I trust, be again subjected to anything of the kind. You will remain at the cottage as long as you need a home now?'

'Yes,' I replied in a low voice, feeling the hot colour cover my face in my confusion at hearing such an allusion from him; wondering not a little how he had come to know what I had been so reticent, even to those I loved best, about. His tone and look seemed, I thought, so plainly to imply that he did know.

'But I suppose that is forbidden ground just at present?' he went on, as I imagined answering my very thoughts.

'Yes,' I whispered stupidly; shy of talking about my love affair to him, yet a little ashamed of my shyness, as more befitting a young romantic girl than myself.

'I will obey'—glancing down at me with grave pleasantness—'if you will consent that some limit shall be put to the restraint. Shall we say three months?'

I smiled assent. He really did know then; even to the time Philip was expected. I did not like to ask him how he had gained the knowledge, as that might lead to more talk upon the subject than I cared to enter into. In fact I was completely taken by surprise, and not quite equal to the occasion.

But I soon contrived to account for his knowledge of my secret. My engagement was well known to Philip's brother and the latter's friends; and it was quite possible that Robert Wentworth might know some of them. But however he had found it out, I was quite content that he should have done so. It would be all the easier to pave the way towards a friendship between Philip and him, by-and-by. For the present I quietly returned to the subject which I believed to be most interesting to him, and we talked over Lilian's prospects hopefully if a little gravely, as we walked slowly on down the lane.

'You think there are really some grounds for hoping that she may forget him?' he asked anxiously. 'I should not judge hers to be a changeable mind.'

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'Changeable! No; if she had really loved Arthur Trafford, as she fancied she did, there would be indeed no hope.'

'Fancied?'

'Yes; I firmly believe it *was* fancy. She never loved the real Arthur Trafford; she is only just beginning to know him as he is.'

'Well, I suppose it is all right, so far as she is concerned; and yet—constancy in love and friendship is part of my religion. One does not like to have that faith disturbed?'—with what I fancied was a questioning look.

'You forget that Lilian was almost a child when the acquaintance commenced; barely sixteen. Though I hold that she will be constant to her love, in even ceasing to care for Arthur Trafford. Do not you see that she has never known the real man until now—that in fact she has been in love with an ideal?' I replied, under the impression that he was putting the questions which he wished to be combated, and willing to indulge him so far.

'It must be rather hard upon a man to discover, after a long engagement, that he does not accord with his lady-love's ideal—all the harder if the discovery *does* not happen to be made until after marriage,' he said; '*and* I think you will have to acknowledge that the ideal you talk about ought to preserve a woman from falling in love with the counterfeit, rather than lead her to it.'

'You are talking about a woman, and I a girl.'

'You must not forget that she was old enough to engage herself to him. How if she had continued in her blindness until too late—how if she had become his wife?'

'If she had become his wife before her eyes were opened, Lilian would in time have recognised her own weakness in the matter, and blamed no one else. Moreover, she would have made a good wife.'

'Yes; I suppose it would have been patched up that way; by the slow heart-breaking process of smiling at grief and all the rest of it. And of course you mean to imply that her fate would have its use, in the way of serving as a warning to incautious youth against being in love with ideals?'

'Of course I meant no such thing, and you know that I did not,' I replied, laughing outright. 'I should think there is need for a great deal of the ideal in all love, to keep it alive.'

'Ah, now we are getting on to fresh ground,' he said enjoyably. 'Let me see, the proposition is that love needs a great deal of the ideal to keep it alive; and yet'——

But I was not going to indulge him with a disquisition upon love; giving him a Roland for an Oliver, in my own fashion: 'No one is more glad that Lilian's has turned out to be only an ideal love, than yourself.'

'Ah, that is not spoken with your usual accuracy of statement. Should you not rather have said that no one could be more sorry than I that her ideal did not preserve her from'——

'She *is* preserved; and that is what you care most about.'

He smiled. 'Well, perhaps it is.'

When we arrived at the turn in the lane leading to the cottage, he took leave of me. I did not invite him to go in with me, and I think he quite understood my motive for not doing so, this first evening of our entrance upon a new life. But he responded as heartily as I could wish, when I expressed a hope that he would come as frequently as he could to the cottage; adding that we should expect a great deal from him now that he had shewn us how helpful he could be in times of emergency. 'Besides, it will be good for us, I suppose, to occasionally see one of the lords of creation, lest we should come to forget that we are but women.'

'Yes; you at least require to be occasionally taken down.'

'You must consider me very amiable to say that in my presence.'

'Did you hurt your hand when you struck it upon the seat the other day? From the violence of the blow, I was afraid you would suffer a little afterwards.'

'Surely you did not call that temper?'

'O dear, no; I did not venture to call it anything. What did you call it?'

'Righteous indignation,' I calmly replied.

'Righteous indignation! O indeed. Then if I have cause to be angry with a person, it is righteous indignation to attack his friend, and enforce my arguments by blows upon a piece of wood?'

'You are worse than usual to-night; but come soon to see Mrs Tipper and Lilian,' I said, smiling.

'Let us shake hands upon that.'

I stood looking after him a moment, as he walked away in the twilight with the long, easy, swinging motion natural to one of a powerfully built frame. Moreover I knew that his mental power was at least in equal proportion to his physical strength, and had no fears as to Lilian's happiness, by-and-by. The only drawback to her happiness would be the remembrance of past weakness, and that may not be the worst kind of drawback one could have in the time of prosperity.

As we sat that night by the open window, the May moon flooding the lovely scene outside, resting, as I persuaded myself, tenderly on *my* house by the hill-side, nearly facing us, from the other side of the village, we told each other that some people were not intended for a life of luxury and grandeur, and that we were of their kind; heartily agreeing that we were now in our proper sphere.

Dear little Mrs Tipper was a bright example of content and happiness. Never had I seen her at such advantage as at present. Energetic and cheerful, company manners packed away with her best dresses, she was a happy little woman again, bustling about her small domain in a print-dress and large apron, and finding a new pleasure every ten minutes. There was not even the drawback of anxiety about Lilian in her mind.

She had confided to me that she had never felt quite satisfied with Arthur Trafford as a husband for her niece, though she had been afraid to trust to her own judgment in the matter, lest her want of appreciation might arise from her ignorance of society and its ways. But she quite shared my opinion as to the probability of Lilian's getting healthily over her disappointment. There was nothing to prevent her giving expression to her real sentiments about the change in her life, and Lilian had the pleasure of knowing that auntie at least could not be said to be suffering from reverses.

'It does me real good to do it, my dear; it does

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indeed!' she ejaculated, when I offered to wash the tea-things for her. 'It all comes so natural and handy again. Little did I think, when I packed up these and a few other things and brought them to brother's unbeknown, that I should have the pleasure of washing them again. I couldn't bear to sell them, because they were father's present to me on my wedding-day, and nobody has ever washed them but me. You wouldn't believe how fond I came to be of this one with the little chip in it, washing it every day for thirty years. John, he used to be sitting there by the fire with his pipe,' she went on, pointing to a corner, and evidently seeing in her mind's eye the old cottage home, 'and telling me how things had been going on at the office in the day; and the news out of the papers—very fond of the papers, John was; and he had the reading of them when the gentlemen had done with them. And I standing here washing up the tea-things, and saying a word now and then to shew him I was listening.—It all comes back so plain—doesn't it?' she added, apostrophising the cup with tearful eyes. 'I can almost hear the cuckoo clock ticking against the wall.'

It was time to put in a word, which I did as gently as possible, and she was presently smiling cheerily again.

'You mustn't think I'm low-spirited, dear; no, indeed. There was nothing in those old times to make me sad; and John's in heaven. All this only reminded me, you see.'

'I hope you will find Becky useful.'

'That I shall, dear; she's so handy and knows about things so much, more than you might expect. It would never have done to have a fine lady, afraid of spoiling her hands, for a servant here, you know.' Stopping a moment to open the door and call out to Becky, at work in the little scullery at the back: 'You won't forget to order the currants and candied peel for the cake to-morrow, Becky. It must not be said we hadn't a bit of home-made cake when there's dripping in the house. A good thing I thought of ordering tins; but that's what I said to the young man; leave it to me to know what is wanted in the kitchen.'

'I won't forget, ma'am,' called out Becky in return.

'And, Becky'—trotting to the door again—'there's bedroom candles and soap to be thought of when the grocer comes in the morning. There would be no sense in having to send into the town when we could have it all brought. Don't forget to look at the little slate, if I'm up-stairs, to see if there's anything else wanted.'

And so on, and so on, until Lilian and I at last got her up to her bedroom, fairly tired out, but as happy as a queen.

I was rejoiced to see how much good it did Lilian to find that the dear little woman took so kindly to cottage ways.

'How much worse things might have been, Mary. How thankful I ought to be!'

'Yes; I think you ought, dearie.'

She and I stood for a few moments at my bedroom window, gazing at the peaceful scene without. My room, as they already called it, was at the back of the cottage; and the window commanded a view of the woods on the one side, and the beautiful open country on the other. But we tacitly agreed to avoid sentiment; we were not strong enough for that yet. We just let the outside peace and quiet steal into our hearts, as we stood there together for a few minutes, my arm about her, and her cheek resting on my shoulder, and then bade each other good-night without any demonstration.

## THREE WONDERFUL RAILWAYS.

THE 'Three Wonderful Railways' which we propose to notice are the Brenner, the Semmering, and the Rigi lines.

The Brenner line, which lies between Innsbruck and Botzen, and constitutes a portion of the railway connecting Bavaria and Italy, although it passes through tunnel after tunnel, until the weary traveller is prone to abandon all hope of obtaining any view of the scenery, nevertheless is not content with getting *through* the pass, but proudly mounts to the top and passes over the summit level before beginning the descent. The pass is a low one, indeed one of the lowest over the main Alps; but then it must be borne in mind that this 'low' Alpine pass is four thousand seven hundred and seventy-five feet high; no mean altitude for a railway. Neither is it merely for its height that the writer is induced to describe it, nor for its pretty scenery (it can scarcely be called grand), but for the extraordinary engineering difficulties which the making of the line presented, and which have been so ably and ingeniously overcome. Some of the more ordinary difficulties of the district traversed by the line may be gathered from the fact that the ascent from Innsbruck involves no fewer than thirteen tunnels, while in the descent there are ten. The line, clinging to the side of the mountain, has to penetrate projecting rocks so frequently that it strongly resembles, except in the lovely peeps obtained in the momentary intervals, the Metropolitan District Railway; which is dignified by the name of the 'Daylight Route,' because it is not always underground. In its course up the valley the railway on one side sometimes rises above the level of the carriage-road on the other, sometimes finds itself considerably below it. In climbing the pass, the rail of course never ceases to ascend; while the more humble road bows to the obstacles it encounters, and rises and falls according to the nature of the ground. At last, Nature seems determined to put a stop to the encroachments of steam, and the railroad finds itself directly facing a lateral valley, the bottom of which lies far below it.

Now how to get over this valley and pursue the direct course up the main valley, seems a problem. The road would descend to mount again; not so the rail. The difficulty and its solution may be well realised by imagining a railway cut in the face of a long row of houses (which must be supposed to represent one side of the main valley). This railway, starting from one end of the row at the basement level, gradually rises, in order to pass over the roofs (that is, the head of the pass) of another row of houses at right angles to and at the end of the first row. In its course it encounters a side-street (the lateral valley) with no outlet at the other end, and which is too broad to be spanned with a bridge. Now the line at this point has reached the second floor; and to get to the opposite houses and pursue its course, it turns a sharp corner, runs along one side of the blind street,

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crosses it at the further or blind end by merely clinging still to the houses, returns along the other side, rounds the corner into the main street, and resumes its course. During this détour the ascent has been continued uninterruptedly, so that on the return of the line to the desired opposite corner it has mounted to the third floor. Applying this illustration, the reader will perceive the ingenious yet simple solution of the difficulty.

The effect on reaching the first corner of the lateral valley is most remarkable. The line is seen at the opposite corner far above the traveller's head entering a tunnel; and how he is going to get there is a puzzle which he hardly solves before he finds himself on the spot looking down on the corner he has just left, wondering how he ever came from there.

But even this striking instance of engineering triumphs is eclipsed by a portion of the line on the other side of the pass. Pursuing the direction he has already come, the traveller has stopped in the descent at Schelleberg, a small station perched at an enormous height above an expansive valley, when he perceives a village five hundred feet almost perpendicularly below him, which he is informed is the next station. It would not take long to reach this village (Gossensass) in a lift, but in a train he has to run far past it, always descending, then turn completely round, and run back again in the direction he has come from, but now on a level with Gossensass. But at the point where this evolution has to be made occurs another lateral valley, much longer than the first alluded to; and this time one which it is not desired to cross, as Gossensass lies as it were on the basement of the house on the third floor of which is Schelleberg. The train proceeds, therefore, to turn the corner into the side-street as before; but without pursuing the street to its end, it suddenly dives into one of the houses, makes a complete circuit of its interior, and emerges in the opposite direction; returning to the corner whence it started by means of the same houses, but on a lower floor. The appearance of this engineering feat is quite bewildering; and after tunnelling into the hill on the sharp curve, and then finding himself proceeding back towards the place he has just come from, the traveller experiences a difficulty in believing that the line parallel with him, but almost over his head, is the one he has just been passing over. Shortly after Gossensass has been left behind, the train passes close under and almost into the gigantic and formidable-looking fort of Franzensfeste; and then after a few more tunnels, gradually leaves the Alps behind, and descends by Botzen into the Italian plains with all their luxuriant foliage. It should be added that the Brenner line was completed in the year 1867, and that its numerous engineering difficulties entailed an average cost of about twenty-eight thousand pounds per mile.

The Semmering line, which lies south of Vienna, on the way thence to Trieste, and which, until the completion of the Brenner, was unique in the boldness of its conception and execution, as also for the height to which it attained, is now eclipsed as to altitude in more than one instance; but as a magnificent engineering achievement it can hold its own against any railway at present constructed. While resembling the Brenner in many particulars, it differs from it in some important points. Among these differences is the fact, that whereas the Brenner line actually surmounts the pass, the Semmering, on reaching a height of two thousand eight hundred and ninety-three feet, or about four hundred feet short of the summit, suddenly, as if tired of so much climbing, plunges into the ground, and only emerges again nearly a mile off, and on the other side of the pass, which it then proceeds to descend. It is thus that it may be said to have been the prototype of its great successor, the Mont Cenis.

The Semmering further differs from the Brenner in what may perhaps be considered its most remarkable feature—namely, its viaducts. For while the latter avoids many a yawning abyss by some ingenious curve, the former seems almost to seek the opportunity for a magnificent display of span. These viaducts occur frequently, being as many as fifteen in number; and in many instances are formed of a double row of arches, one standing on the other in the manner sometimes adopted by the Romans in the construction of their aqueducts. To realise the grandeur of these viaducts, they should not be seen merely from a train, but the traveller should contrive to view them from below. The finest is over the Kalte Rinne, and consists of five arches below and ten above. The line also in places requires to be protected from avalanches of stone or of snow, and this is effected by means of covered galleries, such as may be seen on so many Alpine roads. The tunnels too are as numerous as the viaducts. In fact the train no sooner emerges from a tunnel than it finds itself skimming over a viaduct, only to plunge once more into a tunnel or a gallery. The device for crossing a lateral valley described above in the case of the Brenner is also resorted to here, and need not be further alluded to.

The proportionate cost of the Semmering railway was more than double that of the Brenner, being about sixty thousand pounds per mile. This may be accounted for partly by the fact, that the former was constructed and opened thirteen years prior to the latter; by which the latter was enabled to reap the benefit of the engineering experience acquired in the progress of its predecessor. But the chief cause of this enormous difference in the cost of construction lies in the different modes adopted for overcoming obstacles; and the vast viaducts of the Semmering entailed an expense which was wisely and ingeniously avoided in the construction of the Brenner.

The gradients, as may be supposed, are very steep on both these railways, and the rate of speed not great. On the Semmering a long train has to be divided into two or three portions, to enable it to surmount these steep slopes, which frequently are as rapid as one in forty, even on the viaducts and in the tunnels. The reader has only to notice the numbers on the gradient indicators by the side of an English railway, to be able to judge what an incline of *one in forty* is like.

But if one in forty seems steep, what shall be said of one in four, which is the gradient of a large part of the Rigi railway? No doubt the ascent of the Rigi has come to be regarded much as the Londoner regards the ascent of Primrose Hill; though in the latter case the hardy traveller has to use the means of locomotion with which Nature has provided him in order to reach the summit; while in the former he merely seats himself in a

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railway carriage at the base of the mountain, and is deposited without the smallest exertion on his part at or nearly at the top.

Steam here, as elsewhere, has almost entirely superseded the old means of travel. But as if it were not a sufficiently stupendous undertaking to have one railway to the top of a mountain, two have here been constructed, one having its base at Art on the Lake of Zug, the other at Vitznau on the Lake of Lucerne. Taking the latter, which was first accomplished, the height to be scaled is four thousand four hundred and seventy-two feet from the level of the Lake of Lucerne, the total altitude of the mountain being five thousand nine hundred and five feet above the level of the sea. Of this four thousand four hundred and seventy-two feet, the rail accomplishes all but one hundred feet or so. To do this, an excessively steep gradient must be constantly maintained, as the formation of the mountain does not admit of wide sweeps, détours, or zigzags; but the course pursued is round the shoulder, then along the ridge which communicates with the topmost heights, and finally up those heights themselves, a distance of not more than eight miles. It is thus that a gradient of one in four becomes a necessity. Let the reader mark out a distance of four feet, and at one end place a foot-rule perpendicularly. A line drawn from one end of this distance to the top of the rule at the other end will indicate the gradient of one in four. It is a steeper incline than horses and carriages are expected to surmount, yet trains pass up and down constantly without difficulty, and it is confidently asserted, without more danger than on ordinary lines. The rate of speed is of course not high, one hour twenty minutes being occupied in the ascent, and a slightly less time in the descent.

The construction of the train is remarkable. It consists of an engine with small tender and but one carriage. An ordinary locomotive would be powerless on such steep gradients, therefore one of peculiar construction is used, which is of itself an extraordinary object. On level ground it appears as if it had completely broken down and lost two of its wheels. This arises from the fact that, being expressly intended to work on an incline, it is built in such a way as to compensate for the incline and maintain the boiler in a vertical position. This boiler in appearance resembles nothing so much as a large beer bottle standing upright when the train is ascending or descending, but very much out of the perpendicular when on level ground. The small tender is of course constructed so as to have its floor level when on the incline. Its sides are of wire-work, and are made thus with the object of reducing the weight as much as possible; an object which is also carried out both in the engine and in the carriage, which are as light as they can be made, it not being necessary to prevent the wheels jumping from the rails by the pressure of great weight as on ordinary lines, where a high rate of speed is attained. This tender, in addition to its usual functions, performs the office of carrying surplus passengers on an emergency.

The carriage is an open car, rather resembling a block of low pews taken from a church, placed on wheels, and surmounted by an awning, with curtains to let down at the sides, as a protection against the weather. The seats, which are nine in number, and accommodate six persons each, all face one way—namely, downhill; and a fixed footstool serves to keep the passengers from sliding off their seats. Contrary to the usual order, the carriage on this line precedes the locomotive in the ascent, and is pushed instead of being pulled up the incline. In the descent the locomotive takes the first place, and exercises merely a retarding force. It will be seen, therefore, that the two portions of the train are necessarily in close connection when in motion, and for this reason, as well as for purposes of safety, couplings are dispensed with. Each portion is provided with its own brake-power, so that in the event of the engine getting beyond control, the carriage can be stopped and rendered entirely independent, since it is not coupled to the engine. The brake is of course of a totally different kind from that in ordinary use, which would be of no service whatever on such inclines, as the wheels, even if the brake were so powerful as to stop their revolution, would slide down the hill by the mere force of gravity. Here, however, the brake consists in an ingenious adaptation of the means which are employed in driving the engine.

The roadway is laid with three rails, the outer ones being of the usual kind, while the central one is a long-toothed rack, of which the teeth are perpendicular. Into this rack fit the teeth of the pinions or cogged-wheels with which both engine and carriage are provided. Now it is apparent that if these wheels are put in motion they will pull the train along the rack; and if stopped and held firmly in one position, they will prevent any onward motion by the mere clinching of the teeth, to use a common expression. One of the cogged-wheels, then, which are attached to the engine is the driving-wheel, and forms the special means of locomotion, while the other cogged-wheels of course merely revolve without exercising any traction. But immediately a halt is required, all these wheels become of equal importance, and supply a prompt and most efficient brake, since directly they are locked, the train is brought to a stand-still, and held as in a vice even on the steepest inclines. Other brake-power is also applied; but this would seem to be the efficient means of control in case of accident.

It will be seen, therefore, that the danger of the train running away is carefully provided against; and no less care has been bestowed on the means for preventing the train leaving the rails, a danger fully as alarming as the other on a line which, for the greater part of its course, runs on the brink of a fearful precipice. Along each side of the central or rack rail, which is raised some inches from the ground, runs a projecting edge; and the engine and carriage are provided with two strong rods, the ends of which are bent in such a manner as to pass under these projections. Any jerk or jump of the train, therefore, would be resisted by the pressure of these bent ends against the under surface of the projections.

It is not within the province of this paper to speak of the hotels which form such huge excrescences on the mountains' sides and top (by no means an improvement on nature), or to allude to the hundreds of tourists who daily swarm in these hotels, or to the hundreds of others who take the journey for the sake of a 'new sensation.' It may, however, be mentioned that from one of the stations (Rigi Staffel) runs a branch-line which communicates with the Rigi Scheideck, where is situated

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one of the largest of the hotels; and that the line from Art joins the Vitznau line near the summit. It will thus be seen that the Rigi is traversed in all directions by railways; and according to the opinion of an intelligent Swiss with whom the writer conversed, these railways owe their origin to the fact that the Germans, who have now become such a travelling nation, will not penetrate in any numbers where they cannot travel by horse, by carriage, or by steam; and he further indicated his opinion of Germans by adding, that no doubt ere long, a lift would be constructed to work up and down the perpendicular face of the Matterhorn for their benefit. Who shall say that such a *thing is* impossible?

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# SUNSHINE AND CLOUD.

IN TWO PARTS.

## PART I.—SUNSHINE.

### CHAPTER VII.—ISAAC IS TOUCHED.

Isaac allowed a few days to elapse before he paid his promised visit; and then one evening, after an early chop, he sallied forth in search of the address on Miss Faithful's card, No. 61 New West Road, Holloway. He found the house without much difficulty; and a snug little house it was. His three friends were at home, and appeared very pleased to see him; that is to say, the two younger members of the party appeared pleased, the elder lady being in a more or less somnolent state in the arm-chair, and to some extent unconscious of his presence. The first greetings and the general remarks upon the weather being ended, Herbert proposed some music. Angela turned to their visitor, and asked him his favourite songs. If she had asked him his favourite Greek plays, poor Isaac could hardly have been more nonplussed. He was not much assisted either by the cursory examination he gave a music-case containing a number of her songs, which she considerately handed to him; so he was fain to acknowledge that he did not know any tunes for certain, except a few hymns he had heard in church, *God Save the Queen*, and a few popular melodies he had heard the boys whistle in the streets. So Herbert came to the rescue, and picked out one or two of his favourites for her to sing. She did so; and then Isaac's mind, which had to a great extent resumed its original state of reserve, reopened again to the genial sunshine of her manner and the beauty of her voice; for there was something irresistible to him in this singing of hers; he could not account for it even to himself; but it was the 'open sesame' to his heart and confidence.

She sang several songs and a couple of duets with her brother; and then, as the evening closed in, the three sat at the open window chatting—Miss Faithful meanwhile being peacefully asleep in her chair. Isaac, under the influence of the spell, experienced a nearer approach to delight than he had ever done before, and quite unbosomed himself to his new friends. He gave them an account of his parentage, of his home, or rather lodging, at Dambourne End, of his cottages and garden-ground, and of his resources and prospects generally. They listened with evident interest, and with a few judicious questions, obtained the complete biography of their visitor.

At length the gas was lighted, supper was brought in, and aunt aroused from her doze. After the meal, Angela went up-stairs with her, and Isaac and Herbert were left to themselves. But there was not much to be got from the former in the way of conversation, now the spell was removed; and as he was in the habit of retiring to bed early (to save lights), and as he had partaken of an unaccustomed meal in the form of supper, he soon grew very drowsy, so arose to say good-night. Herbert called his sister downstairs to go through this salutation, and said he would accompany Isaac on his walk to the coffee-house and smoke his cigar by the way. At parting, he said he should look Isaac up one evening, and if agreeable to him, they would go together to some place of amusement. But in the meantime he was to stand upon no ceremony, but to come and see them whenever he would.

### CHAPTER VIII.—THE LEAP.

About a week after Isaac had paid his first visit to New West Road, he was one evening finishing his solitary meal, when Mr Herbert Faithful was announced. 'I am come to take you back with me,' he said, 'for Angela has threatened me with an evening to myself, as she is very busy trying on a dress for a ball to which we are going; and *I* can't stand loneliness if *you* can; so come with me, and we'll have a cigar together.'

'I will go with you,' said Isaac; 'but I cannot smoke; I never tried.'

So in a few minutes they were on their way to Miss Faithful's house, and the conversation turned on the coming ball.

'I quite imagine it will be rather a showy affair,' said Herbert; 'and I more than half suspect that it is arranged for a special purpose. It is given by a Mrs Ashton, an old friend of my mother, and her son is an old sweetheart of Angela. He has never proposed exactly, as he was considered too young; but this ball is to be given on his birthday, and I expect Angela will come home an engaged girl. 'She is a dear girl,' he continued with a sigh; 'but it is only reasonable that she should be getting married before long.'

Isaac's heart gave a great bound, but he answered nothing. His companion was silent also after this, and in a few minutes they reached his aunt's house.

To her brother's apparent surprise, Angela was in the hall to welcome them. 'It is all very fine, Master Herbert,' she said, 'for you to run off as soon as I promise you an evening to yourself down-stairs; but do not think you are to monopolise Mr Webb's company.'

'But how about the dress?' asked Herbert.

'Oh, that did not take long, for it fits beautifully. But somehow or other I do not care so much about the ball as I did.'

'Well, I like that!' said Herbert. 'Perhaps you are afraid you will have to sit down a good part of the evening, for want of a partner. If you are asked to be any one's partner, be careful to ascertain that it is for the dance *only*, and not for anything beyond that.'

'Be quiet, Herbert, do,' said his sister, colouring.

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'Don't be angry, dear, for a little fraternal solicitude. But come, suppose you give us a rehearsal of the songs you intend to sing. Mind there is nothing about love in them.'

'Herbert, you are incorrigible; you don't deserve a song.—What do *you* think, Mr Webb?'

Mr Webb coughed, coloured, stammered, and finally said he 'hoped she 'd sing one.'

'Well, it would be a shame to punish the innocent with the guilty, so I consent; but you must stop your ears, Herbert.' With these words, Angela looked out one or two songs, opened the piano, and once again wove the spell around Isaac's mind and heart; so much so, that though he was not of a jealous nature, he yet could not bear the thought that she would sing these same songs, and captivate the ear of the man who would in all probability ask her to be his wife. No; the idea was horrible; and as he listened, and the spell wrought its power around him and within him, his heart throbbed bolder and bolder, and he resolved to make a rush and forestall his hopeful rival. Yes; he would offer his cottages, his garden-ground, and his heart; and would not, moreover, risk his chance by waiting until this hateful ball was over. If he did, it would be lost. And why risk *any* delay? No; he would not; so determined he would act that very evening.

But would he be successful? He would have felt but little doubt had there been no rival, or only a weak one, to forestall; and even as it was, he did not consider his case was bad, much less desperate. It was scarcely likely that Angela would throw away a certain chance for an uncertain one, especially when that chance was Isaac Webb—a deep shrewd young fellow, and backed moreover by the cottages and garden-ground. So when the evening had worn itself away, and it was time for him to take his departure, Isaac requested Herbert to walk part of the way home with him, as he had something he wanted to say to him.

'Do you think,' he asked Herbert, when they were on the road, 'that your sister has made up her mind to accept Mr Ashton?'

'I do not know that he will ask her,' Herbert answered; 'but if he were to do so, I had no doubt she would until just lately; but now I am not quite so sure about it. But excuse me; why do you ask such a question?'

'Because,' returned Isaac, 'I—I have been thinking of taking a wife, and—well, I—I think I should like to have *her*.'

'Well, you *do* astonish me,' said Herbert. 'And yet,' he continued, after a pause, 'perhaps I can now account for my doubt as to her affection for young Ashton. But you had better ask her point-blank whether she will have you; that is, if you have really made up your mind about it.'

'That is just what I want *you* to do,' exclaimed Isaac. 'I want you to ask her for me.'

'Excuse me, my dear fellow; but it is rather a delicate subject for me—her brother—to put before her'——

'So much the better,' interrupted Isaac. 'It will come better from you, and with more weight than from me.'

'But people would say directly that I had somehow caused you to do it.'

'People need not know anything at all about it,' answered Isaac.

'But you have known her such a little while,' urged Herbert; 'and you may not fully have made up your mind; or you may alter it.'

'No, no!' returned Isaac decidedly. 'I have made up my mind enough, and I would rather you ask her than me. I should not know quite what to say.'

'You would know quite as well as I. However, anything for the dear girl's happiness; and since you will have it so, I will do it. But when would you like me to ask her?'

'Oh, as soon as you can,' said the amorous Isaac.

'Very well. Then if there 's a chance to-morrow, I will see about it, and will let you know the result.'

'Thank you,' said Isaac, much relieved. So they shook hands and parted.

The love-sick youth was in a considerable state of excitement all the night long; he tossed about on his bed, and wondered why the traffic outside made so much more noise than usual. At last he fell asleep, and dreamed of Angela—and her expectations. The following morning, contrary to his usual habit, he was very late at breakfast; and when he had finished, had no inclination for his customary stroll through the streets, but sat in his room reading, or attempting to read, two very old newspapers and a playbill. To pass the time, he had his dinner in the middle of the day, and afterwards dropped off to sleep—an unusual proceeding, doubtless caused by his disturbed night. He was aroused about six o'clock by his landlady entering the room.

'A note for you, sir. The lad said there was no answer.'

It was from Herbert, and contained the gratifying announcement that he had executed Isaac's commission, and that his sister, 'much surprised and flattered by Mr Webb's sentiments, could assure him that they were entirely reciprocated by her, and that she would endeavour to make herself worthy of his choice. Would he be so kind as to postpone a visit for a day or two, that she might in some degree recover herself from the flutter of her surprise, and be able to receive him as she would wish?'

Bravo, Isaac! You are a deep dog; and your life and your schemes seem flooded with sunshine.

## PART II.—CLOUD.

### CHAPTER I.—THE SUN IS SLIGHTLY OBSCURED.

Mr Herbert Faithful in his letter to Isaac had requested him to postpone a visit to his sister for a few days, in order that she might recover herself from the excitement his proposal had occasioned. This may have been partly the truth; but the real fact was that Herbert wished to satisfy himself that Isaac's account of himself was a truthful one, before he and Angela met for the ratification of their engagement. So he took this opportunity to make a hurried visit to Dambourne; and by the brief but well-directed inquiries he made there, was enabled to arrive at the conclusion that Isaac's version of himself and of his circumstances was a correct one. Having thus done his duty as a prudent brother, Herbert sent, as soon as possible after his return, an invitation to Isaac to visit New West Road.

Angela had apparently made good use of the interval to recover herself from 'the flutter of her

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surprise.' At all events she shewed very few traces of it when Isaac was, for the first time since their engagement, announced. Not that she appeared unduly unconscious of the new relations between them; but she carried off all the constraint and stiffness of manner that were natural under the circumstances, by that unaffected and lady-like self-possession which formed one of her most striking characteristics, and which at once put her too self-conscious lover at his ease. That young man was indeed in such a mingled state of nervousness and excitement, that it is extremely doubtful whether he would have ventured to refer to the happy position she had granted him, but from her meeting him half-way, as it were; for the idea was implied by her manner that there was no need of constraint on his part, for that they met on equal terms, and that she could not but be gratified by his having bestowed upon her his regard. Such at least was the light in which Isaac regarded Angela's manner towards him on this their first meeting as lovers, and it had the effect, as has been stated, of putting him at his ease.

Her brother kindly assisted at this consummation; for he welcomed Isaac with a frank kindness that made the latter consider him, next to himself, the best fellow in the world.

The only member of the family who remained as before was the aunt. Her deafness, poor soul, had, quite suddenly, much increased, and her general faculties had, in proportion apparently, decreased, so that she had become a complete nonentity, and her slate and pencil had all but retired on a handsome competence of illegible scrawls.

After half an hour's general conversation, Herbert pleaded an engagement, and the lovers were (putting Miss Faithful out of the question) left to themselves.

'I was so pleased with your brother's letter,' said Isaac. 'I thought, somehow, that my regard and admiration for you were returned.'

This was not quite what he intended to say; but the part of the ardent lover was so new to him that he could not all at once settle down into it.

'Indeed,' Angela replied, 'Herbert's letter could give but little idea of my surprise and—well, I suppose I need not mind saying it now—gratification. But I cannot imagine what you have seen in me in so short a time, to have caused you to make such a proposal as you have.' Whether she intended it or not, Angela could not have gone more directly to that most sensitive and vulnerable portion of Isaac's temperament, his self-esteem. He received her reply as a well-merited compliment, but he had not the grace to return it.

'I don't exactly know myself,' was his curt rejoinder. 'Don't you think,' he continued after a pause, 'that we may as well be getting married pretty soon? I want to be going back to look after the cottages, and it will come so expensive to be going backwards and forwards; and I have never been used to writing many letters.'

'Oh, you must talk to Herbert about that. When he thinks it right for us to be married, I shall be ready.'

It must be confessed that this was a very practical way of looking at the matter on this the first evening of their engagement; but Isaac looked on the whole subject of matrimony and its attendant evils, courtship included, in a very practical and business-like manner. Such, then, was the opening conversation of these lovers, and it grew no warmer as it proceeded. After a short time, Angela went to the piano and sang several songs, to Isaac's great delight. The spell was again woven around him; and when Herbert returned home, our hero could have been guided anywhere by him or his sister, had either of them been disposed to do so.

One circumstance in connection with his engagement was a slight satisfaction to Isaac: he would be often visiting at Miss Faithful's house and partaking of her hospitality; so that he would then be able to live more economically at his coffee-shop. Even this, however, would not balance the amount of the expense of his absence from home; so, after mature consideration, he arrived at the conclusion that an early marriage was desirable; for he dreaded the season of courtship, and wanted to get the matter closed. So he decided still to remain in London for the present, and take an early opportunity to urge his views with Herbert.

It did not occur to Isaac that there was anything to cause delay. Surely a respectable young woman could be married at any time, and he did not know of any law preventing them being married to-morrow if they chose. He did not desire, it is true, anything quite so speedy as that, but he considered that say three weeks or a month ought to be sufficient for all preparation. But the mention of some such sentiments as these to Herbert received from him a very decided check.

'Why,' said he, laughing, 'apart from everything else, you and Angela have not even decided where you intend to live. It will take you a month to do that, let alone the furnishing.'

'We shall live at Dambourne End of course,' said Isaac; 'and my lodgings are quite large enough for two people, or can easily be made so.'

'Seriously,' returned Herbert, 'that is quite out of the question; for if *Angela* agreed to it, I tell you candidly *I* would not; for she has always been accustomed to a comfortable home, and you are well enough off between you to have one when you are married. And between you and me, I do not think a little country place, such as you have described Dambourne End to be, is quite a suitable place to which to take a young wife who has spent the greater part of her life in London, and has until lately mixed a good bit in society. Not that she wants to do so again, or to run into extravagance; but to take her away from all her friends and associations, at all events just at first, and for no particular reason, would not be quite the thing, I fancy. I don't want to throw cold-water on your plans, old fellow,' he continued, laying his hand on Isaac's arm, 'or to seem in any way to dictate; but just think over what I have said, and I think you will see the force of it.'

Isaac was too much astonished at the idea Herbert had broached to make any reply to it, so took his leave.

### CHAPTER II.—SHADOWS DEEPEN.

Our hero's cogitations on his way home were cut short on his arrival by a letter which was waiting for him from the old schoolfellow to whom he had confided the care of his estate at Dambourne.

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This letter was calculated to give him some uneasiness. It was as follows :

My dear Sir—I am afraid there is something not quite right about the stranger who took your lodgings at Mrs Clappen's, or else about the tenants of your cottages, or both ; for when I went to collect the rents according to your wish, a week or two after you went away, the people in the cottages all laughed at me ; and when I went again a few days ago, they threatened to put me under the pump. The reason that I think Mrs Clappen's lodger has something to do with it is that I have seen him go into some of the cottages at different times ; but when I asked his landlady what he did there, she said she believed he went giving away tracts. But this morning she came to me in a great state of excitement saying two strange men were watching her house, and that her lodger had not been out of his room all the morning, and had not had his breakfast, and altogether she thought there must be something wrong. I went back with her and knocked at his door. As he did not answer, and as the door was locked on the inside, I broke it open ; but the stranger had gone—probably through the back window and down by the water-butt. Your box is in the room, and I find it is *unlocked*. As I do not know what you may have left in it, I write to let you know about it.—Yours truly,

Frederick Jones.

Here was a pretty state of things. This lodger had most likely broken open Isaac's box and abstracted what things of value it contained. Fortunately there was not very much—only about forty pounds in gold and some title-deeds. He reflected what he should do. Perhaps he ought to go down to Dambourne End at once, but he did not see what good he could do if he went ; so he decided to wait until the following day, and let Angela know about it. Accordingly, the next morning he started off to New West Road, and informed Angela and her brother of his ill news. It did not, however, make the impression upon them that Isaac expected ; for they made light of it, and said that if his loss were no more than forty pounds, *that* was of no very great consequence. They did not know that *any* amount of money, however small, was of consequence to Isaac.

'I'll tell you what,' cried Herbert ; 'if you will wait until to-morrow, Angela and I will go down with you.—Mrs Glubbs will come in and look after aunt, Angela.'

Isaac hailed the proposition with joy ; for he had already grown to have great confidence in Herbert and his knowledge of the world—indeed he considered it but little inferior to his own—and he thought that if there were much wrong down at Dambourne, their united experience and sagacity would in all probability speedily set it right.

'And now, old fellow, I want a chat with you for an hour, if you can spare the time,' said Herbert ; and as Angela at that moment left the room, he continued : 'I want to speak to you on the subject we were discussing last evening. Have you thought over what I said ?'

'Yes,' Isaac answered ; 'but not much, for this other affair has put it out of my head for the time.'

'Oh, never mind this little affair,' returned Herbert; 'it is not worth troubling about. Anybody would think you were not worth forty pence to hear how you talk. And that brings me to the subject I want to speak to you about. Angela has an objection to live at your little country place, though not so great an objection as I have to her doing so. And there is no need for you to drone your lives away down there ; come up to London and enjoy yourselves. You say you have about two hundred and fifty a year. Well, my sister on her marriage will come into three hundred and fifty a year or thereabouts ; and she will probably have a little more whenever anything happens to aunt. The former income she inherits from mother's family, and it is to accumulate until she is married, or if single, until she reaches the age of thirty-five—now twelve years off. Until one or other of these events happen she cannot touch a penny of it. This puts her in a very peculiar and uncomfortable position ; because though father left us enough to live upon, yet it is nothing more, and so whatever preparations you make for your wedding, you must make on trust of what I tell you.'

'O yes,' said Isaac ; 'pray do not think—either of you—that I have not confidence in you.'

'That is very kind and generous of you,' Herbert replied, 'because we shall be compelled, under the circumstances I have told you, to test that confidence. Now what we propose is this,' he continued : 'Angela seems to have a great desire to live in the neighbourhood of London, and if you will find a suitable house and furnish it, and have it ready in three months from this time, she will be ready by then to be married. But it has occurred to us that as you are not very well acquainted with London, it may save you some trouble and expense (supposing you agree to our proposition) if you like to leave it to us to fix on the locality and find a house ; more especially as I have many friends in different parts of London. But if you prefer to act on your own account, pray do not hesitate to say so.'

Isaac sat and weighed the matter in his mind. Certainly Angela's income was considerably more than he had any idea of, so he need not be so very pinching. On the other hand, he did not much relish the idea of a lavish expenditure over a house and furniture. And yet if Angela would not live at Dambourne End, it did not matter where they lived, so far as he was concerned. And again there rose up the three hundred and fifty a year, and more expectations ! Much better than he had expected to do in any matrimonial speculation he had ever contemplated. In addition to these reasons he was by no means obstinate in disposition, and yielded easily to any one in whom he had confidence, and who, as the term goes, 'got the right side of him.' Angela and her brother had contrived to do this. So after a few minutes' thought, Isaac agreed to Herbert's proposal, with one amendment : that if the house were ready in time, the marriage should take place in two months instead of three.

'And,' said Isaac, when this was agreed to, 'on condition that you make all the necessary preparations for me.'

'Yes, if you really wish it,' said Herbert. 'But excuse me speaking plainly : you must advance me the money if I do.'

'Yes, I suppose I must,' Isaac answered ruefully. 'How much do you think you will want, and when will you want it ?'

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'I should think five hundred pounds would do, at all events for the present. Of course I will be as careful with it as I can, for your interests and Angela's are identical; but you may as well have things good at first, since they are the more economical in the long-run. The money you can let me have whenever it is convenient to you.'

'You shall have the sum you mention in about three weeks,' said Isaac.

Angela now came in dressed for a walk, so Herbert and Isaac broke up their conference, and the three went out together.

## IMPORTED BEEF AND MUTTON.

A RESOLUTE attempt was made a dozen years ago to import fresh beef in various forms from Buenos Ayres; and as the meat was sold at a comparatively low price, there arose high expectations on the subject. The well-meant attempt failed. It would not do. The meat presented an unpleasant appearance. The working classes in this country did not like the flavour, even if the appearance had been good; they would not buy, although the price was low; and thus the affair died out after a few months.

Soon after the failure of Buenos Ayres, our own Australian colony of New South Wales made a bid for the favour of English beef-eaters. Mr Mort, an enterprising citizen of Sydney, introduced Nicolle's freezing process for preserving fresh meat in an untainted state. He was sanguine that the same ship might convey beef and mutton from Australia to England and emigrants from England to Australia, thereby conferring a double benefit on the colonies. Queensland and Victoria were also on the *qui vive*, ready to find a market for their surplus live-stock in the old mother-country, if events presented favourable symptoms. The freezing process was not by any means the only one tried in Australia. One was an adaptation of Appert's plan of putting fresh meat into tins and drawing out all the air; a second was to exclude warmth by packing in ice; a third was to exclude moisture in such way as to pack the meat in as dry a state as possible. A large trade was gradually formed by a Sydney Company for preserving meat for the English market—not fresh joints in bulk, but partly cooked in tins. The oxen and sheep were slaughtered in abattoirs of improved construction, skinned, boned, and cut up on large tables; the meat was scalded by steam in large open trays, put into tins, and the tins exposed to a temperature of 230° F., in a bath containing chloride of lime dissolved in the water; then sealed up, exposed to a second bath somewhat hotter, and finally to a cold bath. Not only was steamed or parboiled beef and mutton prepared in this way, but the establishment also sent out tins of roasted, cured, spiced beef, haricot of mutton, and so forth. We cannot go into particulars, and have only to say that the efforts, however meritorious, have not been a commercial success.

It may be stated as a well-known fact that the people of Great Britain will not, as a general rule, buy inferior kinds of butcher-meat. They are all glad to purchase at a low price, but the quality must be good, the look of the meat good, the smell good. We should confidently say that no people on the face of the earth are such connoisseurs in good beef and mutton as the English, down even to the humblest classes. In point of fact, the working classes, as they are called, are more fastidious as regards quality and superior cuts than persons of distinction. Laying down this as a rule, it is throwing away trouble and capital to try to serve the English with anything short of the best fresh meat, as usually obtained from butchers. Frozen meat will not do, for it will not keep. Tinned meat half-cooked, and however well spiced, is also not the thing. One may regret the prejudices often entertained on this score. But for the sake of all parties it is best to acknowledge the fact.

The only expedient likely to be successful is that of importing fresh meat from the United States, owing to the comparatively short duration of the voyage and the several fleets of fine steamers belonging to capitalists, who are never slack in throwing themselves into any trade that promises to be fairly remunerating. The proceedings, in brief, are managed as follows. Live-stock, brought to New York by rail from the central and western states of America, are conveyed to well-arranged abattoirs, where they are quickly slaughtered, skinned, &c. Several hundred carcases are put at once into a large cool chamber, where they are kept for a day or two—the period depending on the state of the weather. They are then quartered, wrapped up in coarse canvas, and conveyed to the steamer, drawn up alongside a quay or wharf. A compartment is set aside for the reception of the meat, with an ice-chamber at one end. A current of fresh air, filtered through cotton-wool, is driven over the ice by a steam-worked fan or blast, and thence over the masses of meat. About forty tons of ice are shipped for keeping cool the carcases of a hundred and fifty cattle: reduced probably to a third or quarter of this amount by melting during the voyage. According to the quantity of fresh air forced through the ice-chamber, so is the degree of temperature produced. After many experiments, an opinion has been arrived at that a freezing temperature is neither necessary nor desirable; four or five degrees above that point are preferred, the meat arriving in a pure and fresh state at Liverpool. The quantity shipped at once is sometimes very large. The *Wyoming* steamer, for instance, brought over at one time in the middle of the recent month of February two thousand three hundred quarters of beef and the carcases of four hundred sheep. In one week a million and a quarter pounds of meat were brought from New York to Liverpool.

Glasgow, as opening direct by the Clyde to the Atlantic, with its fleet of steamers and enterprising traders, bids fair to be a rival to Liverpool in the American meat-traffic. Every week there are paragraphs in the newspapers announcing fresh arrivals. We quote the following as a specimen from the *Scotsman* of March 7: 'The extension of the American meat-trade at all the larger towns in Scotland has been very marked during the past month, and the import has been quite unequal to the demand. The steamers belonging to the Anchor line of weekly mail packets, which have been bringing from eight hundred to a thousand quarters of fresh meat each voyage, have been compelled to increase their cool-meat cell accommodation by fully one-half. The State line of

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weekly steamers are also being fitted up with the necessary apparatus for this traffic, and the first steamer of that line with fresh meat—six hundred quarters—was reported last night at the Clyde. The Anchor Line mail-steamer *Anchoria* also arrived yesterday. The latter vessel brings the largest cargo of fresh meat yet imported into Scotland, having on board one thousand six hundred quarters beef and two hundred carcases of sheep. The two consignments (two thousand two hundred quarters) are nearly equal to any previous fortnight's supply. About one-half of this quantity of fresh meat will be sold in Glasgow market, and the other half will be despatched to Edinburgh, Newcastle, Dundee, and other large towns. In Glasgow and Greenock there has been a further extension of shops for the sale of American fresh meat. The Glasgow butchers are now pretty extensive buyers of the imported beef, and they have again had to lower their prices for home-fed meat by 1d. per lb., making a total reduction on roast and steaks of 3d. per lb., and on other sorts of 2d. per lb. The American meat, however, is still from 1d. to 2d. per lb. cheaper than the medium home sorts. During February the American meat imports at Glasgow, which may be considered as the landing-place for Scotland, amounted to the following large aggregates: 4650 quarters fresh beef, 500 sheep, 2440 tierces salted beef, 1830 barrels salted pork, 1037 barrels hams, 700 barrels tongues, 9300 boxes bacon, and 20,500 cases of tinned (preserved) meat. In the previous month (January) the fresh meat imported aggregated 3728 quarters and 620 sheep; while in December the quantity was about one-half that of January. There is nearly as great an advance in the import of corned meat, bacon, and salted beef and pork. 950 barrels of tallow and 700 barrels of lard were imported last month. Butter and cheese also form an important item in the cargoes from New York; and last month there was an aggregate of 2500 boxes of cheese and 7050 packages of butter brought in six steamers.'

While Glasgow is the source of supply to various places in Scotland, Liverpool sends consignments by railways to London, Birmingham, Manchester, Sheffield, and other large centres of population. Some part of the conveyance is managed by aid of Acklom's patent refrigerating wagons. These vehicles, constructed and fitted to keep always cool in the interior, are drawn up to the ship's side at the docks, laden with meat, horsed through the streets to a railway depôt, placed upon trucks, conveyed to any other station, dismounted from the trucks, and driven to warehouses and storehouses. If there be continuous rail from the quay to the final warehouse, so much the better.

What do the butchers and the public think of this beef and mutton? It is now known that the meat should be cooked and eaten as soon as possible after being landed, else it loses somewhat of its good flavour. The newspapers stated that a consignment of two hundred quarters of beef to Edinburgh became deteriorated towards the last, by remaining too long in shops or stores unprovided with cooling appliances.

A remarkable enterprise has just been commenced in London in connection with this subject. An 'Australian Meat Agency Company' has existed for several years; it imports canistered provisions of all kinds from our antipodean colonies; but as Sydney and Melbourne have not yet surmounted the difficulties of establishing a profitable transmission of fresh joints of meat to England, the Company has laid itself open to the reception of such meat from any country. Underneath the vast Cannon Street terminus of the South-eastern Railway are ranges of brick vaults which the Meat Company has just taken at an annual rental. Fresh air from the river is admitted into a refrigerating chamber, whence, after being cooled down, it passes into other chambers where the meat is placed on broad open shelves; a small steam-engine forces the air over the ice in the refrigerating chambers, and thence into the several meat chambers. A sloping road leads up from the vaulted chambers to the railway level, and there are four landing-stages from the river—thus affording considerable facilities for the arrival and departure of large consignments of meat. The expectation is that the meat will keep cool and good for several days, instead of being forced occasionally on an unwilling market to avert spoiling; and if this expectation be realised, the same plan may be adopted for poultry, fruit, and dairy produce.

The retailing at present is a puzzle. We are told from time to time that the butchers cry down the American meat in order to keep up the high price of English and Scotch beef and mutton; that they sometimes sell slightly tainted English meat under the name of American, to bring down the fair fame of the latter; and that more frequently they buy the foreign meat and sell it again as English. The butchers deny these allegations, and the public are left to find out the truth for themselves the best way they can. At the Cold Stores, as they are called, of the Meat Agency Company, above described, the price for sides, quarters, and large joints varies from about sixpence-halfpenny to ninepence per pound—small joints being higher per pound than large, and meat for roasting higher than meat for boiling. The demand for the latter being much less than that for the former, a rapid sale for the whole is found to be difficult, unless buyers are tempted by a lower price for round, brisket, and other boiling-pieces. As a small joint of the best roasting beef is tenpence per pound, the reduction below the price for English beef is certainly not considerable, especially as the sellers do not send the meat to the consumers' houses. If the trade establishes itself on a firm footing, there will probably be retail stores in various parts of London (and other large towns) for the sale of American meat; or else the regular butchers will sell American as well as English meat, each at its own proper price. One thing is certain, as already hinted, that unless the Americans send first-rate qualities of meat, they need not send it at all. Another thing they must attend to is, that in cutting up the meat it must be neatly *dressed*. On this score we have heard serious complaints. The quarters of beef are too often not properly trimmed for market, at least not sufficiently so to please English wholesale dealers.

Other nations are striving to ascertain whether they can obtain a share in this new meat-trade. A French Company has built a ship called *La Frigorifique*, to ply between Buenos Ayres and Brest; it contains cool chambers which will keep meat at any desired temperature. The process adopted is

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that of M. Tellier. Methylic ether, like ammonia, evaporates rapidly, and absorbs heat from neighbouring bodies in so doing; the vapour passing through tubes in a cylinder cools down the air outside the tubes; the cooled air passes into chambers in the hold, where the meat is either hung up or put on shelves. The methylic ether can be used over and over again with only little waste. The hope of the Company is to be able to stow in the ship the meat of a thousand head of cattle, bring it from Buenos Ayres to Brest in a little over a month, and sell it at about two-thirds the price of French meat. At the time we are writing, the *Frigorifique* is making her first voyage; on the principle that 'the proof of the pudding is in the eating,' we must wait awhile to learn the result.

Some of the Liverpool steamers are, it is reported, being fitted up with refrigerating apparatus for bringing freshly killed meat from Spain. The continental railways are organising a plan to bring meat from Hungary in three days in refrigerating cars, at a freight-charge of a little over a halfpenny per pound, to Ostend or some port whence it could be shipped to England. Moscow is said to be able to buy fairly good beef at fourpence per pound, and is calculating whether London could obtain some of it at about sevenpence.

The new move certainly has some lively elements in it, and we shall watch with some interest its development. As yet, the introduction of huge cargoes of fresh meat has had no sensible effect in lowering the standard market prices. To some extent this may be explained by the suspended importation of live oxen from the continent, on account of the dreaded cattle disease. Unless, however, the importation of fresh meat from America or elsewhere attains a very gigantic scale, we do not anticipate any very marked reduction of prices. From the increasing wealth and population in the British Islands, the demand for meat will long far outrun the means of native supply. The agricultural interest may as yet keep itself tolerably at ease on the subject.

## MOUNT PISGAH, LONDON, W.

It is not much of a mountain, scarcely deserving the name of a hill in fact, but the name will indicate aptly enough the character of the inhabitants; for it is here that many look longingly into the social Promised Land which they cannot enter. Mount Pisgah is the region of struggling gentility; as Saffron Hill is of organ-grinders; as Brixton is of merchants; as Westburnia is of Hebrews and Anglo-Asiatics; as Brook Street is of doctors, and Islington of City clerks. From the centre and axis of the *haut ton*, which ends at Park Lane, respectability radiates in a north-westerly and south-westerly direction; but whereas South Kensington abruptly terminates in Brompton, the region of Hyde Park, properly so called, merges into Bayswater and Westburnia, the outer circle ending in Mount Pisgah. There is a general air of neglect about the neighbourhood, and although the houses are rather pretentious-looking buildings, they are rarely troubled with the hands of the painter or plasterer. Corinthian columns and stuccoed balustrades lose much of their effect when chipped and scribbled over and used as the vehicle for the artistic displays of youth—in chalks. The doorsteps are not always very clean; and in the street, if it is not dusty, it is muddy; and if scraps of paper are not flying about, orange-peel and broken crockery strew your path. But then this is also a great place for the 'slut of a servant,' who is cheap if nothing else; and for the streets, well, the vestry are not likely to be troubled with complaints from such birds of passage as the Pisgans all are—or all hope to be, I should say—for too often, alas, do they find their wings clipped and their stay involuntary. In Mount Pisgah, majors and colonels are as plentiful as blackberries; high-wranglers and ex-Indian judges jostle first classmen and 'late political residents.' Unbeneficed clergymen, who eagerly scan the *Times* advertisements each morning for pupils; unsuccessful doctors and disappointed barristers waiting for the patients and the briefs that are so long in coming; and others who are seeking to eke out a scanty income by that very poor crutch but passable walking-stick, as some one has aptly called literature—all these abound in this neighbourhood. The only prosperous people are the butchers and bakers and other trades-people. They nod familiarly their 'Good morning, Gineral,' or 'Wet day, Mister,' to the humble officer or tutor who shovels past with the weight of the remembrance of those rapidly increasing bills for inferior joints and alumed bread, which he must meet at the end of the quarter.

The commercial ethics of Mount Pisgah are not altogether peculiar to themselves; but if one rule meets with greater observance than another, it is, that as bills increase quality shall decrease; and after all, as Mr Undercut or Mr Crumpet will tell you, they are often 'took in dreadful.' How eagerly pay-day is looked forward to! the brief interval from the depressing pecuniary cares of their lives that comes to each four times a year. A 'social' then takes place. Ordinarily, old Mangosteen, of the —th Native Infantry, meeting Junglebird, C.S.I., who lived with him in the N.W.P., where they were as brothers, says 'How do?' and passes on. Each knows that the other has but one thought—his embarrassments: they respect one another's misfortunes, and avoid the hollow mockeries to which conversation must necessarily give rise. But towards the end of each quarter all this is changed; there is going to be a little dinner; or 'My womenkind are turning the house inside out for a dance;' or 'The boys are going to row us down to Richmond;' and then Junglebird and Mangosteen kill their tigers over again, and chuckle merrily over that roaring night at the —th mess; and Briefless and Exminus recall the old Combination Room jokes; and if, as they sip their cheap claret, they think with some regret of that mellow ruby nectar that the cellars of St Botolph's used sometimes to produce; they also remember how, when up last autumn for the election of a 'Silverpoker' (as the Esquire Bedel is irreverently called, from his emblem of office), they had found two fellows of their own time martyrs to gout and a nuisance to the whole college—for which that delicious 'old tawny' was doubtless responsible. The ladies in Mount Pisgah take quite a different tone too, at this eventful period. Although at other times not quite so 'solitary' in their habits as their husbands—for women find a comfort in talking over their common troubles—they have long discussions upon the chance of Charley getting a presentation

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to Christ's Hospital; or of Tommy's cadetship at Wellington; or how Mr Howling Hawley, the great singing-master, held out hopes of dear Amelia's voice being a fortune to her; and yet how dreadful it would be for the poor child to appear before the public; but then you know, my dear, things have altered so much since our time, and now you really find quite respectable people performing in public! But when they give their little dinners and dances and the rest, you shall see how the Pisgan ladies will rise to the occasion, and you shall not find in Grosvenor Square a more strict observance of the rules of etiquette. And if at times it is a little old-fashioned and somewhat more strict than Society demands in these loose times, it bears the right stamp, and might indeed be profitably imitated in many more pretentious houses.

Of course it is a long time since those Pisgans who have belonged to the Rag or the Oriental, or the Union or Junior, have ceased to be members of those institutions. Some have found that the seven or eight guineas required at the most critical period of the year could be spent to much better purpose; others have felt that the old associations would be too painful. But they have their clubs nevertheless. Within the last ten years clubs have become as plentiful as hotels nearly. And the enterprising City gentleman who fits up a big house with a dining and reading and smoking and morning and billiard room, and advertises the inauguration of the Pantheon Club, 'for the benefit of those gentlemen who are unable to enter the older clubs owing to their overcrowded condition,' requires names for his committee. Military Pisgans are admirably suited for this rôle. What a blessing too, that they have such a place to go to, instead of always pottering about at home, where they would be but too often in the way.

There are more troublesome things than canaries and poodles, novel-reading and invitation cards, to be attended to by the mammas and daughters of Pisgan households. Committees of ways and means; arguing with the cook who 'hasn't been accustomed' to some obviously wise little economy; softening the anger of some brow-beating creditor; twisting and turning, and 'managing,' to make old appear like new, are all matters in which the presence of a male creature is worse than useless. So there is a vague sort of tradition that papa goes to his club to write letters, and to be there if anything should turn up. And he sometimes writes a few letters, and reads all the papers, and smokes a good many pipes, and takes a sandwich and moderate tankard of beer for his lunch, and saunters down Regent Street, or drops into the British Museum Reading-room or the National Gallery—or into the India or Colonial Office, to see if 'anything is turning up.' Besides, he will give you the particulars of a review in Hyde Park, or a boat-race on the Thames, or a 'demonstration' at the 'Reformers' Tree,' just as well as the evening papers, for these are all luxuries within his reach. And in the season you will see him on the wrong side of the Row looking into the Promised Land. Time was perhaps when he too had joined a knot of laughing youths at the Corner, or seated on horseback had tapped his lackered boot with infinite self-satisfaction, or trotted along at the side of some fair creature with whom he would dance an unconscionable number of dances that same evening. He was a sub or an undergraduate at the time, and saw Fortune within his grasp; but he missed his chance, or Fortune was unkind; and gall and vinegar were his portion instead of milk and honey.

Some of the inhabitants of Mount Pisgah are fairly off, and merely live there because they find the place cheap and they are not forced into any fashionable extravagances. But this is not the case with most. Their pleasures are negative—the mere temporary absence of care. The continually recurring question, 'How shall I pay?' or 'What will it cost?' crushes every sense of comfort and ease out of them. For them is none of the happy regularity of well-to-do respectability—the wiping off of unpaid bills as regularly as Mary Jane the housemaid dusts the escritoire with its dainty pieces of Japan-work and ormolu. Not for them the pleasant little morning duties; the list for Mudie's; the tending of the conservatory; the new waltz by Godfrey; the orders for tradesmen and for dinner (the one crumpled rose-leaf perhaps, this); the afternoon shopping or visiting; the drive to Pall Mall, or the Temple, or the City, to bring papa back from his club, or his chambers, or his office; the pretty frequent theatre and concert; the weekly 'at-homes;' the friendly dances, and more elaborate balls, that are of constant occurrence when town is full. Life is very hard and ugly in Mount Pisgah. Captain Burton the great traveller, says in one of his late works that he wonders how any poor man can ever think of living in England, or any rich one out of it. If England, perhaps more so London; and it is only necessary to know a little of Mount Pisgah to learn what a fascination is exercised over some men's minds by this dear foggy, hard and tender, rich and squalid, centre of an Englishman's world, yclept London.

## SPRING SHOWERS.

Sweet is the swart earth
After the April rain;
It will give the violets birth,
And quicken the grass in the plain.

The woodlands are dim—with dreams
Of the region they lately have left;
Like Man and his thoughts of Eden—
Of something of which he 's bereft.

The stars they have left their veils
On the everlasting hills;
And angels have trodden the dales,
And spirits have touched the rills.

And truths to be seen and heard,
Say Love has made all things his own;
He reigns in the breast of the bird,
And has made the earth's bosom his throne.

The pansies peep by the brook,
And the primrose is pure in the sun;
The world wears a heavenly look,
Man's spirit and Nature are one.

The cottage that glints through the trees,
And the moss-cushioned, lilac-plumed wall,
The woodland, and emerald leas
Are touched with the Spirit of all.

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## 'MAKING PRETEND.'

LITTLE girls play at 'Making Pretend,' often assuming some such form as this: 'I'll be a lady, and you shall be my servant.' We all of us unconsciously imitate these little folks in many of the daily proceedings of life, not from a really dishonourable motive or wishing to wrong others. 'The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth' is a proper maxim for a witness in a court of justice, and a wholesome precept to be taught to all; but it is curious to watch among the highest and purest in the land, as among the lowest and most debased, how many are the obstacles to the absolute observance of this precept.

Court-life is full of anomalies in this direction. The 'Queen's Speech,' as we all know, is not the Queen's Speech; it is not written by Her Majesty, and for many years past has seldom been spoken by her. The prime-minister writes it, after conferring with his colleagues; the Lord Chancellor reads it, as one of three commissioners named for that special purpose. In earlier periods of our history, when the sovereign was his own prime-minister, and his officials were dismissed at his will and pleasure, his speech was really a speech; but now that the ministers are responsible for all the public proceedings of the Crown, the speech is a message, really theirs, although couched in the first person singular, and read from a written paper by other lips. Once now and then the present Queen has had to be furnished with lighted candles to enable her to read her own gracious speech on the afternoon of a foggy day! The Queen is loyally supposed to be present in every court of justice, near the colours of every regiment, and on the quarter-deck of every vessel belonging to the royal navy. To salute the colours during a march-past is to salute a symbol of sovereign power; and even on the darkest night, or when no human being sees him, a naval officer touches his cap when stepping up to the quarter-deck. It is not telling a little fib, but acting one; 'making pretend,' for a purpose sanctioned by all and injurious to none.

The 'honourable member for ——' may not be distinguished for particularly honourable conduct as a member of society; but it is felt that the House of Commons must wink at this, and treat him like the rest. The 'most reverend prelate,' the 'reverend occupants of the spiritual bench,' the 'illustrious duke on the cross benches,' the 'noble marquis,' the 'noble and learned lord,' the 'honourable and gallant member for ——,' 'my right honourable friend'—all these are intended, not as mere flatteries, but to preserve decorum and courtesy in the proceedings of the two Houses. If members mentioned one another by name, or used the second person 'you,' unseemly wrangles would almost inevitably occur; a little 'making pretend,' even if involving a somewhat cumbrous form of circumlocution, is found useful here; many a foreign Chamber of Deputies or House of Representatives suffers sadly from the absence of some such rules.

'Your obedient servant;' this is a small fib; for generally speaking, you are neither his servant nor are you obedient to him. 'Truly yours' and 'Yours faithfully' are equally departures from strict verity; in all probability your correspondent has never done anything deserving of a gush of warm sentiment on your part. 'Yours always sincerely'—well, there may be a little earnestness here; but 'always' is more than you can honestly pledge yourself to. A fair lady is sometimes a little embarrassed in this matter. She may be under the necessity of writing to decline a tender offer made to her by a gentleman. How is she to address him? 'Yours respectfully,' or 'obediently,' or 'truly'—why, this is what he wishes her to be, but what she announces in the letter her refusal to be; and 'your obedient servant' is no better; for as she refuses to be his wife, she most certainly will not be his servant. Turn the matter about how we may, there is no apparent escape from 'making pretend,' unless the subscription to the letter be limited to the mere signature. But the 'making pretend' of respect or obedience is a small courtesy which lessens the probability of giving offence. And as with the subscription, so

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with the superscription; the word 'dear' is a fond and affectionate one; but how often do we *really* mean 'Dear sir' when we write those words? While we write the little word we may feel ourselves hypocrites for so doing, for reasons good and sufficient; but we must keep up 'dear' for form's sake. A young spendthrift heir writes to 'My dear father' for more supplies, and may yet be willing to see 'dear father' in the grave for the sake of the inheritance. The old man may suspect this all the way along, but still he addresses 'My dear Tom.'

'Mr So-and-so is not at home.' Certainly not true this, for you happened to catch a glimpse of his features over the parlour window-blind. Apart from any supposition that he owes you money which he is not prepared to pay, he may really have a good and sufficient reason for declining an interview with you. But this degree of 'making pretend' is a little too bad; 'Mr So-and-so declines to see you' would be true, but rather discourteous; and so perhaps a compromise is hit upon, 'Mr So-and-so is engaged at present.'

'Come and take pot-luck with us to-morrow—all in the rough, just as you find us;' not quite true, for preparations are purposely made for the reception of the visitor. 'Pray don't think of going,' you politely say; although as a fact it might be convenient to you and your family that your guest should go at once. 'Always glad to see you'—most assuredly 'making pretend,' for at best you only mean 'sometimes.' When a young lady at a party declares that she positively 'can't sing,' we take the assertion with several grains of allowance. When healths are drunk and thanks returned, we may do as we like about believing 'the proudest moment of my life;' and when, as sometimes happens at men's parties, 'He's a jolly good fellow' is sung after proposing the toast, it may happen to be that the person thus honoured is neither very jolly nor very good. All the little incidents of social intercourse, if examined critically, display somewhat similar indications of the widely diffused 'making pretend.'

We thank people or praise people in various ways, beyond our real meaning, from a sense of the value of civilities. The Lord Chancellor always assures the Recorder that Her Majesty very highly approves of the selection which her faithful citizens of London have made, when the Lord Mayor elect is presented; and the civic functionary, on that occasion, invites Her Majesty's judges to the Guildhall banquet, although the invitation card has been sent to each long before. 'I bow to your ludship's superior judgment;' although it may be known to both of them, and to the bench and the bar generally, that the counsel really possesses greater knowledge and ability than the judge. 'Gentlemen of the jury' are much flattered by counsel; penetration and sagacity are imputed to them in large measure; the advocate does not mean what he says, but he hopes to wheedle a verdict out of them, in duty to the client who employs and pays him. The judge, unspotted in his impartiality (an inestimable advantage which we enjoy in this country), has no temptation to indulge in such flatteries, and is free from embarrassment in the matter. As to a counsel positively stating his belief in the innocence of the prisoner he is defending, when he knows that the man is guilty, this is a stretch of audacity on which much has been written and said, and which leaves a painful impression on conscientious minds; a skilful counsel generally manages to avoid it, while using as much whitewash as he can for the accused, and applying plentiful blackwash to the witnesses for the prosecution. The 'enlightened and independent electors' of a borough do not believe that the candidate is altogether sincere in thus addressing them, while he himself has probably the means of knowing that they are neither enlightened nor independent; but the compliment is pleasing to their vanity, and perchance they give him a few extra cheers (or votes) as his reward.

'Making pretend,' in wholesale and retail trade, is now carried to such an extent as to be a serious evil. Where woollen goods are sold as 'all wool,' despite the shoddy and cotton which enter into their composition; where calico is laden with chalk in order to augment its weight; where professed flax and silk goods have a large percentage of cotton, and alpaca goods are made of wool which was never on the back of an alpaca—we are justified in doubting whether the fib comes within the range of allowable 'making pretend;' the articles may possibly be worth the price charged, but nevertheless they are put forth under false names. The law-courts tell us that there are some millers, 'rogues in grain,' who do not scruple to mix up with their corn a cheap substance known among them by the mysterious name of 'Jonathan.' Butter is sold of which seventy per cent is *not* butter. Tea, coffee, cocoa, and chicory are rendered cheap by adulterants. London beer and London gin (we will leave provincial towns to speak for themselves) are often terribly sophisticated, to give apparent strength by the addition of drugs little less than poisonous. The frauds of trade find their way into a greater and greater number of departments and branches. 'Cream of the valley gin,' the 'dew off Ben Nevis,' 'fine crusted port,' 'pure dinner sherry'—we might excuse a bit of exaggeration in the names, provided the liquids themselves were genuine. 'Solid gold chains,' made of an alloy containing only six ounces of real gold to eighteen of baser metal, are now displayed in glittering array in shop-windows; and many 'real gold' articles have only a thin film of gold to cover a substratum of cheap metal. Soon after the Abyssinian war, when some of King Theodore's golden trinkets were exhibited in England, Birmingham or London or both produced 'Abyssinian gold' chains, watches, and jewellery in which real gold was conspicuous by its absence. Following this precedent, the same or other makers introduced 'Ashanti' gold jewellery after the little war in which Sir Garnet Wolseley was engaged; and the auriferous quality of the one was about equal to that of the other.

But apart from actual roguery, other modes of attracting customers are noticeable for a kind of whimsical audacity. A hairdresser, who sells bear's grease, buys or rents a small bear, which he placards profusely, and writes up, 'Here, and at Archangel.' A furniture-dealer advertises, for twelve or eighteen months together, that he is enlarging his premises, and will sell off his stock at low prices, to prevent the articles from being injured by dust and dirt—his stock being quietly renewed from time to time, and the prices remaining pretty nearly the same as before. A draper covers half the front of his house with inscriptions

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relating to an alleged shipwreck or conflagration, to denote how very cheaply he can sell the salvage. 'Dreadful depression in trade,' 'bankrupt stock,' 'ruinous sacrifice,' are well-known manœuvres. We hear of 'Hampshire rabbits' that never saw Hampshire, and 'Newcastle salmon' that were certainly neither caught nor pickled at Newcastle; 'Cheshire cheese' made in other shires; 'Melton-Mowbray pies,' 'Bath buns,' and 'Banbury cakes' made in London—these we can understand as extensions in the production of certain articles at one time localised.

The artistic or fine-art world is much troubled with 'making pretend,' often involving white-lies of considerable magnitude. 'Old Roman coins' produced in an out-of-the-way workshop in London or Birmingham; 'Fine old china' fabricated within a recent period; a 'Genuine Rubens' that originated somewhere near Wardour Street; a 'Landscape after Claude' (very much after)—are sorrowfully known to purchasers endowed with more money than brains. At one of the Great Exhibitions, a French firm displayed two pearl necklaces, of which one was valued (if we remember rightly) at fifty-fold as much as the other, and yet none but a practised observer could discriminate between them. The exhibitor wished to shew, and did shew, how skilfully he could make mock-pearls imitate real—but what a temptation to 'making pretend!'

## THE LAST OF THE HADDONS.

### CHAPTER XX.—MRS TIPPER AT HOME.

The next morning I took care to find employment for Lilian which would require the use of her mind as well as her hands. Indeed we were all as busy as bees, there being a great deal still to be done in the way of putting our little home in order. Fortunately, as it happened for us, the builder had been obliged to make the rooms larger and less formal in shape than are the generality of cottage parlours, in order to carry out the architect's design for the exterior of the building, so we had two good sitting-rooms. Our *drawing-room* gave ample opportunity for the display of taste; and Mrs Tipper had begged me to select the furniture, choose the paper for the walls, and so forth. I did my best, in the way of endeavouring to make an effective background for the by no means few works of art which had arrived from Fairview, and were now to be unpacked and arranged by Lilian and me. Mrs Tipper had been a little disappointed at my selecting sober tints such as French gray for the walls, &c.; confessing that for her part she liked plenty of colour. Indeed the dear little woman too fondly remembered the best parlour in the little cottage at Holloway, where she informed me gay plumaged birds wandered up and down the walls amidst roses and tulips, to take kindly to more sober tints. And it required some diplomacy gracefully to decline two heavy lumps of china, supposed to represent Windsor Castle, which had been carefully preserved as relics of old times, and which were now brought forth from their beds of wool and presented as Mrs Tipper's contribution in the way of fine art for the drawing-room mantel-piece, with the information that they had been purchased at Greenwich fair and brought home as a surprise by 'John.' But I contrived to make it apparent that we already had as many ornaments as we knew what to do with; and the happy thought occurred to me to suggest that perhaps she would like to have the gifts which had been presented by her husband on the mantel-piece in her own room. At which she was fain to confess that such had been her desire. 'Only I thought you wanted a little more colour in the drawing-room, you know, dears; and I should be sorry to be selfish.'

But as our work progressed she acknowledged that the effect was 'elegant;' though I knew that term did not mean the highest eulogy in her estimation. The dainty collection of Sèvres and Dresden, which had belonged to Lilian's mother, the pictures, few valuable books, and the roses and lilies of the chintz, imparted quite colour enough to the room to satisfy us two. But it gave us enough to do to arrange it all. To the portrait of Lilian's mother, a really valuable painting, the costly work of a celebrated Academician (another extravagance of Mr Farrar's, deplored by Marian), was of course assigned the place of honour. She must have been a very lovely woman, of the delicate refined type of beauty, which expresses so much to certain minds, and the artist had evidently worked *con amore*. He had seen the soul beneath, and depicted what he had seen. I could well understand the thought which had suggested the simple white flowing dress and loosened hair, with no ornament save a star above the broad white brow, and which had caused him so to pose the figure as to impart the idea that it was floating upwards.

I have heard that Mr Farrar was not a little disappointed in the picture, considering the style too severe, and that he regretted not having stipulated for velvet and diamonds. But the picture had brought fresh fame to the artist; crowds of admirers gathering round the 'Morning Star,' as it was called, when it was on view at the Academy, though it was generally believed to be an ideal rather than a portrait. To Lilian it was a priceless treasure.

Mrs Tipper was in the outset a little afraid lest Lilian should do too much for her strength; but she presently took my hint and objected no more. I kept Lilian at work with me until we were both too fairly tired out to be able to indulge in any sentimental regrets. Two or three days passed thus, hammering and nailing in the mornings, chintz-cover making in the afternoons; in a steady, methodical, business-like fashion, until it was evident that very soon there would be nothing left for us to do, if Mrs Tipper and Becky remained firm in their determination not to allow us to give them any assistance in the everyday work of the house.

When our work was at length completed, we flattered ourselves that a prettier room than the cottage parlour was not to be found in all the country round. The pictures and china, Lilian's easel and pet books and birds, the pretty chintz furniture, and the rare flowers which found their way to us, did indeed form a very charming whole—a room which looked a great deal more like the home of a gentlewoman than did any of the rooms at Fairview; the latter being too gorgeous in the way of gilding and upholstery to be fitting receptacles for works of art.

I was not a little amused at Miss Farrar's very

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openly expressed astonishment, when, about a fortnight after our departure from Fairview, she found time for making the promised call upon us.

'Well!' she involuntarily exclaimed; 'you *have* made it look pretty!' presently adding—'for a cottage, you know. I am sure you need not mind any one coming to see you here. I shouldn't mind living here myself, I really shouldn't! I cannot think how you have contrived to make it look so *comy fo!*'

Then she a little curiously asked to be shewn the rest of the house. And although all our art treasures had been gathered together in this one room, she found that the other part of the house was well and prettily furnished; an air of comfort if not of luxury pervading every nook and corner; nothing being wanting from garret to cellar. In fact there had been no lack of means; Mrs Tipper had money enough and to spare for the furnishing, without drawing upon Lilian's two hundred and fifty pounds received for the piano. It had turned out there were some hundreds lying in Mrs Tipper's name at the banker's. She had not taken her brother's words so literally as he intended them to be taken; drawing barely sixty or seventy pounds a year of the two hundred which had been settled upon her; and consequently it had been left to accumulate; and as she smilingly explained, Mr Markham informed her there was quite a little fortune awaiting her. 'So I've been saving up a fortune without knowing it, you see, dears: it isn't everybody that does that.' Then, in a softer tone: 'Poor Jacob would be glad to know that his generosity to me will help his child.' Then seeing Lilian's colour rise as she looked up with tear-dimmed eyes at her mother's portrait, and perhaps perceiving something of the thought which occasioned the emotion, the dear little woman went on pleadingly and in a low voice: 'Sometimes I think that *her* love will plead for him. I am sure that his love and kindness to his sister will.'

Marian peeped in everywhere, and even found a gracious word for Becky, though I am sorry to say it was most ungraciously received. I do not wish to lower Becky in the eyes of my readers, and therefore I will only say that for a few moments she returned to the manners of *court-life*, in replying to Miss Farrar's gracious little speech.

'What a deal it must have cost!' again and again ejaculated Marian. 'And how hard you must have worked to get it to look like this!'

'It has amused us,' I smilingly replied.

'And a piano too!'

'Yes; that made its appearance yesterday; a present from an unknown friend;' adding a little mischievously, for in truth I more than guessed that friend to be Robert Wentworth: 'Was it a kind thought of yours, Miss Farrar?'

She was obliged to confess that it was not; though she did not omit to imply that she considered she had already done enough, and more than enough, in the way of 'kind thoughts.' Lilian's quiet self-contained bearing seemed not a little to astonish her. She had, I fancy, expected to find her in a lachrymose state. So at a loss was she to account for it, that she presently asked me in a whisper whether we had had a visit from Mr Trafford. I replied in the negative; and in her satisfaction she was so far off her guard as to say: 'Caroline said he hadn't been.' And she turned to Lilian again more gracious than ever.

She really meant to be kind, and looked disappointed as well as surprised at Lilian's persistent refusal to go to stay at Fairview, though she had had time to feel the difference between her former home and the cottage.

'But you really must not bury yourself in this small place; and it would be so nice for you, you know, having drives and all that. And there's your horse—I won't sell it, if you would like to ride again. I wish I wasn't so frightened of horses. Caroline says I should look splendid in a habit.'

'I should not care to ride now, thank you.'

'But you must come and stay. We are going to have all sorts of gaieties by-and-by; as soon as the new servants are in training. Caroline knows lots of great people; and we will have dinners, and balls, and fêtes, and all sorts of things. Of course you must come.'

'No; you are very kind—I am sure you mean to be kind—but I could not. I do not care for such things. I prefer the cottage and cottage-life,' gently but decidedly returned Lilian.

But that was quite beyond Marian's comprehension. She was convinced that there was some other cause for the refusal. It was impossible to really prefer living in a small cottage. After a few moments' reflection, she said: 'You are not annoyed about Caroline being with me, are you? You know you all left me alone, and'——

'Annoyed? No, indeed!' very decidedly replied Lilian. 'Why should I be?'

'Well, of course it's rather awkward your having broken it off with Mr—Trafford; Caroline says you have now, quite?' with a keen questioning glance. Lilian made no reply. She had indeed done nothing towards the 'breaking off,' only tacitly submitted to it. After waiting a few moments, and waiting in vain, Marian went on: 'But if you do not care about having him now, I don't see why you should object to meeting him occasionally. Indeed I do not know how I can forbid him to come to Fairview. There can be no objection to his coming to see his sister sometimes.'

'I do not see any,' quietly returned Lilian.

Whereat Marian looked very much relieved; and became so extremely gracious and affectionate towards us, that Mrs Tipper, who had not been much noticed of late, was taken into favour again.

'And I shall expect to see you too, aunt. I know you do not care for company; but you might come on the quiet days, when we are *quite* alone. I will let you know, the first leisure'——

'You must excuse me,' put in Mrs Tipper with gentle dignity; 'I have given up visiting. I may make an occasional call; but, like Lilian, I very much prefer my present humble home to Fairview—now.'

'It's very good of you to bear it so well, I'm sure; but you can't *really* prefer it, I think. Besides, you are my real aunt now, you know; and if you don't come it will look as if'——

'You must excuse me if I sometimes forget our relationship, Miss Marian' (never could Mrs Tipper be induced to give her the name of Farrar). 'My Lilian is the only niece I have known until very recently, and my love was all given to her long ago.'

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But *one* thing had put Marian into a good-humour with herself and us, and she was not to be discountenanced. I think she good-naturedly made allowance for us, as disappointed and soured people, from whom a little ungraciousness might cheerfully be borne, by one so much more fortunate. So she took leave of us in the pleasantest way, and with a pretty wonder at our philosophy under difficulties; which proved that she had already become an apt pupil of Mrs Chichester's.

Aided by a natural self-complacency and obtuseness, and disturbed by no misgiving respecting her own powers, she would probably very soon become as perfect a specimen of fine-ladyhood as she could desire to be. The difference between a fine lady and a gentlewoman would never be perceived by Miss Farrar.

One return visit we decided that it was necessary to force ourselves to pay. We felt *that* much was only right and proper, if only to evince that we harboured no unkindliness towards the new mistress of Fairview. But it was not pleasant to anticipate; and in our desire to get it over, we were as prompt as Miss Farrar could desire in returning her call, setting forth for Fairview the next day. Could she have heard us comforting and sustaining each other by the way, she would probably have been less flattered.

We were admitted and ushered into the drawing-room by a strange servant in very gorgeous livery. It was to be a greater trial for poor Lilian than I had expected. I do not think that either of us had calculated upon the possibility of finding Arthur Trafford upon familiar terms at Fairview at so early a date as this after Lilian's departure. But there he was; and as Marian was singing at the top of her voice when we were ushered into the room, we had a momentary picture of them as they certainly would not have chosen us to see them; her eyes being raised to his, and his bent upon hers, with all the *empressement* of lovers, before they became conscious of our presence. Mrs Chichester was seated at a sufficient distance, near one of the open windows, apparently deeply immersed in the subject treated in a book she was reading.

'Good gracious!' ejaculated Marian, rising hastily from the music-stool as she caught sight of us.

Lilian shrank back a moment, and for that moment I contrived to screen her from observation. Fortunately the others were too much confused at being so discovered, to notice how we bore ourselves; and Lilian very quickly recovered herself again and advanced towards Marian. Presently we were all shaking hands and saying the right thing for the occasion.

Marian was extremely effusive about our goodness in coming 'so very *soon*;' partly, I fancied, to conceal a little embarrassment which she had the grace to feel. 'We did not expect you to be *quite* so good as *this*, you know, dear!' she ejaculated, kissing Lilian.

Arthur Trafford was the least at ease. When the rest of us had contrived to assume an every-day tone and manner, he seemed to be growing still more confused and conscious. It was certainly rather embarrassing, for a man so desirous as he of others' good opinion, to be found thus—assuming the attitude of a lover towards Marian Farrar, by the girl whom he had deserted; and so soon after that desertion. The motive was too palpable to be glossed over by any amount of sophistry. To add to his misery, he still loved the girl he had deserted.

The sight of Lilian's white face and grave eyes—the traces of the storm which had swept over her—was too much for him. He stood gazing at her with miserable yearning eyes; and when she presently addressed a few words to him with reference to a book of his to which Marian had drawn her attention, thanking him for the loan of it, and asking him to excuse her having in the hurry of leaving Fairview forgotten to return it, he could endure the torture no longer.

Hurriedly thrusting aside his sister, who had perceived something of what was going on in his mind, and was coming to the rescue, he went out of one of the windows opening to the ground, and we saw him striding down one of the garden paths, as though his only object was to get out of sight as quickly as possible.

Marian looked uneasy as well as annoyed; and watched Lilian more closely, not a little astonished, I think, at her self-possession. There was an awkward silence for a few moments; until Mrs Chichester came to the rescue, and steered us into the shallows again, making talk about nothing, in easy society fashion, until we had all recovered our equilibrium.

Dear little Mrs Tipper came out grandly again; no longer attempting anything in the way of company manners, they saw her as she was, a single-minded, true-hearted woman, with a great deal of natural dignity and self-respect. Utterly disregarding Marian's shocked looks and Mrs Chichester's half-suppressed smiles, she talked about her cottage home and new life with very unmistakable thankfulness for the change which had come about, so far as she was concerned. They had led to it by their compassionate tone, and they could not doubt the sincerity of her replies.

'You mean to be kind, no doubt, ma'am;' in reply to one of Mrs Chichester's polite little speeches. 'But I assure you that as for myself I am more happy and comfortable at the cottage than I have been for many a long day. I was not brought up like gentlefolks, and their ways never came easy to me. My father was a green-grocer, and a very good father he was—I am proud of my father, Mrs Chichester—and though he could not make his children like rich people's children, he taught us not to be ashamed of being what we were. If you don't like your station in life, get out of it as soon as you like; but don't be ashamed of it while you *are* in it. That is what father used to say; and there was not a tradesman in Camberwell more respected than father was. Jacob worked his way up in the world; but by the time he had got rich it was too late to make *me* any different.' Smiling at Mrs Chichester's graceful little protest, she cheerfully went on: 'We have none of us been brought up like gentlefolks; and we can't help its shewing. Why any one might see that Lilian is a lady, like her mother before her, and different from such as us, you know;' with a confidential nod towards Marian. 'I once thought that learning French and the piano would do it; but I know better now.'

Marian drew herself up with a few murmured words to the effect that the mistress of Fairview was quite equal to the position she found herself

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in. But it was of no avail. She was not a gentlewoman in Mrs Tipper's eyes; and Mrs Chichester herself was but a poor imitation of one.

'It is not, I think, usual to find—Camberwell so ready to recognise the claims of birth, Mrs Tipper,' said Mrs Chichester, with the extreme softness which generally accompanied such little speeches from her lips. 'Blue blood is not supposed to reign there.'

'I was not talking about blue blood, ma'am,' returned Mrs Tipper, complacently regarding her. 'Lilian's mother was a gentlewoman;' at which Marian, who had taken offence at Mrs Chichester's remark on her own account, gave it as her opinion that 'blue' blood was all nonsense, and she had never believed in it.

I sat silent, admiring the way in which Mrs Tipper and Lilian shewed their ability to hold their own. Mrs Chichester was inclined to be loftily condescending towards me; but as I met her with smiling cheerfulness, shewing no sign of being aware of my inferiority, the conversation soon languished between us.

Marian did her very best to be kind and conciliating towards Lilian. 'Now you have broken the ice, you will come very often, I hope, dear. It is rather a fatiguing walk up the hill; but there 's the carriage always at your service. Of course you will let me send you back now;' going towards the bell as we rose to take leave. 'What *I* should do without a carriage I really don't know,' she added languidly.

We hurriedly declined the carriage, each very decidedly affirming a predilection for walking exercise; and finding that we were really in earnest, she reluctantly allowed us to depart as we came.

'There; it is over; and we need not go again for ever so long, I am thankful to say!' ejaculated Mrs Tipper with a sigh of relief as we turned homewards.

## SEA-SHORE RAMBLES.

'WHERE are you going this year?' is a question that meets every one just now, and is suggestive of coming holidays, when the daily work, be it what it may, is put by for a season, and the tired brain is to be rested and refreshed by more or less change of scene and fresh air. 'Where are you going?' suggests to some perhaps the aspirations of an Alpine climber; to the angler, the joys of uninterrupted days of patient watching by the side or in the middle of a limpid stream in one of our home counties, or in the rougher and more exciting rivers of Scotland and Wales. The schoolboy thinks of long rambles in the fields and woods, or a cruise on the river; whilst Pater and Mater familias consider how best to give rosy cheeks and a month's delight to the little faces clustering round their table. It is chiefly this class of holiday-makers that we have in our minds whilst we cogitate the hints in these pages.

Not that the enjoyment of a sea-side ramble is by any means confined to the young of the household. Nothing is more refreshing to the bread-winner of a family than the perfect absence of restraint and sense of freedom which every well-chosen exodus to the sea-side should produce. Instead of the daily hurried breakfast and rush to catch the train or omnibus which takes him to his office or place of business, there is the leisurely and comfortable meal by the side of the open window, through which the sea-breezes waft, bringing health and vigour with them. The voices of children from the beach, full of life and joy, as they build their castles of sand and dig moats for the water to undermine them, are music to the ears usually half-deafened by the sound of cabs and wagons and the noise of crowded thoroughfares; and we do not wonder that there are many who, though they might go farther if they chose, prefer rather the perfect repose and pure sea-breezes of one of our British sea-coast villages. Perhaps after a few days of this delicious sensation of rest and no hurry, the very want of occupation may pall on the spirit of an active man; and he may find that to sweep over the horizon with a telescope, to sail in a boat, to lounge or loll on a shingly beach, varied by trials of skill in throwing stones into the sea, cannot bear constant repetition without a suspicion of dullness, and that after all he wants something more to do.

The task we propose to ourselves is to suggest what can be done at the sea-side likely to interest and please those who, though not naturalists, are intelligent observers, and who believe in the old proverb, that 'Change of work is as good as play.' The young ones of the household soon become interested in fresh pursuits, and are eager to collect materials for an aquarium, or to commence a botanical collection; or perhaps to search for pebbles, shells, or fossils, if their quarters lie in some favourable position. We will suppose an intelligent mother and father who are not naturalists, who do not boast of any scientific letters after their name, and who belong to none of the learned societies of our land, who yet when at home read the current journals and literature of the day, occasionally attend lectures, and believe that the pursuit of science is interesting as well as useful. Perhaps they may have a medical friend or neighbour who is almost sure to possess a microscope, with which he not only is wont to make pathological investigations, but to interest and amuse his friends. He will often exhibit the circulation of sap in a fresh-water plant leaf, perhaps even the circulation of blood in a frog's foot; and many are the pretty objects afforded by the hairs of a leaf, the sections of a stem, or the wings of a beetle. But if by chance this same microscope be transported to the sea-side, with its proper arrangements for the examination of living organisms, the variety and charm to be derived from its use are endless. Almost every drop of sea-water teems with animal life; and an inch of sea-weed will produce tiny shells, animalcules, and curious forms under the microscope invisible to the naked eye. Then the very water brought from the sea and supplied fresh for the morning bath, or carried home by the little ones in their tiny pails with such delight, half-filled with sea-weed, will often afford such marvels in the shape of zoophytes, or tiny jelly-fishes, as only those can imagine who can recollect their first sight of such wonders under the microscope.

It is very possible that the young ones of such a household as we imagine, are the first to excite inquiry as to the objects around them. They are

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sure to make friends in their sea-side rambles. The boys will be attracted by some gray-headed old gentleman who goes 'sugaring for moths;' or some crusty old geologist who pulls down the cliffs to get at some coveted fossil, or sits on the beach cracking flints to examine their formation, and delights to give a history of their growth to a youthful audience. The little girls of a family party will to a certainty bring home sea-weeds and sea-shore plants in their baskets, and delightedly take in anything they can learn about them. Father and mother begin to think that after all there is a great deal at the sea-side they do not understand, and ignorant as they are, it is not pleasant to confess it all to the youngsters; so a visit is paid to the bookseller for certain books of reputation, such as Gosse's *Year at the Shore;* and study begins in earnest.

After a while, the superior intelligence of the elders enables them to master many minor subjects of interest, and to put them in the position of instructors to the children, who are sure to follow them up with avidity. In a little time a sort of extempore aquarium is likely to be formed in the sitting-room or on the outside balcony, if there be one. We can see the row of soup-plates and pie-dishes which serve as domestic rock-pools for their inhabitants. Paterfamilias gets much interested in these, and is found to wait more patiently than usual for the brewing of his morning cup of tea whilst he examines the curious creatures thus imported into his presence. Poking up a sluggish sea-anemone, clearing off dead bits of sea-weed, or removing some unpleasant defunct mollusc, occupies these normally irritating intervals of time. After breakfast, whilst placidly enjoying the fragrant weed, so delicious to the smoker at the sea-side, the boys, who have often seen the fun, inaugurate a battle-royal between two hermit crabs, who, being the very cuckoos of the sea, spend their lives in the shells of other creatures, and have no rightful dwelling-place of their own. The scientific name of the hermit crab is *Pagurus*, but unlike other members of his class, he has only a portion of his body incased in armour. His hind-parts are soft, covered only by a delicate membrane; but his nature is warlike; and could he not by his own ingenuity supply the wrong done him by Nature, he would fare ill in this combative world; accordingly, he selects an empty shell of convenient size, into which he pops his tender tail, fastening on by hooks on each side, and having thus secured his rear, he scuttles over the sea-bed, a grotesque but philosophic marauder. The impossibility of Pagurus living long without a covering to his extremity is taken advantage of by young and fun-loving naturalists. Selecting two nearly of a size, and removing them from their appropriated shells, they are dropped into a vase of sea-water, and one of the shells, usually a whelk-shell, is placed between them, first breaking off the point of the shell. At once the skirmish begins. One makes direct for the shell, and having first poked in an inquiring claw and found all safe, slips in his tail, and fastening on by his hooks, scuttles away rejoicing. In the case we recall, he was not left long in undisturbed possession. His rival approached with strictly dishonourable intentions, and they both walked round and round the vase, eyeing each other with malignity. No exhibition ever produced more laughter than this amusing and after all, harmless combat, which lasted a full half-hour. The skirmish only terminated when another shell more perfect than the original one was thrown into the water, and the tender tail of the inhabitant poked, so as to make him vacate and enter the new abode, leaving the dilapidated shell to shelter his enemy, who made the best of it, curled up his tail, and reposed in peace after his fatiguing campaign.

In a very short time aquariums multiply, books are read, and excursions are organised to various rock-pools and silent sea-caves, where it is said curious creatures from the deep may be found and secured. We have already in former papers said much about the inhabitants of sea-water aquaria; but the variety that can be found and retained and studied in a temporary arrangement at the sea-coast is much greater than any collection which will bear transportation and town-life. At the sea-side, if one lovely anemone should sicken and fade, it can be removed at once, thrown back into its native element to have a chance of recovery, and its place easily supplied. Queer little fishes which lurk under stones will often live for a long time in a pan of water; and one we once kept in this way had individual habits and ways which were most amusing. After swimming about for some time in an inverted propagating glass resting in a flower-pot, he would sink to the bottom, and then curling his tail round him as a cat would do when making herself comfortable, he would look up with his unabashed eyes and pant away, as if fatigued with his gambols. It was in the evening we caught him, and he was then in full black—evening costume; but next morning we found him arrayed in an entire suit of light brown—cool morning-dress. In the afternoon he again assumed his black appearance.

An excellent plan in the country or the sea-side is to persuade and encourage the children of the household to keep a diary. Everything, however humble in the scale of creation, is worth observing and watching, and is worth recording for after-reference. The motions of a beetle or a butterfly; the flight or song of a bird; the burrowing habits of the mole; the evolutions of a shoal of porpoises; or the commotion betrayed by sea-birds when the herring appear, are each and all worthy a place in the observer's diary. For by such recordings have great works on natural history been given to the world. There are several hours in the heat of the day when to be on the beach or indeed out of shelter is impossible, and we have often found it difficult to suggest employment for these hours at all consistent with the holiday spirit which pervades everything at the sea-side. Lessons are voted a nuisance and a bore; drying sea-weed and pressing plants found in the evening walks soon becomes tiring; but keeping a diary and chronicling the events of each day is something which seems to carry the interest of the holiday-time with it, and is pleasant to refer to afterwards. The capture of special sea-creatures, their habits and progress, perhaps their death, may be recorded, besides the names of other animals or plants seen or brought home. This, to be accurate, necessitates a little search in such books as may be handy; and the bodily rest so induced is often a great boon to the little folks, who fancy they never feel tired, but get hot and feverish sometimes

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through overdoing it. We have such a diary before us now, and the first entry is suggestive: '*August* 10.—Last night the sea was all on fire; we were just going to bed when papa called out that we might go on to the beach with him; and there were lines of bright light all along the waves. We threw handfuls of pebbles in, and the light shot out brighter, almost like fire-works. Papa called it *phosphorescence;* and to-day we saw all about it under the microscope, and read about it in Mr Gosse's book. It turns out not to be fire at all, but a curious little jelly-fish, which makes this light. I ran with my pail and got some of the water where the light was; and this morning papa put it under the microscope, and we saw one of the tiny little jelly-fishes which made the brightness.'

Of course this appearance is not uncommon on a smooth sea in hot weather, and many have been the conjectures as to its cause. Our little naturalist is right in the main; but phosphorescence is not caused solely by the presence of one species of jelly-fish, but of various kinds of decaying organisms.

A little hand-net made of muslin slung over the side of a boat will often secure numbers of these lovely transparent creatures. 'A tiny beautiful glass-drop!' cries one of the baby naturalists as she looks at a perfect little *Beroe* floating in the sea-water drawn up in her little wooden pail. 'See!' says mamma, 'how the sunshine changes its colours, and how curiously it is fringed with tiny hairs, which keep moving to and fro.' Nothing can be more graceful than the movements of this beautiful little creature. A little crystal sphere, delicately striped, and marked with two long tentacles or filaments attached to it, which are in truth its fishing apparatus, and are fringed with slender fibres, which contract and expand apparently at will, seeking for the delicate morsels of food which support the life of this ethereal-like creature.

Then on our southern coasts, in the Isle of Wight and elsewhere, we have found other forms of Medusæ, even more charming. The pretty little *Turris neglecta* was constantly caught in the muslin-net one year. It is like a tiny crystal bell, with an elegant white fringe around it and a bright red coral bead in its centre. The *Sarsia prolifera*, so funnily described by that humorous and genial naturalist, the late Professor Edward Forbes, is a remarkable instance of the way in which the young ones bud or sprout off from the parent Medusa at certain seasons of the year.

When Professor Forbes wrote his book on the Medusæ, much remained to be worked out and discovered of their nature and organism. He threw out hints of their probable nature, which have been followed up by later naturalists; and no one would have rejoiced more than himself had he lived to see that his own conclusions were not final, but merely the beginning of discoveries which had to be carried on. The whole history of their development would form an interesting subject of thought and investigation for many a long day at the sea-side.

But in seeking for materials for the diaries of our young folks, much that is new and interesting is sure to turn up. One child devotes herself to sea-weeds. She brings them home in her little basket, floats them out in a saucer of fresh-water, and gently introduces half a sheet of note-paper underneath the spray of weed. Carefully lifting it up out of the water, the sea-weed displays itself gracefully on the white paper. If any of the little fronds are out of place, they are gently arranged by means of a camel-hair pencil brush. A bit of linen is laid over the sea-weed, and it is placed between sheets of botanical drying-paper under a press or heavy weight; next day the drying-paper is changed; and in a few days the sea-weed will have dried on its sheet of note-paper and become quite fast. The piece of linen must be carefully removed and the particular specimen named, if it can be identified.

In the diary of our little sea-weed collector we find written: 'In looking for sea-weeds to-day, I found a great many things which I thought were sea-weeds at first, and I tried to dry them in the same way. They were much thicker, however, and would not dry so easily; and I was told they were zoophytes or animals, and not plants or sea-weeds at all. One of them is quite fleshy, and is like a sponge, only very small. I find in Patterson's book that very likely it is really a sponge.' Well done! little naturalist; many an older and wiser head than yours has puzzled over the plant-like appearance of a zoophyte; and surely the history of a sponge from its first stage as a little gemmule to its death and decay in the interior of a flinty sepulchre formed by its own substance, would not be a wearisome lesson. Every department of science is so dependent on another, that no one can now claim to be a good geologist, or botanist, or anatomist who does not know at least something of the other branches of natural history. The rough sketch we have given of some of the occupations and pursuits which may add to the charm of a sea-side visit, is but suggestive of much that cannot be entered upon.

The botany of the sea-coast is special and peculiar, and will repay careful attention. Nowhere else do we see the lovely tamarisk trees forming bright green hedges with their pretty white flowers. The horn-poppy too (*Glaucum luteum*), with its sea-green leaves and brilliant yellow flower; the sea-holly (*Eryngium maritimum*) bristling and prickling even through a sea-shore boot; and on the slopes and sandy downs near the sea the beautiful *Convolvulus soldenella*, with its trailing stem and pretty pink flowers; the tiny sea-shore rose (*Rosa spinosissima*), the origin of all the garden varieties of Scotch roses, its stems often not rising more than a few inches from the sand in which it grows. Then there is the jointed and fleshy *Salicornia*, so characteristic of the sea-shore; and the aromatic samphire, only seen growing dangerously on almost inaccessible cliffs. Nowhere have we ever studied the names and habits of plants with the pleasure and enthusiasm we have at the sea-side; partly perhaps, owing to the holiday sensation that must always be associated with the noise of the rushing waves over their shingly bed, in the minds of those who never hear it but when they have thrown work aside for a while. Memories never to be forgotten crowd into the heart at the sight of some well-remembered little plant, growing just where it did thirty years ago, when we were young and enthusiastic, and ready to learn all that we could of the beautiful world, which then seemed made for our delight.

If it ever were the case that the experience of

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one could be expected to guide others, we would say: Let your young folks read but little during their sea-side holiday; but observe much; write down what they see, and confirm and correct their observations by reference to any good recognised text-book, many of which are now published. The brain will thus get rest, or at least change of work, and will return to its ordinary duties with redoubled vigour and refreshment. The education of our children is now more than ever a puzzling question, and how best to teach them to use their hours of relaxation is involved in it. The naturalist spirit engendered, perhaps, by early rambles on the sea-shore is one to be preciously guarded and cultivated in future life; and those who have most carefully and wisely studied human nature and its tendencies agree as to its beneficial influence on the character.

The suggestions we have thrown together, imperfect as they are, may serve to shew that a sea-side ramble may be made just what the seeker for pleasure chooses it shall be. For the schoolboy and philosopher alike, there is something to be studied and much to be wondered at and admired in every rock-pool, on every mountain-side.

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## SUNSHINE AND CLOUD.

IN TWO PARTS.

### PART II.—CLOUD.

#### CHAPTER III.—TOO BAD OF MR SCAMPLIN.

TEN o'clock on the following morning found our party arrived at Dambourne station. It had been arranged that Angela and her brother should spend a long day with Isaac, and if nothing particular were found to be the matter, that he should return with them to town in the evening. On alighting from the train, they started off for Isaac's lodgings at Dambourne End, with the intention of looking at the cottages and garden-ground on their way. As they neared the entrance to the court in which Isaac's property was situated, Herbert could not but notice the sidelong glances which were bestowed upon them by the neighbouring inhabitants. He concluded they were caused by the presence of strangers. Isaac apparently did not observe them. But as the party proceeded up the court itself, the manifestations of interest in their presence became more striking. A group of children who were playing, scampered off at their approach, calling at the top of their voices: 'Ere him come.'

Herbert glanced inquiringly at Isaac, who was looking very complacent. Indeed he accepted this greeting as a sign of the welcome of his tenants on his return to them. As for Angela, she was too busily engaged in picking her way through the large amount of 'matter in the wrong place' with which the court was encumbered, to have much attention to spare for other purposes. For it must be confessed that although its owner had always been an assiduous landlord so far as the collection of rents was concerned, he had not been so assiduous in the improvement of the property either by disbursement, precept, or otherwise.

The children's shouts brought a number of slatternly women to their doors, and poor Isaac's complacency was somewhat rudely disturbed by one virago exclaiming: 'Well, you skinflint, are these some more agents come to look after your dirty cottages?' And by another following up with: 'Ah, you 'll just have to dub up some of the money you 've screwed out of us, ye ugly stingy thief!'

Isaac was thunder-struck. He had always been received by his tenants with civility, if not exactly with respect; and here was a position in which to be placed before his intended bride! But matters it seemed were not to stop here; for from every turning and from every door angry and bold-faced women emerged. And if things assumed a more hostile shape, as they appeared on the point of doing, the interior of the court would not be a good place from whence to beat a retreat; for if its owner was a Webb, this court was undoubtedly a labyrinth. So with that discretion which is the better part of valour, Isaac hastily muttering 'Let 's get away from these blackguards,' fairly turned tail and fled. And not a minute too soon; for he carried away two splashes of mud upon his back, and Angela a portion of a pailful of soap-suds upon her bonnet, as souvenirs of their (soon to be) joint estate.

Without further adventure, Mrs Clappen's shop was reached; and as soon as that lady had got over her first shock of surprise at the sight of Angela, who she imagined was Mrs Webb, and whom she addressed accordingly, she proceeded to throw some light upon the cause of Isaac's reception by his tenantry. Some of them were customers of hers, and she had heard from them all the 'particularities,' as she called them—namely, that Mr Scamplin had very soon after his arrival paid a visit to the cottagers, had announced himself as Mr Webb's agent during his absence from home, and had shewn a paper purporting to be signed by that gentleman, authorising him to act as such; said he had received instructions to give notice that from that day week all the rents were to be raised; had diligently received the rents each week up to the very day before his disappearance, sympathising apparently with the tenants in what he called their harsh treatment by his employer, and in their inability to give immediate notice to quit, owing to the scarcity of cottages in the town; and had otherwise contrived that the onus of these hard measures should fall upon Isaac's devoted head.

An inspection of the box shewed that everything had been turned out of it and the cash removed, but that fortunately the title-deeds and other documents had been replaced. A consultation was held, and it was decided that Angela and her brother should return to town, and that Isaac should remain to set matters right with his tenants. Herbert advised that the robbery should be allowed to pass, since there was no clue as to Mr Scamplin's movements on his leaving the neighbourhood, and extra trouble and expense would be caused by communicating with the police. So in the evening Isaac accompanied his friends to the railway station, carefully choosing a route as distant as possible from the obnoxious court. After their

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departure, he called on his friend Mr Jones, and requested that gentleman to pay another visit to the tenants and explain to them the mistake that had been made. This, after some hesitation, Mr Jones consented to do.

But Isaac's cup was not yet full. He had no sooner arrived at his lodgings than he received a visit from the sanitary officer, who pointed out to him some very necessary alterations and improvements which *must* be made in the court and without loss of time; and at Isaac's inquiry, estimating the probable cost at about a hundred pounds.

Poor Isaac! the cloud is rather heavy; but the sunlight of Angela and an income of six hundred a year and more expectations, is streaming behind it.

### CHAPTER IV.—WEBB VICE ASHTON.

Isaac took no further notice of the robbery, and nothing more was heard of the thief. Mr Jones's attempts at pacification were tolerably successful, and the greater number of Isaac's tenants remained in their cottages on the old terms. At the end of three weeks, Herbert paid Isaac a visit, and received from him the five hundred pounds, for which he gave a receipt, which our hero deposited in his box.

Isaac had wondered several times about young Ashton, and whether Angela had seen or heard anything of him; so he asked Herbert about him.

'He left London,' he answered, 'immediately after he heard of Angela's engagement with you; and the ball we were going to was given up.'

'Poor young man!' exclaimed Isaac compassionately.

'Depend upon it he envies you your success,' said Herbert. 'And now what are you going to do with yourself all the time between this and the wedding?' he asked.

'I have these alterations in the court to see after; and I want to have matters straight for Jones, as I shall put the management of things in his hands when I go away for good. But get over your preparations as fast as you can, Herbert, for I shall be glad to be settled; and unless you want me for anything, I will stay here until I go up to London for the—the wedding.' Isaac brought the last word out with a jerk.

Herbert promised to make all possible haste, and said he would write to Isaac in the course of a week or so. This latter promise he fulfilled by sending Isaac word that he knew of a very desirable house at Brixton; but it could only be obtained by the purchase of the lease. He requested Isaac to let him know by return of post or the chance would be lost, and it was such a bargain. He had spent the greater part of the five hundred pounds on the furniture, which it was desirable to get into its place soon. Angela had been to see the house, and was delighted with it. To purchase the lease and fixtures, two hundred pounds more would be required, and if Isaac liked to close with the bargain, that day fortnight would be time enough for the money. While on the subject of money, he would ask Isaac to lend him a hundred pounds for Angela to make the necessary preparations for her marriage. This he asked on the strength of a remark that Isaac had once made as to his entire confidence in him.

Poor Isaac felt with many a twinge, that he was somehow getting involved. But he felt that it would be over soon, and that when he and Angela were married, and he was in possession of her jointure, he would make up for all this great expenditure by a little judicious saving; so he wrote to Herbert to strike the bargain, and said the three hundred pounds should be ready for him in a week or ten days.

When Herbert came for the money, his sister accompanied him. She told Isaac that it was such a delightful house, and that she was sure they would be so happy there. She also told him how deeply she appreciated his confidence in her brother and herself; and made on the whole so great an impression upon Isaac, that for once his heart was really touched. Before his visitors returned to town that evening, it was decided that that day month should be the happy one. On their way to the station the lovers were alone for a few minutes, when Isaac asked about having the banns published.

'Oh, I shouldn't like that a bit,' said Angela gaily. 'How should you like to hear me called spinster in church? No, no; Herbert must get a license; you need not bother about that.'

To Isaac it was a matter of so little moment, that what suited her suited him.

### CHAPTER V.—WHERE IS THE LICENSE?

The time for the wedding sped quickly on. Mr Batfid's establishment was again visited, and Isaac received a suit of clothes that fitted him, their maker observed, 'like a gentleman.' Isaac received several charming letters from his betrothed. She seemed so happy in the anticipation of their approaching nuptials and their delightful home. It was arranged that the wedding should be a very quiet one. No one was to be present but the contracting parties themselves; Angela's brother and a young-lady friend; Mr Jones (Isaac's best-man); and the officials of the church. They were to spend their honeymoon in the isle much frequented by such visitations—that of Wight; and Angela wrote word that Herbert had engaged a respectable couple to take care of the house at Brixton until their return home.

A few days before the eventful one fixed for the ceremony, Isaac packed up what few things he wanted, bade good-bye to Mrs Clappen, told Mr Jones to be sure to meet him in good time at the church, and finally started off to his old lodgings—the coffee-house at Islington. The next morning he visited New West Road and accompanied Angela and her brother to Brixton. The house, as she had truly described it, was delightful, and it was, moreover, most charmingly and tastefully furnished. Isaac was surprised and pleased, though somewhat alarmed at the (to him) vastness and grandeur of his new residence. On their return, he spent the evening at New West Road, and was treated to some of Angela's songs and (as a special favour) a private view of the wedding-dress.

'There is one thing to be done, Isaac,' Herbert said, just as he was leaving; 'you have to put your name to the transfer of the lease of your house. However, that can be done when you come back here after the ceremony.'

Early on his wedding morning, Isaac was up

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and dressed. He could not indeed afford to be very late, for the ceremony was fixed for ten o'clock. At nine he suddenly remembered that he wanted a wedding-ring, so ran as fast as he could to the nearest jeweller's and bought one, the size of which he was obliged to chance. His ruling passion was strong even in these circumstances; for he contrived to beat the jeweller down a point in price, and made him promise to exchange the ring at any future time if it did not fit. He reached the church (which was close to Miss Faithful's residence) in good time, and found Herbert outside waiting to see him. Mr Jones was also in readiness, and the clergyman had just arrived in the vestry.

'I am glad you are come, Isaac,' said Herbert. 'I did not ask you about the license. I suppose you have it all right?'

'No; I haven't it,' answered Isaac.—'I understood that you would get it.'

'I? Why, surely you know that it must be obtained by one of the persons who are about to use it!'

Herbert was evidently vexed. 'Pray, have you only come here to make fools of us? I don't see what other interpretation is to be put on your conduct.'

'I am very sorry,' said poor Isaac meekly, 'but I didn't know about it. What can I do?'

'Do!' Herbert returned. 'The only thing you can do is for you and your friend to get a Hansom and go to Doctors' Commons as quickly as you can and get a license, and to be back here as much before twelve o'clock as possible. Meanwhile we will go back to the house and wait.'

So a cab was procured, and the bridegroom and his friend started off. Fortunately Jones had been to Doctors' Commons before, so that not much time was lost in its intricacies.

## CHAPTER VI.—CHECKMATED.

On their return to the church the sexton was just about to lock the door, but seeing two gentlemen approaching, he waited till they came up; and not having seen them on their former visit there that morning, he politely asked them if they wanted to see the church.

'My friend has come here to be married,' said Jones. 'Where are the other members of the party?'

'Come to be married, has he? Who was he going to be married to?'

'Miss Angela Faithful,' said Jones.

'O come, that won't do, you know,' said the sexton, with a glance at Isaac's tall but ungainly figure; 'you're not going to gammon *me*. It's true she *was* married this morning, and a pretty young woman she is, and dressed very handsome too'——

'Yes,' Isaac broke in; 'and where did the money for it come from?'

'I didn't ask her, and she didn't tell me,' returned the man, half cross, yet half amused.

'You must have made some mistake, my friend,' said Jones. 'To whom was the young lady married?'

'I didn't hear his surname; but he was married in the name of Herbert.'

'That is her brother!' cried Isaac and Jones together.

'Ah, well; they're husband and wife too, now—a sort of double relationship, you see. But I can't wait here while you take your fun off me no longer,' the sexton continued. 'So here goes.' With that he locked the door and walked away.

'Stay!' cried Jones; 'we are not making fun of you; the matter is far too serious. Where can we find the clergyman who married them?'

'I can't tell you; he doesn't live hereabouts. He only took the duty for our gentleman, who is away for a few days. I believe his name is Smith; but I've never seen him before, and very likely shan't ever see him again.'

'Which way did the two go when they left the church?' Jones asked.

'I was inside, so didn't notice,' answered the sexton.

Isaac followed his friend down the church path, and seemed utterly bewildered. But now Jones appealed to him as to the probable destination of the pair. Isaac blankly suggested New West Road; so thither they went. Mrs Glubbs—Miss Faithful's care-taker—answered them. She knew nothing of Angela's movements, except that she understood she was gone to be married; to whom she did not know, but supposed it was to the young man she was always with—Mr Herbert. Could they see Miss Faithful? Yes; certainly, if they liked; but she would be able to give them no information; for she could scarcely speak now, and was well nigh idiotic.

The friends next proceeded to Brixton. A handsome phaeton was outside Isaac's house, and a gentleman—a stranger—was inside. He received them very urbanely, and just as though the place belonged to him.

Upon Jones asking him (for Isaac seemed as though he were in a dream) his business there, the gentleman politely returned him the same question.

'Sir,' said Jones, 'this is my friend's house: you are under some misconception.'

'Sir,' said the stranger politely, 'you are apparently labouring under the same difficulty. I bought this furniture as it stands, these fixtures, and the lease of this house, the day before yesterday, and am now legally in possession. Permit me, however, to remove any doubt by shewing you these papers. No—pardon me—not in your own hands: you can look over me.'

Yes; the documents were genuine enough; a proper lease and transfer, and all the rest of it; but no sign of the name of Isaac Webb. The stranger said the gentleman of whom he bought the lease, &c. was a Mr Herbert Ashton, whom he had not the pleasure of knowing personally; but the business had been properly conducted on both sides by respectable solicitors. He believed the last owner, Mr Ashton, had held the lease but a very short time.

The friends' next visit was to the police. They listened patiently to the tale, and calmly said they did not think much of it. Had the gentleman any witnesses or papers to prove it? No. Very well then; what could they, the police, do? The gentleman *might* be able to get a warrant; but if the story were true, the persons who had got the better of him would know how to keep out of the way of that; but it was a tale almost impossible to prove; and for their part they didn't believe a word of it. The gentleman looked as if he was

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insane. It may be remarked that Jones did not form a very high opinion of the penetration and intellectual capacity of the police in this matter. He next tried to persuade Isaac to go and consult a respectable solicitor; but at this he absolutely rebelled.

'No, no,' he said; 'it will only cost me a lot more money.' At that word—so dear to him—he fairly broke down and sobbed aloud. A crowd began to form; so Jones hailed a cab, and bore Isaac off to the railway station *en route* for Dambourne.

### CHAPTER THE LAST.—THE MORAL.

Isaac stayed with his friend Jones until he began to get over in some measure the shock he had experienced, when he resumed his old quarters with Mrs Clappen. After he had been settled there about a week, he saw in a newspaper the following announcement: 'On the 10th instant, HERBERT ASHTON, Esq. to ANGELA, fifth daughter of the late VINCENT FAITHFUL, Esq. of London. No cards.' This was supplemented at the end of another week by the receipt of the following letter:

DEAR MR WEBB—Possibly you may think that some sort of explanation is due to you from me. I must inform you then, that Herbert Ashton (whom you have known as Herbert Faithful) and I have been attached to each other for some years. The want of a little money as capital alone prevented our union. You remember, I daresay, our introduction at the Holloway ball. On that occasion the idea first came into my mind to play the part I have. It occurred to me as I listened to your conversation with Mr Hoppe, the Master of the Ceremonies, respecting me and *my expectations*. Thanks to you, they are certainly no worse now than they were then. I mentioned my idea to Herbert, and he has well helped me to carry it into effect. The shock to your self-conceit, pride, and cunning is no doubt severe, but time will assist you to get over it; and the lesson you have learned may perhaps be of value to you some day. Meanwhile endeavour to forget us. It will be idle to remember us; for we are—when this reaches you—far from the old country. We have left it and the old name in all probability for ever—unless indeed you should ever leave us the remainder of your property, in which case we might cross the seas to claim it. And if at any time chance should cause us to meet it will be but as strangers, for Herbert was careful to re-possess himself of all the receipts and documents, that could be of no use to us where they were. They are now destroyed. And do not trouble Miss Faithful with fruitless inquiries. She is not my aunt, but a distant relation of the same name as my father. Her property I may tell you goes at her death to her sister, Mrs Glubbs. We have met with Mr Scamplin, in whom my husband recognised an old acquaintance. He is now with us, and desires to be remembered to you. If you ever think of your monetary loss—eight hundred pounds, was it not?—remember with pleasure that it has conduced to my happiness. I am aware that you intended it to do so, but in a slightly different way. And now, Mr Webb, good-bye for ever; and believe me that I shall never forget you. My dear husband desires his remembrances to you, and wishes me to say that he forgives you your rudeness to me at all times, as do I,

Yours never very truly,

ANGELA ASHTON.

## AFFECTION IN BIRD-LIFE.

ANY one who will watch carefully may soon perceive that not only pigeons in the court-yard, sparrows on the roof, crows and magpies in the wood, and many other birds, always live together in inseparable pairs; but also that swallows and various other small birds, when, in the autumn, they fly about in great swarms previous to migrating, always keep together affectionately in pairs. Starlings, crows, and various others, collect together in the evenings in large numbers on bushes, high trees, and church roofs for a night's rest; but in the morning the company resolves itself into pairs, and during the entire time of flight these pairs remain together. Several species are the exceptions to this rule, inasmuch as the two sexes form into separate companies to prosecute their migratory flight; this is the case with most of our summer warblers. The males start, and also probably return, some days earlier than the females; but whenever the two sexes have returned, they mate, and the pairs then formed are supposed to be of the same individuals as in previous years.

The fidelity and affectionate intimacy of married bird-life appears most conspicuously in pairs of the Grosbeak family and in small parrots. Here is perfect harmony of will and deed. The two sweethearts appear unwilling to leave one another's company for a moment all their life; they do everything together—eating and drinking, bathing and dressing of feathers, sleeping and waking. Various degrees of affection and harmony are discernible on close observation. Among the small grosbeaks, pairs of which sit together, the intimate relation is never disturbed; even over the feeding-cup there is no quarrelling. They stand highest in this respect among birds. Love-tokens are exchanged by pressing of beaks together—a veritable kissing, accompanied with loving gestures. They are also more sociable, and even at nesting-time more peaceable, than other birds. In the case of other grosbeaks, when the male bird sits by the female in the nest, there are various demonstrations of affection, but also slight occasional disputes, especially about feeding-time. Next in order come the small parrots, which also appear almost inseparable. The male bird feeds his companion with seeds from the crop. This goes on quite regularly during the hatching, and until the young are somewhat grown. During all this time the hen-bird, which broods alone, never leaves the nest but for a few minutes, and the cock shews such affectionate care, that the whole day he seems to do nothing but take food and give it again. Yet even this loving union is marred from time to time, even during the hatching-time, with quarrels that even come to blows. Again, the male bird of a pair of chaffinches only occasionally sits on the eggs or young, but he watches the nest very carefully, singing to his mate the while, accompanies the hen in flight, and helps her in feeding the young.

The marriage unions of parrots present great differences. The long-tailed Australian parrots,

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beautiful in plumage, but mentally inferior, are not nearly so affectionate towards each other as the little short-tailed species. M. Russ, a careful observer, tells us that the male bird of the Australian Nymph Cockatoo generally remains by night with the female, and during the day sits much more than she does. Such parental care is rare. Many parrots, especially large species, are by no means peaceable in their sexual relations, and appear somewhat affectionate only at the time of nidification. Large parrots are commonly very excited at brooding-time, and ferocious towards other animals, and even men. All parrots shew affection by giving food out of the crop.

A quite peculiar wedlock is observable in some of the finches and other birds. 'In my aviary,' says M. Russ, 'I had a pair of saffron finches, at whose behaviour I was for some time quite astonished. The cock and the hen hunted and persecuted each other savagely for days and weeks together; it was not, as in the case of some other birds, mere sport and teasing, but a bitter strife; the end of which was that the male bird, which appeared to have the worst of it, made his escape altogether, and never returned. Yet these two birds nestled, and actually reared four young, though I could not perceive whether their hatred was laid aside, or at least abated, during the hatching.' Similar phenomena, though not so pronounced, occur amongst finches, parrots, birds of prey, &c.

We have already said that the grosbeaks express affection for one another. The male frequently also performs a dance before the object of his regard; he hops about in a droll courtesying manner, with outspread tail and nodding head, warbling at the same time a melodious ditty. The larger grosbeaks give forth peculiar sounds accompanied with a hopping movement. These love-dances are frequently to be noticed in bird-life; among the best known and most skilful in this respect are those of the black-cock, the love-making of which is exceedingly interesting to watch.

The strong pugnacity developed among birds at time of hatching is remarkable. Even the little gentle grosbeak will endeavour, by violent pecking, to drive away males of the same or closely related species from the neighbourhood of his loved one. The larger finches are often roused by the same zeal to a blind fury, which, in the case of the chaffinch, is frequently taken advantage of by the bird-catchers. The fights observed in nature between birds have most generally for their cause the emotions of love.

We come to another expression of affection in bird-life—namely, song. It is to a great extent of a purely emulative character, and not seldom is the contention so strong and persistent, that one of the two rivals, through over-exertion, falls lifeless to the ground. One may observe such rivalry in spring, in the woods and fields, between two neighbouring male finches, nightingales, and various other birds. And in the aviary it is to be observed not only among the excellent singers, such as the gray finches and red cardinals, but also in the comparatively silent grosbeaks.

But the singing of birds has of course also another aspect—it is the most potent means of wooing. And this is true not only as regards the sweet plaint of the nightingale, the melodious warbling of the finch, but also of the hoarse croaking of the crows, the ear-splitting screech of the jay, the murmur of the pigeons, and the like—doubtless the most bewitching tones they are able to produce. 'Hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings;' so says Shakspeare. And for what does the lark ascend and trill his cheerful lay in mid-air, but to sing in a spirit of kindness to his mate nestling on the ground within hearing of his notes; or as a versifier has pictured this delicate attention:

> The lark on high now mounts the sky,
> All hear his pipe a-ringing;
> His mate on nest whom he loves best,
> Sits listening to his singing.

It can hardly be doubted that the response awakened in the heart of female birds in these circumstances is quite as genuinely tender as the notes addressed to them. The very birds of the air might teach a lesson to man—to the wretches who, in the bosom of civilisation, kick wives to death, and leave their children to die under the accumulated miseries of want and desolation!

## THE MONTH:

### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

At the meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute last month, Mr C. W. Siemens, F.R.S., was elected President: to the honour of the Institute, be it recorded. In his inaugural address he discussed a question on which he has bestowed much thought, namely fuel. The coal-fields of the globe, so far as at present known, comprise two hundred and seventy thousand square miles, one hundred and ninety-two thousand of which are in the United States, eighteen thousand in Nova Scotia, and eleven thousand nine hundred in Great Britain. Mr Siemens is of opinion that at our present rate of consumption, we have in this country coal enough to last eleven hundred years; and that if the consumption should tend to increase, it will be kept in check by the economical processes of heating that remain to be discovered. And in many parts of the world there are underground stores of gas that can be made available as fuel, as exemplified by the seventy furnaces at Pittsburgh, which do all their puddling and reheating by means of the gas flowing through eighteen miles of pipe from its source in Pennsylvania.

As an example of the saving that can be effected by mere mechanical contrivance, we take a new ship of the Inman line trading between Liverpool and New York, in which the old style of engine has given place to the 'modern double cylinder compound engines,' which leave a much larger space for cargo than the old engines, and burn about sixty-five tons of coal per day, instead of one hundred and fifteen tons. The saving in the article of fuel is thus seen to be very great, even for a single ship.

Of course iron and steel were prominent topics of discussion at the meeting, and the conclusion to be drawn therefrom is, that in ship-building and other mechanical operations steel will take the place of iron. The torpedo vessel *Lightning*, which steams nineteen knots an hour, is already an evidence of what can be done by the combined lightness and strength of steel; another is promised by Admiral Sartorius, which will cleave the water at the rate of twenty-four knots, and steel ships of

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large size are building and to be built for the government. In this way the peaceful arts become diverted to warlike purposes, and heighten the cost of war to a prodigious extent.

The future of steel, said Mr Bramwell, F.R.S., in his lecture at the Royal Institution, is to supersede iron for almost everything except the forge-work of common blacksmiths; and further, that part of the province of cast-iron, such as toothed-wheels and castings of complex form, which now, thanks to Riepe's improved construction of moulds, can be produced from molten steel.

Mr Siemens' process for the manufacture of steel leaves nothing to chance. The quality of steel is always that which was foreseen and desired; and the samples, when submitted to the severe tests imposed by the Admiralty, are never found to fail.

But Professor Barff's discovery seems to shew that iron will not be easily superseded. If iron can be produced that will not under any circumstances get rusty, iron will become more useful than ever. The discovery is this: that if hot iron is placed in a chamber of superheated steam, it takes on a black coat which is magnetic oxide, and this coat is so hard and impervious to atmospheric influences that rust will not form upon it. The hotter the steam in which the process is carried on, the harder is the coat: after an exposure of seven hours to twelve hundred degrees, it will resist a file. Consequently the strength of the iron is greatly increased, and it can never become weakened by rust. The importance of this fact can hardly be overrated in connection, for instance, with iron plates for boilers and ships, in which unlimited strength would be highly prized.

We are told that the protecting coat can be put on at small cost, and that it will probably be made use of for iron goods of every description. 'Copper vessels will no longer possess any advantages for cooking, and iron saucepans will no longer need to be tinned. Lead pipes for the conveyance of water will in all probability be entirely superseded; and there can be no doubt that new uses for incorrodible iron will every day suggest themselves. Messrs Penn of Greenwich are about to undertake a series of trials for the purpose of testing the strength of the prepared articles, so that they may become able to speak with authority upon the fitness of the protected iron for bridge girders and architectural purposes.'

How to make iron without producing slag is a question which, if any one can answer satisfactorily, his reward shall be great in fame and fortune. In Yorkshire alone, the blast-furnaces pour out more than four million tons of slag a year, from which fact the enormous quantity produced throughout the kingdom can be judged of. Sixteen million tons of refuse! What can be done with it? In some places, land has been bought or hired to provide space for the ugly heaps, and many attempts have been made to lessen the accumulation by finding uses for the slag. It has been made into blocks and bricks for paving; into slabs, pipes, brackets, and friezes; into cement; into sand for fertilising purposes; and while in the molten condition, has been blown into a substance resembling cotton-wool. But some of these attempts have failed, and not one has sufficed to diminish the heaps of slag. And now another suggestion, based on the fact that slag is vitreous, is put forth, namely to convert it into glass. A mixture of sand, soda, and slag melted in a furnace will come out as glass. The experiment would not be expensive, for slag in any quantity may be had for nothing.

If some of those ingenious individuals who write so frequently to the Admiralty or to the Royal Society announcing that they have discovered the true place of the axis of the earth, or the true explanation of the precession of the equinoxes, or the cause of compass deviation, would only turn their attention to the questions in the foregoing paragraph, they might perhaps make practical discoveries which would be capable of proof, and potential of profit.

Last session a paper on the Best Method of Propelling Steamships was read at the United Service Institution. In the discussion that followed, Admiral Selwyn said experiment had shewn that whether you divide the water by a very narrow fine bow, cleaving the fluid like an axe, or whether you put that narrow fine bow flat on the water, and drive it over the water, the resistance is for all practical purposes the same: having fine lines there is no more resistance in the one case than in the other. Experiment has shewn also that between the finest vessel of deep draught and a vessel of similar tonnage, built in the form of a segment of a sphere, there is no difference of resistance. 'But there is this remarkable difference in another way, that whereas the sharp deep-keeled vessel plunges constantly under water, and makes bad weather of it, the segment of the sphere always rides over the water with perfect ease.'

And at the meeting of Naval Architects, Mr Reed explained that a circular ironclad will float better and carry heavier weights than a ship of the ordinary shape, and yet not be deficient in speed.

At last a parliamentary committee has been appointed to collect evidence on the condition of the Thames and other rivers, on the best means of regulating them, and of economising the rainfall so that there shall be a sufficient supply of water at all seasons. This is a great question: human requirements confronting the forces of nature with a view to harmonious co-operation. According to a statement made at a meeting of the Institution of Civil Engineers, the quantity of water that flows daily over Teddington weir is 3,223,125 tons; hence the Thames will count for something in the inquiry. Besides which, we may remember that the commerce carried by the royal river amounts to nine million tons annually.

At a recent meeting of the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, there were exhibited an Odontograph for laying out the teeth of gear-wheels; an exhaust nozzle for quieting the noise of safety-valves and escape-pipes; an aspirator for ventilating millstones, and a horse-shoe intended to prevent slipping on a smoothly paved road. Readers desirous of further particulars must write to Philadelphia; but if that 'quieting nozzle' can only be made available, passengers at railway stations and on board steamboats will be spared the deafening roar that now annoys them, and will feel grateful accordingly.

The last published volume of *Transactions* of the Royal Society of Victoria contains a paper entitled, 'Is the Eucalyptus a Fever-destroying Tree?' a question which, as our readers are aware, is not less interesting here in Europe than in Australia. Baron von Mueller, government botanist

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at Melbourne, has described more than one hundred and thirty species of Eucalyptus: some grow into forests of great extent both on high and low table-land, others form dense desert scrub, while others are so distributed as to impart a park-like appearance to the landscape. The leaves are evergreen, and so arranged that the light and heat of the sun fall equally on each side; and the roots are dispersive and drain water largely from the soil. Besides the general constituents of a ligneous vegetation, the Eucalyptus contains a gum-resin, a volatile acid, and a peculiar volatile oil. The finest forests, *Eucalyptus amygdalina*, extend inland about one hundred miles, beyond which the scrub species prevail. When by vicissitude of season the seaward species are poor in volatile oil, then the scrub is rich, and *vice versâ*. The extent of scrub and forest in the three colonies of New South Wales, Victoria, and South Australia is so great that the quantity of oil therein contained is estimated at 96,877,440,000 gallons. On this Mr Bosisto, the author of the paper above referred to, remarks: 'Considering that the same condition exists throughout the major part of Australia . . . we cannot arrive at any other conclusion than that the whole atmosphere of Australia is more or less affected by the perpetual exhalation of those volatile bodies.' The aroma thereof would be disagreeable, were it not that 'volatile oils have the power of changing oxygen into ozone while they are slowly oxidising.' It can hardly be doubted that the influence on climate must be important. 'Let,' says Mr Bosisto, 'a small quantity of any of the eucalyptus oils, but especially the oil of *Eucalyptus amygdalina*, be distributed sparingly in a sick-chamber, or over any unpleasant substance, or add a small quantity to stagnant water, and the pleasure of breathing an improved air will immediately be manifest. The application of this to the climate of Australia has great force, for it is acknowledged that we possess about us, both in bush and town, a large amount of active oxygen, made frequently doubly so by our vigorous vegetation.'

The conclusion from the whole series of facts is, that the Eucalyptus *is* a fever-destroying tree. Baron von Mueller states that the *Eucalyptus amygdalina* in favourable situations grows to a height of four hundred feet, that it yields more oil than any other species, and bears the climate of Europe. The species of quickest growth is the *Eucalyptus globulus*.

In a communication to the Royal Astronomical Society, Mr W. M. Williams points out that obscure heat, such as that radiated from sun-spots, is much more largely absorbed by our atmosphere than the heat from the luminous parts of the sun's surface. Consequently the obscure heat exerts an influence on terrestrial climate as well as the luminous heat: the former in preventing or modifying the formation of clouds in the upper regions, and in producing thereby meteorological results which would be an interesting study. An illustration of what is meant by this is afforded by a well-known phenomenon, namely the general clearness of the sky during full moon, the clouds having been dissipated by the obscure heat-rays *reflected from the moon's surface*.

If observations of the difference of absorption between the two kinds of heat could be made at different heights, we should have, as Mr Williams says, 'a new means of studying the constitution of the interior of the sun and its relations to the photosphere. Direct evidence of selective absorption by our atmosphere may thus be obtained, which would go far towards solving one of the crucial solar problems—whether the darker regions are hotter or cooler than the photosphere?'

St Bartholomew's Hospital Reports contain an article by Dr Hollis in which an attempt is made to clear the study of mental physics of some of its obscurity, and to shew what are the functions of the brain and the way in which they may be studied. Examples are given of the effects of disease: a letter-sorter in the Post-office had experienced a failure of memory during two years, could not continue his employment, and eventually died. A large tumour was found in the substance of the left temporal lobe of the brain, which probably accounted for the loss of memory and inability to retain a mental picture of the pigeon-holes into which the letters were to be sorted. The organs of the brain were there, but their proper action was disturbed by the growth of disease, and the man of necessity ceased to be a letter-sorter. In concluding his article, Dr Hollis warns 'students of this seductive branch of medical science not to attempt to localise in the cortex too closely the several faculties of the mind. It is preposterous,' he remarks, 'to expect that similar cells are reserved for similar functions in all human brains, knowing what we do of the great diversity in man's mental nature, his various occupations, proclivities, and talents. Beyond the fact that there exists in our brains a posterior or retentive system, and an anterior or expressive system, our knowledge of this organ will not at present permit us to go.'

The effect of ether and of chloroform as anæsthetics, is attracting considerable attention. It is alleged that with chloroform, vascular paralysis frequently precedes respiratory paralysis; and an amount of chloroform insufficient to cause paralysis of respiration will often produce vascular paralysis, accompanied by such a diminution of blood-pressure as to render artificial respiration useless, since interchange between the gases of the air and blood does not take place. In this case artificial respiration does not recall life, and respiration ceases when artificial aid is removed. Experiments made with nitrite of amyl demonstrate its value as an antidote to the dangerous effects of chloroform; for which reason an American physician remarks: 'In the light of our present knowledge, it seems to me that humanity and science alike require that, when chloroform is used as an anæsthetic, the nitrite of amyl should be at hand, as one of the remedies whose efficiency is to be tested in case of impending danger.'

Medical practitioners in Calcutta have had their attention called to a species of parasite before undescribed, which has been found in large numbers in the intestines of persons who have died of cholera. According to a description recently published in the *Journal* of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, it is the *Amphistoma hominis*. 'I have never seen such parasites,' writes Dr Simpson, 'and apparently they are unknown to the natives. They are of a red colour, size of a tadpole, adhering to the mucous membrane, by a circular open mouth which they have the power of dilating and contracting.' It is to be hoped that these somewhat mysterious tormentors will not make their

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appearance in Europe. By way of precaution, we would just hint, 'See that you drink pure water.'

Of petroleum furnaces of a small size suited for high temperatures we find Quichenot's (lately noticed in these columns) is not the first attempt made, one having been introduced some years ago by Griffin, an English manufacturer. The difficulty with all petroleum furnaces is to keep them lighted until the casing or crucible is sufficiently hot to do this itself. The special liability which petroleum furnaces have to blow out *at first*, is to a great extent if not entirely overcome in Griffin's by the use of a wick. We are told by those who are practically conversant with the subject, that there are many difficulties in the use of petroleum as a fuel for furnace-work on a small scale, which, however, may be in a measure overcome by skilful management. But for small furnace operations it is now generally admitted that there is no fuel so well adapted as gas. A gas furnace of an entirely novel construction was introduced about a year ago by Mr Fletcher, F.C.S., of Warrington, in which the gas is burnt by an arrangement similar to Giffard's Injector, and requiring no more air than an ordinary small foot blower will supply with ease. The whole arrangement is exceedingly simple; and a refractory clay crucible can be fused in less than half an hour by an apparatus which (blower included) can easily be carried in one hand. Of gas furnaces not requiring a blast, the pioneer was Gore, who made the first draft furnace, burning gas, which would fuse cast-iron; and the principle made use of by Gore—that is, the subdivision of a large flame by air-spaces—has been since made use of successfully in many forms by different makers; but the maximum temperatures obtained in Gore's furnace have never yet been exceeded by any maker without the use of a blast. The nearest approach to a draft furnace giving really intense heats is, so far as we can ascertain, the Injector furnace of Mr Fletcher, which requires only about one-fifth of the air consumed to be supplied by blowing, the remaining part of the air being drawn in from the surrounding atmosphere by the action of the furnace itself.

## MORE MISSING ARTICLES.

A LARGE party of merry people, old and young, were sitting on the sands at Cromer one day, when one of the party, the youngest and brightest, began for fun to 'make faces' with her fingers, and shewing the rest how to copy her. The way in which she used her fingers and handkerchief produced the most grotesque effects imaginable. Our heroine, Mrs Reynolds, a young matron of the party, followed suit, and soon succeeded; but, said Minnie the original starter of the fun: 'Take off your rings; they spoil the effect.' Accordingly two valuable rings—emerald and pearl—were slipped off and laid within an open parasol. Soon after the party began to move, Mrs Reynolds took up her parasol, thought no more of the rings, and passed on with the rest home. Not till she reached the house and, preparing for lunch, was about to wash her hands, did it suddenly flash upon her what she had done. Alas, alas! those precious rings were lost on the sands, already crowded with excursionists and bathers. Away flew Mrs Reynolds, her hair streaming behind her (hung out to dry after bathing), her heart panting, her head aching, down to the shore again. There was the bathing woman calmly pursuing her calling all unconscious of the trouble; there too was Captain Wardell, politely concerned; there the groups of cousins warmly sympathetic; but alas! no trace of the jewels lost. How should they ever be found in such an expanse of sand?—no trace even left of the spot where the friends had sat. Still, resolved not to be baffled (the rings were not only precious but full of associative value), a place was fixed upon by Mrs Reynolds, and the hunt began. The sand, loose and fine, was turned over and over and sifted inch by inch, and the hapless owner was at length compelled to abandon the search and return home. Her weary feet had hardly turned in at the threshold when a panting voice behind caused her to turn. There stood a kindly cousin, scarlet with excitement and running, almost unable to speak, but holding up the emerald ring found by Captain Wardell's little son Gordon, a child of five years of age. As a last hope, his father had said to him: 'Come, Gordon, feel for it too in the loose sand;' and as if by magic, the child thrust in his little fat hand and pulled out the ring!

Of course this shewed they were on the right scent; and in three-quarters of an hour more the pearl ring also turned up. They had hunted in all for nearly two hours, in perfectly loose sand, on a wide shore; and as a fisherman said, it was indeed like 'hunting for a needle in a haystack.' The excitement throughout the little town of Cromer had been immense, owing to the crier having been sent round; and all the evening the story was being discussed by little groups of men and women, no doubt growing in interest by the repetition.

Another curious instance of losing and finding is worth recording. A gentleman walking along the shore of Hastings lost his ring. We think he was stretching after a dog in the water, but at anyrate the ring slipped off, and was not found again. A year after—it is even said on the very anniversary—the same gentleman was again strolling along the shore when a fisherman ran after him, and inquiring, 'Did you drop this, sir?' held up to him his own ring, lost twelve months before.

One more incident. A gentleman bought an umbrella, and taking it into his hand, put down a sovereign in payment. Presently the bill, having been made out, was presented; but when the shopman put his hand forth to take up the money, it could not be seen. The gentleman thought it extraordinary—the shopman equally so. The former was sure he had deposited the coin, the shopman equally certain that it had not reached his hands. What was to be done? It ended in the gentleman again paying the amount. Some little time after, the gentleman was again in the shop, and being there, took occasion to ask if the sovereign had ever been seen again. 'No,' said the young man; 'we never found it.' Just then the gentleman, opening his umbrella to shew what he required altered (some trifle or other), gave it a shake, when out rolled a sovereign; the very one of course so long missing. The strangest part of it is that the umbrella had been constantly used since the day it was bought.

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## SIR WALTER SCOTT AND HIS DOGS.

ONE of my pleasant recollections is that of seeing Sir Walter Scott out on a stroll with his dogs; the scene being in the neighbourhood of Abbotsford, in the summer of 1824, while as yet the gloom of misfortune had not clouded the mind of the great man. There he was limping gaily along with his pet companions amidst the rural scenes which he had toiled to secure and loved so dearly.

Scott's fondness for animals has perhaps never been sufficiently acknowledged. It was with him a kind of second nature, and appears to have been implanted when as a child he was sent on a visit to the house of his grandfather, Robert Scott, at Sandyknowe, in the neighbourhood of Dryburgh. Here, amidst flocks of sheep and lambs, talked to and fondled by shepherds and ewe-milkers, and revelling with collies, he was impressed with a degree of affectionate feeling for animals which lasted through life. At a subsequent visit to Sandyknowe, when his grandfather had passed away, and the farm operations were administered by 'Uncle Thomas,' he was provided with a Shetland pony to ride upon. The pony was little larger than many a Newfoundland dog. It walked freely into the house, and was regularly fed from the boy's hand. He soon learned to ride the little pony well, and often alarmed 'Aunt Jenny' by cantering over the rough places in the neighbourhood. Such were the beginnings of Scott's intercourse with animals. Growing up, there was something extraordinary in his attachment to his dogs, his horses, his ponies, and his cats; all of which were treated by him, each in its own sphere, as agreeable companions, and which were attached to him in return. There may have been something feudal and poetic in this kindly association with humble adherents, but there was also much of simple good-heartedness. Scott added not a little to the happiness of his existence by this genial intercourse with his domestic pets. From Lockhart's Memoirs of Sir Walter, and other works, we have occasionally bright glimpses of the great man's familiarity with his four-footed favourites. We can see that Scott did not, as is too often the case, treat them capriciously, as creatures to be made of at one time, and spoken to harshly when not in the vein for amusement. On the contrary, they were elevated to the position of friends. They possessed rights to be respected, feelings which it would be scandalous to outrage. At all times he had a soothing word, and a kind pat, for every one of them. And that, surely, is the proper way to behave towards the beings who are dependent on us.

Among Sir Walter's favourite dogs we first hear of Camp, a large bull-terrier, that was taken with him when visiting the Ellises for a week at Sunninghill in 1803. Mr and Mrs Ellis having cordially sympathised in his fondness for this animal, Scott, at parting, promised to send one of Camp's progeny in the course of the season to Sunninghill. As an officer in a troop of yeomanry cavalry, Scott proved a good horseman, and we are led to know that he was much attached to the animal which he rode. In a letter to a friend written at this period (1803), he says: 'I have, too, a hereditary attachment to the animal—not, I flatter myself, of the common jockey cast, but because I regard him as the kindest and most generous of the subordinate animals. I hardly even except the dogs; at least, they are usually so much better treated, that compassion for the steed should be thrown into the scale when we weigh their comparative merits.'

For several years Camp was the constant parlour dog. He was handsome, intelligent, and fierce, but gentle as a lamb among the children. At the same time, there were two greyhounds, Douglas and Percy, which were kept in the country for coursing. Scott kept one window of his study open, whatever might be the state of the weather, that Douglas and Percy might leap out and in as the fancy moved them. He always talked to Camp as if he understood what was said—and the animal certainly did understand not a little of it; in particular, it seemed as if he perfectly comprehended on all occasions that his master considered him a

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sensible and steady friend; the greyhounds, as volatile young creatures whose freaks must be borne with.

William Laidlaw, the friend and amanuensis of Scott, mentions in the *Abbotsford Notanda* a remarkable instance of Camp's fidelity and attention. It was on the occasion of a party visiting a wild cataract in Dumfriesshire, known as the Gray Mare's Tail. There was a rocky chasm to be ascended, up which Scott made his way with difficulty, on account of his lameness. 'Camp attended anxiously on his master; and when the latter came to a difficult part of the rock, Camp would jump down, look up to his master's face, then spring up, lick his master's hand and cheek, jump down again, and look upwards, as if to shew him the way and encourage him. We were greatly interested with the scene.'

The most charming part of Scott's life was, as we think, that which he spent with his family at Ashestiel, from about 1804 to 1808, part of which time he was engaged in writing *Marmion*. Ashestiel was a country mansion situated on the south bank of the Tweed, half way between Innerleithen and Galashiels, and in what would be called a solitary mountain district. There was the river for fishing, and the hills for coursing, and no other amusement. To enliven the scene, literary friends came on short visits. There was an odd character in the immediate neighbourhood, called from his parsimony Old Nippie, whose habits afforded some fun. When still at Ashestiel in 1808, there is presented a pleasant picture by Lockhart of the way in which Scott passed the Sunday. The account of it is a perfect Idyll. 'On Sunday he never rode—at least not until his growing infirmity made his pony almost necessary for him—for it was his principle that all domestic animals have a full right to their Sabbath of rest; but after he had read the Church service, he usually walked with his whole family, dogs included, to some favourite spot at a considerable distance from the house—most frequently the ruined tower of Elibank—and there dined with them in the open air on a basket of cold provisions, mixing his wine with the water of the brook beside which they were all grouped around him on the turf; and here, or at home, if the weather kept them from their ramble, his Sunday talk was just such a series of biblical lessons as that preserved for the permanent use of the rising generation in his *Tales of a Grandfather*. He had his Bible, the Old Testament especially, by heart; and on these days inwove the simple pathos or sublime enthusiasm of Scripture, in whatever story he was telling, with the same picturesque richness as he did, in his week-day tales, the quaint Scotch of Pitscottie, or some rude romantic old rhyme from Barbour's *Bruce* or Blind Harry's *Wallace*.'

Failing from old age, Camp was taken by the family to Edinburgh, and there he died about January 1809. He was buried in a fine moonlight night in the little garden behind the house, No. 39 Castle Street, immediately opposite the window where Scott usually sat writing. His daughter, Mrs Lockhart, remembered 'the whole family standing round the grave as her father himself smoothed down the turf above Camp with the saddest expression of face she had ever seen in him. He had been engaged to dine abroad that day, but apologised on account of "the death of a dear old friend."'

A few months later, Scott says in one of his letters: 'I have supplied the vacancy occasioned by the death of dear old Camp with a terrier puppy of the old shaggy Celtic breed,' and which he named Wallace. This new companion was taken on an excursion to the Hebrides in 1810, and in time partly compensated for the loss of Camp. There came, however, a fresh bereavement in 1812, in the death of the greyhound Percy. Scott alludes to the fact in one of his letters. 'We are going on in the old way, only poor Percy is dead. I intend to have an old stone set up by his grave, with *Cy gist li preux Percie* [Here lies the brave Percy]; and I hope future antiquaries will debate which hero of the House of Northumberland has left his bones in Teviotdale.' The two favourite greyhounds are alluded to in the Introduction to the second canto of *Marmion*—

> Remember'st thou my greyhounds true?
> O'er holt or hill there never flew,
> From slip or leash there never sprang,
> More fleet of foot or sure of fang.

In a letter dated Abbotsford, 1816, written to Terry, with whom he communicated on literary and dramatic subjects, he says: 'I have got from my friend Glengarry the noblest dog ever seen on the Border since Johnnie Armstrong's time. He is between the wolf and deer hound, about six feet long from the tip of the nose to the tail, and high and strong in proportion: he is quite gentle and a great favourite. Tell Will. Erskine he will eat off his plate without being at the trouble to put a paw on the table or chair. I shewed him to Matthews, who dined one day in Castle Street before I came here.'

The staghound so introduced was the famous Maida, which came upon the scene when the Waverley novels were beginning to set the world on fire. Maida was the crack dog of Scott's life, and figures at his feet in the well-known sculpture by Steell. He did not quite supersede Wallace and the other dogs, but assumed among them the most distinguished place, and might be called the canine major-domo of the establishment. On visiting Abbotsford in 1817, Washington Irving enjoyed the pleasure of a ramble with Scott and his dogs. His description of the scene is so amusing that we can scarcely abate a jot:

'As we sallied forth, every dog in the establishment turned out to attend us. There was the old staghound, Maida, that I have already mentioned, a noble animal; and Hamlet, the black greyhound, a wild thoughtless youngster, not yet arrived at the years of discretion; and Finette, a beautiful setter, with soft silken hair, long pendent ears, and a mild eye, the parlour favourite. When in front of the house, we were joined by a superannuated greyhound, who came from the kitchen wagging his tail; and was cheered by Scott as an old friend and comrade. In our walks, he would frequently pause in conversation, to notice his dogs, and speak to them as if rational companions; and, indeed, there appears to be a vast deal of rationality in these faithful attendants on man, derived from their close intimacy with him. Maida deported himself with a gravity becoming his age and size, and seemed to consider himself called upon to preserve a great degree of dignity and decorum in our society. As he jogged along a little distance ahead of us, the young dogs would

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gambol about him, leap on his neck, worry at his ears, and endeavour to tease him into a gambol. The old dog would keep on for a long time with imperturbable solemnity, now and then seeming to rebuke the wantonness of his young companions. At length he would make a sudden turn, seize one of them, and tumble him in the dust, then giving a glance at us, as much as to say: "You see, gentlemen, I can't help giving way to this nonsense," would resume his gravity, and jog on as before. Scott amused himself with these peculiarities. "I make no doubt," said he, "when Maida is alone with these young dogs, he throws gravity aside, and plays the boy as much as any of them; but he is ashamed to do so in our company, and seems to say: Ha' done with your nonsense, youngsters: what will the laird and that other gentleman think of me if I give way to such foolery?"

'Scott amused himself with the peculiarities of another of his dogs, a little shamefaced terrier, with large glassy eyes, one of the most sensitive little bodies to insult and indignity in the world. "If ever he whipped him," he said, "the little fellow would sneak off and hide himself from the light of day in a lumber garret, from whence there was no drawing him forth but by the sound of the chopping-knife, as if chopping up his victuals, when he would steal forth with humiliated and downcast look, but would skulk away again if any one regarded him."

'While we were discussing the humours and peculiarities of our canine companions, some object provoked their spleen, and produced a sharp and petulant barking from the smaller fry; but it was some time before Maida was sufficiently roused to ramp forward two or three bounds, and join the chorus with a deep-mouthed *bow wow*. It was but a transient outbreak, and he returned instantly, wagging his tail, and looking up dubiously in his master's face, uncertain whether he would receive censure or applause. "Ay, ay, old boy!" cried Scott, "you have done wonders; you have shaken the Eildon hills with your roaring; you may now lay by your artillery for the rest of the day. Maida," continued he, "is like the great gun at Constantinople; it takes so long to get it ready, that the smaller guns can fire off a dozen times first."'

Maida accompanied his master to town, where he occupied the place of the lamented Camp. In the sanctum at Castle Street, Maida lay on the hearth-rug, ready when called on to lay his head across his master's knees, and to be caressed and fondled. On the top step of a ladder for reaching down the books from the higher shelves sat a sleek and venerable Tom-cat, which Scott facetiously called by the German name Hinse of Hinsfeldt. Lockhart mentions that Hinse, 'no longer very locomotive, usually lay watching the proceedings of his master and Maida with an air of dignified equanimity. When Maida chose to leave the party, he signified his inclinations by beating the door with his huge paw; Scott rose and opened it for him with courteous alacrity—and then Hinse came down purring from his perch, and mounted guard by the foot-stool, *vice* Maida absent on furlough. Whatever discourse might be passing was broken, every now and then, by some affectionate apostrophe to these four-footed friends. Dogs and cats, like children, have some infallible tact for discovering who is, and who is not, really fond of their company; and I venture to say, Scott was never five minutes in any room before the little pets of the family, whether dumb or lisping, had found out his kindness for all their generation.'

In letters to his eldest son, Scott seldom fails to tell him how things are going on with the domesticated animals. For example: 'Hamlet had an inflammatory attack, and I began to think he was going mad, after the example of his great namesake; but Willie Laidlaw bled him, and he recovered. Pussy is very well.' Next letter: 'Dogs all well—cat sick—supposed with eating birds in their feathers.' Shortly afterwards: 'All here send love. Dogs and cat are well. I daresay you have heard from some other correspondent that poor Lady Wallace [a favourite pony] died of an inflammation after two days' illness. Trout [a favourite pointer] has returned here several times, poor fellow, and seems to look for you; but Henry Scott is very kind to him.' In a succeeding letter we have the account of an accident to Maida: 'On Sunday, Maida walked with us, and in jumping the paling at the Greentongue park, contrived to hang himself up by the hind-leg. He howled at first, but seeing us making towards him, he stopped crying, and waved his tail, by way of signal, it was supposed, for assistance. He sustained no material injury, though his leg was strangely twisted into the bars, and he was nearly hanging by it. He shewed great gratitude, in his way, to his deliverers.'

At Abbotsford, in the autumn of 1820, when a large party, including Sir Humphry Davy, Dr Wollaston, and Henry Mackenzie were sallying out—Scott on his pony Sybyl Grey, with Maida gambolling about him—there was some commotion and laughter when it was discovered that a little black pig was frisking about and apparently resolved to be one of the party for the day. Scott tried to look stern, and cracked his whip at the creature, but was in a moment obliged to join in the general cheers. Poor piggy was sent home. 'This pig,' says Lockhart, 'had taken, nobody could tell how, a most sentimental attachment to Scott, and was constantly urging his pretensions to be admitted a regular member of his *tail* along with the greyhounds and terriers; but indeed, I remember him suffering another summer under the same sort of pertinacity on the part of an affectionate hen. I leave the explanation for philosophers—but such were the facts.'

Mr Adolphus, a visitor to Abbotsford in 1830, when the health of the great writer was breaking down under his honourable and terribly imposed task-work, gives us not the least striking instance of Scott's wonderful considerateness towards animals. 'In the morning's drive we crossed several fords, and after the rain they were wide and deep. A little, long, wise-looking, rough terrier, named Spice, which ran after us, had a cough, and as often as we came to a water, Spice, by the special order of his master, was let into the carriage till we had crossed. His tenderness to his brute dependants was a striking point in the benignity of his character. He seemed to consult not only their bodily welfare, but their feelings, in the human sense. He was a gentleman even to his dogs.' When too roughly frolicsome, he rebuked them gently, so as not to mortify them, or spoil the natural buoyancy of their character.

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We could extend these memorabilia, but have perhaps said enough. Maida died in October 1824, and is commemorated in a sculptured figure at the doorway of Abbotsford. His attached master wrote an epitaph on him in Latin, which he thus Englished:

> Beneath the sculptured form which late you wore,
> Sleep soundly, Maida, at your master's door.

It was a sad pang for Scott, when quitting home to seek for health abroad, and which he did not find, to leave the pet dogs which survived Maida. His last orders were that they should be taken care of. We may be permitted to join in the noble eulogium pronounced on Scott by Willie Laidlaw, who lived to mourn his loss, that Kindness of heart was positively the reigning quality of Sir Walter's character! W. C.

## THE LAST OF THE HADDONS.

### CHAPTER XXI.—OUR EXPERIMENT.

I WATCHED Lilian very anxiously for a few days after our visit to Fairview. But although it had given her a shock to find Arthur Trafford already upon such familiar terms there, whilst there had been no call at the cottage, nor even a message sent to inquire after our well-being, she was not permanently depressed in consequence. I must do Arthur Trafford the justice to say that I think he was ashamed of sending conventional messages under the circumstances, and felt that bad as silence was, it was in better taste than meaningless words. Nevertheless, his sister might have contrived a call, had she possessed the something besides blue blood, which, in dear Mrs Tipper's estimation, constitutes a gentlewoman, sufficiently to recollect past kindness, and act up to her former rôle of being Lilian's friend. Fortunately, Lilian did not depend upon her friendship.

'Do not fear for me, Mary,' she whispered, rightly interpreting my anxious looks.

I did not fear for her—in the long-run. I knew that in time she would come to be even ashamed of having given the name of love to her infatuation for Arthur Trafford. But to attain that end, she must not be allowed to dream over the past; and I was casting about in my mind in the hope of finding some plan for employing our time which would be sufficiently interesting to absorb the attention of her mind as well as her hands. Pupils Mrs Tipper would not hear of; nor would she allow us to render any assistance in the housekeeping, insisting that Becky and she had no more to do than they could very easily get through. Indeed Becky worked with a will; Mrs Tipper and she were the best of friends; and nothing would have pleased them better than keeping Lilian and me in the parlour in state, and waiting upon us.

Fortunately we neither of us inclined for that kind of state. Lilian knew as well as I did that hers was not a nature to be nursed and petted out of a trouble. As people thoroughly in earnest generally do, we soon found a way of filling up our time—a way which had a spice of novelty and adventure in it, specially adapted to our present frame of mind.

About a mile distant, on the high-road leading from the left of the village towards the town of Grayleigh, were a few cottages, which had been erected for the accommodation of the labourers upon some fruit and hop growing grounds in the vicinity. Lilian and I had come upon them in one of our walks; and their forlorn uncared-for aspect appealed to our sympathies, and set us thinking about the possibility of a remedy. At length an idea suggested itself to us. During the daytime, at this season of the year, they were all unoccupied but one, where dwelt an old woman past work, and who was, as she proudly informed us, kept out of the workhouse by her children. Through the medium of this old woman, we applied for permission to do what we could for the absent wives and mothers, in the way of making the desolate-looking hovels more like homes. There seemed some difficulty in obtaining leave. We afterwards found that there had been grave deliberations as to the expediency of allowing us the freedom of the place, there being all sorts of doubts and speculations as to our motives. But after two or three visits to old Sally Dent, during which she sharply questioned and cross-questioned us, she gave us to understand that it was agreed that we might try what we could do; though I believe permission was given more out of curiosity to see what our intention was, than from anything else; and she was cautious enough to inform us that they reserved to themselves the right of putting a summary stop to our visits whenever it should please them so to do. For the present, Sally Dent gave us the key of the end cottage, which was to be duly returned when what she ungraciously termed our 'rummaging' was over.

'Not as you will find much to rummage at Meg Lane's,' chuckled the old woman. 'She ain't taken any pride in her home since she had to sell her bits of things when they were down with the fever.'

It did appear rather unwarrantable to unlock the door and enter the place in the absence of the inmates, before we had even made their acquaintance; but we satisfied ourselves with the hope that the end would be found to justify the means; and the very first day we contrived to leave a pleasant indication of our intentions.

The cottage contained two rooms up-stairs, and one on the ground floor opening to the road, with a little back scullery. We did not intrude into the upper regions, contenting ourselves with putting things into some sort of order in the little sitting-room. Perhaps I had better not describe how very real our work was, and how hopeless at first seemed the task we had undertaken. But we worked with a will, enjoying many a little jest at the idea of what Mrs Tipper's astonishment would be if she could see us with our sleeves tucked up sweeping out dirty corners, when we were supposed to be taking our daily constitutional as decorous gentlewomen should. Lilian devoted herself to one dirty cupboard with a pertinacity which, I gravely informed her, did equal honour to her head and heart, considering the time it would take to make any visible improvement. Four shelves filled with a heterogeneous collection of unwashed cups and saucers, bread new and stale, scraps of meat (some not too fresh), a jug coated with a thick fur of sour milk, dirty plates, mugs smelling of stale beer, bits of old pipes, and so forth—'all

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canopied o'er' with spiders' webs, certainly were an undertaking.

But it must not be supposed that we intended solely to employ ourselves in sweeping and cleaning: no indeed; the little we did in that way was only intended to serve as a suggestion for others to carry out. Our ambition was to induce the people to begin to feel that they had homes, and so in time to take some little pride in keeping them neat themselves.

The small amount of money which we allowed ourselves to spend was spent in a way which might not a little surprise some people. We tried to make the little room attractive, with an ornament or two, which though inexpensive, were in good taste and pretty in shape and colouring—a primitive hanging shelf with two or three neatly bound books, a clean blind, a nicely framed print for the wall, and so forth, all new and fresh and bright; a contrast with the blackened ceiling, which we hoped would in time suggest whitewash. Then we boldly challenged our hosts, as we laughingly termed them, with a clean hearth; and after persisting two or three days, we were delighted to find that the hint was taken—that our clean hearthstone had brought about a decently brushed grate.

By this time we were presented with the key of the next cottage, together with a pressing invitation to extend the field of our operations. As days went on we began to feel a little proud of our success, such as it was, though it could not be said to have been achieved without difficulty. In the outset, all sorts of obstacles were placed in our way. It took us, for instance, some days to bring a certain dirty table to reason. After cleaning away sundry marks, such as beer-stains, which offended our sense of propriety, we invariably found it as dirty as ever. A more unmanageable piece of business than this obstinate old table is not often found. It really was depressing, as Lilian said, to find our efforts so entirely ignored, not to say set at naught; though of course we did not intend to yield. We tried the effect of placing a little round waiter on the table, in the hope that its use would suggest itself; but without any good result. At length I began to perceive that this was a case in which we were contending against one of the lords of creation, and that for some reason he considered it necessary to assert his independence.

'It's old Jemmy Rodgers as lives with his darter,' explained Sally Dent, to whom I had put a question upon the point. 'He says you ain't a-doing all this for nothing—'t ain't likely; and he ain't a-going to give in to the new ways till he knows for certain what 's to come of it.'

'I should think he might be sure no harm could come of it.'

'He ain't so sure, Miss. *He* says' (carefully fixing the responsibility upon Jemmy Rodgers) 'that perhaps you only wants to make us all obligated to you, so as we can't shake you off when you comes by-and-by a-worriting about'——

'About what?' I asked, seeing that she hesitated to go on.

'Well, there; he says, most like you have got hold of some newfangled way for saving souls, and you wants to try it on we. William Marther, he says there 's all sorts of new ways a-being tried up in London. But we are old-fashioned folks, and we've got enough to do to read our Bibles and 'tend to what the clergyman says. He's a good kind gentleman; and if he worrits a bit about the drink and all that, we don't mind it from he, because he shews us the texts for what he says, and there 's no saying nay to *them*.'

I very gravely assured her that I had no intention whatever of worriting; and that we did not, at anyrate for the present, even desire to make the acquaintance of the cottagers.

'But you must have *some* reason for doing it, Miss; at least Jemmy Rodgers ses so,' said Sally Dent, eyeing us sharply.

'Tell Jemmy Rodgers that if he attended more to what Mr Wyatt teaches, he would not be so ready to doubt others,' I replied.

And leaving that to sink into Jemmy Rodgers' heart, we cleaned away at the table again. All to no purpose; that table represented Jemmy Rodgers' independence of us and our help, and we regularly found it in the same state every morning. But we made up our minds that even Jemmy Rodgers must have a weakness somewhere; and after a few diplomatic questions to Sally Dent, we discovered it. Once his weakness discovered, Jemmy Rodgers was vanquished, though it cost us five shillings to do it, and he really did not deserve to have that much spent upon him. But by-and-by perhaps, he would understand that it was the victory only which had been paid for. A neat little bracket was placed beside the fireplace, and on it, Jemmy Rodgers one evening found a pretty stone tobacco-jar filled with good tobacco, and a nice new pipe. Not a little curiously did we open the door the next morning. There was only one mark on the table, and that a very faint one, as a sort of feeble protest that Jemmy Rodgers was not to be bought; but after that we were left to our own devices; regarded, I think, as eccentric, but eccentric in a way that no one had any right to object to—something like children who had a fancy for playing at being servants.

Be that as it may, we were beginning to be rewarded in the way we most cared for. There were unmistakable signs of a disposition to keep the little homes in a more orderly state; and the delight our modest offerings in the way of ornament gave, was very marked as well as suggestive.

The love which the poor display for some little possession in the way of ornament, is not always, I think, sufficiently considered. I can only say that I have known one little thing of beauty, or even a faint and blurred image of beauty, to have a more refining influence in a cottage home than many would suspect. Wherever a cherished bit of china or what not is found, there will be also found some tendency towards making the surroundings more worthy of it.

I found that our proceedings not a little puzzled Mr Wyatt; an earnest, anxious, good man, well known as a friend to the poor in all directions. He too for a time was under the impression that we might possibly be paving the way to introduce doctrinal matters, and felt it, I think, to be his duty to ascertain what these were. It was, I knew, not by chance he one morning made his appearance at the door of a cottage we happened to be at work in. I was busily engaged hammering in a nail for a picture, and did not turn my head when the sunlight streamed in through the open doorway, imagining that Lilian had

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re-entered, she having gone to borrow a broom from the next house.

'A more wrong-headed nail than this never existed! We must not forget nails the next time we go to Grayleigh, Lilian.'

'I beg your pardon.'

I turned hastily round and met the eyes of Mr Wyatt. Descending from the chair, as gracefully as might be, with due regard to its ricketiness, I offered my hand.

'How do you do, Mr Wyatt? We are not quite strangers, I think?'

'No, indeed,' he replied, looking not a little relieved. Though in the interests of his poor, he had made up his mind to find out who and what we were, he was too much a gentleman to enjoy doing it. I knew afterwards that he had feared having to do battle with some lady with objectionable views and an objectionable way of advocating them; and it was therefore natural enough he should be a great deal relieved to see one of the members of his small congregation. As I have said elsewhere, Lilian and I had, in the prosperous days, preferred attending the primitive little church on the road to Grayleigh, to going to the newly built and more highly decorated church on the hill. And as the congregation consisted mostly of labouring people and the small shopkeepers in the village, it was natural that the appearance of two strangers should attract some attention, which had led to his introducing himself, and a pleasant acquaintance springing up between us.

It was this little church which the inmates of the 'Home,' as it was gracefully designated, attended; sitting in the organ-loft, where they were out of range of curious eyes; a consideration for which I afterwards found they were indebted to Mr Wyatt. We had frequently passed them on their road to church; and I had been painfully struck by the hopeless, not to say sullen and discontented aspect of most of the women, as they filed slowly along, the matron's rich silks and velvets in too marked a contrast to the ugliness of her charge's attire, which I thought savoured unnecessarily of prison uniform for those who were supposed to be struggling to free themselves from past associations.

Then I was disappointed that my occasional smile and word, as we stood aside for them to pass into the porch, should be considered an offence by the matron, as it so evidently was. And I could not see why I should not offer a few violets I was carrying, which the eyes of one of the women seemed to ask for as we passed them one morning in the road.

'I am to give 'em back, Miss,' she exclaimed, running after me and putting them into my hand. 'It's against rules, please—that is, the mistress says I mustn't have them.'

'Well, I cannot present you with the beautiful sky, and that lark's song, and the glorious sunshine, for they are yours already; but please take my good-wishes and give me yours.'

She stood gazing at me a moment, then turned away without a word, and ran back.

'This,' continued Mr Wyatt, '*is* a surprise, Miss Hadden. I did not at all expect to find you to be one of the mysterious ladies I have of late heard so much about from the cottagers here. Is Miss'——

'Yes; Miss Maitland is the other delinquent,' I smilingly replied, as he hesitated over the name, and so shewed me that he knew something of what had occurred. At this moment Lilian came in, her skirts and sleeves tucked up, a handkerchief tied corner-wise over her hair, and a broom in her hand.

'We really must contrive to squeeze a better broom than this out of next week's allowance, Mary; it won't go into the corners a bit.' (We had agreed to restrict ourselves to spending only so much a week upon our protégées, leaving the rest to our own ingenuity.) 'We cannot make brooms, you know; and oh'——

'Mr Wyatt, Lilian.'

He gave her a low bow in return for hers, and I fancied that I understood why he was a trifle more embarrassed with her than with me. Lilian had never looked more lovely than she did thus, her refined order of beauty idealising her working dress. The clear, deep-blue eyes, hair of *unpurchasable* gold, the soft rosy cheeks, and white delicately rounded arms bared to the elbow, what a charming picture it was! I do not think I would even have dispensed with the little stray black, which had perched itself at the edge of a dimple, much more effectively than anything in the way of a patch could do it. One might have imagined her the beautiful Princess who went as serving-maid in the Ogre's castle, protected only by her goodness and innocence—all-sufficient protectors in fairy tales, and more than they are always allowed to be in real life—to obtain the release of her captive father. She was so natural too, and devoid of all attempts to attract; and only sensitive as a pure good girl, with a delicate sense of truth and honour, is sensitive.

'You have heard what we are attempting here, Mr Wyatt?' I asked.

'Yes;' slowly and awkwardly. 'But I am not altogether sure that I understand your plan.'

I gave him a little explanation of what our intentions were; and he listened gravely and politely, though I could see that I did not entirely succeed in proselytising him. He was ready enough to give us credit for good intentions; but when we were bold enough to ask his opinion as to our succeeding, he acknowledged that he had not much hope of our being able to do permanent good. And when Lilian a little triumphantly told him about our success with Jemmy Rodgers, he smilingly pointed out that that was a success which had been purchased. In truth he confessed that he belonged to the old school, and did not take kindly to innovations.

'I do not, for example, like seeing a lady doing such work as Miss Maitland is doing for people who have quite enough time to keep their own homes clean and neat, if they would only do so, instead of going down to spend their spare hours at the village ale-house.'

'But we are hoping to get them to do that, Mr Wyatt,' said Lilian. 'We are trying to make the homes more attractive than the ale-houses.'

'I can only hope you will succeed, Miss Mervyn.'

'Well, I call it a tiny bit of success to get Meg Lane, as they call her, to brighten her fire-grate and clean her window.

'Purchased,' he replied, smilingly.

But I could see that he advanced his objections hesitatingly and doubtfully; and I felt that he would be ready enough to acknowledge that we

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were right, whenever we could prove that we were; and we did not despair of that in time. Moreover, he had now no fear of our attempting to disturb the faith of his flock.

We came off a great deal better with Mr Wyatt than with the district visitors at the cottages; though even they recognised the wisdom of non-interference, and kept aloof, paying their weekly visits in the afternoons when we had retired. Nevertheless, we quite understood why we were always finding certain tracts of a very decided tendency placed in our way, had old Sally Dent not informed us that we were regarded as not being quite 'safe.' We just worked on, and did not intrude ourselves upon the residents at the cottages; not even knowing them by sight, and making a *détour* on our way to church on Sundays, for the purpose of avoiding them.

### CHAPTER XXII.—MORE WEAK THAN WICKED.

Robert Wentworth took good care that our time should not hang heavily upon our hands when we were at home, urging us to work, and keeping us well supplied with books, such as he had gradually got me into the habit of reading—books which required some little mental exercise for their proper appreciation. Moreover, he demanded notes, a paraphrase, or criticism, upon all we read; being very exacting about our getting thoroughly to the root of the subject treated upon, and having no mercy upon what he termed a slovenly habit of thinking.

We were much amused at the tests he gave us, and the impossibility of throwing dust in his eyes. If Lilian wrote my thoughts upon a subject, and I hers, he detected which belonged to which with an unerring readiness which proved that our minds were as open books to him. The very difference in his treatment of us when he found us flagging, bantering—not to say taunting—me, and encouraging Lilian, I now think was a proof that he knew the kind of spur we each needed. And although I believed that he was doing all this for Lilian's sake, I was none the less grateful for the benefit it was to me. At his suggestion, Lilian was doing a little French with me, for which she gave me German; whilst our sketch-books were not allowed to lie entirely unused. All this, with what dear Mrs Tipper called our long walks—she did not as yet know how our mornings were employed—sent us healthily tired each night to bed.

Robert Wentworth came down twice and sometimes three times during the week; and after we had given him a *résumé* of the work we had done in the interval, we finished the evenings with music and singing. Lilian's voice was not her least charm. Then would come some triumph of dear Mrs Tipper's skill in the way of little appetising dainties for our substantial tea, and afterwards Lilian and I went along the lanes with him as far as the stile, which separated them from the fields, in the summer moonlight, bidding him good-night there.

It was a pleasant life, though at the time I naturally could not think it *the* pleasantest; it was merely the pleasant peaceful prelude—the, so to speak, preparation for the fuller life to come. But best of all, Lilian was beginning to enter into it with real enjoyment, less as a life lived from duty than from love.

'It is what I never hoped for—to see my darling get over it so well as this!' confided dear Mrs Tipper to me.

'They cannot at anyrate call her broken-hearted at present,' was my cheerful rejoinder.

'No, indeed, dear. I shall begin now to hope that by-and-by some one more worthy of her may have a chance; and I shall yet live to see my Lilian's children about me.—And you too will be thinking of getting married presently, dear?' with what I fancied was an inquiring glance.

I murmured something to the effect that perhaps my time would come; even then shrinking a little nervously from entering into details.

'Of course it will, dear; and Lilian's too. Already there is Mr Wyatt making all sorts of excuses for finding his way to the cottage. A nice gentleman; isn't he, dear—shews what brings him so plain too; doesn't he?'

Yes, he did shew it plainly; no doubt of that. If he did not already love Lilian, he was on the very verge of it. But that was not at all in accordance with my hopes.

'You forget Mr Wentworth,' I put in smilingly. She looked up into my face for a moment; then bent over her knitting again, as I went on: 'I think you must have guessed what brings *him* so often down here, now?'

'Yes, Mary; yes, I have, dear.'

'And so have I; but I suppose it's early days for talking of it yet.'

'Very well, dear; you know best about that, of course. I will only say that Robert Wentworth is a great favourite of mine.'

'That is because he is so good, auntie,' said Lilian, who had caught the last words as she entered the room. 'He is the very best and kindest friend we have known.'

'The *very* best, dearie?' I asked.

She flushed to her temples; then, after a moment, repeated in a low clear tone: 'The very best and kindest, Mary.'

I was quite satisfied. No love-lorn damsel could talk in that way. Arthur Trafford no longer disturbed her peace. Everything was going on favourably for Robert Wentworth; and the sooner poor Mr Wyatt was allowed to perceive the real state of the case, the better for his future peace.

Two months had glided thus pleasantly away. There was now only one shadow upon Lilian's mind, though that was an abiding one. The wrong done to the innocent mother was not likely to be forgotten by her child. It was that, and *not* the loss of her lover, which caused the soft yearning regretful expression that still lingered in the beautiful blue eyes.

Fortunately, we had accustomed ourselves to think of Arthur Trafford as Miss Farrar's lover, before the news reached us that it was so; and I was very proud of Lilian's calm reception of it. After that, it was easy to get over the additional information that the marriage was arranged to take place very shortly.

Marian adopted the tone—I think I knew by whom it was suggested—of Arthur Trafford having been badly treated by Lilian, who had cruelly cast him off; and that made matters easier for us all. As Marian said, Lilian could not blame her for accepting one whom she herself had rejected. Nor had she had any misgivings about his love. Fortunately for her own peace, she did not suspect

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that Arthur Trafford's love for her was less than hers for him. And the readiness with which he had transferred his affections was interpreted in the same convenient way. 'The truth is, he had not seen *me* when he engaged himself to Lilian,' she confided to me in a little aside. '*You* knew he admired me from the very first; now, didn't you, Miss Haddon? I don't blame you *now* for being cross about his paying me such compliments when he was engaged to Lilian; he really couldn't help it, poor fellow! And I do believe that if Lilian had played her cards well, he would have acted honourably to her; he says he should. But you can't blame me for being glad things have turned out as they have, neither. Caroline says only *envious* people would blame me.'

I really did not much blame her. I suppose she acted up to her perception in the matter; and I know she meant now to be good-natured. I will do her the justice to say she was honestly glad to find that Lilian shewed no sign of distress at the engagement.

'If you had been miserable or disagreeable about it, I don't know what I should have done, dear,' she said with engaging confidence. 'It would be like that story in the what's-its-name, you know, two sisters in love with the same man. Though I don't think—I'm *sure* I shouldn't have poisoned you. I expect I should have joined your hands, and then died of a broken heart;' sentimentally.

At which Lilian broke into a smile, and Marian was satisfied. In truth, no one could now have imagined Lilian a love-sick damsel, so improved was she in health and spirits by our present life.

Marian was very pressing with us to be present at the wedding, which was to be a very grand one, she told us.

'But I tell Caroline, I shan't care for it a bit if Lilian won't be first bridesmaid. And it shouldn't cost you a penny, dear,' she urged. 'Everything of the very best, and made at Madame Michaud, if you will only say you will come?'

But Lilian was firm; and then Marian tried the effect of her persuasive powers upon Mrs Tipper.

'You really must, aunt. It would look worse for you to stop away than even for Lilian—my own aunt!'

But Mrs Tipper also shewed that it was not to be thought of; and Marian at length came to the conclusion that their refusal arose from their sense of the wrong done to Lilian's mother; though she was quite as much at a loss to account for that as for everything else we did.

'I don't see why you should be so put out about a thing which can't be helped. When it was thought that it was *my* Ma who had been taken in, I behaved sensibly about it; and why can't Lilian and you do the same?'

Great preparations were being made for the event; and a great deal of company—'Caroline's' friends—was constantly at Fairview. Rumours reached us that the bridegroom expectant was not in very good health; indeed it was said that the marriage was being hastened on that account, a change of climate having been recommended for a while.

I saw him once only before his marriage, and that happened by chance. Had Lilian really suffered from his desertion of her—had I felt any desire to see her avenged—I must have been satisfied. As it was I felt almost inclined to pity him, as more weak than wicked. I do not believe that any utterly bad man would be as heartily ashamed of himself as Arthur Trafford appeared to be when he saw Lilian for the first time after his approaching marriage with 'Miss Farrar' was announced.

The Fairview party were attending morning service at the little church to which Lilian and I went. I do not think that they had the slightest expectation of seeing us there; since they could not know that we should choose the long walk to that out-of-the-way little church, in preference to attending the one in the village. Most probably they went there for the drive, or perhaps to create a little sensation, which Miss Farrar was candid enough to acknowledge she had a *penchant* for doing.

They were shewn into the best pew, as befitted people who had arrived in state, the old clerk himself seeing that their wants in the way of hassocks and hymn-books were duly supplied, before signing to his subordinate to cease pulling *the* bell, and stepping back into the vestry for Mr Wyatt, whom he always carefully buttoned into his reading-desk before shutting himself up in his own square box beneath. How thankful I felt that although Arthur Trafford could see Lilian, she was so placed that she could not see him. I was glad too that he should see her thus—shewing no traces of suffering from his desertion, her face blooming with the delicate rose-tint of health, and its whole expression calm, and sweet, and pure; whilst she joined in the service in a way which betokened no wandering thoughts, unconscious of the eyes bent upon her half in shame, half in regret. He was surprised, I fancied even disagreeably so, to find his loss borne so calmly as this. And though he no doubt persuaded himself that he was glad to see that his desertion had not permanently injured her, his vanity was wounded.

It was just as well that the bride-elect had no misgivings about herself, and was too much occupied in admiring some bracelets, which I suppose she was wearing for the first time, to notice the direction of her lover's eyes. She did not perceive us where we sat, and I contrived to whisper a few words so as to draw Lilian's attention from them, as they passed down the aisle on their way out. They had driven away before she knew that they had been there, and I was rejoiced to find that her walk home was none the less enjoyed for my telling her of it.

The following evening Lilian was seated at the piano trying a new song which Robert Wentworth had brought down with him. He was standing by her side, listening attentively and critically, stopping her every now and then, to make her go over the ground again, frankly pointing out defects of style or what not, as his habit was with all we did. A glorious July evening.

> The world's comforter, with weary gait,
> His day's hot task has ended in the west.

I was sitting at the open window, my eyes turned towards the hill-side, bathed in the glory of departing day, my mind attuned to Lilian's music, and reflecting the *couleur de rose* of the scene outside. I was indulging myself with a peep into dreamland, though a little doubtfully, and somewhat as an interloper, liable at any time to be warned off the enchanted ground, which, in my self-conscious-

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ness, I told myself youth alone has a right to enter, when my attention was attracted towards Becky, standing at the door and beckoning me out of the room.

'A letter for you, Miss; just come by the evening post,' she whispered, slipping it into my hand when I joined her outside. I noticed that Becky always called me aside to give me the foreign letters now; as though she intuitively felt that I should prefer to receive them when alone.

I thanked her with a look; and hastily catching up my garden-hat, slipped by the window and out at the gate, unobserved; then hurried down the lane to read my precious letter at the stile, in the red glory of the sunset.

A letter from Philip—and what a letter!—'My wife—my dear wife. At last I am setting my face homewards'——

Ah, well; I think I will tell the rest in my own words. I have been chary of quoting Philip's letters hitherto, and they shall be sacred still. Enough for me to say that his affairs were definitely settled at last. He loved me—he *did* love me—in a way which it made me humble to think of; humble, and proud, and glad, with all a woman's strength and depth. Ah! Philip, for once I was satisfied for your sake; it *was* something stronger, and deeper, and more enduring than a girl's love awaiting you!

How tenderly he wrote about the pain which the long waiting had cost him! How tenderly he dwelt upon what he termed my unselfishness in acceding to the delay! How rejoiced he seemed to be at last able to claim me—'*me*,' I repeated, nodding pleasantly at a wild rose peeping round the hedge. 'You wouldn't imagine it, I daresay, but it is true, nevertheless.'

Philip had never written like this before; never until now had it been so evident how much the long waiting had cost him. Whilst I had sometimes tormented myself with fears lest the separation should at length have become a matter of course to him, he had been silently rebelling. I could only judge how much by the sudden revulsion—the contrast in his tone now that the waiting was at an end.

He had made enough to satisfy us two, without any more 'money-grubbing,' as he termed it. He would have nearly two thousand a year when he had retired from the partnership and all was settled. We could now live the life we had dreamt of in the old times, with the gratification of knowing that we had earned it. Any time after the middle of next month he might be expected. 'And you must amuse yourself in the meantime in deciding where we are to pitch our tent. Look about for a house after your own heart for us to settle down in;' and so forth, and so forth. Was ever woman so blessed! My whole being steeped in happiness, I clasped my hands upon the top bar of the stile and tried to offer up a thanksgiving. What had I done to deserve all the happiness showered upon me? What was I that I should be so blessed? But mental prayer was not enough. There was the irresistible desire to *give* as well as receive, which is experienced in all seasons of great joy. Who can love one truly without being in more sympathy with all humanity! I only know that I felt I could not bear my happiness aright until I had, so to speak, consecrated it by some act of love.

I slipped my letter into the bosom of my dress, turned down the lane which ran at right angles with that leading from the cottage, and walked swiftly on. On I went, without thinking whither; yielding to the impulse upon me, without pausing to ask myself how far I should have to go, or what I should find to do in those silent lanes. Was some subtle influence at work with me, of which at the time I was not conscious? Was some guardian spirit leading me towards an end it was not necessary for me to see? I only know that I shall never believe it was only chance which led me to a certain spot that night!

## SUBMARINE CABLES.

### THEIR MANUFACTURE.

TWENTY-SEVEN years ago the first submarine cable was laid across the Strait of Dover. This was a single copper wire covered in gutta-percha, which parted next day; and the first practicable submarine cable was laid in 1851, on the same route. Since then the progress of ocean telegraphy has been extraordinary; no fewer than six cables spanning the Atlantic bed—five to North America (although these are not all working), and one to South America by way of Madeira and Pernambuco. And so extensive is the already existing network of foreign cables, that when Asia is united to America by cabling the Pacific, the electric girdle round the world will be complete from east to west, as it now is between north and south.

In this great development of telegraphy our countrymen have unquestionably furnished both the lion's share of the work and the capital. The cables have nearly all been manufactured in London, which is the headquarters of telegraphy.

The principal parts of a submarine cable are: the *conductor;* the *insulator;* and the *protector* or sheathing. The conductor, as its name implies, is the wire which conducts or conveys the electric current from one place to another. It corresponds to the iron wire of our ordinary open air or land lines of telegraph. Along this wire, as is well known, the current from the battery at the station from which the message is being sent travels to the station receiving the message, where it passes to the earth, and appears to return through the earth to the battery again; thus *completing its circuit.* There are two distinct parts of the circuit which the current has to traverse—namely, the outgoing part, represented by the wire or *conductor;* and the return part, represented by the earth itself; and inasmuch as these two parts must be kept distinct and apart throughout their length, the wire which is laid along the earth's surface must be kept apart from the earth, to secure which the conductor is entirely surrounded with an *insulator.* In land lines, erected on posts overhead, the wire is separated or insulated from the earth by the air, which is, when dry, the most perfect insulator known; and at the points of support, contact with the earth is prevented by the use of porcelain, stoneware, or vulcanite 'insulators,' to which the conducting wire is fastened.

An insulator is a non-conducting substance, impervious, so to speak, to electricity. It is the theoretical antipodes of a conductor. While the conductor is a substance through or over which electricity flows freely, the insulator will neither

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permit electricity to pass through its mass nor over its surface. It can therefore be used as a means of confining electricity to a conductor, and preventing it from escaping to other conductors in the neighbourhood. In short it can be made to insulate or isolate the particular conductor from all other conductors. Its use in a submarine cable is to confine the electric current to the conductor or wire, so that it travels along it from one station to the other without escaping to the water, and through that to the earth (which, as we have already said, is the neighbouring conductor, and the return part of the circuit) on its way. It is therefore of course important that there shall be no flaw in the insulator, and in order to protect it from strain and violence, it is covered with a strong guard or sheathing. This outer sheathing or protector, which is composed of twisted metal strands, is purely mechanical. Only the conductor and the insulator are concerned in the *electrical* requirements of the cable.

The conductor is invariably of copper wire, that metal being chosen because, next to silver, which is of course too expensive, it is the best metallic conductor of electricity. The metals, as distinguished from most other minerals, are excellent conductors of electricity; that is to say, they oppose relatively *less resistance* to the passage of the electric current through their mass. There is an economy of power in using a good conductor for the telegraphic line. The current is less weakened when the resistance to its passage along the line of wire is less, and it is therefore capable of more powerful effects throughout the route, and consequently at the other end. The conductivity or conducting power of a wire increases with the thickness of the wire; and therefore by taking a thicker wire of a more common metal than copper (such as iron), the resistance to the passage of the current may be made as small as when a thin copper wire is employed. But it is important that the conductor of a submarine cable, especially of a long one, should be of as fine dimensions as possible, in order to economise insulating material and sheathing, and reduce the total weight of the finished line. Therefore the advantages in point of price of iron wire over copper in the first place, would be greatly overbalanced by the increased cost of insulating and sheathing it. It is of the greatest importance that the copper wire of the cable should be as pure as possible, for the slightest trace of arsenic or other foreign element is sufficient to hamper, in some mysterious way, the swift course of the subtle current, and very materially to weaken the conducting power of the wire.

In a few cables the copper conductor has been made in the form of a single thick wire; but for the sake of greater flexibility and less risk of breakage, it is generally made in the form of a strand of three or more, and frequently of seven wires; six set round a central one. The wires are wound together in a spiral strand, and their interstices filled with an adhesive substance called Chatterton's Compound, a mixture of resin, gutta-percha, and Stockholm tar. This compound not only renders the strand solid, and impervious to water, but also acts as an adhesive connection between the copper conductor itself and the insulator with which it is to be coated. Bound together with this or similar pitchy compounds, the conductor and the insulator form a solid *core* expanding and contracting together.

The insulator is always either of gutta-percha or india-rubber, but most frequently the former; and it is of course essential that there shall be no flaw or defect, such as an air-bubble or steam-vesicle, or hair or thread inclosed so as to deteriorate its insulating properties. To guard against such accidents, it is usual to apply a series of coatings to make up the total thickness of the insulator. Accordingly, when one coating has cooled, a layer of Chatterton's Compound is applied to it, and another coating overlaid, and so on, until the required amount of insulating material has been put on.

Whether the insulating substance is gutta-percha or india-rubber, there is generally wound round it a serving of untarred hemp or jute yarn, which has either been tanned or soaked in brine as a preservative. This is to act as a padding or cushion for the iron sheathing or protector next to be applied. This serving is applied in the following way. A circular disc or frame, carrying on one face a series of bobbins which hold the threads of the yarn, is kept revolving. The core is made to pass through a hole in the centre of this disc, and the threads are wound spirally round it as the disc revolves.

The iron wires of the sheathing, which completely inclose and cover the served core, are wound on by the powerful 'cable machines,' whose operation is so interesting a feature in a visit to a cable factory. The great revolving disc, seven or eight feet in diameter, is set round with iron bobbins filled with the iron sheathing wires. These bobbins are *suspended* on the face of the disc, so that as the disc revolves they always preserve their fixed position with respect to the earth. In this way the wires themselves are not twisted round their own axes as they are laid on the core. These wires are generally of the best homogeneous iron wire, that is, a wire intermediate in quality between iron and steel, and uniting some of the toughness of the former to the strength of the latter. They are sometimes themselves covered with a serving of the best tarred Manilla hemp; sometimes laid on in single wires abutting against each other, so as to form a smooth and complete casing for the cable; and sometimes they are applied in strands of three wires, each abutting against each other. The composite sheathing of hemp and iron is usually applied to the deep-sea portion of a cable where, in laying, a union of lightness and strength is demanded, and where, when once laid, the cable is not likely to be molested. The single-wire sheathing is applied to cables to be laid in shallower depths, such as coast-waters; and the heavy-strand sheathing is for protecting the cable in anchorages and on sea-beaches. The light-sheathed cable is called 'main' or 'deep-sea cable;' the medium is called 'intermediate;' and the heavy-sheathed cable is called 'shore-end.' There is seldom more of the last than ten or twelve miles, to carry the cable well out of reach of the abrasion of storm-shifted boulders and coast anchorage. The intermediate usually extends until deep water has been reached, where the deep-sea portion takes its place. These three types of cable are connected together by 'taper pieces.' The core is of course uniform throughout the entire length of the cable; but the

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taper pieces serve to connect the different types of sheathing artistically and soundly with each other. The intermediate cable generally has its sheathing wires covered with a serving of mineral pitch, silica, and hemp of a coarse quality, in order to ward off as long as possible the dissolving action of the sea-water.

The cable being thus finished at the manufactory, it is coiled into large iron tanks, and there immersed in brine until it is shipped for transport and laying.

All the materials of a submarine cable are carefully watched and tested—the iron wire, for stretching, twisting, and breaking stress, and the core for all its electric properties. The special properties of every knot or mile of the core are chronicled, so that a complete account of every part of the cable is preserved during its progress of manufacture. And after it is made, it is tested electrically every day, to see that no change takes place in its electric qualities. These electric tests are three in number: For *resistance*—the resistance of the copper wire to the passage of the current. For *inductive capacity*—the amount of charge or quantity of electricity which the cable will take up. For *insulation resistance*—the insulating power of the gutta-percha coating.

These tests are made by direct comparison with units, just as bodies are weighed by comparison with a pound or unit of weight. The unit of electric resistance is the *ohm;* so called after the celebrated German physicist and electrician Ohm. The ohm is the resistance of a certain length of platinum-silver wire determined by a Committee of the British Association. Multiples of the ohm are readily obtained, and these are arranged and made up into what are called *resistance-boxes*—the practical tool of the electrician. A resistance-box usually contains coils of platinum-silver wire of from five thousand ohms downwards to single ohms or fractions of an ohm. It is with this finely graduated tool that the electrician compares the resistance, or in other words ascertains the conducting power of the cable.

The unit of measurement of the *insulation resistance* of the cable is a very high multiple of the ohm, called the *meg-ohm* or million-ohms; for inasmuch as the insulator is, technically speaking, a non-conductor, its office is to exercise the necessary resistance to the escape of the current. The unit for capacity is called a *micro-farad* or millionth part of the *Farad*, which derives its name from Faraday, and represents a certain *quantity* of electricity. The practical tool for the micro-farad is a contrivance called a *condenser*, a description of which, without the aid of drawings, would be too technical for our readers. A submarine cable is itself, however, a particular form of such a condenser. The copper wire is one of the opposed conductors, the sheathing, earth, and sea-water form the other, and these are separated from each other by the insulating coating of gutta-percha. It is a curious fact that when a charge of electricity is communicated to the copper wire of a cable, it *induces* a charge of an opposite kind in the earth outside. This inductive property of an insulated wire contiguous to the earth has an important bearing on practical telegraphy; for inasmuch as the communicated charge and the induced charge attract each other, the former travels less swiftly along the wire; it is held back, as it were, by the retarding influence of the earth's induced charge; or in other words has a tendency to ooze out of the cable instead of travelling uninterruptedly to the other end. It is of consequence, therefore, to ascertain the inductive capacity of a cable; as the less it is, the greater will the *speed* of signalling be.

The resistances and capacity of a cable are usually tested, according to the standards of resistance and capacity—that is, with the ohm, meg-ohm, and micro-farad—by measuring the strength of an electric current passing through the cable, by means of an instrument called the galvanometer, or current measurer. Its principle depends upon the fact, discovered by Oersted, the famous Copenhagen philosopher, that when a current is sent along a wire in the neighbourhood of a freely suspended magnetic needle, the needle will be deflected into a new position, and this position will be to right or to left according as the current of one kind or the other is sent through the wire. Moreover, the amount of deflection will be directly proportional to the *strength* of the current. This great discovery, which gave an incalculably great impetus to the progress of the telegraph, is the theoretical basis of the galvanometer. One form of this instrument, used to test submarine cables, is called the 'reflecting galvanometer,' and is the invention of Sir William Thomson. The wire through which the current to be measured is made to pass, consists of a great many turns of silk-covered or insulated copper of a very fine gauge, forming a hollow coil, in the heart of which a very diminutive magnetic needle is suspended by a gossamer-like filament of floss silk. This magnet (or magnets, for there are generally more than one) carries a tiny circular mirror, the whole arrangement of magnets and mirror being no longer than (=). A beam of light is thrown from a lamp in front on to the mirror, and reflected back again on to a graduated pasteboard scale. When the current to be measured is sent throughout the coiled wire surrounding the magnets, they are turned horizontally on their former position, and the mirror is inclined round with them, so that the reflected beam of light is moved along the scale, the distance to which it is moved being a measure of the current strength.

Now when the current from a given battery or source of electricity is made to pass through wires of different resistances, the strength of the current which will pass through these wires can be made a measure of their resistances; and therefore, when the current from a particular battery is sent through the conductor of the cable or to test the insulator, and in each case measured by the galvanometer, and compared with the current from the same source which will flow through the units of comparison, the copper resistance and insulation resistance can be obtained.

In a somewhat similar way the capacity—the *amount* of electricity which a cable will take—is compared with the capacity of a standard condenser or measure of capacity. The opposite plates or sheets of the condenser are charged by a particular battery; and as these charges are eager to flow into each other and unite, but are held apart by the insulator, they may be allowed to do so through a wire or other conductor. The discharge of the

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opposite electricities into one another sets up a short powerful current in this wire, and its strength is proportional to the quantity of electricity discharged; that is, to the capacity of the condenser. If the coil of the galvanometer be substituted for this discharging wire, the strength of this discharge will be measured by the deflection of the gleam of light on the scale. By charging alternately, therefore, the condenser and the cable from the same battery, and observing their respective discharges by means of the galvanometer, the capacities of the cable and condenser are compared.

The speed of signalling through a submarine cable, that is to say the number of words per minute that can be transmitted through it, varies with the resistance of its conductor, its inductive capacity, and its length; and it is by a consideration of these properties, together with weight and cost of material, that its form and dimensions are designed; and on this interesting subject we may have a few words to say in a future paper.

## LIFE IN ST KILDA.

### FIRST PAPER.

For the following interesting account of the island of St Kilda, we are indebted to Mr J. Sands, a gentleman who has more than once visited the rock, and who upon one occasion was detained there for several months by stress of weather. As will be seen by his narrative—the first portion of which we now offer to our readers—he utilised his opportunities for observing not only the manners and customs of the natives, but many curious facts connected with the natural history and even the archæology of the islet. With these few words of preface, we leave Mr Sands to tell his story.

Far out in the Atlantic—forty-nine miles west from Obe in the Sound of Harris, and forty-three from Shillay in the Outer Hebrides—there is a group of islands, evidently of volcanic origin, the largest of which, called *Hirta* by the inhabitants, and St Kilda by strangers, contains a small community who speak Gaelic only, and have all Highland names. This island, which is about three miles long by two broad, is bounded on the north-east and south-west by enormous precipices that rise like walls out of the sea. These cliffs are frequented by vast numbers of sea-fowl; by puffins, cormorants, guillemots, auks, and other birds. A species of gull called the fulmar also abounds, and is of great value to the inhabitants, who salt the flesh for food in winter and sell the oil and feathers. St Kilda is the only island in Great Britain where that bird breeds. About three miles to the north-east of St Kilda is an island called Boreray, which is the great resort of solan-geese, which also frequent the *stacks* or isolated rocks adjacent.

The population of St Kilda numbers at present seventy-five souls. It was considerably larger some two centuries ago. Where the community originally came from no one knows. Their early history is lost in darkness; but it can be traced back to the fourteenth century. In 1697 Martin visited the island, and wrote a quaint but faithful account of it. At present there is no regular communication between St Kilda and any other place except by a boat called 'the smack,' which is sent out by the proprietor (MacLeod of MacLeod) twice a year—namely in summer and autumn, to collect the rents, to carry away the produce, and to furnish supplies. Some bold yachtsman generally pays the island a hurried visit about the end of summer; but as the anchorage is dangerous, he seldom or never remains more than two or three hours. Some of the natives have been as far as Lewis, Harris, and Uist, and surprise the others with tales of the wonders they have seen in those distant places; a man with a wooden leg having apparently created the greatest interest. But the majority have never been farther than Boreray. No people can be more isolated or less indebted to their neighbours for example or instruction in the ways of civilised life. Notwithstanding this, it will be difficult to find a better-behaved community—one more pious, sober, industrious, polite, and hospitable.

I had always a great desire to see this *Ultima Thule*, and in 1875 the proprietor's factor agreed to give me a passage in his smack to the island. On the 3d of June I landed, and at my own desire was left behind when the smack sailed from the bay on the 6th. I remained on St Kilda about seven weeks, and passed the time in rambling about the island, trying to learn Gaelic, making excursions to the other islands in the boats along with the natives, and in visiting them in their homes. I lived in a house by myself and cooked my own food. I had a set of bagpipes with me and a flute, and when threatened with melancholy cheered myself with a tune on these instruments. I bought some biscuits, oatmeal, &c., and a sheep or two, and the women kept me supplied gratis with turf for my fire. At the end of seven weeks the yacht *Crusader* came into the bay, the owner of which kindly gave me a passage to Greenock. Before I left St Kilda I had an opportunity of seeing how the trade was conducted—the low prices which the poor people received for their produce, and the high prices they were obliged to pay for their supplies, and I felt no little sympathy for them. Animated with a desire to better their condition and assimilate themselves with their more fortunate brethren of the mainland, they requested me several times to try to get them a boat large enough to carry a crew and cargo to Harris, where they might carry on their trade on more profitable terms than with the proprietor. On my return home I got a boat built for them, and started a subscription to pay for her. I further resolved to go out in her myself, so as to see her safely delivered to the people, and to give them a little enlightenment as to the prices of commodities in the outer world.

On the 30th May 1876 I arrived at Lochgilphead to get possession of the boat, which seemed suitable for the purpose; and by the kind assistance of Messrs Hutcheson, the well-known ship-owners, I reached Stornoway, *en route* for St Kilda, in safety.

I remained in Stornoway weather-bound until the 12th June, and whilst waiting for a fair wind to continue our voyage westward, let me narrate a mysterious occurrence, bearing on my narrative, that took place some years ago.

In the month of April 1864 a boat left St Kilda for Stornoway with a woman and seven men on board. Every man had a chest, and the woman a small box; and they took provisions with them, and some salt-fish and home-spun cloth to pay expenses. The islanders went up the hill

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called Oswald or *Osimhal* and watched the boat for several hours. All seemed well. The woman in the boat intended to visit some relations at Loch Inver.

On a Sunday about a month afterwards, three London smacks entered the bay and brought the news that the boat was lost near Lewis with all on board. Never doubting the truth of the intelligence, the inhabitants gave vent to their grief without restraint. The three skippers came on shore and beguiled the time by playing quoits with flat stones, and when they witnessed the agitation of the bereaved St Kildans, they jeered in mockery. There was no minister on the island at the time, but a probationer called Kennedy filled the office. Although he understood English as well as Gaelic, he never thought of taking a note of the names of the smacks. The St Kildans say the crews belonged to London, but that *one man could speak Gaelic*. Some time afterwards some of the clothes of the missing men, torn as if in a scuffle, were brought to St Kilda by the then factor, and were said to have been found in a cave at Lewis. The people got gradually resigned to their fate, although I heard them on my first visit declare that they believed the lost crew had been murdered. But I thought at the time that this was a preposterous suspicion, which could only be entertained by people living in solitude and ignorant of the world outside. But strange to relate I was told by Mr MacIver, banker in Stornoway, that a letter had been received from a firm in the Transvaal Republic, by the minister of Harris, stating that Donald MacKinnon, one of the lost crew, had just died at Pilgrim's Rest, Lydenburg Gold-fields, of a fever, and had left property to the amount of thirty-seven pounds. On my expressing a suspicion that the strange story might be untrue, Mr MacIver informed me that the money had actually been lodged with him.

Why Donald MacKinnon had never written to St Kilda to inform his father and other relatives of his fate, is a mystery that none can fathom. But if he was preserved, it is possible that some others of the missing crew may have been saved too. I may mention that Sir John MacLeod, then proprietor of St Kilda, caused an inquiry to be made at Lewis at the time the boat was lost; but without eliciting any information.

At Stornoway, I was introduced to Captain Macdonald of the fishery cruiser *Vigilant*, and hospitably entertained in that smart vessel. He seemed desirous to give me a convoy to St Kilda; but the Board, to whom I applied, declined to allow him to leave his station. On the 12th June, however, he took me on board and my boat in tow, and conveyed us to the island of Scalpa, where I abode for several days in the house of Mr Campbell, the chief man of the island, who treated me with true Highland hospitality. Mr Campbell's house stands on the site of one recently demolished, in which Prince Charlie found shelter when hiding from his enemies. A stone above the door bearing an inscription in Gaelic, records the fact. In one of the cottages in Scalpa I saw about a dozen girls thickening blankets; this they did by tossing them about upon a broad board. One of the girls sung a Gaelic song, whilst the others joined in the chorus. On my entering the room the songstress cleverly composed a verse about me. I was much interested with this ancient Highland custom.

The land in Scalpa is poor and boggy; but some of the people are fine specimens of humanity—good-looking and polite. Some of them expressed an opinion that the island was over-populated, which I am afraid is the case, although I should be sorry to see such men leave the country. On the 17th, the *Vigilant*, which had returned to Stornoway, again called at Scalpa, and took me and my boat on to Obe in the Sound of Harris. The navigation of these straits is considered very difficult; but Captain Macdonald, as if to display his seamanship, ran down the Sound and then tacked up again without fear, and in a manner that excited my admiration. I had never seen a smarter vessel or seaman.

At Obe I found the factor's smack lying weather-bound. Here also I saw two St Kildan women who had come to Harris nine months previously, and were yearning to be home again, never having heard from their husbands since they left. On the 18th the *Vigilant* returned to Stornoway.

At Obe I engaged two men to work the boat to St Kilda, agreeing to pay them eight pounds for the trip, but stipulating that when the boat reached the bay they were to have no further claim upon me. This seems a large sum; but for all I knew they might have had to live for weeks in the island without a chance of returning. However, they arranged with the smack's skipper (an old friend) for a return passage; and on the 21st, at seven in the morning, we set sail—two men and myself in the new boat, a rope connecting us with the smack. When about half-way St Kilda was descried on the western horizon—'suspected more than seen,' for though the day was bright and sunny a thick haze obscured the distance. We reached the island about five in the evening, and separating from the smack, cast our anchor near the shore. Soon a crowd began to gather on the rocks, but they did not seem in a hurry to launch their boat. I observed one of the women who had come with the smack standing on deck and holding up her infant (born during her absence from St Kilda) in a triumphant manner, although she was too distant to be seen from the shore. At length a boat is pushed off and pulls towards us; the crew stare doubtfully at me, and then, as they come alongside, repeat my name and grasp my hand. I and the two men who had come with me jump into the shore-boat, and are landed on the rocky bank amidst a crowd of men and women. But whilst I am busy shaking hands with this old friend and that, one of the Harris men suddenly discloses the story about the lost boat and Donald MacKinnon, and in a moment all is confusion, grief, and amazement. Women squat upon the ground and chant their lamentations; and men stand with open mouths and eyes and mutter observations in Gaelic on the wonderful news.

The boat goes off to the smack and brings the two women on shore, where they are received with conjugal kisses. Ten months had elapsed from the receipt in Harris of the letter from Africa until its arrival in St Kilda—although the one place is visible from the other in a clear day.

I must now try to describe the village. It is built on a comparatively level piece of ground about twenty feet above the sea, at the foot of steep hills, has a southerly exposure, and consists of nineteen cottages, arranged like a crescent. They are plainly built and roofed with zinc. They were

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erected about fourteen years ago. But the old huts in which the people formerly dwelt still stand, and are picturesque structures. The walls of these are double, with turf packed in between. They are built without lime, and are thatched with straw, held down by ropes of the same material attached to stones. They are said to have been very warm and comfortable. In some of them are beds in the wall, accessible by a hole like the mouth of a baker's oven. These huts are now used as cow-houses, barns, and cellars, and are similar to the houses in Lewis, Harris, and other islands of the Hebrides. I include the manse or parsonage in the above number, although it is rather better built. At the back of it stands the church, a modern and ugly building. The plan of the village was until lately like the framework of a boy's kite; but the staff is now gone, and the bow alone remains. In front of the village and between it and the sea, is a patch of arable ground of about fifteen or twenty acres in extent, divided into lots. There are also patches of arable ground behind the village. The whole is inclosed by a massive dry stone wall, to keep off cattle. But what chiefly excites the attention and wonder of the stranger is the immense number of small houses everywhere to be seen around the village and clustered all over the island, up even to the summit of the hills. These are called *clætan*, and are used as storehouses for turf and grass. They are called pyramids by Martin. In general they are built so narrow that single stones can be laid from one wall to the other to form the roof. Some of these primitive structures are said to be ancient; but I have seen others erected on exactly the same system, for architecture has not changed in St Kilda, as in other places. Behind the village the steep hills rise to a considerable height, Connagher being one thousand three hundred feet above the sea. The bay or loch is open on the south-east. It is sheltered on the south-west by a long craggy island called the Dun.

On the 24th, the factor's smack left for Dunvegan. Before going on board he presented a document to the men, who were all assembled on the shore, and requested them to sign it. He made no objection to their trying to go to Harris in the new boat; but he wanted to know if they wished the proprietor to send supplies as usual. The men seemed resolved to make use of the new boat; but were persuaded by the minister to sign the paper. I was not pleased at this transaction, for although the boat was found very useful in making trips to the other islands for birds, she was procured for the express purpose of enabling the people to trade with Harris. When they had signed the paper, which bound them still to continue their transactions with the factor, my object was in a measure frustrated, and the islanders had no alternative but that of still relying upon the smack for their autumn supply of oatmeal and other articles from the mainland.

For a few days I took lodgings in one of the cottages; but afterwards I got a house to myself, and cooked my own food.

On the 29th of June I went with a party of eighteen men and boys in the new boat to the island of Boreray. All the men but two, who were left to take charge of the boat, ascended the cliffs, and I was tempted to go along with them. With the end of a rope round my waist, held by a man who preceded me, I clambered up such paths as one may see in a nightmare. I thought it best not to look too far ahead, but to keep my attention fixed on the ground at my feet. Sometimes I was indebted to my guide for a pull up some difficult bit; and I succeeded in reaching the top. The height was probably eight hundred feet —the highest rocks on this island being over a thousand. Some of the cliffs were white with solan-geese. All the men dispersed and descended the cliffs to catch fulmars, and I was left in charge of a youth called *Callum Beag*, or Little Malcolm, who will retain the same name although he grows to six feet.

It is the custom of the St Kildans to send a party of young women to this island every year to catch puffins for the sake of the feathers. During my first visit I had gone with such a party to Boreray, and saw them at work. Rearing their young in holes in the turf, these curious birds (called *Tammie Nories* in some places) require dodging to get at, and great care in handling, as their bite is very severe. Being acquainted with their habits, the women take dogs with them, which are taught to alarm the puffins and to catch them as they flutter out of their holes. The girls also place hair-ropes on the ground, held down at the ends by stones. Nooses of horse-hair are affixed to the rope, into which the birds (which frequent this island in incredible numbers) push their feet. In this way some of the girls catch as many as four or five hundred puffins in a day. The young women remain about three weeks on the island, all alone by themselves. They work until they drop asleep. Every one takes her Gaelic Bible with her, for all can read with ease. They sleep in the clothes they wear during the day. On my second visit to this island, I took a glance at the houses in which these bird-catchers reside. They are three in number, and are covered outside with earth and turf, and look like grassy hillocks. One of them is fifteen feet long by six feet wide. It is six and a half feet high at the hearth, which is close to the door. A semicircular stone seat runs round the hearth. The rest of the floor is raised a foot higher, and is used as a bed. The door is about two and a half feet high, and has to be entered on hands and knees. These houses are built on the same plan as the *clætan*, but are covered outside with earth and turf for the sake of warmth.

A house of the bee-hive type, described by Martin and Macaulay, formerly stood on this island; but to my great regret it has been demolished within the memory of man. It was inhabited by a hermit called Stallir. The people have several traditionary tales about this house. When I had seen all that was to be seen, I grew tired sitting on the top of the cliff, and ventured to descend without assistance. Callum Beag tried to remonstrate, but I persisted, and fortunately succeeded in reaching the boat below. I had begun to be familiar with great heights, for it is all a matter of custom. In a short time all the men were seen descending the cliffs laden with fulmars; and hoisting our lug-sail and jib we returned to St Kilda.

One day shortly after my arrival an old man happening to be up the hill at the back of the village descried what he imagined to be two marks cut on the turf on the top of Boreray. A

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party of men, it is necessary to explain, had gone to that island about a fortnight before to *pluck* the sheep which are kept there, for shears are as yet unknown in St Kilda. He came down in great distress, and communicated the intelligence to the rest of the people, who, to my surprise, were thrown into a state of consternation. The women seated themselves on the ground and chanted lamentations. On inquiring the reason, I was informed that a system of telegraphy had been long established in St Kilda, and that two marks cut in the turf in Boreray signified that one or more of the party were sick or dead, and that a boat was wanted immediately. I went up the hill, and with a glass discovered that one of the marks was a number of men building a *cleit*. I explained this to some of the people who had followed me, but failed to convince them for a time. In the evening, however, when the boat returned from Boreray with the plucking-party all well, the sceptics acknowledged with joyful smiles that my glass was better than their eyes.

## THE LUDICROUS.

It would appear that the human memory is more retentive of the grotesque and ludicrous, whether moral or physical, than of the sublime and beautiful in nature, the graver incidents of life or the loftier mental experiences. We recall with realistic distinctness every object whose saliency has consisted in pleasing distortion, and every event that has in any way appealed to our sense of humour; while we may reproduce but faintly the impressions received from the contemplation of the highest works of art, the most perfect landscape, or the ordinary vicissitudes of the world. In every-day language, this is largely accounted for by the force with which the exception to any given rule, the aberration from ordinary courses of action, and the departure from universally accepted principles, arrest our attention in virtue of their rarity. This of course applies to many other classes of phenomena besides the odd, the distorted, the whimsical, or the ridiculous; but the human mind, strange though it seems, has undoubtedly a greater facility for the reception and reproduction of these than of any other.

If we deliberately cast back in our minds for the images of our early playmates and schoolfellows, we observe that the first to present themselves, as a rule, are those possessing some marked peculiarities, and that those peculiarities are the centre-points of the pictures. Ordinary faces and physiques, even of those near and dear to us, shew but dimly on memory's canvas; but a squint, a lisp, a burr, freckles, ungainliness, or oddity of manner, has stamped there the images of comparative strangers with indelible clearness; and the blemishes which produce these results are themselves not only plainly delineated, but frequently exaggerated. Again, if we permit the mind to revert unrestrainedly to the *events* of childhood, the earliest to suggest themselves are, almost invariably, those which have exercised our risible faculties or sense of the absurd—the laughable scrapes, odd predicaments, amusing exploits of ourselves or others, are the things remembered of our youth. The recollections of any two men of middle age with regard to their common school-days teem with whimsical anecdotes, to the almost total extinguishing of other things. This experience may be termed universal, and suggests the curious question: To what extent should we be at all able, if devoid of the sense of humour, to recall the companions and incidents of our childhood and youth?

Let us look at our subject from another point of view. What do we find on attempting to recall our knowledge of 'the men of all times,' whose biographies we have read? We cast our net, as it were, into the pool of our recollections—say, for example, regarding a Napoleon, a Newton, or a Columbus. The result is significant. Beyond an imperfect conception of the scope and lesson of their lives, nine out of ten fairly intelligent people will succeed in landing only a few trifles in the shape of anecdotes, physical peculiarities, or amusing idiosyncrasies. The first was the ambitious disturber of Europe; the second, a philosopher; the last, discovered America. In addition—what? Why, Napoleon was fond of snuff, which he carried loose in his waistcoat pocket, and was called 'the Little Corporal.' The expounder of the law of gravitation on one occasion used his sweetheart's finger as a tobacco-stopper. And the private life of Columbus is epitomised in the apocryphal story of making an egg stand on end. Popularly, the portraits of heroes and notabilities are distinct in proportion to the number and saliency of their blemishes. (Who can forget the wen on Cromwell's nose?) On the other hand, their hopes, their loves, their sorrows, their great life-purposes, their very identities, are held together in the minds of the masses by the force of association with trivial and adventitious circumstances. It is an odd but not necessarily a humiliating reflection; for the mind that can find 'good in all things' will see in it a most wise and important provision in our mental economy.

The simplest and best known rule in the so-called art of Mnemonics is, naturally enough, based upon a recognition of the facility with which anything connected with the grotesque, absurd, or whimsical may be recalled. Dates, statistics, names, &c. are taken into the memory along with some catch-word or ludicrous expression, and are by that means reproducible almost at will. We are not prepared to say in how far such a rule is in the long-run beneficial or injurious to the natural memory, nor to decide to what extent thus deliberately burdening the mind with a host of distorted conceptions goes to counterbalance the immediate advantages sought. It is sufficient for our present purpose that its application is illustrative of what we have said.

The deliberate action of the mind, dictated by this rule, in seeking the aid of whimsicalities as the milestones and finger-posts of memory, is not only sanctioned (as we have said) by the recognition of one of its inherent properties, but by the most unmistakable precedents in its own natural operation. Surnames which do not owe their origin to the professions of those who first assumed them, or to modifications of Christian names, partake largely of the humorous in their conception, as we have shewn in former articles on Names in this *Journal*. They are, in fact, epigrammatic. Doubtless, among races in which the susceptibility to humour is very subordinate to other sensibilities, these epigram-names will embody less of that element; but even amongst the

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gravest tribes of North American Indians, and the melancholy races of Eastern Asia, secondary titles are in common use for ordinary and familiar occasions, answering exactly to our own idea of nicknames. Amongst ourselves the coinage of surnames has long ago been completed and in full circulation, their original meanings having now no force or application to the persons bearing them. Even nicknames have almost disappeared from polite literature and society with the increasing sensitiveness of the age. The art of 'smashing' in the matter of names, however, still lingers in the nursery and the playground, as well as in the inner circles of family life generally; and if we cast an observing glance down the social scale, we shall find the practice more and more widely obtaining, until, amongst the rural population and the operatives of Lancashire and the Black Country, we find it absolutely universal. In the latter locality, indeed, the inapplicability of authorised surnames has led to their total disuse. We read some years ago a Report from an official source, in which it was circumstantially stated that many of the puddlers, nailers, and others had utterly forgotten their original or baptismal name, being invariably addressed and known by a *sobriquet*, which hit off some whimsical peculiarity of person or character. We ourselves have a lively recollection of a woman in the neighbourhood of Bilston to whom her own husband's real name was so unfamiliar that she entirely failed to recognise it when we questioned her regarding him.

Scottish literature, and that of England which in point of national progress corresponds to it, owe much of their vigour and enjoyableness to the quaintness of the counterfeit nomenclature with which they abound; and at the same time indicate the prevalence of epigrammatic humorous names in the age which produced them. One of our finest ballads indeed—The Blithesome Bridal—is little other than a catalogue of trenchant nicknames: 'Will wi' the meikle mou,' 'Bow-legged Robbie,' 'Thumbless Katie,' 'Plouckie-faced Wat i' the mill;' and so on.

If then the human mind has not only an exceptional facility for the reproduction of whimsicalities, but a significant tendency to seek for and employ these as aids to the memory of more serious but less salient things, how shall we estimate *the mnemonic value of the sense of the ludicrous?* We have no desire, even if space would permit, to treat the inquiry exhaustively; but may point out one or two of the leading facts on which so curious an investigation might be based, and one or two reflections which the subject immediately suggests.

First, then, it is a well-established truth that the barbarous races which have proved totally unsusceptible of civilisation are those which are utterly or almost utterly devoid of the sense of humour: exemplified in the aborigines of Australia and the Indians of the West; while on the other hand the Negro, endowed with the most whimsical of fancies, has, though steeped in barbarism, the latent germ of intellectual and moral progress. Secondly, among the so-called civilised branches of the human family, the Caucasian, with its rich vein of humour, its hearty power of laughter, and its deftness in extracting from every condition of things the elixir of fun, stands in unapproachable superiority. Lastly, to those whose observation of national character has been sufficiently minute and varied, it will be equally clear that those European peoples which have the finest and deepest appreciation of the quaint and ludicrous (entirely distinct from wit), have also the greatest staying power intellectually and morally, and the largest possibility of development.

It would seem a fair inference from these facts alone, had we not already indicated it, that it is man's moral nature which benefits most largely by the presence in the mental economy of a sense of the ludicrous. The saying, 'Beware of him who cannot laugh,' is a pithy but conclusive commentary. All that is fairest in human life; all that is best and brightest in our earthly lot; the tender memories of childhood; the generous ties of friendship; the various sympathies which constitute the history of our inner selves, are rendered vivid and operative for our highest culture by the action of the simple yet unique mnemonic law which we have thus imperfectly examined.

## SISTERS.

The day had gone as fades a dream;
The night had come and rain fell fast;
While o'er the black and sluggish stream
Cold blew the wailing blast.

In pensive mood I idly raised
The curtain from the rain-splashed glass,
And as into the street I gazed,
I saw two women pass.

One shivering with the bitter cold,
Her garments heavy with the rain,
Limped by with features wan and old,
Deep furrowed by sharp pain.

A child in form, a child in years;
But from her piteous pallid face,
The weariness of life with tears
Had washed all childlike grace.

And as she passed me faint and weak,
I heard her slowly say, as though
With throbbing heart about to break:
'"Move on!" Where shall I go?'

The other, who on furs reclined,
In brougham was driven to the play;
No thought within her vacant mind
Of those in rags that day:

With unmoved heart and idle stare,
Passed by the beggar in the street,
Who lifted up her hands in prayer
Some charity to meet.

Both vanished in the murky night:
The outcast on a step to die;
The lady to a scene of light,
Where Joy alone did sigh.

But angels saw amid her hair
What was by human eyes unseen;
The grass that grows on graves was there,
With leaves of ghastly green.

And though her diamonds flashed the light
Upon the flatterers gathered near,
The outcast's brow had gem more bright—
An angel's pitying tear.

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## THE TWELFTH RIG.

### IN SIX CHAPTERS.

### CHAPTER I.—THE CHARM SUGGESTED.

In a certain district of Ireland, at the foot of a tall mountain, and well sheltered from the wind, stood the comfortable farm-house of Patrick Daly, who, though not much raised above that class, so numerous in Ireland, called small farmers, had by thrift and industry, aided no doubt by good fortune, attained to a position of some consideration, and was accounted a wealthy man in the neighbourhood. His farm was well stocked and his barns well filled.

The dwelling was a long low building, substantial and roomy, planted in front with some fine trees, among which the scarlet berries of the mountain-ash peeped forth, giving to the place a picturesque as well as comfortable air.

One source of Daly's wealth above others might perhaps be found in the fact that, beyond a daughter, he had no family. His wife had been dead many years; and this only daughter, now aged nineteen, ruled all within the house, not excepting her father. As the farm would be her undivided property, and it was known besides that Daly paid occasional visits to a certain bank in the nearest town, she was looked upon as a great heiress. Be that as it might, she was reckoned the loveliest girl in that part of the country.

On a mellow October afternoon, Eliza stood in the garden before her father's house engaged in lopping off branches from the mountain-ash trees. The finest and richest with berries were those she selected, as if they were destined for some festive occasion. The garden still presented a very pleasant appearance, though November was almost at hand; but the season had been a particularly mild one, and few signs of winter were yet apparent.

As Eliza stood thus, her head thrown back, the light straw-hat she wore fallen over her shoulders, and displaying the glossy coils of her raven hair, she made a charming picture. She had placed some of the crimson berries in her bosom and hair, and they became admirably her rich, sparkling brunette beauty. Had she arranged them so bewitchingly with any reference to some one who might chance to pass that way?

'Good-evening, Miss Daly,' said a voice at the gate; but it was the cracked tone of an old woman.

Eliza advanced, her arms laden with branches. An old woman, apparently about ninety years of age, stood there. Her form was bowed almost double, her face yellow and one mass of wrinkles; but the dark eyes were still keen and clear. She held a basket in her hand filled with small-wares, which she hawked about among the farm-houses in the neighbourhood, and thus earned her livelihood.

'Oh, it's you, Catty; and how are you?' she returned carelessly, while her bright black eyes darted a quick glance up the road.

'Very well, thank you kindly, Miss Daly. I see you're busy preparin' for to-morrow evenin'. If I'm not mistaken, it's the last Hallow-eve you'll spend as Miss Daly. If we may b'lieve all we hear, it's a happy bride you'll be long afore a year's over.'

She paused, as if expecting some confirmation or denial of this statement. Eliza, however, was engaged plucking off some withered leaves from the branches she held, and made no answer.

'He's a good, steady gorsoon, an' a handsome too, well worthy your choice; an' I'm sure'——

'*Who's* good and worthy my choice? Who is it you're talking about?' interrupted the girl, lifting her head quickly and speaking sharply, while the colour deepened on her cheek.

'Why, Mr Hogan, iv coorse. Sure, doesn't everybody know all about it; an' it's only waitin' they all are every Sunday to hear you an' him called in chapel.'

'Maybe then, they'll have to wait long enough. I might take it into my head to disappoint them and him, after all. Suppose I shouldn't marry at all; or suppose—suppose'—— She stopped.

'Suppose there is some one else you like better. But sure, didn't you give the go-by to all the boys

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in the place? an' aren't you an' Mr Hogan always constant together? at laste used to be till the last month or so, when young Mr Crofton cum home from foreign parts. But you wouldn't be so foolish as to be afther thinkin' of a gintleman like him. An' you know, besides, don't you, that he's been plighted since both were childer to his father's ward, Miss Ellen Courtney, that's come to live at the Hall?'

'I neither know nor care whether he is or whether he isn't,' returned Eliza, with a haughty little toss of her head and a touch of defiance in her tone. 'He's not married to her yet, at all events, no more than am I to Will Hogan. But tell me, Catty, have you seen Miss Courtney yet? I hear she's very beautiful.'

'Yis, I have; an' a sweeter, lovelier-lookin' craythur never lighted on this earth—so gentle an' kind to all in her manner too, an' ready to help them that's in trouble. The folks are all jist delighted to think Crofton Hall will have sich a misthress.'

'Maybe she'd never be that, after all.'

'Well, maybe not. But tell me honey, is there anythin' rale at all betune you an' Mr Crofton, or is it jist a little divarsion you're havin', to thry Will Hogan's temper?'

Eliza broke into a ringing laugh. 'Settle it whichever way you please,' she answered. 'Call a jury of twelve of your gossips, and do you state the case to them.'

The old woman shook her head, and her strangely undimmed eyes shot forth a flash of anger. She was ill accustomed to be spoken to thus pertly; for old Catty was looked upon with reverence and some awe, and considered as a kind of oracle in the neighbourhood, both on account of her extreme age and the wisdom of her sayings, which it was declared never failed to come true.

'Woe be to them that part plighted lovers! Woe be to them that break their own plight, woe an' bitter wailin'!' she exclaimed; then drawing her cloak round her, she moved on without a word of parting.

The smile instantly faded from Eliza's lips. 'That old creature sends a chill through me,' she muttered in a tone of annoyance. 'Would it be for my woe? Oh, if I could read the future!' Suddenly throwing down her boughs, she opened the gate and ran up the road after the old woman. 'Forgive me,' she said, coming up with her. 'I didn't mean to be rude. Now tell me, Catty—they say you know everything—what will be my fate? Shall I be happier next Hallow-eve than I am now? Or—or—shall I do anything to bring misfortune on me?'

'Sure, how can I tell?' returned the other.

'You are angry with me still. Come now, do tell me. You know you can, if you like. You've told others, and weren't you always right?'

'If you want to know your fate, try the charm o' the Twelfth Rig.'

'And what is that? Tell me what I must do.'

They were standing beneath a wall. The old woman seated herself on a stone, and leant her arms on her knees. As she sat thus, her red cloak drawn closely about her, her spare gray locks hanging loose, her eyes glancing restlessly about with a strange kind of motion, as if they were set in work by mechanism, she looked like some weird sibyl of ancient days. Eliza had to repeat her question before an answer came. Then, in a mysterious undertone, but so distinct that not a word was lost, the other said: 'You must go to a field wid furrows stretchin' from north to south. Go in at the western side, an' walk slowly over the ridges till you come to the twelfth, then stop in the middle, an' listen. If you hear merry music an' dancin', there's a long an' happy life afore you; but if mournful cries an' groans, you'll die afore a year's over.'

'How frightful!' murmured Eliza, shuddering. 'And should one go alone?'

'Yis, entirely alone, an' unknownst to any livin' sowl.' As she uttered these words, she rose and walked on with a rapidity astonishing in one so old and feeble.

Eliza gazed after her. She wanted to ask more questions, but fearing to do so, she too turned and walked away in the opposite direction.

The wall they had stood beside inclosed a spacious park. But behind that wall there had been a listener to their words, of whose presence they were not aware.

In the centre of the smoothly gravelled side-path a young lady stood still. She seemed to have been taking an evening saunter when the voices outside arrested her attention. As she now walked slowly on, she appeared to be sunk in deep reflection, evidently of no cheerful nature. The deep dark-blue eyes, whenever the snowy lids with their fringe of long black lashes allowed them to become visible, were full of mournful expression. It was a beautiful face, a perfect oval in contour, with features more strictly regular than those of the rustic beauty Eliza Daly; but wanting in the brilliancy and richness of colouring which made the great charm of that sparkling little brunette. The full white forehead was very thoughtful. One could see that melancholy would be at any time the characteristic of her countenance, as it indeed frequently is of thoughtful faces. But there was so much sweetness and gentleness in it, and the charm of its pensiveness was such, that you would not have wished to change it for a gayer look.

'How will it all end?' murmured the lady. 'How will things be with *me* in a year? If I believed in presentiments I would say that this weight that presses on me boded evil. Which of the two fates is to be mine? To die, or to live and be *his* wife. One or the other, I think; but which?'

Suddenly she again stopped, and listened with her head bent down. No sound seemed to break the silence of the evening; but after a few minutes, footsteps on the road without became distinctly

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heard, a light elastic tread, with a firmness in its fall that told it was that of a man. She listened with suspended breath, standing perfectly motionless, the colour suffusing her pale cheek, her hands clasped tightly, as if in intensest agitation and suspense. The steps came nearer and nearer, went by the park wall, reached the gate, and as they receded, the colour faded slowly from the expectant face, the hands unlocked themselves, and drooped by her side, while her breath returned with a low gasping sigh.

The next moment a thought seemed to strike her; she sprang towards the wall, and stepping on the trunk of a fallen tree, looked over it down the road. The figure of a young man was visible at a little distance, and while he walked, as if in careless mood, he passed his cane lightly through the wayside grass and flowers, striking off their heads as he went by. She watched him till he disappeared from view, taking the turn which led to Daly's farm.

'I knew it, I knew it!' she murmured; and in that passion of sorrow which seems as if it must take hold of and cling to something, she wound her arms tightly about the young elm that stood by her side, striving to choke back the sobs that rose in her throat. The evening breeze went moaning through its topmost boughs, mingling its sighs with hers. A shower of yellow leaves, shaken by her convulsive grasp, fell around her to the ground, like the faded hopes for which she lamented.

### CHAPTER II.—THE CHARM TRIED.

The house of Patrick Daly was ever a favourite resort on festive occasions; he was himself much liked for his hospitality and genial manner; and wherever Eliza was, there the male portion of the population of the place were eager to go; although many amongst them had given up their claims to her hand in favour of the young farmer Hogan, they now stood by to see whether he who had defeated them would himself be defeated by any still more powerful rival.

There was a merry gathering at the farm on the eve of All-Hallows. Many bright pretty faces were present that might well have consoled the disappointed ones; but beside the radiant young hostess who, in more than usual beauty, dispensing smiles and hospitality at the head of the table, they all paled into insignificance. At least so thought Hogan, as he sat by her and watched her graceful movements, and listened with rapture to her sweet ringing laughter; the merriest and most silvery of all, it seemed to him.

On his other side a fair gentle-looking girl was seated, who divided with Eliza the duties of hostessship. But though her soft blue eyes rested often on his face, and she evidently listened to him with more attention than the other, he seldom turned to address her. This was Eliza's cousin, Mary Conlan, who lived at the farm. Daly had risen to his present comfort by his own efforts, but had relations who were in a very different position; and Mary's parents when living, had occupied a very poor cottage. On their death Daly brought her to reside with him. Though her attractions of person, and still more so those of fortune, could bear no comparison with Eliza's, she was still not without her admirers; but notwithstanding her gentleness, it seemed that she could be saucy too, for none had as yet succeeded in winning her. Daly, however, was not anxious for her marriage, for she was invaluable in his household. Though Eliza had decorated the room and filled the vases with autumn flowers, Mary it was who had made the cakes which the company seemed to appreciate so highly, and whose skill as a housewife had in a great measure won for the farm its reputation of always having everything of the best description. That Mary Conlan would make a model farmer's wife, everybody declared. Eliza was unusually gracious this evening, smiling upon Hogan almost as of old, and playing off a hundred arch little tricks at his expense. Daly looked on well pleased, for there was nothing he desired so much as a marriage between his daughter and the young farmer. Whispers went round that 'to be sure it was no one but Will Hogan Eliza would marry after all, and it was only nonsense to think she'd ever had any other idea in her head.'

Thus pleasantly, amidst talk and laughter, the tea and cakes were passing round, when suddenly the door was thrown open, and a young man, whose dress and bearing unmistakably stamped him as belonging to a very different class from any of those assembled, appeared on the threshold. He started as if surprised, on seeing the company; but a close observer might have noticed something a little studied in the movement, as if the intruder were not altogether so taken aback as he would have it appear. He advanced easily, however, and going up to the young hostess, apologised gracefully for his intrusion, requesting at the same time that as chance had led him there, he might not now be excluded from so pleasant a gathering. Eliza, blushingly, but with warmth, gave the desired permission that he should remain; whereupon he drew a chair to her side, heedless of one, farther removed, offered him by Daly, who did not seem by any means so flattered as might be expected by the condescension of his landlord's son in thus honouring his house.

There was a constrained pause. Charles Crofton, however, leant back in his chair, conversing with Eliza, and throwing out two or three general remarks of a nature to provoke laughter, soon contrived to restore things to their former state. But for Hogan all enjoyment was gone. He sat moody and silent, a frown knitting his usually open brow.

The two competitors for Eliza Daly's favour were as great contrasts in appearance as in rank. Hogan was the taller of the two, being above six feet, and of more powerful and vigorous, though less graceful build. Could he have settled his claim to Eliza by personal combat, it is likely that the other would have fared but ill at his hands. Both were handsome—Crofton particularly so; and it is probable that the cultivated expression of his features and the play of his handsome eyes, which he knew well how to make the best use of, would have a greater charm for Eliza than the frank sunburnt countenance and straightforward untutored orbs of her rustic lover.

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'All-Hallows eve, is it not?' inquired the newcomer, bending close to Miss Daly. 'Has any one got a ring? Have you?'

'No, indeed; no one has yet, I believe.'

'Then I'm in luck, for here is one in my cake; and there, Miss Daly, why you have the other half.'

'Well now,' whispered some of those near, 'if that isn't an omen, to get a ring the same minute!'

''Tisn't the right half,' exclaimed Hogan, somewhat roughly. 'I have that.—Don't you know, Eliza,' he whispered, 'I got one before.'

'This fits exactly,' said Crofton, trying his own and Eliza's together. And so they did; but it seemed that seeing was not believing, in Hogan's case.

'No,' he persisted; 'they aren't fits at all. Let me try.' He stretched out his hand, and almost snatched the little shining crescent from the white fingers of Crofton, who relinquished it quietly, and with a provoking smile watched the other's vain efforts to make it fit.

'You see now it won't do,' he said banteringly. 'What haven't been made for each other won't go together, no matter how you may try. But cheer up; you'll find the match yet.'

The young farmer, however, returned his smile with a very black frown, and stood up. As he did so he perceived Crofton whisper to Eliza, who laughed merrily and glanced at him. He could willingly have struck the young gentleman at that moment. He determined, however, not to let him have altogether his own way if possible; and when the tea was removed and dancing begun, he went up to Eliza and requested her hand. But Eliza was engaged, and told him so.

'Dance the next with me then, won't you?' he pleaded earnestly.

'No; I won't: I don't want such a sulky partner,' answered she with a saucy laugh.

'I am not sulky, Eliza; indeed I am not. I'm only sorry and vexed that you should turn from me so, and for a stranger. It is not fair treatment.'

'Not fair treatment indeed!' returned the girl, with a queenly toss of her graceful little head and a curl of her rosy lip. 'Ah, now say no more, Will Hogan.' And away she went round and round with Crofton, while the fiddles struck up a merry tune.

Hogan stood still between two minds whether he would go away at once; but he was reluctant to let his rival see him abandon the field. When, however, the dance was finished, and the burning of nuts and other Hallow-eve rites began, he still found no opportunity of approaching Eliza; and all the omens which in other years had been favourable to his cause were against him. At last, when Eliza's nut being placed beside his, instantly bounded away and fell into the fire, there was silence for a moment, and glances were exchanged.

Dancing having recommenced, several came round Eliza requesting her hand; but she answered hurriedly that she could not take part in this dance, but would in the next. She had things to look after just now, and must leave them for a little while. Saying which, she quietly quitted the room.

A few minutes after, a slight figure wrapped in a cloak might have been seen gliding through the farm-stead. On emerging by the back-gate on the road, it stood still for a moment and looked behind. The pale moonbeams gleamed on the face; but so blanched were the features, so altered the expression, that even had any of her friends been near they might almost have failed to recognise Eliza. With a shiver, as if the chill wind pierced her after the heated room she had left, she drew the hood of her cloak closer over her face and began to speed rapidly along. Nor did she pause or again look around till, some distance from home, she at last stopped, breathless, at the gate of a potato-field. For a minute or two she stood before it, as if irresolute.

'Shall I go back without trying it after all?' she murmured. 'No; I will go on, and see what comes of it.'

She entered the field and began to walk slowly across the ridges, counting them as she went till she had numbered TWELVE; then she stood still and listened intently. The wind, which was high, swept over the wide unsheltered space around. Was that its murmur she heard? She held her breath. Low moans and sobbing sighs seemed to mingle with it. Surely no wind ever wailed with such human anguish as that. Louder and clearer it rose, swelling on the breeze, full of more piercing passionate sorrow. She remained rooted to the spot, terror-stricken, her heart almost ceasing to beat. The sounds seemed to come along the ground. As she listened, a slender figure rose up slowly, as if from off the earth, confronting her in the uncertain light, and gazing upon her with a cold sorrowful eye. Shrieking, Eliza rushed back, stumbling and sometimes falling over the ridges as she ran. How she gained the road, she scarcely knew, but she found herself flying along it, with the cry of 'Doomed, doomed!' ringing in her ears. She had heard it, low and despairing, as she left the field, as if wrung from some soul in mortal terror and anguish; now it seemed repeated by a hundred voices exclaiming: 'Doomed, doomed!' She flew before it, pressing her hands to her ears, to shut out the sound.

The farm-house was reached in a shorter time than one could have imagined possible. She wrenched open the gate, rushed up the garden-path, and with trembling hands knocked loudly at the door. The summons rang through the house, above the music and dancing, and the buzz of laughing voices. Everybody flew into the hall. On the door being opened, Eliza rushed in, and would have sunk fainting on the threshold if Hogan had not caught her in his arms. She was carried into the room and laid on the sofa, while every remedy for fainting was procured. Where had she been? was the question each asked the other. Her hair, damp and dishevelled, hung about her, her dress was torn and soiled, her hands covered with clay, and bleeding. At length the remedies had effect; consciousness began to return, and when it did, it came quickly. She opened her eyes and gazed earnestly round, as if seeking for some face. If it was Crofton she sought, he was not there, having left some time before.

'What has happened, dearest Eliza?' whispered Hogan, close by her side. 'Where have you been?'

'I went out, and was frightened,' she murmured.

'And what frightened you, mavourneen?' asked he coaxingly, as if speaking to a wayward child.

But she made no reply, nor could any questioning draw from her an explanation. The party

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broke up, and each went home indulging in all manner of conjectures as to what had happened. It was whispered by some that Eliza had gone to the Twelfth Rig.

## VITAL FORCE.

Though we have not the slightest conception of what life is in itself, and consequently could not define it, we may, for the sake of convenience, think of it in this paper as some kind of force.

'In the wonderful story,' says Professor Huxley in his *Lay Sermons*, 'of the *Peau de Chagrin*, the hero becomes possessed of a magical wild ass's skin, which yields him the means of gratifying all his wishes. But its surface represents the duration of the proprietor's life; and for every satisfied desire, the skin shrinks in proportion to the intensity of fruition, until at length life and the last handbreadth of the *peau de chagrin* disappear with the gratification of a last wish. Protoplasm or the physical basis of life is a veritable *peau de chagrin*, and for every vital act it is somewhat the smaller. All work implies waste, and the work of life results, directly or indirectly, in the waste of protoplasm. Every word uttered by a speaker costs him some physical loss; and in the strictest sense, he burns that others may have light—so much eloquence, so much of his body resolved into carbonic acid, water, and urea. It is clear that this process of expenditure cannot go on for ever. But happily, the protoplasmic *peau de chagrin* differs in its capacity of being repaired and brought back to its full size, after every exertion. For example, this present lecture is conceivably expressible by the number of grains of protoplasm and other bodily substance wasted in maintaining my vital processes during its delivery. My *peau de chagrin* will be distinctly smaller at the end of the discourse than it was at the beginning. By-and-by I shall have recourse to the substance commonly called mutton, for the purpose of stretching it back to its original size.'

This explanation may be very philosophical, but it is only a roundabout way of saying that, within reasonable bounds, we can recover the effects of exhaustion by proper food and rest; which, as a fact, people are pretty well acquainted with. The error to be avoided is, in any shape to make such a pull on the constitution as to be beyond the reach of recovery. Life-force, or call it protoplasm, is an inherent quantity not to be heedlessly wasted; and this truth becomes more apparent the older we grow. Why is one man greater, in the sense of being more powerful than another? Because he knows how to get out of himself a greater amount of work with less waste of life-force.

We see from experience that the more men have to do the more they can do. And this paradox is only reasonable, for it is the necessity of great work that forces upon us systematic habits, and teaches us to economise the power that is in us. With the cares of an empire on their shoulders, prime-ministers can make time to write novels, Homeric studies, anti-papal pamphlets. It is the busy-idle man who never loses an opportunity of assuring you that 'he has not a moment in the day to himself, and that really he has no time to look round him.' Of course idle people have no time to spare, because they have never learned how to save the odd minutes of the day, and because their vital energy is expended in fuss rather than in work.

'He hath no leisure,' says George Herbert, 'who useth it not;' that is to say, he who does not save time for his work when he can, is always in a hurry. One of the most sublime conceptions of the Deity we can form is that He is never idle, and never in a hurry.

The following words from a newspaper description of the sublime calmness of power manifested by the huge hydraulic crane used to lift Fraser's celebrated eighty-one ton gun, we take as our type of the powerful man who knows how to economise his vital force instead of wasting it by fussing: 'Is there not something sublime in a hydraulic crane which lifts a Titanic engine of destruction weighing eighty-one tons to a considerable height above the pier, with as noiseless a calm and as much absence of apparent stress or strain as if it had been a boy-soldier's pop-gun? When we further read of the hydraulic monster holding up its terrible burden motionless in mid-air until it is photographed, and then lowering it gently and quietly on a sort of extemporised cradle without the least appearance of difficulty, one can readily understand that the mental impression produced on the bystanders must have been so solemn as to manifest itself in most eloquent silence.' With the same freedom from excitement and difficulty does the strong man who saves his force for worthy objects, raise up morally and physically depressed nations, take cities, or what is harder to do still, rule his own spirit. It is the fashion nowadays to say that people are killed or turned into lunatics by overwork, and no doubt there is much truth in the complaint. Nevertheless it would seem that vital force is wasted almost as much by the idle man as by him who overworks himself at high-pressure for the purpose of 'getting on.' It is indolence which exhausts, by allowing the entrance of fretful thoughts into the mind; not action, in which there is health and pleasure. We never knew a man without a profession who did not seem always to be busy. It may be he was occupied in worrying about the dinner or the place where he should spend his holiday—which he did not work for—in correcting his wife, in inventing pleasures, and abusing them when found, in turning the house upside down by doing little jobs foolishly supposed to be useful. And women too, when stretched on the rack of a too-easy chair, are they not forced to confess that there is as much vital force required to enable them to endure the 'pains and penalties of idleness,' as would, if rightly directed, render them useful, and therefore happy? The fact is there are far more who die of selfishness and idleness than of overwork, for where men break down by overwork it is generally from not taking care to order their lives and obey the physical laws of health.

Let us consider a few of the many ways in which we waste the stuff that life is made of. It has been well said that 'the habit of looking on the bright side of things is worth far more than a thousand pounds a year;' and certainly it is a habit that must add many years to the lives of those who acquire it. Really every fit of despondency and every rage take so much out of us, that any

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one who indulges in either without a great struggle to prevent himself doing so should be characterised as little less than—to use an American expression—'a fearful fool.' How silly it seems even to ourselves after cooling, to have acquired a nervous headache, and to have become generally done up, stamping round the room and shewing other signs of foolish anger, because the dinner was five minutes late, or because some one's respect for us did not quite rise to the high standard measured by our egotism! As if it were not far more important that we should save our vital energy, and not get into a rage, than that the dinner should be served exactly to the moment.

One day a friend of Lord Palmerston asked him when he considered a man to be in the prime of life; his immediate reply was 'Seventy-nine. But,' he added with a playful smile, 'as I have just entered my eightieth year, perhaps I am myself a little past it!' How is it that such men work on vigorously to the end? Because they treasure their ever-diminishing vital force. They studiedly refrain from making a pull on the constitution. Reaching the borders of seventy years of age, they as good as say to themselves: 'We must now take care what we are about.' Of course, they make sacrifices, avoid a number of treacherous gaieties, and living simply, they perhaps give some cause of offence, for the world does not approve of singularity. But let those laugh who win. They hold the censorious observations of critics in derision, and maintain the even tenor of their way. In other words, they conserve their vital force, and try to keep above ground as long as possible. Blustering natures forgetful of the great truth, that 'power itself hath not one-half the might of gentleness,' miss the ends for which they strive just because the force that is in them is not properly economised.

Then as regards temper: any man who allows that to master him wastes as much energy as would enable him to remove the cause of anger or overcome an opponent. The little boy of eight years old who in the country is often seen driving a team of four immense dray-horses, is one of the innumerable instances of the power of reason over mere brute-force, which should induce violent tempers to become calm from policy, if from no higher motive.

Many people squander their life's energy by not living enough in the present. They enjoy themselves badly and work badly, because they are either regretting mistakes committed in the past, or anticipating future sorrows. Now, certainly no waste of force is so foolish as this, because if our mistakes are curable, the same energy would counteract their bad effects as we expend in regretting; and if they are incurable, why think any more about them? None but a child cries over spilt milk. The mischief is done, and let it be forgotten, only taking care for the future. Sometimes people keep fretting about troubles that may never take place, and spend life's energy on absolutely nothing. Real worry from Torturations of various sorts is quite enough, and causes a greater draught on our vital force than hard work. Let us not, therefore, aggravate matters by anticipations of troubles that are little better than visionary.

In looking ahead, it is of immense importance not to enter into any transaction in which there are wild risks of cruel disaster. There we touch on the grand worry of the age. A violent haste to get rich! Who shall say how much the unnaturally rapid heart-beats with which rash speculators in shares in highly varnished but extremely doubtful undertakings receive telegraphic messages of bad or good fortune, must use up their life's force? Hearts beating themselves to death! Rushing to trains, jumping up-stairs, eating too fast, going to work before digestion has been completed—these are habits acquired naturally in days when it is the fashion to live at high-pressure; but such habits are surely not unavoidable, and would be avoided if we thoroughly valued our vital force.

There are persons of a nervous temperament who seem to be always upon wires. Nature has given them energy; but their physique is in many cases inadequate to supply the demands made upon it. The steam is there, but the boiler is too weak. Duke d'Alva, according to Fuller, must have been of this nature. 'He was one of a lean body and visage, as if his eager soul, biting for anger at the clog of his body, desired to fret a passage through it.' The same thought was wittily expressed by Sydney Smith when he exclaimed: 'Why, look there, at Jeffrey; and there is my little friend ——, who has not body enough to cover his mind decently with; his intellect is improperly exposed.' Now these are just the sort of people who should not kill themselves, for though wrapped in small parcels, they are good goods. They owe it as a duty to themselves and others not to allow their fiery souls 'to fret their pygmy bodies to decay'—not to throw too much zeal into trifles, in order that they may have a supply of life-force for things important. He who desires to wear well must take for his motto 'Nothing in excess.' Such a one, as we have had occasion more than once to urge, avoids dinners of many courses, goes to bed before twelve o'clock, and does not devote his energy to the endurance of overheated assemblies. When young men around him have got athletics on the brain, he keeps his head and health by exercising only moderately. He is not ambitious of being in another's place, but tries quietly to adorn his own. 'Give me innocence; make others great!' When others are killing themselves to get money, and to get it quickly, that with it they may make a show, he prays the prayer of Agur: 'Give me neither poverty nor riches,' for he thinks more of the substance than of the shadow. This is the truly wise and successful man, and to him shall be given, by the Divine laws of nature, riches (that is, contentment) and honour (that is, self-respect), and a long life, because he did not waste the steam by which the machine was worked. In homely proverb, he 'kept his breath to cool his porridge,' and most probably was a disciple of Izaak Walton.

At this point, perhaps the secret thoughts of some who have not yet learned how 'it is altogether a serious matter to be alive,' may take this shape. 'What after all,' they may ask, 'is the good of economising life's force? Often I hardly know what to do with myself, nor have I much purpose in life beyond eating, drinking, and sleeping.' To such thoughts we should give somewhat of the following answer: There is a work for every single person in the world, and his happiness as well as his duty lies in doing that work well. This is a consideration which should communicate a zest to our feelings about life. We should rejoice, as experience teaches us that each of us has

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the means of being useful, and thus of being happy. None is left out, however humble may be our position and limited our faculties, for we all can do our best; and though success may not be ours, it is enough if we have deserved it. Certainly if there be any purpose in the universe, a day will come when we shall all have to answer such questions as these: 'You were given a certain amount of life-force; what have you done with it? Where are your works? Did you try to make the little corner in which you were placed happier and better than it was before you came into it?' It is said that Queen Elizabeth when dying exclaimed: 'My kingdom for a moment;' and one day we shall all think nothing so valuable as the smallest amount of that force without which we cannot live.

## THE LAST OF THE HADDONS.

### CHAPTER XXIII.—NANCY DEAN.

THE moon was but just rising, and the shadows were getting deep when I drew near to a clump of trees at the end of the long lane, as it was not inaptly called. I was a little sobered by my walk, and perhaps the least bit disappointed at having come upon no living creature for whom I might do some kindness in Philip's name. I stood hesitating a moment; not liking to go on, yet still more averse to turning back with my purpose unfulfilled, when suddenly the opportunity came.

I saw something or some one moving amongst the trees; presently I became aware that it was a woman, retreating more into the shade, as though to avoid notice. Her movements appeared so mysterious that I stood silent a moment, my pulses throbbing a little quicker than usual; then I advanced a few steps, and said: 'Have you lost your way? Can I be of any service?'

No answer.

'Can I help you in any way?'

'No.'

I approached a little nearer towards the spot whence the voice issued; angry and discordant, or it sounded so to me in contrast with the solemn peaceful stillness around. 'Do not shrink from me; I am only a woman; and as you see, alone,' I said.

'What do you want here—and what do you want with me?'

She had come out from the shadow now; and stood looking at me in the soft gray evening light, defiantly, sullenly, but a little curiously too. I returned her gaze, and saw enough to know that if ever a human soul needed sympathy and help, this one did now.

'What do you want?' she repeated.

'I want you, and I think you want me. Thank God for bringing us together!'

She stared at me for a moment, then sullenly replied: 'I'm not one for thanking Him; and I'm not the one for such as do.'

'You are the one for me,' I said, answering her in her own short decided manner; perceiving that she would bear it better than anything approaching to softness.

She uttered a little defiant laugh.

'You're a lady; and I suppose you want to play at reforming me and all the rest of it. You all like to shew off your goodness that way! But it's all been tried on me over and over again. Ladies as was so good, it a most made their hair stand on end to look at me, have tried, and it was all no use; they always had to give in.'

'*I* do not mean to give in.'

'Don't be too sure;' adding with another hard laugh: 'Why, I was the very worst they had up there; and if they as was so perfect couldn't'——

'Let a woman who is not perfect be your friend.'

'Friend! What do you mean? How can you be my friend—unless'—— She shrank back a moment, then bent eagerly forward again, gazing wildly into my face. 'You must have done something wrong yourself, to make you talk like that,' she whispered hoarsely.

Of course I had done wrong many and many a time, and not at the moment perceiving her whole meaning, I quietly replied: 'Yes.'

'And that brought you here to-night!' she ejaculated, adding in a low voice a vow, which seemed almost a curse, against herself if she betrayed me. 'Tell me what it is you've done; and tell me how I can help you?'

'I will tell you about myself presently; and we shall be able to help each other; do not doubt it,' I returned, drawing her towards a fallen tree, and getting her to sit down by my side, holding her hand fast locked in mine the while.

'You can't help me, as I can see,' she musingly replied. 'I've been up there for three months and more; but nothing come of it.'

'Up there?' I asked, beginning now to apprehend her meaning. 'Do you mean at the Home for the reception of poor women who have yielded to temptation?'

'Yes; though I never heard it put *that* way before. You need not tell me you are not one of the good ones, any more. Well, I was one of the thieves they take in to reform. I'd been to jail six months; and one of the ladies on the watch for girls when they come out, got hold of me, and persuaded me to go up there for a time and be made different.'

'How'—I was going to say—'kind of her;' but I saw the time had not come for that. She did not notice my interruption, and went on.

'Well, then, I run away, and got caught again, and persuaded to go back to the Home, as they call it, once more. So I made one more try. But it was no use. To-night I run away again; and I don't mind what becomes of me now. Who cares?'

'I care.' It was no use, I thought, attempting to talk of the Eternal love until she could believe in the human. Whether the fault was her own or not, I could not at this juncture tell; but one thing was plain, being 'cared for' was what this woman craved more than anything besides. The misery of that half-defiant 'Who cares?' appealed direct to my heart.

'How can you care for me when you have never known me?'—suspiciously. 'How can that be?'

'I do not know how it can be; I only know that it *is*; and I mean to make you believe it. You are exactly the woman I was seeking to-night. I want you.'

'What for? Do you really want some one to help you?' she eagerly asked, turning her wild eyes suddenly upon me again. Even the moon, which was shedding its silvery light upon us, could not soften the wild sadness of her eyes.

'Are they after you? What is it you have done?'

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I placed my fingers on her lips for a moment, to prevent her once more repeating the oath that she might be trusted.

'Tell me,' she whispered.

I reflected a moment, then replied: 'Yes, I will tell you why it was absolutely necessary to find some one like you to-night, if you will first give me a promise to be my friend afterwards, and let me be yours?'

She promised. Then with a trembling voice I told her that night had brought a letter to me from my lover abroad, whom I had not seen for nearly ten years, and that in it he told me that he had at last earned enough to make us independent for the future, and that he was on his way home to marry me.

'And your trouble is that you haven't been true to him? You have gone wrong, and want to hide away, and'——

'I have been true to him, and I have nothing to hide. But—my happiness was so much more than I deserved—it was greater than I could bear, unless I could lighten some heavy heart to-night, and I shall always believe that I was led here to you.'

'Are you mad?'—struggling to free herself.

But I held fast. 'You promised—you promised!'

'More fool me. How can I be your friend? How can you be mine? What do you mean? Let me go.'

'No.'

'You'll have to. What tie could there be between you and me?'

'Our womanhood.'

'You don't know!'—with a bitter laugh. 'And you're but a fine lady after all, talking about things you don't understand.'

'I am certainly not a *fine* lady. I am better off now; but I have lived upon bread-and-water as well as you have.'

'Without deserving it?'—eagerly.

'I cannot say as much as that. I have not the slightest doubt I did deserve it, in one way or another. At anyrate it did me no harm whatever to go into training a little. A great deal depends upon one's way of taking things, you know.'

'I can't make you out.'

'Never mind about making me out. Try to trust me; do try.'

'I've a good mind to trust you—in real earnest. There's something about you that makes me feel —— I *should* like you to know,' she said musingly. Then after a few moments, during which I left her undisturbed, she added: 'Yes, you *shall* know; though there isn't another soul I'd tell as much to. I never took that ring at all!'

'A ring you were supposed to have taken?'

'Yes; they thought I stole it. I was in service, Miss'——

'My name is Haddon—Mary Haddon.'

'And mine is Nancy Dean.'

'Go on, Nancy.'

'Well I was in service, me and another young girl who was nursemaid; and one day the mistress missed a ring. I know now that Emma had the ring, and when there was a fuss about it, she slipped it into my box. She came to worse afterwards, and told me the truth about it when I saw her after I left prison. *She* hadn't stolen the ring either. It was given her by mistress's son. But when one of the children said she saw her with it, and she was suspected of stealing it, she slipped it into my box, rather than get Master James in trouble, never believing that my box would be searched too; and meaning to tell me about it afterwards. But Master James he had a grudge against me, because I hadn't been so ready to listen to his love-talk, and I think he *meant* the ring to be found in my box. I know he told Emma to put it there, and made her think he wouldn't have anything more to do with her if she confessed the truth. Besides he threatened to deny that he had given it to her, and then she would have to go to prison instead of me. Well I didn't say much to her then; she was a poor miserable creature already, and didn't want hard words from me to beat her down any lower.'

'It was very hard for you, poor Nancy; but'—laying my hand gently on hers again—'it might have been harder. I mean if you had really done what you were believed to have done.'

'It was harder for another reason,' she replied grimly. 'Wait till I've told you all. My mother lived away down in Leicestershire, a respectable shepherd's wife, who prided herself upon bringing her girls up honest and good. The first letter I got in prison came from my married sister, to tell me that my wickedness had broke mother's heart, and saying that it was no use my ever going back there again, for not one of them would own me; and father he would never forgive me for being the death of mother. My sister had married a well-to-do farmer, and was ashamed of me before she thought I had done wrong, for being in service; so she did not spare me afterwards. A disgrace to the family, she called me, and said they one and all hoped never to see nor hear from me again. I came out of prison a desperate woman! As I just told you, when I came out of prison I was met by one of the ladies on the watch for such as me, and I was brought down to the place up there.'

'You could not at anyrate doubt *her* motive,' I said cheerfully.

A half-smile played about her lips as she went on without noticing my interruption: 'Then they begun at me. I was dressed up in them things. You've seen us parading off to church, I warrant—people never forget to stare—so you know what it is out of doors, walking along two and two with the matron in front dressed up fine to shew the difference! But indoors it's worse—worse a deal than ever prison was. Mrs Gower (that's the matron) has it all to herself, and—— There; I don't think it has ever done any good to them as are as wicked as they are thought to be, and it just drove me wild. Out of fifteen of us, there wasn't many who could say they were better for being there. The sharp ones pretend to be reformed straight off; it is the only thing to do if you want to come off easy and get sent off to a situation with a character. I gave them a great deal of trouble. I knew I wasn't quite so bad as they thought me; but I didn't care about setting up for good in the way some of them did neither. So I soon got to be thought the worst character they had in the place; and then they shewed me off as the bad one to the visitors—a sort of curiosity. Mrs Gower liked to have a wicked one to shew among the good ones, I think. So I began to feel a bit proud of it, and did little pranks on purpose to

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amuse them. There wasn't so very much harm in them neither, only they were against the rules. But to-day I was fetched in to be shewn to the committee. I didn't mind them; making up a face all ready for them; and they put up their glasses to look at me, and I think they was satisfied that no place could have a wickeder one nor me to shew. I was laughing to myself, when all in a moment I saw a face among them that I knew. It was my old mistress's son, who had tried so hard to make me go wrong, and then took his revenge by making me out to be a thief. The thought came into my head to tell them that he had been the cause of all my trouble. But I'd hardly begun when I was ordered to stand down as a liar as well as a thief. Of course they wasn't going to believe that a respectable gentleman like him could do anything so wicked. Besides, there was his face to look at; there wasn't a gentler and kinder-looking gentleman there than he was. And he called me "Poor thing," and said he hoped they wouldn't have me punished, for he did not mind—everybody knew *him!* Well, I managed to give them a bit of my mind before I was got out of the room. I could ha' borne the punishment and all that easy enough, if there had been anything to come of it. But I knew it was no use; I should only get more and more hardened, as they called it; so I got out of the window of the room I was locked up in and cut. That's my story, and the whole truth.'

'Poor Nancy! The story is a very sad one; all the sadder because you do not see where you, as well as others, have been to blame.'

'Do you think I stole the ring, then?'

'No; not for a moment. I believe you.' I hurriedly thought over what was the next best thing to say, so as to do justice to those who, however mistaken in their way of treating her especial case, had meant to benefit her, and at the same time be true to her. I saw what they had apparently failed to see—she *could* be touched.

'Then how have I been to blame, Miss?'

'It is a private undertaking, is it not, Nancy; almost entirely supported by one lady, although managed by a committee?'

'Yes, Miss; and the committee is managed by Mrs Gower. They all do what she tells 'em; though if they knew'——

'And costs a great deal of money; does it not? I think that I have heard this lady subscribes between fifteen and eighteen hundred a year to it.'

'Yes, Miss; I suppose she do. They say Mrs Gower the matron has two hundred a year besides lots of perquisites,' replied Nancy, a little surprised at what appeared to her the irrelevancy of the question.

'And this lady spends all that in the hope of benefiting her fellow-women! How much she must feel for them—nay, how much she must *love* them, Nancy! Think of feeling so much love for women who have done wrong as to spend all that upon the bare chance of benefiting them! In spite of their want of gratitude too!'

There was a new startled look in Nancy's eyes, as she murmured in a low voice: 'I never thought of that—I never thought about *her* caring.'

'But she must, you know; and it must be a great grief and disappointment to her to feel that all she does is in vain. It is, you say?'

'I am afeard it is—a most'—hesitatingly began Nancy. 'We've all on us been thinking about Mrs Gower, and she's'——

'A moment, Nancy! It is quite evident that Mrs Gower has not the same feeling towards you all which her employer has, or you would have experienced *some* good effects from it. But it is equally evident that those whom the benevolent lady is seeking to help have no gratitude towards *her*—not even gratitude enough to acknowledge her good-will towards them.'

'I—never thought of *her*,' repeated Nancy, more to herself than to me. 'I only saw her once; a pale thin lady, who looked so sorry—yes, she *did* look sorry, even for me, though she thought I was the worst there! If I'd only thought she cared!'—turning her eyes regretfully in the direction of the house again. Then drawing a heavy breath: 'But there; she thought it was all my wickedness! I let her think so; and—it's done now, and can't be undone. There's no hope for me now—I told you so—everything's against me.'

'Nonsense! No hope indeed! There's every hope for one with your keen sense of right and wrong, if you will only act up to it. Do you think I will ever give you up?'

'What can you do for such as me, Miss?'—I was glad to see a little anxiously.

'Lots of things. Let me think a moment.' Presently I went on: 'There are two ways to begin with, Nancy. One will require more moral strength and courage than the other; but you shall choose which you think best; and whichever course you take, I promise to hold fast to you.'

'What is it to do, Miss?'—eagerly.

'One plan I propose is, for you to come at once with me to the place where I am staying, and remain there until I am married, which I shall be shortly, when you should live with me as housemaid; none but us two knowing anything about the past, and'——

'I choose that!' she hastily began, her eyes brightening and her colour rising.

'Listen a moment, before you quite decide, Nancy. The other course is more difficult, I know; but I want you to decide fairly between the two. It is to go back to the Home, take your punishment, whatever it may be, and stay there, with me for your friend, until I am ready for you to come to live with me. I am quite aware it would require a great deal of courage and self-control to do that; but I think you could do it.'

'Which would you like me to do best, Miss?'—anxiously.

'If you succeeded in doing the more difficult thing of the two, I should of course have greater respect for you, Nancy; but I should not be less your friend for your being weak. I am not sufficiently perfect myself, to insist upon perfection in my friends.'

'That's it, Miss; that's just where it is! If Mrs Gower our matron only had some faults—ever such little ones—of her own, she might get nearer to us. It's the terrible goodness which makes it so impossible for her to understand us, and us to understand her. She seems to be always a-thinking about the great difference there is between her and us. It only makes us more spiteful against the goodness, when we see how hard it makes people. Why, the bad ones are ever so much more sorry for one another, and ready to help!'

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'And you judge all others—the lady who has done so much to prove her love and unselfishness, as well as every one else—by this matron. She is probably not suited to the office; but I do not see'—— I paused, recognising that it was not just then the best moment for advancing any argument in vindication of what she termed 'goodness.' All that would be suggested by a better experience, by-and-by. So I merely added: 'Whether she feels it so or not, it is very sad for Mrs Gower to have so utterly failed in reaching your hearts, as she appears to have done. But we must not forget that it is our own defects, and not hers, which are in question just now, you know, Nancy.'

'I know what you mean, Miss; and I'm sorry as I did not'——

'Never mind about the past. There is plenty of time before us, I hope. Which is it to be, Nancy? Will you come with me now, or go back to the Home?'

'I will go back, Miss; and if you hear'——

'If I hear! Of course I shall go to see you to-morrow. You ought to know that.'

She rose, looked steadily towards the Home, now darkly and sharply defined against the moonlit sky, then turned her eyes upon my face, grasped my hand with a strong firm grip for a moment, and walked swiftly and silently away.

## THE MORALE OF CRICKET.

Cricket is a pastime so extensively and deservedly popular as to rank among the foremost of English institutions. It is physically an excellent test of wind, strength, and endurance, and is intellectually attractive from the opportunities it affords for the exercise of scientific skill. In a social respect the advantages it confers are great, because men of different grades are brought together without prejudice to the distinctions custom has created, and many genial consequences remain from such meetings. In a moral point of view cricket may be said to inculcate the cardinal virtues. And it is mainly in relation to this last aspect and the results, psychologically speaking, that we here propose to consider the game.

In the remarks we shall offer we will generally assume some knowledge of cricket on the part of readers; but still, for the benefit of the uninitiated, will here record a few brief particulars. Apart from preparing and keeping the ground in order, the material essentials of the game, as everybody knows, are simple and inexpensive, consisting of merely bats, stumps, and ball. It is usually played by two sides, each composed of eleven men, and subject to certain recognised rules. These sides alternately assume the position of the attacking and the attacked. The object of the former is to effect the fall of the wickets, which the other side defends, and to frustrate the endeavours of the latter to make or score 'runs.' It is on the superiority established in this respect that the issue of a game depends. This is a scanty and necessarily imperfect description; but taken with what we shall say incidentally as we proceed, it will be enough for the illustration of the points we have in view. Let us now observe that a member of each of the eleven is elected as captain; and by the two captains all the preliminaries of a game are arranged. Each then assumes entire control over the members of his own side. It is the captain who appoints the bowlers, assigns to the other men their different positions in the field, and settles the order in which his side are to take their innings. Throughout the game it is necessary that he should remain as watchful as a general directing the movements of a battle-field, and that he should be prepared with prompt measures to meet the varying exigences of the encounter in which he takes so prominent a part. In a word his duties are manifold and arduous. He must, according to circumstances, study and maintain the *morale* of his men under depressing prospects, or moderate their too sanguine anticipations in the face of approaching triumph, lest they beget carelessness, and so end in mortification and defeat.

A captain must at the same time infuse a spirit of contentment into his men, and also inspire them with thorough confidence in himself. It is probable there may be three or four men of tolerably equal pretensions as bowlers, or two or three equally ambitious to fill some other post in the field. The captain will have to select between these rival candidates, without condemning those he disappoints to the pangs of secret vexation and annoyance. Thus, in framing his dispositions for a game, he will have to consider each individual's special capacity for filling a particular post, not merely as it actually exists, but also in some degree as it exists in the estimation of the individual himself. He may otherwise leave room for petty heartburnings, and for the feeling that an injustice, or at least a slight, has been suffered. Should this unhappily prove the case, it will, even unconsciously to himself, mar a man's usefulness in the field, by imperceptibly or otherwise curtailing his activity of either mind or body, or both. As to the former, it is almost needless to observe that attention is the great watchword of cricket.

Now, to enable the captain to acquit himself satisfactorily on the foregoing heads, and to secure the results we have indicated, with a perfect knowledge of cricket, he should combine both a knowledge of character and the exercise of considerable tact and *Prudence*. The latter being the point with which we are immediately concerned, let us see how it is exemplified in the *rôle* the players are all successively required to perform—that of batsman. At each wicket stands a batsman, and both are obliged to keep within spaces extending four feet from the stumps, the spaces being marked by lines transverse to that in which the wickets are pitched. The 'runs' before alluded to, which it is the great object of the game to make, are obtained by the occupiers of the wickets running the distance between them as often as possible in the interval taken in returning the ball to the hands of either the bowler or wicket-keeper, after it has once left the bowler's hand, during which time it is said to be *in play*. But they cannot do so, nor indeed go out of their 'ground' at all, demarcated as described, while the ball is in play, except at the risk of the wickets being put down. This may be done by a batsman's being either 'run' out, or 'stumped' out. He necessarily exposes himself to a risk of the former contingency when making runs in the manner explained. Consequently, under such circumstances, a man has not

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only to be very watchful and quick in his movements, but has also to make the best use of the judgment at his command. The penalty of error in this respect is fatal, unless some fortunate accident should intervene.

Now in regard to the second of the risks referred to, the occasion is one for the exercise of both judgment and considerable prudence. In order that this point may be properly understood, it should be remembered that the balls bowled to the batsman are either 'lengths' or the reverse—that is, they are such that he can best play them either by waiting in his ground or by stepping out a little to meet them. When he should so step out and when he should forbear—for there is at all times a great temptation in the matter—is the pivot on which his prudential considerations in this connection revolve. Should he, after advancing, fail to hit or stop the ball, the wicket-keeper, who stands in readiness behind the wicket, will have most probably picked it up, and put down the wicket before the batsman can return to his ground. But with prudence in the ascendant, and a nice calculation of chances, the risk to which the batsman exposes himself becomes reduced to a minimum, or is altogether avoided. And with the same principle governing his play throughout, he delays or postpones the calamity which finally compels his retirement from the wickets until he has at least placed a fair amount of runs to his credit; or as happens in exceptional cases, he entirely averts the calamity, and achieves the honour of 'carrying' out his bat. But self-evidently, there is no honour attending this performance if a score beyond the average has not been made.

Now let us see in what respect it behoves a bowler to exercise this virtue of prudence. Many batsmen have a favourite stroke with which they succeed better than with any other. Thus a man may be able to hit effectively to 'leg' who does not succeed so well at 'off.' In cricketing parlance, he is in that case stronger on his leg than on his off-stump. But the actual circumstances in any given case may of course vary, and they may be just the reverse of the foregoing. We shall, however, suppose them to be as we have stated. Well, the respective points of strength and weakness of the batsman soon become apparent to the bowler; and ordinary consideration or prudence then naturally suggests to the bowler the advisability of avoiding the delivery of balls likely to pass to 'leg' or the near side, and of directing the ball as much as possible, consistently with the main object in view, to 'off' or the far side, of the batsman. This would both preclude the negative result of the ball being hit away, and afford a fairer prospect of the positive result of the wicket being lowered, since it would be assaulted on the weaker side. But these circumstances really represent only certain elemental conditions of the game, and are here brought forward simply for illustration's sake. Still, without a due observance of them, and of such points as varying the length of a ball, and bowling so that a catch may result—which are all to be attained by the study prudence would suggest—cricket would cease to be the scientific game that it is; and a bowler would deserve the reproach we sometimes hear applied to him of bowling only with his hand, instead of bowling with both hand and *head*, as he is invariably bound to do.

The necessity of *Temperance* for the satisfactory prosecution of cricket is altogether too obvious to call for argument. The habit itself is not only essential to the unimpaired preservation of wind and limb, but even a solitary occasion of deviation from it may be productive of baneful effects. What cricketer of experience cannot recall the incident of a good 'bat' prematurely returning to his comrades, to make their sympathising bosoms the willing repository of his confession, that the disaster by which he has just been overwhelmed is due to either the salmon or champagne he took overnight; in consequence of which he unhappily 'saw double!'

Then as to *Fortitude*, there is perhaps no other single quality adorning manhood which takes so wide and active a range in cricket. There is the fortitude which sustains the bowler as he finds his best efforts fail in making an impression upon the wicket, and teaches him to persevere with a heart that is still composed and undaunted. He in truth calms the flutter which will occasionally seize him at such a time; and despite the conviction painfully forced upon him again and again, that his bowling has been mastered, he still manfully endeavours, and frequently succeeds, in pitching the ball on the one spot which above all others serves to afford a crucial test of his opponent's mettle and prowess. But the latter meets the effort each time with unswerving steadiness and marvellous effect. With what ease and perfection he stops the ball, with what consummate grace and vigour he hits it away when a chance offers! Immense indeed is the fortitude which enables the bowler to bear up against soul-crushing vicissitudes of this kind. And fortunate, too, for him is it that in such a crisis the captain comes to his relief, and institutes a change of bowlers. This change is sometimes admittedly from good to bad. But it nevertheless often produces immediate benefits; and so well recognised is the fact, that it has almost passed into an axiom of the game.

Let us now picture to ourselves the batsman in circumstances contrary to what we have supposed above. He is confronted by a bowler who sends him, we shall suppose, a succession of 'overs,' comprising balls which are, with few exceptions, all perfectly straight and of excellent length. He occasionally plays the ball away; but it is quickly returned by a smart 'point' or active 'mid-wicket,' so that he cannot obtain a single run. Oftener he only succeeds in merely staying the progress of the ball, and his resistance does not go beyond that. Now, every time the ball rises against the body, or perhaps the shoulder, of the bat, the consciousness of a deliverance from danger rushes through the possessor's mind, which is naturally enough followed by a thrill of delight and self-congratulation; for however accomplished be a player, he for some time at least feels that his fate is not in his own hands. This is owing to the possibility of some subtlety, such as a twist or bias, being suddenly developed by the bowler in the course of a well-directed and well-maintained attack, which takes the defender of the wicket by surprise, and occasions his fall. Such an event may easily happen, and is to be reckoned among the uncertainties of the game, in regard to which we shall have a word or two to say. It will meanwhile, from the circumstances we have stated, be seen that the sensibilities of the batsman are subjected to short

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but severe fits of tension, as they rapidly undergo the alternate forms of a vague fear or anxiety on the one hand and of joy on the other. So decided indeed is this fact, that numbers of spectators very commonly sympathise, to judge from the expressions which spontaneously escape them, as they watch the events of the game. Fortitude alone enables the hero of the bat, with stout heart, to live through so trying an ordeal. And all honour to him when he at length succeeds in turning the tables on the foe, and finally punishes the bowling to his own satisfaction and to the admiration of the by-standers!

Now, in regard to this quality of fortitude, which is essentially heroic in its nature—consisting in the patient resolute endurance of suffering—the wicket-keeper and long-stop frequently furnish notable examples. The wicket-keeper's duties inevitably entail that condition of martyrdom as their allotted burden; while as to long-stop, the degree in which he is called on to bear the buffets of fortune and of the ball very much depends upon the precise circumstances in which he is placed. Nor, in this connection, must we omit to notice the possible case of some stout gentleman standing at 'long-field,' whom the energy of the batsman constantly despatches in pursuit of the ball. In the course of each rapid excursion he makes, with the prospect of four or five runs resulting to the striker, what is it nerves him with spirit and determination, and despite his shortness of breath and quivering limbs, impels him to struggle on, but that heroic quality of which cricket teaches us so sound and useful a lesson!

The love of *Justice* is undeniably one of the sublimest instincts of the human mind, and it is not too much to say that, so far as it goes, cricket directly tends to foster and promote it. In a primary or fundamental sense, the rules which have been instituted for the management of the game are a provision for its being conducted on fair and equitable principles; and they are, moreover, administered by umpires appointed for the purpose, who adjudge all doubtful and disputed points. The associations of the game are in general so healthy that a wrong decision wilfully given is a thing almost unknown; and one reason why the umpires should discharge their duties in a strictly scrupulous and conscientious manner is, that they themselves are very much under the cognizance of those who observe the progress of the game purely for their own pleasure, so that any glaring inaccuracy, or deviation from truth or principle on their part (allowing the last to be possible), would be at once detected, and lead to public remark and comment.

How it is that others should be so easily able to note points which it is the duty of the umpires to decide, will be apparent when it is borne in mind that, however important their effects, the casualties which occur in cricket are of a very simple nature, and are all referable to a particular condition or stage of progress of the ball. Aided by a knowledge of the rules, which are clear and explicit, the eye has therefore merely to fix itself closely on the ball. To take now an introspective view of the matter, or to look say to secondary and internal effects, the desire to do justice to one's companions, or in other words to see the fullest possible scope given to the cricketing abilities they may possess, is an essential ingredient of the spirit which animates a side. The hopes and calculations of success in a game of cricket are based on the united exertions of the eleven men who form a side, though special faith may often be placed in particular individuals who have proved themselves conspicuously good players. But in the inevitable nature of things, such 'stars' are apt to undergo a sudden eclipse when least expected, to the manifest ruin of any calculations which may have been made with exclusive reference to them. Hence policy and experience combine to indicate the above mentioned as the only course which is to be relied on as perfectly sound and safe. It is consequently a wish with every member of an eleven that every other member should do the utmost of which he is capable, both in his place in the field and in the way of making runs and contributing to the general score. This wish is bound up in the breast of each member with the personal interest he takes in the success of the side to which he belongs. But this feeling is even extended, as it is only right it should be, to the opposite eleven; to whom, collectively and individually, the opportunities of a free exercise of their powers and the chance of winning on their merits, are never grudged by any true-hearted cricketer. But it may be argued that all this indicates only an absence of selfishness and a love of fair-play. Yet what are those feelings but the concomitants or essential characteristics of that divine attribute which springs from the cultivation of cricket, and by a healthy reactionary influence, expands and purifies in the process?

Among the other advantages of the game, a moment's consideration will determine that it is directly opposed to the growth of arrogance and self-assumption. There is this to be said of it, that as the battle is not always to the strong nor the race to the swift, so the victory in cricket does not always go to the eleven who may, on a comparative estimate with their rivals, be reasonably regarded as of superior merit. This is to be accounted for by the fact, that the forces the two elevens represent act not merely in opposition, but also in some respects in correlation with each other. Therefore the result of a game of cricket, though in the main due to the relative strength of the sides engaged, is somewhat *eccentric* in its nature; like the direction a movable body assumes when operated on by forces acting from separate quarters. And this affects not only the collective fortune of a side, but also the individual fortune of each player. Accordingly in other games and sports the expert may revel in the proud consciousness of superiority, and in weak moments betray that fact in his demeanour; but the cricketer can venture on no such dangerous exhibition of conceit. He may in the early stage of his career, but experience soon teaches him the folly of his conduct. The reverses he meets with, often when least expected, induce in him an air of becoming humility, or at least of modesty, under all circumstances.

This then, in plain language, is the consequence of those uncertainties of cricket which have been spoken of before; and so it arises that when the contending sides are tolerably well matched—a condition embodied in the framework of the several propositions we have advanced—even the greatest and surest run-getters approach the wickets with a secret sense of diffidence, and with their minds

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already troubled by that vague sense of apprehension to which allusion has elsewhere been made. Probably so eminent and successful a batsman as Mr W. G. Grace may be exempt from the influence of these feelings; but he is certainly not exempt from the operation of that law of contingencies which produces them in less gifted individuals. In order to prove this we have only to compare some of the enormous scores made last season by him with his failure at other times. But not to strain the comparison too far, it will be enough to state that in the match, Gentlemen *versus* Players, played in the beginning of July, Mr Grace was caught for ninety in his second innings; while in his first he was bowled by Emmet for the traditional duck's-egg (0)!

Indeed, taken in the aggregate, the uncertainty of cricket equals, if it does not surpass, the uncertainty which alike proverbially characterises love and war. But so far from that being in any way a drawback, it gives a special zest and charm to the game, as it is impossible to predicate the issue in any case in the light of a foregone conclusion. Despite the blankest prospects consequently, the hope of a possible turn of events, or at least of luck, and with it the hope of winning, always continues till the last. From this arises an expression current in cricketing circles, that a game is never lost till it is won.

No doubt, too, it is owing to this uncertainty which attends the game that cricket has hitherto afforded so little encouragement to the vicious practice of betting, which would only have the effect, if it existed to any greater extent than it does, of detracting from its beauties and pleasing sensations. All genuine lovers of the game will therefore here cordially unite with us in the wish that gambling may never, like an evil spirit, further obtrude its presence in the sanctuary, where honour and probity dwell in peaceful union with generous emulation and manly love and sympathy.

## HINTS TO BEE-KEEPERS.

Though great progress has been made during the last five-and-twenty years in the pursuit of apiculture, much remains to be done, particularly in spreading far and wide a knowledge of recent discoveries, and attempting to induce a more general adoption of this most profitable and interesting occupation. It would be difficult to refer to a pursuit in which larger returns are yielded, considering the limited outlay; and as profit is a consideration with the majority of those who have bees, we propose to keep it chiefly in view in the present paper.

It cannot be too often impressed upon beginners that bees require attention. Many people seem to think that they have only to purchase a few hives and place their bees in them, and that a large yield of surplus honey will be the natural result, without rendering the little workers any assistance at all. It is not by this happy-go-lucky method that profits are made by apiculture. It is certainly true that in spite of neglect bees often do answer remarkably well; but the skilful apiarian, by means of certain acts, to which we shall presently allude, performed in the proper manner and at the right time, will *command* success.

Our remarks will be founded on the assumption that the pernicious custom of 'smothering' bees is extinct. Those acquainted with the rural districts know, however, that the agricultural labourers, and others who ought to know better, do continue to burn their bees; but the practice has long been abandoned by every one worthy of the name of apiarian.

Many people are bewildered in commencing apiculture by the large number of hives whose particular merits are forced upon their attention. There is only one golden rule in this matter, carefully to consider the habits and requirements of the bee, and decide whether pleasure or profit is the *desideratum*. For example, observatory hives, as they are termed, are all very well as a means of studying the habits of the insect, but are not to be recommended when 'supers' of surplus honey are the result aimed at.

In order to take advantage, however, of the various methods perfected by distinguished apiarians for obtaining complete control over the denizens of a hive, we strongly recommend the adoption of hives on the *movable-comb* system, invented by Francis Huber, perfected by Langstroth in America, and by Woodbury, Abbott, Jackson, Raynor, and others in England. By means of the various hives made on this principle, perfect command may be obtained at any time over the bees, and the most difficult operations may be conducted with an ease and certainty marvellous to the uninitiated. For example, natural swarming need not occur, and thus the frequent loss of swarms will be prevented; stocks which have lost their queen from any cause may have one at once supplied without the delay consequent upon waiting for the bees to rear one; and the interior of the hive may be examined frequently, to ascertain if the colony is healthy and in good working order.

For this reason we reject straw hives; but if these are used, let them be large. There cannot be a greater mistake than to use the small straw *skeps* one sees in cottage gardens. Years ago, when people did not understand the enormous egg-producing power of the queen, this was allowable; but when modern researches have proved that her majesty can, and will if she has room, lay more than two thousand eggs a day, the absurdity of preventing her from doing so is inexcusable.

Mr Pettigrew, whose father was one of the largest bee-keepers in Scotland, uses *large* straw hives only, and speaks of hives weighing from one hundred to one hundred and sixty-eight pounds. He observes, in his *Handy-book of Bees* (1875), that 'it would take three ordinary English hives, if not more, to hold as much honey as one of these hives—it would take three or more of them to hold bees enough to gather as much in the same space of time.' His chief objection to wooden hives appears to be their liability to dampness. This evil has, however, been neutralised in the best varieties of the movable comb or bar-frame hives by the adoption of an almost perfect system of ventilation.

Mr Pettigrew goes on to say that his father once realised twenty pounds profit from two hives in one season, and nine pounds twelve shillings from another. The profits came from the honey gathered by the bees, and not from swarms sold at large prices. He continues: 'The adoption of large hives by many of the bee-keepers of Aberdeenshire

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and Banffshire put them last year in the van of the advancing hosts. In a private letter which lies before us it is stated that the first swarms, obtained last year about the middle of July, rose to great weights. One belonging to Mr Gordon rose to one hundred and sixty-four pounds. Swarms belonging to other bee-keepers rose to one hundred and twenty-eight, one hundred and twenty-six, one hundred and twenty, one hundred and nine, and one hundred and four pounds. Mr G. Campbell got four swarms from one hive; their united weight (including the mother-hive, which was ninety-three pounds) was three hundred and seventy-three pounds. The profit from this hive must have been very great. Three sizes have been recommended: the first, twenty inches wide by twelve inches deep, inside measure; the second, eighteen inches by twelve inches deep; and the third size sixteen inches by twelve inches. The first size contains about three thousand cubic inches; the second size, about two thousand seven hundred cubic inches; and the third size about two thousand cubic inches.' He advises the use of the three sizes according to the extent of the swarms and the return of the season, and after detailing the profits from his bees in a village in Lanarkshire he adds, that for 'gaining great profits in a favourable season, and for continued prosperity for a succession of years, the system of having strong hives and early swarms is far before all the other systems of managing bees.'

If we were asked to name the most important desideratum in apiculture, we should say feeding. Judicious feeding at a proper time will save many stocks. We have not only to contend against the absolute destruction during winter of a feeble or ill-supplied stock, but the principle always before the eye of the apiarian should be to be able to commence the season with strong stocks, able to take due advantage of the honey season directly it arrives. By having this always before him, he can easily double the working power of his colonies. It will readily be seen that in a short or inclement honey-gathering season it is important to make the most of every opportunity of collecting stores, and this can only be done if the workers are in a fit condition to do so.

Feeding not only consists in giving them honey, sugar, sugar-candy, or like sweet substances, if they need it, but in supplying them with water, salt, and rye or wheat meal. Let us briefly notice these in detail. Mr Langstroth, an American apiarian, who has written an excellent work on the bee, quotes the following remarks by Mr Kleine in the *Bienenzeitung:* 'The use of sugar-candy for feeding bees gives to bee-keeping a security which it did not possess before. Still we must not base over-sanguine calculations on it, or attempt to winter very weak stocks, which a provident apiarian would at once unite with a stronger colony. I have used sugar-candy for feeding for the last five years, and made many experiments with it, which satisfy me that it cannot be too strongly recommended. Sugar-candy dissolved in a small quantity of water may be safely given to bees late in the autumn, and even in winter if absolutely necessary. It is prepared by dissolving two pounds of candy in a quart of boiling water, and allowing about half a pint of the solution to evaporate; then skimming and straining through a hair-sieve.'

It is astonishing what may be done with bees when they are in a good humour. In order to produce this desirable state it is only necessary to sprinkle them with sugar and water. This peculiarity is taken advantage of by the wise apiarian when he wishes to conduct the process of artificial swarming, taking away young queens for other hives, removing honey, &c. Bees when swarming rarely sting, and the reason is this: when they leave their hives they naturally think it prudent to take a supply of honey with them, and accordingly pocket all they can. In this state they are very peaceable. In order to make them take honey and produce the desired state, apiarians puff smoke into the hives; the bees gorge themselves, thinking their honey is to be taken from them, and pass to the upper part of the hive. This method is pursued when it is considered desirable to make an examination of the interior of a colony.

Bees will freely take salt during the early part of the breeding season; but water is absolutely necessary for them, and should be regularly supplied in troughs near the entrance, with straws floating in it, so that the bees may drink without fear of drowning. To ascertain whether bees are sustaining injury from want of water, it is only necessary to examine the bottom of the hive. If candied grains of honey appear, no time must be lost in supplying water, *for the bees are eating up their honey in order to obtain it.* This is one cause of the starvation of bees; for lack of water they have too rapidly consumed their stores. Bees work in the dark because the admission of light would candy the honey, and they could not seal it up in its proper liquid state. Glass hives, in which they are made to work in the glare of light, are therefore unnatural. An indication of their dislike to light appears in the attempts they make to obscure the small windows often placed in hives for purposes of examination.

Some people think it possible to overstock a district with bees; but we do not think it ever has occurred in Great Britain. Think of the square miles of orchards, fields of clover and beans, and tracts of heather and other honey-producing plants this country contains, and of the thousands of tons of that substance which must pass from them into the atmosphere, much of which might be gathered for the use of man! How many agricultural labourers and railway porters in country districts might double their earnings by keeping bees! Farmers who grow clovers for seed would find that the multiplication of bees around them would be of immense advantage, for these plants depend to a great extent upon the visits of the bee for fertilisation and consequent production of seed. This simple fact ought to be generally known.

It is a good plan to grow borage, thyme, mignonette, heliotrope, heather, and other honey-containing flowers in the neighbourhood of the apiary; infirm or young bees will not then have to fly far in search of honey. Fields of beans contain large quantities of honey. Mr Pettigrew estimates that a twenty-acre field of grass well sprinkled with the flowers of white clover, yields to bees every fine day at least one hundred pounds of honey; and that twenty acres of heather in flower yield two hundred pounds of honey per day. White clover has been called the queen of honey-

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plants. Heather is more appreciated for bees in Scotland than in Yorkshire, Derbyshire, and Cheshire, where it also abounds. Bees will not fly more than four miles in search of honey, but a circle with a radius of that extent will almost everywhere yield abundant pasturage. If there are cultivated fields within two miles it will be all the better.

We think there can be no doubt that the variety of bee called *Ligurian* will enable the apiarian to obtain more profit than if he kept the common kind. These bees may be readily purchased now at about two pounds a swarm, or twelve shillings a queen, to Ligurianise a colony. (See *The British Bee Journal*, published by Messrs Abbott, Fairlawn, Southall, W.) To Ligurianise an apiary of common bees, it is only necessary to remove the queens and introduce those of the new kind, after a proper interval. This species, which is also called the Italian bee, was introduced into England from Tamin-by-Chur in the canton of Grisons, Switzerland.

Another quality in which the Ligurian bee exceeds the English variety is in its peacefulness of disposition. Respecting the purity of race, Dzierzon says: 'It has been questioned even by experienced and expert apiarians whether the Italian race can be preserved in its purity in countries where the common kind prevail. There need be no uneasiness on this score. Their preservation could be accomplished even if natural swarming had to be relied on, because they swarm earlier in the season than the common kind, and also more frequently.' Even if the breed is not kept pure, little harm is done; indeed we know one skilful apiarian who thinks that a cross between the common and Ligurian varieties is a decided advantage.

The fact that Ligurian bees are less sensitive to cold has been pointed out by the Baron Berlepsch; but he also noticed that they are more inclined to rob the hives of other bees than the common variety. He succeeded in obtaining one hundred and thirty-nine fertile young queens from one Italian queen. Ligurian bees begin work earlier in the morning and leave off later than the common bees.

If the apiarian decides to manage his bees on the swarming or natural method, he must be prepared to give a good deal of attention to his bees, or employ a person to do it for him. Many swarms are lost when the apiarian is away for any length of time, particularly if he possesses an extensive apiary. Besides this, two or more swarms sometimes come out of the hive at the same time and cluster together. In such a case it has been found advantageous to hive them together in a large hive, as it is a somewhat delicate operation to divide the aggregated swarms and hive them separately.

Occasionally a swarm alights on the high branch of a tree, and can only be secured with difficulty. Some apiarians place an old hat or black stocking in a low bush near at hand, and this is said to induce the bees to alight. We have heard of one ingenious gentleman who never lost a swarm, by making a large ball of bees by stringing dead ones together, and placing this upon a string, in its turn affixed to a stick, which he placed in front in a conspicuous situation.

The old queen quits with the first swarm, leaving royal cells ready to supply another after her departure. The second swarm will depart about sixteen days after the first swarm. Bees, however, do not always think it desirable to send out a second swarm. To ascertain this, the apiarian should place his ear at the hive occasionally during that period, in order to ascertain if the young queens are *piping*. When the old queen has left with the first swarm, the first hatched queen is allowed to kill all the embryo queens in the royal cells, if the bees have decided not to send out another swarm. If an exodus is, however, arranged, the bees prevent the queen from killing the young ones in the cells. These begin to pipe after a certain interval; and hence if the apiarian hears the curious notes, he knows that a second swarm may be expected.

The uncertainties of natural swarming have induced many apiarians to dispense with it altogether. The facilities for examination afforded by hives on the principles we have before described, render it easy to ascertain when a hive is ripe for swarming. By contracting the entrance of the hive the exit of the queen may be arrested; and this is a capital plan to pursue when the apiarian is unable to watch his colonies, but does not want to take the swarm from the hive before it is necessary. Our limits will not allow us to go into detail respecting the various processes of artificial swarming. One simple method, after the necessity for taking the swarm has been ascertained, is to puff some smoke (that made by burning a piece of corduroy rolled up, is the best) into the hive, take the top off, after stopping up the entrance, and getting the surplus bees into an empty box or hive placed on the top, by drumming on the hive. In nine cases out of ten the queen goes with them. In that case the parent stock will require another queen, which may be supplied from another hive with a great saving of time. If the queen has remained below, the forced swarm must have a queen supplied in the same manner; or if this is not practicable, the bees will soon rear one themselves.

The advantage of giving a fertile young queen to the mother-stock is thus detailed by Mr Langstroth: 'It sometimes happens that the mother-stock when deprived of its queen perishes, either because it takes no steps to supply her loss, or because it fails in the attempt. If the mother-stock has not been supplied with a fertile queen, it cannot for a long time part with another colony without being seriously weakened. Second swarming—as is well known—often very much injures the parent stock, although its queens are rapidly maturing; but the forced mother-stock may have to start theirs almost from the egg. By giving it a fertile queen and retaining enough adhering bees to develop the brood, a moderate swarm may be safely taken away in ten or twelve days, and the mother-stock left in a far better condition than if it had parted with two natural swarms. In favourable seasons and localities this process may be repeated four or five times, at intervals of ten days; and if no combs are removed, the mother-stock will still be well supplied with brood and mature bees. Indeed the judicious removal of bees at proper intervals often leaves it at the close of the summer better supplied than non-swarming stocks with maturing bees.'

We trust that the observations we have made in the present paper may induce some persons to commence this interesting pursuit who have

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hitherto been strangers to it. Those who feel inclined to do so, we advise to purchase one of the numerous manuals on the subject, and to begin with a few hives at first. The best cheap work on bees with which we are acquainted is *Practical Bee-keeping*, by Frank Cheshire, Editor of the Apiary Department of *The Country*. (*Bazaar* Office, 32 Wellington Street, Strand.) Price 2s. 6d.

## VOYAGING AND STUDYING ROUND THE WORLD.

At the present moment two notable schemes of travel are before the world, to which we will briefly advert. One is simply and purely a pleasure excursion of a somewhat luxurious nature, announced as a 'Yachting Voyage Round the World.' It is proposed, 'should sufficient inducement offer,' to despatch from London, on August 15th, *a large and fast steamer* (*Sumatra*, 2400 tons), fitted with every comfort, to all the principal seaports of the world. After calling at Southampton, Bordeaux, Corunna, and Lisbon, the passengers are to *do* the Mediterranean ports in the most thorough manner, and then Egypt, India, Ceylon, Burmah, the Straits' Settlements, and Manila. From Hong-kong the steamer is to proceed to Amoy on the Chinese coast, to enable the travellers to visit Nanking and Peking: at least so the programme has it; but either its author or printer has made a slip here, for of course it must be intended that these very interesting trips should be made from Shanghai, the next port of call. Having thus skirted the Celestial Empire, the travellers will be spirited across the Yellow Sea to Japan, there to behold the wonders of a budding civilisation. Then after a three weeks' voyage across the Pacific, they will commence their experience of the New World at San Francisco; and calling here and there at places of interest on their southward voyage, they will be taken through the Straits of Magellan to the Falkland Islands; after leaving which they will visit successively Monte Video, Rio de Janeiro, Bahia, Trinidad, Havana, and New York. The fare for this pleasure excursion will be five hundred pounds with extras; which, considering the promised accommodation of every description set forth in the prospectus, does not appear very excessive for a voyage calculated to last ten months or thereabouts. We recommend the idea to the attention of those who want something more exciting and novel in the way of travel than can otherwise be got within a thousand miles of St Paul's. One objection only occurs to our mind in regard to the route proposed, and that is the fact of our great colonies being entirely ignored. Full information may be had by applying to Messrs Grindlay & Co., 55 Parliament Street, London, S.W.; or of the Hon. Secretaries of the Association, Messrs Hide & Thompson, 4 Cullum Street, Fenchurch Street, E.C.

The other scheme to which we would allude is one put forward by the *Société des Voyages d'étude autour du Monde*, which has been formed at Paris with the avowed object of organising annual steam-voyages round the world. The Society aims higher than the promoters of the 'Yachting' Cruise, and desires to combine the *utile* with the *dulce*, and to provide for respectably connected young men who have finished their ordinary studies a still more complete finish in the shape of '*un complément d'instruction supérieur*.' The Society states that its plan has met with the approval of the Geographical Societies of Paris and London and several learned bodies in France; and it has appointed a Council of Administration to carry it out, as well as a committee of *savants* to organise the courses of study which are to form a special feature of the expeditions, and are to embrace scientific, economic, and commercial subjects. After a considerable period of incubation, the views of the Society have just been enunciated in some detail in a pamphlet entitled *Le Tour du Monde en 320 Jours* (Round the World in three hundred and twenty Days), (Paris: Ch. Delagrave). From this we learn that the itinerary of the 'Yachting' Cruise will, broadly speaking, be reversed, and that some additional places will be visited, notably Auckland, Melbourne, and Sydney; which in our humble opinion is a great improvement from an educational point of view. Our readers would hardly thank us for diving into all the minutiæ of the scheme, which, with the usual fondness of the French for petty detail, are laid down in the pamphlet at considerable length under the four heads: *Organisation générale du prémier voyage, Organisation matérielle, Organisation morale*, and *Conditions du passage*.

The arrangements made under the third head of those just noted (*Organisation morale*) constitute the distinguishing feature of the expedition. They include a large library of all descriptions of works on foreign countries, and a collection of the most interesting of their products, especially those which are or can be turned to an account from an industrial point of view. Atlases and charts will be provided, to enable the passengers to make themselves acquainted with the various countries and to follow with exactness the course of the ship. In order to provide an educational staff, the Society offers free passages to three professors, who will be charged with the superintendence of the following branches of study and the delivery of lectures thereon: Economic science, including the commercial products of the various countries visited, their manners and customs, historical sketches, &c.; Natural sciences, under which will come the race of the inhabitants, animal life, plants, geology, mining, &c.; and Physical science and climatology, in which category meteorology, winds and currents, geographical details, seasons, &c. will be dealt with. We have said sufficient, we think, to shew the peculiar features of this proposed series of annual voyages round the world for educational purposes; and we shall watch the result with much interest, though, from our own personal experience of long voyages in hot climates, on board even comfortable steamers, we should have thought that they were the last places in which serious studies on a large scale could be conducted with advantage.

Full particulars may be had from the *Société*, 8 Place Vendôme, Paris; or from Trübner & Co., Ludgate Hill, London. June 30th is the day fixed for sailing; but, strange to say, '*les dames ne seront pas admises à prendre part au voyage*.' (No ladies allowed to accompany the expedition!)

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## CHARLEY ROSS.

On the 1st of July 1874, two little boys, brothers, were playing on the side of a public road near some villas at Germantown, a few miles from Philadelphia. The elder of the two, Walter Ross, was nearly six years of age; the younger, Charley Ross, was aged four years and two months. They were the sons of Christian K. Ross, a gentleman in business in Philadelphia, who lived in one of the villas at this pleasant part of the environs. His wife and some other children were at the time residing at Atlantic City on the sea-shore of New Jersey. Charley was a charming little boy, with a round full face, broad forehead, bright brown eyes, and light flaxen hair, curling in ringlets to the neck. Like all American children whom we have ever seen, Charley and his brother Walter were fond of candy, a sweetmeat of the barley-sugar species, the taste for which led in the present case to a serious misadventure.

For several days in their outdoor sports, the two boys had been presented with a present of candy by two men who were driving in a kind of wagon or drosky, and who stopped for a moment to talk to them. These interviews produced a slight acquaintance with the men. When they drove past on the 1st of July, and as usual gave them candy, Charley asked them for a ride, and also whether they would not buy him some crackers, which they promised to do. The crackers were meant to be used as fireworks on the 4th July, the annual fête commemorative of American Independence. After driving on for a certain distance, the men returned and took them for a ride into the wagon. Walter asked them to go to Main Street to get the fire-crackers, but was told that he and his brother would be taken to Aunt Susie's store. This was a place which had no existence. So onward the two boys were driven, amused with talk, and supplied with fresh doles of candy. By-and-by, as Charley thought the men were driving rather far, he began to cry, and begged to be taken home. To pacify him, the men gave Walter some money to go into a cigar-store which had crackers exhibited in the window; he was to buy two packages of crackers and one of torpedoes, and come back to the wagon. While he was gone on this deceitful mission, the wagon drove off with Charley. When Walter came out of the store with his hands full of fireworks, he was not a little surprised to find that the wagon had disappeared. He looked about in all directions, but could not see or hear anything of it. Finding himself deserted he cried loudly; a crowd gathered round him, and a kindly disposed person took him home.

On returning to his house in the evening, Mr Ross was distressed at the absence of little Charley, and alarmed from what Walter had to tell of the two men in the wagon. The only reasonable conjecture he could form was that the child had been stolen, though for what purpose he could not divine. Assisted by a nephew, he went off to make inquiries at different police stations; at none, however, could he hear any tidings to allay his anxiety. In the account given by Walter, he described the appearance of the two men, one of whom had rings on his fingers and wore gold spectacles; the horse and wagon were also described. Strange to say, no one knew who these men were. At taverns and livery-stables they and their equipments were unknown. The officers of police were at a loss what to make of the affair. For days Mr Ross continued the search for the child and his abductors. With his nephew he scoured the neighbourhood, telegraphed to various quarters, and advertised the loss in the newspapers. Hearing that there had been a band of gipsies in the neighbourhood, he supposed that they might have been concerned in the theft. Detectives were employed to visit the gipsy camp and make a rigorous search for the boy. The search was unavailing. The gipsies were apparently innocent of the crime.

Much public sympathy was felt for the father of the lost boy, and all were amazed at the possibility of a child being carried off in a manner so totally inexplicable. Where could little Charley be? He and his captors had seemingly vanished from the face of the earth. The only rational

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supposition that could be formed was that Charley had been stolen by two scoundrels in the hope of getting a heavy ransom on his restoration. Yet, a crime of this kind, though common enough in Sicily, where the laws meet with no sort of respect, was next to unknown in Pennsylvania or any other northern part of the United States. If Charley Ross had been abducted for the sake of a ransom, it was the beginning of a new crime in this part of the world, and as such would send a shiver through society; for no child of any man in good circumstances would be safe.

The conjecture that little Charley was stolen with a view to being held in ransom, proved to be the right one. The abductors had the audacity to write to Mr Ross, July 3, that he might keep his mind easy about Charley; but that no powers on earth would get him unless good payment was offered for him. The letter was in affectedly bad writing and spelling, and was not dated from any place. Strange to say, it must, from the short time between posting and delivery, have been written in Philadelphia, in which city, by a reasonable inference, the two thieves were concealed. The authorities now made a more minute and vigorous search, and a watch was put on all the railway dépôts day and night. Barns, stables, sheds, and unoccupied houses were looked into, and the police went through all known haunts of vice and professional beggars and vagrants. The search was not confined to the town and suburbs, but was extended up and down the Delaware and into the neighbouring states. Every canal-boat was carefully examined. To do the local authorities justice, they spared no pains to unravel this extraordinary mystery. The crime, as it now stood revealed, did not alone concern the bereaved father and his child; it concerned the whole community, and if allowed to go undetected, there might be no end to the felonious abduction of children.

On the day after receiving the letter of the 3d July, Mr Ross advertised that he would give a reward of three hundred dollars to any person returning his lost child. To this there came a startling response in a letter dated Philadelphia, 6th. It was as badly written and badly spelled as the preceding, and plainly intimated that the ransom to be paid for restoration of the boy was twenty thousand dollars—not a dollar less would be taken, and all the powers in the universe would fail to find out where he was. If Mr Ross was ready to negotiate, he was to say so by advertisement in the *Public Ledger*. On the 7th Mr Ross advertised that he would negotiate. At two o'clock the same day a letter in reply was received. What was now demanded was that Mr Ross should advertise in the *Evening Star* as follows: either, 'Will come to terms,' or 'Will not come to terms.' If the former, it would be understood that twenty thousand dollars would be given; if the latter, the negotiation was at an end, and Charley's blood be on his father's head. Here was an explicit and horrible threat that if the full ransom were not forthcoming the unfortunate child would be murdered. It being conclusive that this, like the preceding letter, had been posted at Philadelphia, a watch was put on the letter-boxes, to discover who were the senders. This effort failed in effect. The thieves were evidently assisted by some unknown confederate, who posted the letters, and whom it was impossible to identify.

We have not space to go into the numerous details of what ensued, as given by Mr Ross in a volume which has lately made its appearance.* Referring persons deeply interested in the matter to the book itself, which will reward perusal, we proceed to say that the intercourse by letter and advertisement between the abductors and the bereaved father came to nothing. There were difficulties as regards the kind of notes in which the ransom should be paid; there were worse difficulties as to how the thieves could make the exchange of the boy for the money. In Sicily, where a brigand leaves his card with the superior magistrate of the district, things of this kind encounter no serious obstacle. It is different in the United States, as it is in England. In these countries, brigands are not on visiting terms with public authorities. The two rascals who stole Charley Ross could make nothing of him after they had got him. He was concealed with an extraordinary degree of skill, somewhere about Philadelphia; but the ingenuity which was displayed by his captors met with no recompense. It was evident from the universal clamour, that a repetition of tricks of this kind could not be carried on with any prospect of profit or security. The whole newspaper world was up. Thousands of presses from New Orleans to the Saskatchewan, from New York to San Francisco, were flaming with stories and conjectures about the abduction of Charley Ross. In time, the newspapers of England caught up the theme. The hearts of parents in every part of the English reading world were acutely interested. What will strike every one as marvellous, is the impenetrable secrecy which shrouded the spot where Charley Ross was secluded. It was tantalisingly near at hand, yet nobody could find it out.

It may amuse our readers to know that from the universal excitement that was created, there sprung up a crop of pretended discoverers of the lost child. All that was needed to restore him to the arms of his loving parents was a little money. Some of the announcements were hoaxes. Some were barefaced attempts at extortion. The effect of these despicable communications was to add poignancy to the sorrow that was already endured by the father and mother of little Charley. The credulity of the family was also painfully tried by information alleged to have been obtained through the medium of spirits. Unfortunately, no two mediums gave the same direction in which to look for the child. Their revelations were simply a piece of nonsense, though imparted with prodigious gravity.

Annoyed with pretenders of various classes, Ross and his nephew did not relax endeavours to unravel the mystery. They travelled about over the northern states, led on by communications from the two thieves, who had quitted Philadelphia, and taken up new ground. It at length appeared to be conclusive that Charley's captors had gone to New York, and from rigorous investigations at the several hotels, it was almost certain that their names were Mosher and Douglas. They had, however, no child with them. Where he was stowed away, if still in life, no one knew. Going with professional zest into the

* *Charley Ross: the Story of his Abduction.* By C. K. Ross. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1877.

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affair, the New York police, greatly to their credit, under Superintendent Walling, made every effort to track the windings of the two desperadoes, who, from newspaper advertisements and bills stuck on the walls, saw that they were momentarily in risk of capture. New York, however, has about it holes and corners in which felons find temporary lurking-places, and when pursuit is keen there is water on two sides, with boats, in some of which there is a refuge from justice equal to that of the old Alsatia in Whitefriars. On the opposite side of the narrow channel on the east, lies Long Island, hilly and picturesque, and which, besides Brooklyn, possesses a large number of villas of wealthy citizens scattered about among gardens and pleasure-grounds. To this island, as charming a retreat of families from New York, as are the Highland borders of the Clyde for the citizens of Glasgow, we have to follow Mosher and Douglas, the reputed abductors of Charley Ross.

The two villains had exhausted their means. They had made nothing of the cruel capture we have been describing, and had indeed lost money by the transaction. Driven to their last shifts, they resolved to begin a career of house-breaking. As a commencement, they broke into the villa of Judge Van Brunt of the Supreme Court of New York, situated near the water's edge, at a picturesque part of Long Island. The judge and his family were absent for the season, and the house being shut up, offered, as was thought, a good chance of effecting a burglary. In laying their plans, Mosher and Douglas were not possibly aware, that before closing his house, the judge furnished it with 'a burglar alarm telegraph, which conveys information of the slightest interference with any of its doors or windows into the bedroom of his brother,' who resided permanently in a house near at hand. The account of the attack may be given in the words of Mr Ross:

'On the morning of December 14, at two o'clock, this alarm-bell rang violently. Mr Van Brunt was at once awakened, and immediately called his son Albert, who was asleep. When Albert came down stairs the father said: "Go over and see what has sounded that alarm; I think the wind has blown open one of those blinds again;" an occurrence which had more than once before caused the bell to ring. The young man went, first taking the precaution to put a pistol in his pocket. Approaching his uncle's house, he noticed a flickering light through the blinds of one of the windows; he returned and told his father about the light, procured a lantern for himself, and went to arouse William Scott, the judge's gardener, who lived in a cottage close by, and who had the keys of the judge's house. On their way back, Scott and Albert ascertained that more than one man was in the house with the light. They then awoke Herman Frank, a hired man; and after placing one man in front and another behind the judge's house, Albert returned to his father and reported what he had seen and done. His father, although seriously suffering from illness, after getting together the arms in the house, joined his son, and calling the gardener and hired man to him, said: "Now, boys, we have work to do, and must understand each other; we must capture those fellows if we can without killing them; but if they resist, we shall have to defend ourselves. Albert, you and Scott stand before the front door; Frank and I will take the rear; and whatever happens afterward, let us remain in the positions we first take up; because if we move around, we shall be certain in the dark to shoot one another instead of the thieves. Whichever way they come, let the two who meet them take care of them as best they can; if they come out and scatter both ways, then we will all have a chance to work." The party took their respective places; the night was pitch dark, cold, and wet. The watchers waited patiently for nearly an hour, while the burglars went through every room in the house, with the rays from their dark-lanterns flashing now and then through the chinks in the shutters. At length they came down to the basement floor and into the pantry. Through the window of this little apartment Mr Van Brunt could see distinctly the faces of the two burglars. He could have shot them down there and then in perfect safety to himself and his companions; but he wished to refrain from taking life until he could be certain that the robbers would shew resistance. He did not wish to kill them in the house, nor in any other way than in self-defence.

'The elder Van Brunt, finding he was growing numb and weak from the effects of the cold damp air of the inclement night, determined "to push things," and standing in front of the back door, ordered the hired man to open it quickly. In trying to get the key into the keyhole, he made a noise which the quick-eared burglars heard. Their light went out immediately, and their footsteps were heard ascending the cellar stairs. Mr Van Brunt and his man moved towards the trap-door of the cellar, the lock of which had been broken. This was soon opened, and the body of a man started up, followed by the head of another. Mr Van Brunt cried out "Halt!" in response to which two pistol-shots from the cellar door flashed almost in his face, but without injuring him. He then fired his shot-gun at the foremost man, and a cry of agony followed. The other man fired at him a second time, and then ran towards the front of the house. There he dashed almost into the arms of the younger Van Brunt, at whom he fired two more shots, luckily missing him also; and before the pistol could be fired again his arm was struck down by a blow from Mr Van Brunt's shot-gun, which was shattered. Uttering a terrible cry the burglar now retreated; but before he had gone many rods, Mr Van Brunt sent a bullet into the would-be murderer's back. The desperate housebreaker staggered for an instant, and then fell dead.

'Meanwhile the other burglar, although mortally wounded from the elder Van Brunt's first fire, continued to shoot in the dark until he was exhausted. The firing now ceased; the only thing positively known, after the second or third shot, being the gratifying fact that while none of the defenders of the judge's property was hurt, the two burglars were literally riddled with shot and bullets. One was stone dead, with his empty revolver under his head; the other lived until five o'clock—only about two hours. Several neighbours, aroused by the firing, came rushing to the place, and got there by the time the fight was over; one of whom was asked by the wounded man to give him some whisky. After tasting it, he pushed it away, and called for water, which he drank eagerly. He was then asked who they were, and

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where they came from. He replied: "Men, I won't lie to you; my name is Joseph Douglas, and that man over there is William Mosher." He spelled M-O-S-H-E-R-'s name, adding: "Mosher lives in the city (New York), and I have no home. I am a single man, and have no relatives except a brother and sister, whom I have not seen for twelve or fifteen years. Mosher is a married man, and has five children." Believing himself to be mortally wounded, he continued: "I have forty dollars in my pocket; I wish to be buried with it; I made it honestly." Then he said: "*It's no use lying now: Mosher and I stole* CHARLEY ROSS *from Germantown.*" When asked why they stole him, he replied: "To make money." He was then asked who had charge of the child; to which he replied: "Mosher knows all about the child; ask him." He was then told that Mosher was dead, and was raised up so that he could see the dead body of his partner in guilt. He exclaimed: "God help his poor wife and family." To the question, "Could he tell where the child was?" he answered: "God knows I tell you the truth; I don't know where he is; Mosher knew." The same question was repeated a number of times to him; but he gave no further information, but said: "Superintendent Walling knows all about us, and was after us, and now he shall have us. Send him word. The child will be returned home safe and sound in a few days." He told his inquirers that they had come over in a sloop which was lying in the cove, and begged them not to question him any more, and not to move him, as it hurt him to talk or move. He remained conscious until about fifteen minutes before his death. Thus writhing in agony, lying on the spot where he had fallen, drenched with the descending rain, ended the purposeless and miserable life of one who aided in rending the heart-strings of a family unknown to him, and in outraging the feelings of the civilised world. So swiftly did retribution come upon his companion, that not one word escaped his lips: no message to his family—no confession of his terrible crimes—no prayer was he permitted to utter: suddenly, as by the stroke of lightning, was his soul ushered into eternity. Surely "the way of the transgressor is hard."'

That there might be no doubt about the identity of the two bodies, Walter Ross was sent for. He recognised one as having been the man who drove the wagon, and the other as having given him money to buy the crackers. Others identified them as the men who had been seen driving away with the children. There could therefore be no doubt that William Mosher and Joseph Douglas were the real abductors of Charley Ross. The discovery was so far satisfactory; but where was the lost child? Mosher's wife was hunted up and questioned on the subject. 'She said her husband had told her that the child had been placed with an old man and woman, and was well cared for, but she did not know who were his keepers, or where he lived.' Disappointed in getting any useful information in this quarter, Mrs Ross's brothers offered by advertisement a reward of five thousand dollars for the return of the child within ten days. The child was not returned, and instead of any useful information on the subject, there was a repetition of miserable attempts at fraudulent extortion. At the same time, circumstances were elicited regarding the career of the deceased culprits Mosher and Douglas. It was ascertained that a person named William Westervelt, a brother of Mosher's wife, and a notorious associate of thieves, was concerned in the abduction. He, in fact, had been the confederate who posted the letters and otherwise assisted the two thieves. In September 1875, he was tried for being engaged with others in abducting and concealing the child; and being found guilty, he was sentenced to pay a fine of one dollar, the cost of the prosecution, and to undergo an imprisonment of solitary confinement for the term of seven years.

In the course of the trial, no fact was elicited respecting the place of detention of the child. From the day he was stolen, July 1, 1874, till the present time, not a word has been heard of him. His distressed parents exist only in hope that he is still in the land of the living, and may yet be restored to them. If alive, he will now be about seven years of age. It would afford us immeasurable satisfaction if *Chambers's Journal*, which penetrates into all English-speaking quarters in the American continent, should happily help to recover the child who was lost, the helpless little boy, CHARLEY ROSS. W. C.

## THE LAST OF THE HADDONS.

### CHAPTER XXIV.—A DEATH-BLOW.

I STOOD for a few moments watching my strange new acquaintance, rapidly widening the distance between us, then turned thoughtfully homewards again. The story I had just heard had given me something to think of besides my own happiness. Although poor Nancy might be a little too ready to rebel, how hard things had been for her! How much did I, and all women blessed as I, owe to such as Nancy. Well, there would be Philip to help me by-and-by. Surely we two might be able to do something, I thought, my cheeks uncomfortably hot with the consciousness that the existence I had been dreaming of savoured too much of ease and sunshine for two people who professed to desire the highest life. Robert Wentworth would tell me that, and so of course would Philip; and I was glad also to realise, as I did just then, that continued ease and sunshine would pall quite as much upon me as upon either of them. 'I was not to the manner born.'

I had reached the stile, and was absently stepping down on the other side of it, as I afterwards found, stepping so wide of the lower step as to involve an ignominious descent, when I was gently lifted on to *terra firma* by two strong arms.

'What makes you so careless to-night?' said Robert Wentworth.

'It was stupid,' I replied, realising the position; and adding: 'In truth, my thoughts were woolgathering; and I had forgotten where I was.'

'Rather an awkward moment for forgetting where you were; wasn't it?'

'No; yes—yes; of course it was stupid,' I repeated.

'You are not generally so ready to plead guilty as that,' he replied smilingly. 'What makes you so preternaturally meek to-night? Have you just come off second-best in a wordy war with old Jemmy Rodgers?' Bending down to get a better look into my face, he went on with quite another tone and manner: 'What has happened, Mary?'

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'Happened?' I repeated, hesitatingly. But why should I not tell him? I presently asked myself. He knew that Philip was expected, and that we were to be married; he knew that I loved Philip; and why should I any longer act like a foolish girl about it? So after a moment or two, I went on: 'That which you asked to be allowed to speak of in three months may be spoken now, if you will.'

'Now!' As he echoed the word, bending to look at me again, I noticed a swift change of expression in his face—an eager, startled, yet not altogether assured look.

'Yes; I have had a letter this evening, telling me that Philip expected to be able to sail within a week or so of sending it, and he may be here any time during the next month.'

'Philip!'

'Mr Dallas you know. We are to be married.'

He was silent; and after waiting a moment for a reply which came not, I grew a little conscious of the awkwardness of talking about my lover to him, and not the more pleased with him for making me feel so. A little confusedly, I murmured something about having hoped that they would be friends; so many Philip had known must be scattered and lost to him during his long absence, and he was a man of all others to appreciate a friend.

Nettled by his continued silence, I went on: 'If I have expected too much, you yourself are a little to blame for my doing so. You have always made me feel that I might expect something more from you than from other people.'

I saw his hand tighten on the bar of the stile it rested on with a pressure which made the veins look like cords. He threw up his head, and seemed to take counsel with the stars. Was it the pale moonlight which made him look so white and rigid? Had I offended him? *What* was it? Then arose a new and terrible fear in my mind. Had I misunderstood him—had he misunderstood *me*—all this time? Had I unwittingly led him to believe me a free woman, and—— Was it possible that he loved me—Robert Wentworth?

Deeply pained as well as ashamed, had I not always believed and asserted that such complications are not brought about by single-minded women? I bowed my head, covering my face with my trembling hands in the bitterness of humiliation. My love for Philip had made all men seem as brothers to me, and it had never for a moment entered my head that my bearing towards them might be misconstrued. Then it must be remembered I was not like a young and attractive girl; nor had I been accustomed to receive lover-like attention. Bewildered and miserable—God forgive me if I had wronged Robert Wentworth in my blindness—I was confusedly trying to recollect what I had last said, so that I might be able to add a few words which would serve as an excuse for leaving him not too abruptly, when he at length spoke. Clear and firm his voice sounded in the stillness, though the words came slowly: 'You have not expected too much, Mary.' I could not say a word; and in my anxiety for him, still lingered. 'You have not expected too much,' he gently repeated. Then seeing that was not enough, he added, in the same low measured tone: 'God helping me, I will be your husband's friend, Mary.'

I put out my hands, involuntarily clasping them together. I think he interpreted the gesture aright. With the old grave smile, he said: 'You must not forget you have a brother as well as a husband, you know.'

'I will not; God bless you, Robert!'—laying my hand for a moment on his.

He waved his hand, and without a word turned away. I tried to gather comfort from his quiet tone; tried to persuade myself that it was but a passing fancy for me, which he would very quickly get over, now he knew the truth; using all sorts of arguments to quiet my conscience. But in my inmost heart I knew that Robert Wentworth was not the man to be shaken in that way merely by a passing fancy. Beyond measure depressed and dissatisfied with myself, I slowly and wearily made my way back towards the cottage again. Ah me! how changed was the aspect of things already! How different this still grayness, to the *couleur de rose* in which I had read Philip's letter, and how different was my mental state! Was I the same person who only an hour or so previously had been telling herself that her happiness was almost too great to be borne? All my pretty pictures of the future, in which Lilian and Robert Wentworth had figured so charmingly, were destroyed. I had fully intended to take Lilian and dear old Mrs Tipper into my confidence respecting Philip's expected arrival and my future prospects, as soon as I reached the cottage; but how could I do so now? How could I talk about Philip as he ought to be talked about, with the remembrance of that set white face upturned in the moonlight, fresh upon me! Impossible! My heart sank at the bare thought of parading my love just then. It would be like dancing over a grave.

I could better turn my thoughts upon poor Nancy than upon my coming marriage, just now. I found Lilian and her aunt at a loss to know what had become of me, and it was some little relief to be able to talk about my adventure with Nancy.

They were full of interest and sympathy, entering into my feelings upon the subject at once, and only differing from me about my allowing her to return to the Home, thinking that this was too much to expect from her. But I still thought that it was her best course; and it did me a little good to argue the point with them in the way of obliging me to use my wits.

'She was not entirely blameless,' I replied. 'I think she recognised that, in deciding to return to the Home, when I left it to her to choose.'

'But I am very glad you promised to procure a situation for her as soon as you can, Mary,' said Lilian. 'It seems almost too much to expect her to remain there for any length of time.'

'I have no fear of being able to do that when the right time comes,' I rejoined.

I was not able to be quite as candid as I wished to be, because I would not now touch upon the subject of my approaching marriage. I was consequently obliged to speak more indefinitely than I felt about obtaining a situation for Nancy.

'May I go with you to the Home, Mary? I too should like to say a cheering word to poor Nancy.'

I very gladly acquiesced, and we agreed to set forth the following morning. I did not, as I had always hitherto done with Philip's letters, sit gloating over the contents of this last and most precious of all half through the night, finding a

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new delicious meaning in every word. The remembrance of Robert Wentworth came between me and my happiness; and my letter was put away with a sigh. Disturbed and ashamed, the possibility of Philip's wife being supposed a free woman, was humiliating to me. My thoughts were reflected in my dreams. I appeared to be all night wandering in hopeless search of an intangible something:

A form without substance,
A mental mirage,
Which kindled a thirst
That it could not assuage.

I awoke feverish and unrefreshed. But Lilian and I set forth in good time to do our errand before the heat of the day; and a walk in the fresh morning air, through the prettiest of Kentish scenery, proved a very good remedy for a disturbed mind. Then I had a special reason for exerting myself to keep Lilian's thoughts from straying that morning. Her exclamation, 'Already!' when we found ourselves before the gates of the Home, seemed to shew that my efforts had not been thrown away. As the estate had been sold piecemeal, and very little ground had been purchased with the house, it had been thought necessary to build a wall round it. The aspect of the grand old house, surrounded thus by a mean-looking new wall, was almost pathetic, as well as out of character. And the great gates, which had once graced the entrance to a beautiful old park, looked specially out of place, let into a wall some feet lower than themselves, and with their fine iron-work boarded up. We saw too that all the windows in view were boarded up so high as to prevent the inmates looking out.

'I really do not see how it could hurt the people to see the beautiful country,' ejaculated Lilian, as we stood waiting for admittance after ringing the hanging bell. 'No prison could look more dismal.'

'Yes; Nancy Dean is one of the inmates here,' in answer to my query, said a sullen-looking woman, in the ughest of dresses in shape, and make, and colour; and with her hair tucked away entirely out of sight beneath a cap uglier if possible than her dress. 'But you can't see her. This isn't visiting day. Wednesdays, second and last in the month, two till four o'clock.' Wherewith the small door let into the wall by the side of the gates, which she had opened to inquire our errand, was unceremoniously slammed to.

I did not hesitate to ring again. This was Thursday, and not one of the visiting weeks. Nancy must not be left until the following Wednesday without the knowledge that I had kept my word. It was of the gravest importance that she should know that I had made inquiries, even though I could not obtain an interview with her. But I saw now that I had made a mistake in first asking for her. I hurriedly tore a leaf from my pocket-book, and pencilled a few lines upon it, to the effect that 'a lady much interested in the Home hoped Mrs Gower would accord her a short interview;' and had it ready by the time the woman once more opened the door.

'I wish to see Mrs Gower the lady-superintendent, if you please.'

'Have you got an appointment with her?' she asked.

'If you give this to her, it will explain,' I returned, putting the folded paper into her hand.

She coolly unfolded it, read it through, and after a moment's hesitation, ungraciously made way for us to enter. Then, after relocking the gate, she left us standing just within, whilst she went into the house to do my bidding.

'Not a very courteous reception,' said Lilian.

'We ought to have inquired for the matron at first; but we can do without courtesy, if we succeed in getting our way,' I returned.

It seemed that we were to get our way. The woman came towards us again. 'I was to say that it is not usual for ladies to come at this time; Mrs Gower is always very much engaged until two o'clock; but she will see you, if you will step this way.'

We followed her into the house through a great hall, cold and forlorn-looking enough even at this season, divested as it was of everything in the way of furniture, and with its stone floor distressingly whitened. Then she pushed open a swing-door, led the way down a small well-carpeted passage, and ushered us into one of the cosiest of little rooms, luxuriously furnished. I had just a momentary glimpse of a lady lying back in an easy-chair, with her feet upon a hassock, reading a newspaper, a dainty luncheon with wine, &c. on the low table at her elbow, when at the words, 'The committee room, the committee room, of course, Downs,' we were hurriedly hustled out of the room again.

'This way, if you please,' said our conductress, leading us across the forlorn-looking hall again.

But the room we were now ushered into was to my eyes more forlorn still—a long room of noble proportions, with five windows, which had once commanded the view of a beautifully wooded undulating park, but which were now faced by a brick wall only four or five feet distant. The only flowers now to be seen were the marble ones festooned about the high old-fashioned fireplaces at each end of the room. It was now used as a committee room; a long baize-covered table, a dozen or so of heavy chairs, with ink and papers and one book, representing the furniture.

I was busily altering the aspect of things, telling myself that even the committee must feel the depressing effects of such a room as this; pulling down the offending wall, training rose-trees round the windows, and so forth, when the door opened, and Mrs Gower entered. A stout large-boned woman, between fifty and sixty years of age; severe of countenance, and expensively attired—too elaborately, I thought, for a gentlewoman's morning-dress.

'One of our lady patronesses, I presume?' she said, with a little half-bend as she advanced. 'It is not usual for ladies to come at this early hour; but we are always prepared for inspection, and happy to shew the Home, and explain our system, to ladies who may be desirous of co-operating with us.'

'I am very much interested, Mrs Gower. I do not think anything can be of more interest and importance to women than is such work as this. But I came as the friend of one of the inmates—Nancy Dean—to ask your permission for me to see her.'

'Are you a subscriber to the institution, may I ask, madam?'

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'No.'

'Do you bring an introduction from any one who is a subscriber?'

'No; unfortunately I know no one in any way connected with the Home.'

There was a very marked change in Mrs Gower's bearing, as she coldly observed: 'In that case, you did not, I presume, state your errand to the portress; and she was neglectful of her duty in not inquiring what it was, and giving you to understand that visitors to the inmates are only admitted upon certain days and at certain hours.'

'No; she was not to blame. She told me that I could not see Nancy until the usual visiting day.'

'Then I am quite at a loss to understand'——

'I should not have ventured to trespass upon your time if it were an ordinary case, and I could wait until the next visiting day to communicate with Nancy, Mrs Gower. I know, for the proper management of a place like this, it must be necessary to make rules and enforce them. But I hope you will make an exception in this case. It is of the greatest importance to her as well as to me that she should know a friend came here to see her to-day.'

'A friend! That means, I presume, that you have taken up her case? I cannot suppose that you belong to her own class?'

I made a little bow serve for reply; and she very gravely went on: 'If it be so, I am sorry to be obliged to tell you that you couldn't have taken up a worse case. Dean is one of the most incorrigible characters I have had to deal with during a long experience. You are probably not aware that she is at present under discipline for bad conduct?'

'Bad conduct?' I repeated interrogatively, a little curious to hear *her* version of the story.

'Yesterday, she conducted herself in the most disgraceful way before the committee. Afterwards she got through the window of the room in which she was confined, and ran away. Then, I suppose in consequence of not being able to find any place of refuge, she presented herself at the gates again late last night, saying that she had returned to take the punishment for what she had done, and to try to reform. Of course the true reason is, she prefers staying here until her plans are more matured, and she can leave at her own convenience.'

'May she not be sincere in her desire for reform, Mrs Gower?'

'That is perfectly hopeless. A very short residence here would teach you the hopelessness of expecting any thorough reform in such as Dean.'

'It must be very painful to you to feel that of any human creature, Mrs Gower.'

'Of course it is painful'—a trifle snappishly; 'but such knowledge as, I am sorry to say, is gained here does not increase one's faith in human nature, madam. We have to face a great many unpleasant facts, and one of them is, that such women as Nancy Dean are altogether incorrigible.'

'It must be very discouraging to think so.'

'Nothing discourages us from doing our duty.' And here Mrs Gower very decidedly touched a hand-bell on the table.

Not appearing to notice the hint, I quietly rejoined: 'But great mistakes may be made in such cases; and I hope you will excuse my saying that I think you have been mistaken with respect to Nancy Dean, and taken her incorrigibility too much for granted.'

Mrs Gower drew herself up; if she thought it possible that she could make mistakes, she was evidently not in the habit of being told that she could. It was probably all the more unpardonable from the fact that the portress, who had noiselessly obeyed her summons, heard what passed. I had not of course intended her to hear it; but she must have entered so very quickly after the bell sounded, and moved so noiselessly, that I was quite unaware of her presence, until the direction which Mrs Gower's eyes took informed me of it.

Mrs Gower's colour was a little raised, as she begged to decline any further discussion upon so painful a subject with one who evidently had had no experience, and therefore could not understand it.

'But you will, I hope, oblige me so far as to let Nancy Dean know that her friend Miss Haddon came to see her, and will come again on the first visiting day?' I pleaded, seeing that it was no use to press for an interview.

'I cannot promise anything of the kind,' loftily returned Mrs Gower. 'Dean is under discipline; and the course of treatment I adopt will entirely depend upon her conduct while under that discipline.'

'I beg'——

'I cannot promise anything.' Then somewhat irrelevantly, as it appeared to me at the moment, but as I now think, for the purpose of pointing out to me that the fault lay with Nancy Dean, and not with the system, she added, glancing for a moment towards the woman, who stood with downcast eyes, waiting for further orders: 'This is one of our successes.'

'This' appeared to my eyes but a very poor success—a very doubtful one indeed, if the low narrow brows and heavy mouth and chin expressed anything of the character. She appeared to be quite accustomed to be so alluded to, no change in her face shewing that she was in any way impressed by it. There she stood, a success, make what you choose of it, she seemed to say, eyeing us with stolid indifference. I could not help contrasting her face with that of the 'incorrigible' whom I had seen the night previously, so open and honest even in its passionate anger. Nevertheless, in my anxiety upon Nancy's account, I ventured to make an indirect appeal to 'This.'

'I am glad to hear it. Her own reformation doubtlessly makes her more desirous to help her fellow-women, and poor Nancy Dean so terribly needs a friend just now.' Then turning again towards Mrs Gower, I added: 'I trust that you will allow Nancy Dean to be informed that I called, madam?'

I think she perceived my motive for repeating the request before the woman. She very decidedly replied: 'As I informed you just now, I cannot give any promise of the kind; and Downs knows her duty. And I must remind you that my time is valuable; I have already given you more than I can spare. Good-morning, Miss Haddon.—The gate, Downs.' And with a very slight inclination of the head, Mrs Gower gave us our dismissal.

Lilian and I followed the woman to the gate, where I paused a moment, trying to gather from the expression of her face whether it would be of

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any avail to make a more direct appeal to her. It seemed useless to attempt it; one might as well hope to influence a wooden figure. As I stood hesitating, unwilling to go without making one more effort, I said a few words to Lilian, more to give myself time than anything else, but which served the end I had in view: 'I would give a great deal to get a message conveyed to poor Nancy.'

A new and altogether different expression dwelt for a moment in Down's eyes, fixed straight before her; an expression which suggested an idea to me that I had not had in using the words. In a moment I had my purse out of my pocket, and a half-sovereign between my fingers; taking care, as I noticed she did, to turn towards the open gate and away from the house.

Brighter and brighter grew the expression of her face as she said in a low voice: 'I might perhaps just mention to Nancy Dean that you called this morning, ma'am—if that's all you want done?'

'That is all I want you to do; just to tell her that her friend Miss Haddon called, and intends to come again next visiting day.'

'Very well, ma'am; I don't mind telling her that,' she returned, looking wooden and dull again, as her fingers closed over the money; once more the same sullen, unimpressionable woman we had at first seen, as she closed the gates upon us.

'O Mary, what a dreadful place! How could any one be expected to be better for living there!' ejaculated Lilian. 'How could they select a woman like Mrs Gower to influence her fellow-creatures!'

'There certainly appears to have been a great mistake somewhere,' I thoughtfully replied. 'So benevolent a scheme might surely be better carried out.'

I may as well state here what came to my knowledge later—respecting the Home and its management. Mrs Osborne, the founder, had commenced her work of benevolence without sufficient experience and knowledge of the class she wished to benefit. Like many other benevolent people, she believed that love was all that was needed for the work; and the lady she had at first engaged to act as superintendent was as enthusiastic and non-executive as herself. The consequences were disastrous; and it told much in Mrs Osborne's favour that she had the courage to try again. Unfortunately, in her anxiety to avoid her former error, she ran into the opposite extreme. Mrs Gower was selected from numerous other applicants on account of her having previously held office as matron of a prison, and possessing testimonials as to her special fitness for the executive department.

Accustomed to deal with the worst side of human nature, and to the enforcement of the necessarily rigid rules of prison-life, in which all must pass through one routine, Mrs Gower had become a mere disciplinarian, treating those under her charge in the Home as though their minds were all of precisely the same pattern, and that a very bad one.

If half the stories which reached me respecting her luxurious self-indulgent life were true, the effect upon those to whom she was supposed to be an example was undoubtedly bad. And if there were good grounds for the statement that her appointment to the office of prison matron had been to her a rise in life, it quite sufficiently accounted for the want of refinement in thought and habit, which occasioned her to live too luxuriously, and deck herself in too rich clothing for one living amongst women supposed to be endeavouring to strengthen themselves against yielding to temptation.

Again, good as he undoubtedly was, Mr Wyatt, upon whom Mrs Osborne depended for spiritual help, was not fitted for the task. He was too young, as well as too naturally timid and shy, to manage a number of women, who deceived him with the pretence of reformation when it suited their purpose better than openly laughing at him. Long afterwards, he told me how terribly he used to dread his visits to the Home, and how much he was troubled at the little effect of his teachings. It took him a long time to understand that the best natures might appear to be the worst under such training as Mrs Gower's.

That Mrs Osborne herself was quite satisfied with the new management, is too much to say. But although Mrs Gower was not a woman after her heart, past failures had rendered Mrs Osborne distrustful of her own judgment; and she could not deny that there at least appeared to be better effects produced now than during the former management. Although there were occasional failures, which nothing could gloss over, Mrs Gower could point to the fact that a certain number of the inmates were annually drafted into service, and whatever became of them, they did not reappear at the Home.

## LIFE IN ST KILDA.

### SECOND PAPER.

THE men of St Kilda are in the habit of congregating in front of one of the houses almost every morning for the discussion of business. I called this assembly the Parliament, and, with a laugh, they adopted the name. When the subject is exciting, the members talk with loud voices and all at one time; but when the question is once settled, they work together in perfect harmony. Shall we go to catch solan-geese, or ling, or mend the boat to-day? are examples of the subjects that occupy the House. Sometimes disputes are settled by drawing lots. A system of mutual insurance has existed from time immemorial. A large number of sheep are annually lost by falling over the cliffs, and the owners are indemnified by the other members of the community, whose contributions are in proportion to the number of sheep they possess, and the consequent risk. As the calculations are all performed mentally, I think this shews no small arithmetical power. Parliament, besides being necessary to the conduct of business, has, I think, a salutary effect on the minds of the people, and helps to keep them cheerful in spite of their isolated position and excessive religious exercises. Man is a gregarious animal, and there are no people more so than the St Kildans. In work every one follows his neighbour. If one puts a new thatch on his barn, a man is to be seen on the top of every barn in the village. If the voice of

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praise is heard at the door of one house, all, you may be sure, are engaged in worship; and so on.

The St Kildans are remarkable for their piety. They are all members of the Free Church, and contribute somewhere about ten pounds annually to the Sustentation Fund of that body. They go three times to church on Sunday, and hold a prayer-meeting every Wednesday. They have also service on the first Tuesday of every month to return thanks for the preservation of Captain Otter and his crew, whose ship was nearly lost on the island about thirteen years ago. This was instituted at the request of the (now deceased) captain, who brought them supplies in a season of dearth, and attempted some improvements; which have all proved abortive. The minister is one who commands attention—every eye fastened on him throughout the discourse; and if any one happens to drop asleep, he or she is immediately aroused by a stinging remonstrance from the pulpit! Such, for instance, as saying in Gaelic: 'Arouse your wife, Lachlin—she won't sleep much in Tophet, I think, eh?' which causes Lachlin to poke his elbow in his wife's side immediately. The church is a miserable place, with no floor but mother earth, and with damp sticking to the walls like hoar-frost or feathers. The seats are rude benches, many of them bored and grooved by the ship-worm. Here all the women sit for about six and a half hours every Sunday with bare feet and legs, even in winter. Family worship is held in every house morning and evening; and when parties of men or women reside in the other islands they 'make their worship,' as they phrase it, just as they do at home. Every meal is preceded by a grace, nor will they take a drink of milk or water without uncovering the head.

The St Kildans are quite as industrious as they are pious. Every family has a croft of ground, which they carefully cultivate, although their method of husbandry admits of improvement. They grow oats, barley, and potatoes, all of which are planted too thickly. The ground is manured with the carcases of puffins. But there is a great waste of this valuable manure, many thousands of these birds being left after the plucking season, to rot in the island of Boreray every year! The grain is ground into meal by handmills. In the beginning of summer the rocks are scaled, and the neighbouring islets visited, for old solan-geese and eggs. They fish for ling in summer and pluck instead of clipping their sheep. The wool is spun by the women, and woven by the men into cloth and blankets, which, after providing clothes for themselves, are sold to the factor. In August they catch the young fulmars, and in September the young solan-geese. In winter the spinning-wheels and looms are busy from the dawn of day until two or three next morning. Their diligence and endurance are astonishing.

The belted plaid (the original kilt) was the dress worn by the St Kildans when Martin visited the island in 1697. Previous to that they wore sheep-skins. But leg-garments wide and open at the knees were beginning to be introduced. Now the men wear trousers and vests of coarse blue cloth with blanket shirts. On Sundays they wear jackets in addition. The *brog tiondadh* or turned shoe, so called because it is sewed on the wrong side and then turned inside out, was in vogue until quite recently, and specimens are still to be seen. It is made to fit either foot, and is sewed with thongs of sheep-skin. They buy the leather from the factor. The sheep-skins are still tanned by themselves with, according to my informants, a kind of bark found under the turf.

The dress of the women consists of a cotton handkerchief on the head—Turkey-red being preferred—which is tied under the chin, and a gown (made by the men) of strong blue cloth, or blue with a thin purple stripe, fastened at the breast with a large pin made from a fish-hook. The skirt is girdled below the waist with a sash of divers colours, and is worn very short, their muscular limbs being visible to near the knee. They wear neither shoes nor stockings in summer, and very seldom in winter. They go barefoot even to church, and on that occasion don a dark plaid, which is fastened with a copper brooch made from an old penny. Formerly the heads and necks of solan-geese were used by the fair sex as shoes; but these have gone out of fashion. The men too are generally to be seen without shoes. Sheep-skin caps were once common, and are yet worn by a few.

Both sexes look strong and healthy, have bright eyes, teeth like new ivory, and are capable of long-continued exertion. There are only six surnames on the island—namely Gillies, Ferguson, Macdonald, MacKinnon, MacQueen, and MacCrimmen. The average height of the men is about five feet six inches. The tallest man is five feet nine inches, the shortest four feet ten and a half. I measured twenty-one male adults. They are tough and hardy, and know nothing of the diseases which are common in other places. There is one old man of weak intellect, who is quiet and peaceable when not contradicted. He lives in a smoky thatched old hovel by himself. He has a sister afflicted with epilepsy. Another old man is blind from cataract.

The most extraordinary complaint that visits St Kilda is called the Stranger's Cold. The natives firmly believe that the arrival of a boat communicates this disease. They say that the illness is more severe when the ship or boat comes from Harris, and that they suffer less when the vessel comes from Glasgow or London. It is curious that every one caught this distemper immediately after the arrival of the smack and boat in 1876, and again on the landing of the Austrians this year. Not one St Kildan escaped. No one was ill during the intervening six or seven months. The symptoms are a severe headache, and pain and stiffness in the muscles of the jaw, a deep rough cough, discharge from the nose, and rapid pulse. But the great scourge of St Kilda is a distemper to which the infants are subject. This keeps down the population, and has prevailed for at least one hundred and twenty years. Medical men call it Tetanus and the Irish 'Nine-day fits.' Doctors differ as to the cause: some say that it arises from the mothers living on sea-fowl; others to weakening of the blood from long-continued intermarriage; some that an operation necessary at birth is not properly performed; others that the infant is smothered with peat-smoke; whilst some aver that the child is killed by improper feeding; and I am now inclined to believe that the last is the true reason. Comparatively few of the children born on the rock survive for more than a few days; they are seized with convulsions and lockjaw, and soon become exhausted. Those

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who escape grow up into fine men and women—sound as a general rule in mind and body; but it is a significant fact that intending mothers often go to Harris if they can, to be confined, that they may escape the curse that seems to hang over the child that is born in St Kilda.

The people of St Kilda and Harris have no great esteem for each other. Mothers in Harris threaten to send their children when naughty to St Kilda; Harris men call the St Kildans *gougan* (young solan-geese). The St Kildans again never mention Harris but in terms of contempt: A poor place—dirty, shabby, greedy, &c.

The St Kildans talk Gaelic, and nothing but Gaelic. The minister and a woman who is a relation of his know English as well; but both are from the mainland. All are very polite in their own way. When they meet one of a morning they lift their bonnets with the left hand, and hold out the right, and never fail to ask for one's health and how one has slept.

When I had acquired some little knowledge of the language, I made inquiries about Lady Grange, who had been forcibly sent to St Kilda in 1734, and kept there for seven years. Her name was familiar to all the old people and to some of the young. Tradition says that she slept during the day and got up at night. She never learned Gaelic. The house in which she lived was demolished a few years ago. It belonged to the steward, and was exactly like the old houses still standing, but a little larger. A dearth happened to prevail during the whole time she remained on the island; but she got an ample share of what little food there was. The best turf was provided for her fire, and the spot where it was got is still called the Lady's Pool. She was much beloved; and the people presented her with a straw-chair, as a token of respect, when she was carried off to Harris. I heard nothing of her violent temper. Perhaps she had some reason to be violent when at home!

The churchyard, small and elliptical in form, is at the back of the village. The door is kept carefully shut. None of the tombstones bears an inscription, except one erected by a minister. I brought two sculptor's chisels with me, intending to carve a stone as a pattern, but could not find one soft enough to cut. Some of the men seemed eager to erect monuments to their friends, and brought me slabs; but none was found suitable. The ruins of an ancient chapel stood in the middle of the churchyard. The walls, I was informed, were about sixteen feet high; but this ruin was removed a few years ago, the stones being adapted for building. One is to be seen built into the wall of a cottage, and has a cross incised upon it. It must have been a good bit of steel that cut it, as the stone is like granite.

Close to the churchyard is a stone called the Stone of Knowledge, which is said to have possessed magical properties. He who stood upon it on the first day of the quarter became gifted with the second-sight, and was able to foresee all the events that were to occur during that quarter. I tried it on the first day (old style) of the present spring, but saw nothing except three or four women laden with peats, and smiling at my affected credulity. It does not seem to be much venerated in these sceptical times.

At the back of the village is an old cellar, said to have been erected by one man in a single day. It is built of huge stones, some of them too ponderous to be lifted by any two men of these degenerate times. The people refer to this cellar as a proof of the superior strength of their ancestors. The builder had very nearly stumbled on the principle of the arch, which is as yet unknown in St Kilda. I shewed the men (who are all experienced masons in their own way) the photograph of an old bridge, and they looked at it with much interest and thorough understanding.

There were formerly three chapels on St Kilda, dedicated respectively to Christ, Columba, and Brendon. They still existed in 1759, but not a vestige of them now remains.

But the most extraordinary relic of antiquity in the village is a subterranean house. I had heard of it on my first visit; and on the 13th July 1876 determined to have it opened and examined. A crop of potatoes grew on the top, and the owner at first refused to allow this to be disturbed. But by dint of raillery, persuasion, and a promise to pay the damage, he at length acceded to my request. This underground dwelling was discovered about thirty-two years ago by a man who was digging the ground above it, and was generally called the House of the Fairies. The aperture on the top was filled up again, and it had never been opened since. But after a little search the hole was found and an entrance made. Two or three men volunteered to clear out the stones and soil that had accumulated on the floor to a depth of several feet, and worked with a will. The house was found to be twenty-five feet long by three feet eight inches wide, and about four feet in height. The walls consisted of three or four ranges of stones, a roof of slabs resting on the sides. This house runs due north and south, and curiously enough there is a drain under the floor. Amongst the *débris* on the floor I found numerous stone axes, knives, and fragments of a lamp, as well as pieces of rude pottery. As there was no tradition concerning this house, and as it is assigned to the fairies, it may be very old; but I am inclined to think that the stone period extended to a very recent date in St Kilda. I have some satisfaction in believing that I am the discoverer of stone implements in St Kilda, and that my claim has been recognised by the Society of Scottish Antiquaries.

One day I went to the islet called The Dun, which stands opposite the village, and forms the south or south-west side of the bay. It is separated from St Kilda by a narrow channel. I went along with three men and three boys, who for want of better work tried to catch puffins. This business being easy, is generally left to the women. Although the sea was covered with these birds, they were uncommonly shy on shore and difficult to catch; about forty-five was the average bag. The Dun, although the crags are comparatively low, affords some grand bits of rock-scenery. The site of an ancient altar is still to be seen. The stones which formed it have, however, been removed. At the southern extremity of the island is a mount on which great blocks of stone are piled up in wild disorder. These blocks have been spoken of as being the relics of a fort; but this is open to doubt. The St Kildans probably trusted to hiding themselves in times of danger. There is not a single weapon of war in the island; but bows and arrows are mentioned in the traditions. The Dun, comparatively tame

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on the side next the bay, is wild and picturesque where it faces the ocean. Some of the crags are crowned by pinnacles and fantastic protuberances, and the base is perforated with caves, into which the foaming billows rush and rage for ever.

On my return from The Dun I found a boat at the shore laden with puffins. She had come from Boreray, and had brought a cargo of birds to be plucked at home, so as to assist the young women, who were suffering from the 'Stranger's Cold,' combined with swollen throats—and no wonder! for the weather had been bad, and these unprotected females had never changed their clothes, but slept in the garments that they wore during the day; and although accustomed to severe exercise in the open air, had sat exposed to the cold, plucking feathers from morning till night. They suffered great hardships, and only get the pittance of six shillings a St Kilda stone (twenty-four pounds) for the feathers, which are of excellent quality. At that time the few people left in the village were also busy plucking feathers; and the smell of roasted puffins—'a very ancient and fish-like smell'—came from every door. These birds also furnish a feast for all the dogs and hooded crows that haunt the village. I ate a puffin by way of experiment, and found it tasted like a kippered herring, with a flavour of the dog-fish. Custom would no doubt make it more palatable. On the 2d of August a boat went to Boreray and brought back a cargo of puffins and *gougan* or young solan-geese. On the 6th two boats went again to that island, and brought back the twelve young women who had been catching puffins, together with the feathers. Some of the women caught as many as six hundred puffins a day. I calculate that eighty-nine thousand six hundred puffins must have been killed by both sexes. The fingers of the girls had become so sore from plucking the feathers that they were obliged to use their teeth in drawing the tail and pinions!

There was a debate whether it would be advisable to begin to catch the young fulmars, or to delay for a day or two, in the hope that the weather would improve. It was decided to delay, but meanwhile to bring out and test the ropes used for going down the cliffs. Some of the ropes were made from hair cut from St Kilda horses, and were forty years old. One of them gave way. Old men remember when there were ponies on the island; but many under forty have never seen a horse except in pictures. Ropes of manilla hemp are now used, and fewer accidents occur than in the olden time, when ropes of hair and even straw were employed. Some of the men made me feel the bumps and scars upon their scalps caused by the falling of stones from the cliffs above, whilst they were dangling below.

At length fulmar-catching began in earnest. I went in the morning with a party of men in a small boat to the islet of Soa, which is close to St Kilda. It is exceedingly difficult to land on that small island in any weather, from the swell of the sea and the steepness of the shore; but I determined to go to the top. We landed on the south side. With the end of a rope around my waist, the other end being held by a man on shore, I leaped on the rocks and climbed up the cliffs at the base, assisted by a pull when needful from a man, who now preceded me. At a short distance up, the rocks became less regular. Great masses of stone spring tower-like out of the ground, and blocks of all sizes are crowded together on the steep acclivity. An old man called *MacRuaridh* or the Son of Rory acts as my guide; and although he totters on level ground, he goes up the hill without any difficulty. About half way up, amongst masses of huge blocks of stone, he shews me an old house which tradition says was made by one Duncan in ancient times. Close to this antique bothy are three houses equally primitive, in which the women pluck and store the feathers. Farther up, the steep ground is covered with a rich crop of grass, which affords sustenance to a flock of sheep of a peculiar breed. They are of a fawn colour, and are very wild. They run like deer; and are only caught to be plucked. They belong to the proprietor of the island. By means of a gentle ascent, I reached the highest part of the island, which terminates abruptly in a cliff one thousand and thirty-one feet in height. Far down I could just distinguish two of our crew, who were busy catching fulmars on the rocks, and the boat floating like a tiny mussel-shell at the base. These afforded a kind of standard by which to estimate the height of this stupendous crag. MacRuaridh and I sat and rested for a little on the verge of the cliff; but he soon grew tired of doing nothing, and began to peer over the edge in search of young fulmars, some of which he saw on a cliff adjacent, and caught.

Having caught as many fulmars as he could carry, we descended to the rocks where we had landed. The sea had risen considerably since that time. After waiting for about two hours, the boat came round the island heavily laden with fulmars. Some of the crew (there were twelve in all) had got into her on the other side. But four or five came down the rocks to where I was, and cast anxious looks at the boat and at the waves, that came sweeping along from the west at a right angle with the shore. Two young men sat on the top of the cliff, each holding a rope, by the help of which the others slid into the boat. Then came my turn. A line was fastened around my waist, and a hair-rope put into my hand. I was peremptorily requested to take off my shoes; and as I descended, I pushed my toes into any crevice or cranny that offered, until the rock became so smooth that I could find no hold for my feet. Then I was obliged to be passive, and allowed myself to be lowered like a sack until I reached a small limpet-covered shelf on which the waves rose about knee-deep. 'Jump! Jump!' shout the crew; and when the boat mounts on the wave, I leap, and fall in a heap amongst the fulmars—all right. The air was quite calm, but the sea continued to rise, and the boat was in imminent danger of being dashed to pieces against the wall. At one time she became altogether unmanageable, and was forced by the sea into a place where the rocks were under her bottom, and caused several hard bumps. The water too began to pour over the gunnel, and I thought that every wave would send us to the bottom. It being impossible to get the two men on board at that spot, the boat was rowed along to a cliff farther south. The waves were quite as wild there; but a double line having been passed around a projecting stone, and the ends held firmly in the boat, the two men slid down and pulled the rope after them. A few strokes of the oars carried us

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out of danger. In the excursion I experienced no little exhaustion. A morsel of cheese and a bit of oat-cake was all I had tasted during the day, as I had hurried off without breakfast. It was dark when we reached the village.

## THE TWELFTH RIG.

### IN SIX CHAPTERS.

### CHAPTER III.—THE FLIGHT.

ALL next day Eliza was paler than her wont; her face wore a restless troubled expression, and she went about the house in an absent preoccupied manner, very different from usual.

Mary Conlan, who watched her face all day, thought that the omens of the night before, which seemed to indicate some dire misfortune, had roused her to serious reflection, and that she was making up her mind to abandon all thoughts of Crofton for ever, and return to her allegiance to Hogan, hoping it might yet be possible to avert the threatened evil.

Yet whatever her thoughts may have been, that evening found Eliza in the garden as usual, glancing up and down the road; and twilight saw her leaning over the gate engaged in earnest conversation with Crofton. Thus on each succeeding evening she might be seen. Those who had known her from a child came to her with advice and warnings. But some stood aloof and shook their heads. 'Sure, it's no use,' they said. 'She can't help the doom that's on her, poor thing; best leave her alone.'

Her father, too, seriously remonstrated with her. He did not indeed know how frequent her meetings with Crofton were, for he, worthy man, was generally napping in his chair after his day's labour when the interviews at the garden-gate took place; still, he had heard and seen enough to make him very uneasy. Even supposing that Crofton were in earnest and wished to marry Eliza, he felt sure that such an unequal marriage would not bring happiness to her in any way. And besides, he had set his heart on her wedding Hogan, whom he cordially liked, with whom he could trust her; and everything would be open and straightforward, she living on the spot, and among the people with whom she had been brought up. He tried to represent the thing clearly to Eliza, how Charles Crofton's family would be offended, and how he would needs break his engagement to Miss Courtney. He tried to shew her all the unpleasantness that must result.

She heard him in a silence that seemed dogged, pouting her lips when he spoke of the advantage she would have in always remaining amongst them as Hogan's wife. In the same manner she listened to all the rest who spoke to her on this subject; but no promise could be extracted from her to discontinue her meetings with Crofton. From that time, however, the garden interviews were given up, but only, as it appeared, for a more secret meeting-place.

One evening after dusk, as Hogan was walking along a path between some fields, he heard voices behind the hedge. He stood still a moment. He could not mistake that tone, with its accent of refinement. It was certainly Crofton and Eliza. They seemed as if taking leave of each other. He could not overhear their words, save a few disconnected ones.

'To-morrow morning,' Crofton was saying, 'before any one'—— The remainder of the sentence was lost.

Then came Eliza's voice, low and somewhat tremulous; and Crofton again, in tender impassioned tones. Then there was a few moments' silence, and they seemed to part. But the footsteps returned, and again he heard their voices, as if they could not bear to tear themselves from each other without more last fond words and (Hogan clenched his hand as the suggestion arose) caresses. A low murmur only reached him now, followed by another short silence. How was it filled up? he wondered; and he ground his teeth in anger, and the hot blood mounted to his forehead. Steps now came along by the hedge. He walked on. He knew Crofton was behind him. In a few minutes the latter came up, and as he passed, looked at Hogan sharply, with an expression of annoyance on his handsome face; but he said gaily, though with a touch of insolence in his tone: 'Wandering absorbed in thoughts of love, Hogan; or only considering what crops you will sow this year? Which, may I inquire?'

'It doesn't concern any one but myself, I think, sir; but my thoughts are honest at anyrate.'

'Which means that somebody else's aren't, and I suppose I am that somebody. But I assure you, my good fellow, I haven't the slightest intention of filching anything from your barns, or committing other depredation upon you.'

'I don't know,' muttered Hogan, as the other passed on whistling an air.

'She must pass just now,' he said to himself, and stopping, leaned on part of a broken wall, half concealed from view. In a little while he heard the rustle of a dress and a light tread. Eliza came by, a bright flush on her cheek. She started a little on seeing him; then with a nod and a careless 'Good-evening,' was going on, when he detained her.

'You've just parted from Mr Crofton?' he said.

'Well,' she answered, looking full at him; 'and what then?'

'Eliza!' he burst out passionately, 'is it all over between us? Tell me at once, and crush me with one word. I would rather know. This suspense is more than I can bear. It is killing me.'

She hesitated. 'Well, Will, I suppose so.'

'You suppose so! You can say it thus coolly, and call me by the name you used to speak so tenderly once, and not so long ago either. O Eliza!' His voice fairly broke down, and he covered his face with his hand.

She stood by, her cheeks a deep crimson, her eyes cast down, beating her palm with a flower she held, a rare hot-house flower. Hogan knew well who had given it to her.

'And will he marry you?' he asked.

She ceased the restless movement and looked up quickly.

'Will he marry me?' she repeated indignantly. 'Will I marry him? Ask that, rather. *He* thinks the compliment 's there.'

'He is so much above you, Eliza. Take care you are not making your own misery. I speak now only as a friend, one interested in your

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welfare. Oh, take care; I warn you before it is too late!'

She stamped her foot on the ground in sudden anger, and her eyes flashed.

'I am sick of these warnings!' she exclaimed. 'I'm not bound to stand here and listen to them from you; and what 's more, I won't either!' She darted past him and sped swiftly along the path.

'Good-bye, then, Eliza,' called he after her. 'And may you never feel the sorrow and desolation that I do this evening.'

But she neither stopped nor glanced round at him. He walked on, sighing as he went. The chill November wind whistled drearily over the fields; it was November too in his heart. All that night he lay sleepless, tossing about, unable to find rest for body or mind. At one instant he was cursing him who had alienated the heart that had once been wholly his own, vowing vengeance, and resolving to wrest Eliza from him by some means, before it was too late. The next moment, he bitterly reproached her for her faithlessness, called her vain, worldly, worthless, undeserving of serious love; half hoped she might suffer for her treatment of him, and proudly resolved to think no more of her; then groaning, and covering his face with his hands, as the thought of all she had been to him rushed overwhelmingly over his mind, and he felt how impossible it would be to forget her.

Next morning it was later than usual when he rose, for about daybreak he had slumbered a little. On going out, whether by accident or design, his steps turned in the direction of Daly's farm, and his eyes sought the window of Eliza's apartment. It seemed to him that there was an unusual commotion in the house. Figures moved hurriedly about the rooms and flitted past the windows. As he gazed up, the house-door was suddenly thrown open, and some of the farm-servants, who slept in the house, rushed out and ran down the garden. At the same instant, Daly appeared, his face pale and full of distress and agitation. Hogan hurried forward, some half-formed fear and alarm in his mind, to ask what was the matter. On seeing him, Daly exclaimed: 'She 's gone, gone from us for ever! disappeared during the night!'

'Who?' cried Hogan. 'Not Eliza? It can't have come to that so soon! You don't mean that she has fled, fled with *him*?' He asked the question in a kind of desperation, hoping against hope and probability, for what else could the words he had heard mean?

'Yes; fled, and of a certainty with Mr Crofton,' answered Daly.

'But they may be overtaken. Let us try to save her before it is too late.'

'It is too late, I 'm afraid. From what I am told, she must have left about four o'clock this morning. Mary says she heard a slight stir in the house about that time, but didn't mind it then.'

Hogan turned away, and walked to a little distance. 'Gone!' he murmured in accents of deep despair.

At that moment Mary Conlan ran up to her uncle. She held a letter in her hand. 'See!' she exclaimed. 'We found this on the floor, under the table. It must have fallen down, and no one saw it till now.'

Daly seized it eagerly, and tearing it open, began to read. It seemed short, for after a minute or two he called to Hogan, and handed it to him.

It was from Eliza, addressed to her father. She began by saying that when he read it she would be the wife of Charles Crofton. As she saw that they would all be against her marriage with him—though why, she did not know, unless some didn't wish to see her in a position so different from their own; and as there would be so many obstacles from Mr Crofton's family, they thought it best to take this step, and avoid useless remonstrances. She then mentioned the church where they had been married that morning and the name of the clergyman. She hoped her father would not be angry. He oughtn't to be; for should he not be glad of her happiness and rejoice in her social elevation. 'Now good-bye, dear old dad,' she concluded. 'I know Mary will take good care of you; and believe that I am still your affectionate daughter, Eliza.—To-morrow, I may sign myself Eliza Crofton. Tell Will Hogan not to be fretting after me.'

'Careless and cold enough; isn't it?' said Daly sadly, as the other handed back Eliza's letter to him. 'I'm afraid she doesn't mind much what either of us feels, thinking of the grand life that 's before her. I'll go to town at once and see if it 's as she says.'

Hogan made no reply. He walked away; and when he had gone a little distance, threw himself down on the ground and groaned aloud in agony of spirit.

Daly's inquiries proved that the marriage had actually taken place that morning in the church Eliza mentioned. He was even shewn her signature in the book; and there remained not a doubt that she was actually the lawful wife of Charles Crofton. Daly felt a certain pride in his daughter's position; but he sorely missed her bright face and laughing teasing ways. He felt that he had lost his daughter for ever, and it sometimes almost seemed to him as if she had died.

As time went on, an occasional letter came, dated at first from London, afterwards from the continent; but they were as brief as they were far between, and told almost nothing. She hoped he was in good health. She was well, and seeing many things she had never even heard of before, and going into a great deal of gay society. This was usually their substance.

From the time of Eliza's departure, a great change came over Hogan. He grew so gloomy and irritable, that those with whom he had formerly been a favourite began gradually to shrink from him. Few will take misery as an excuse for broken spirits, and all steal away from the stricken one—

> As the ancients shunned the token
> Of a lightning-blasted tree.

But there was one who never avoided Hogan. Mary Conlan was often by his side, always ready with smiles and cheering words. She never alluded to his grief; but he saw by her actions and her sympathetic eyes how she felt for him in his sorrow. And though it seemed sometimes, when he turned from her with a dark brow and monosyllabic answer, that her task was an ungracious one, yet he blessed her in his heart that she still did not forsake him, and cherished the kind and gentle words she spoke as the only thing that made life not utterly a burden.

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CHAPTER IV.—THE GLAMOUR FADES.

In an elegantly furnished apartment of one of the most fashionable hotels of Paris, a young lady sat alone. The rich sunshine of a warm July afternoon streamed through the room. Now and then a gentle breeze strayed in at the open window beside which she was seated, and sounds of life, careless, outwardly happy life, floated upwards.

It was a brilliant and varied scene to look on: the handsome equipages dashing by, the gaily attired ladies, the city itself, of which the window commanded a fine view, with its sungilt trees and white glittering domes; a scene that might well attract the eye.

But this gazer, though beautiful and young, not more apparently than twenty years of age, one for whom it might be supposed to have every attraction, appeared indifferent to it. Her attitude, as she leaned back in her chair, her head resting on its cushioned top, betokened weariness; and the beautiful large black eyes fixed so wistfully, appeared to look far away and beyond what lay before her. It might be that it was a scene she was well accustomed to from childhood—that she was worn out after last night's gaiety. Yet she did not look like a born Parisian. There was a light in those eyes that seemed as if reflected from limpid, rippling streams, a something about that form which told of mountains and heath-covered paths. She roused herself from her reverie with a deep sigh and sat upright in her chair.

'Oh, if I could see it once again!' she murmured, 'the dear old place, and my father and all the familiar faces! It is a long time since I wrote to him. I never care to do it, because I can tell him nothing. Yet why should I not? What a relief it would be if I might freely unburden my heart to some one! I must do it.'

She rose, and walking to a small writing-table, unlocked the desk that stood on it and took out a letter. It was written in a large masculine hand. She read it over with fond brimming eyes, then seated herself at the table, and taking a sheet of paper, began to write rapidly, seldom pausing for consideration, as if she wrote straight down the thoughts that were in her mind. The letter abounded in fond expressions of love and interest, that seemed as if wrung from a sad home-sick heart.

'I sometimes think,' she wrote, 'in the morning when I awake, that I am at home, and fancy I hear the loud chirping of the birds among the ivy round my window, the lowing of the cattle, your voice in the yard talking to the labourers, and all the sounds that used to rouse me. Shall I never, never hear any of these again? I left them heedlessly, thinking only of *him* and the life of enjoyment I was going to. I do not think I cast one parting glance on the hills and fields that last evening, nor pressed a warmer kiss than usual on your cheek at night. There seemed some glamour over me that I could not resist, and that made me cold and unfeeling to all but the one. It is a just retribution that I should pine to return now, when I never can. He may tell me that I shall yet be there as mistress of Crofton Hall; but shall I? Something in my heart tells me that I shall see it never, nevermore! Would you know me now, I wonder, if you saw me? I am changed, I think, but the change within is the greatest of all. I can hardly recognise myself sometimes, as the same lively, thoughtless Eliza Daly.'

She then went on to tell how she had at first enjoyed her entrance into society. It was plain that she had been greatly admired, and that she had been able to adapt herself quickly to her new sphere in life. But as her triumph became less new, spots began to tarnish its brightness. With the murmurs of admiration and praise that reached her ears, scornful reflections on her humble birth were mingled; and she began to notice a tinge of condescension in the manner of many towards her, which at first, when absorbed in delight at the novelty and grandeur of everything, had not struck her. It was not possible even that with all her native quickness and tact, the humble farmer's daughter could at once be transformed into the polished lady, and so occasionally slight breaches of etiquette were observable, which did not fail to excite criticism. She would have thought much less about all this, only she saw how her husband was annoyed by it. She found too that remarks which she made in conversation frequently displeased him. He would accuse her of being too *naïve*, and of allowing her ignorance of some things with which she should be familiar, and her familiarity with others of which she ought to be ignorant, to appear. At first he would reprove her laughingly; but gradually, whenever she offended, with more and more displeasure. She soon learned to seal her lips on such subjects, and appear to know no more of the ways among which she had been brought up than any of them—learned even to deny all knowledge of the familiar spot itself.

But the gloss had gone from her pleasure, and she saw that it was also fading from something more valued still—her husband's love. She feared that he was becoming tired of her. She had amused him for a while, and he had lavished the most passionate fondness on her; but that was past now. She thought he repented, and was ashamed of the unequal match he had made; and she resolved that her presence by his side should no longer remind people of it and wound his pride. She absented herself from every gaiety. At first he would ask her to accompany him as usual, and seem surprised when she refused; but he never pressed her. He thought, or feigned to think, it was because of delicate health she would not go; but she knew that he was glad.

Withdrawn from the excitement in which she had lately lived, her spirits sank, and as they did so, her husband grew more and more careless and indifferent. Still, he was never unkind. He brought her presents and indulged every fancy; but she could not be content with the light good-nature that prompted this. She was dependent on him only, and he left her alone and unhappy, scarcely seeming to know that she was so, or betraying impatience at it.

As she finished her letter, the outpouring of a sad disappointed heart, which has found in the reality so mournful a contrast to the bright ideal, her tears fell heavily one by one. When she wrote the direction on the envelope, she sobbed aloud, and buried her face in her hands. In a few minutes she composed herself to read over what she had written. Having done so, she paused and seemed to consider.

'No; I will not send it,' she said aloud. 'It

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would be a comfort to me to get the affectionate reply I know I should from him, but it would grieve him too much to think I was unhappy. It must not go.'

She was about to tear it across; but a sudden thought stayed her hand. She folded it up and placed it in the envelope. 'If I die, let them send it to him. And stay! I will put a little piece of my hair in it.' She took up a pair of scissors, and going to the glass, severed a glossy curl. She folded it in a piece of paper, and wrote, 'With Eliza's love;' then laid it within the letter, which she sealed with black wax, and instantly locked her desk.

As she did so the door opened, and her husband entered. He threw himself on one of the couches with some commonplace remark, such as people make when they think it incumbent on them to say something, but are urged by no impulse from the heart.

'Paris is beginning to shew signs of getting thin,' he continued lazily. 'We must leave it soon. I think of Rome for the winter. What do you say?'

'I have no objection,' she answered, trying to speak cheerfully; but there was a tremble in her voice, and something that seemed to strike him as unusual, for he turned round and looked at her.

'What is the matter?' he asked.

'Nothing; there is nothing the matter with me.'

'Very well; that's all right.' He closed his eyes.

She stood looking at him wistfully. Though her own love had grown dim and faint as his for her, and another face—that of him whom she had turned from in her infatuation—was ever before her, yet the change pained her. She went to him, and taking his hand, said gently, but with a thrill in her voice that told of deep emotion: 'Do you remember that evening—it is nearly a year ago now—when you first told me that you loved me, and asked me to be your wife? I was frightened, and said it was impossible the thing could ever be; but you knelt at my feet, and declared that the happiness of your life depended on me.'

'Well, of course. And what then?' he answered, somewhat impatiently.

'It does not now, I'm afraid.'

'Oh, do not talk such nonsense, dear. I was courting you then; but now such raptures and declarations would be ridiculous. *You* are altered. You always meet me with a sad face now. It is not very pleasant, I assure you.' He spoke peevishly, and getting up, walked to the window, and stood looking out with a discontented brow.

She followed him and laid her hand on his arm. 'Oh, do not—do not withdraw your love altogether from me!' she said pleadingly. 'You are all I have. Think of all I left to go with you.'

'All you left!' he repeated. 'And did I leave nothing, give up nothing for your sake?' There was a bitterness in his tone as he asked the question, and she perceived it.

'Oh, yes, yes; I know you did,' she answered. 'Much; and that is what grieves me; because I fear,' she added in a lower tone, 'that if it were to do again you might act differently.'

'Oh, don't bother yourself and me with such fancies. Of course I do not, and never can regret that step. There; let us say no more about it. I'm going to the Opera to-night. Will you come? You are moping yourself to death.'

She hesitated. She felt no inclination to go, but she thought it might be some real concern for her that made him ask, instead of the careless good-nature, more than half selfishness perhaps, which disliked to see sorrow on any face near him, because it made things less bright for him. She consented to go.

'Very well,' he said. 'It is time for you to get ready; and don't let me see red circles round your eyes again. You do not look so pretty when you cry, Eliza.' He bent down, and pressed a light kiss on her cheek.

## RING LORE.

To Mr W. Jones' book on *Finger Ring Lore*, Historical, Legendary, Anecdotal, just published by Chatto and Windus (price 7s. 6d.), we are indebted for the following gossip, which may interest our readers.

In speaking of wedding-rings, we learn that these important symbols have not always been manufactured from the precious metal, gold. We are told that in lieu of a ring the church key has often been used; and Walpole tells of an instance where a curtain-ring was employed. The Duke of Hamilton fell so violently in love with the younger of the celebrated Misses Gunning at a party in Lord Chesterfield's house, that two days after he sent for a parson to perform the marriage ceremony; but as the Duke had neither license nor ring, the clergyman refused to act. Nothing daunted, Hamilton declared 'he would send for the Archbishop; at last they were married with a ring of the bed-curtain, at half an hour past twelve at night, at Mayfair Chapel.' Forgetful bridegrooms have been reduced to greater straits than this even; in one instance a leather ring had, on the spur of the moment, to be cut out of a piece of kid from the bride's glove. A tragic story of a forgotten wedding-ring is told in the *Lives of the Lindsays*. When he should have been at church, Colin Lindsay, the young Earl of Balcarres, was quietly eating his breakfast in night-gown and slippers; when reminded that Mauritia of Nassau was waiting for him at the altar, he hurried to church, but forgot the ring; a friend present gave him one, which he, without looking at, placed on the bride's finger. After the ceremony was over, the countess glanced at her hand and beheld a grinning Death's-head on her ring. She fainted away; and the omen made such an impression on her, that on recovering, she declared she was destined to die within the year; a presentiment that probably brought about its own fulfilment, for in a few months the careless Colin was a widower.

In medieval annals and ballads we find very frequent allusions to 'token'-rings; that is, rings given to prove identity; as knightly gages, like the ring of the 'Fair Queen of France' that James wore at Flodden; as pledges, &c. Many examples might be given of these uses of rings. Perhaps as good as any are the two memorable instances in Queen Elizabeth's life. She was peculiarly unfortunate in her token-rings. When Essex was in her favour she gave him a ring, saying that if ever he forfeited her esteem, and sent back this signet, the

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sight of it would insure her forgiveness. The story is well known how, when Essex lay in prison, doomed to death, he sent the ring to the Queen; but Lady Nottingham intercepted it, and Essex was allowed to die. Recent documents tend to prove the truth of the romantic ending of this story, that when the dying and repentant Countess told the Queen how she had kept back the ring, the effect on Elizabeth was so overpowering that she died three days afterwards. The Virgin Queen's other historical token-ring was one of the many gems that passed between her and Mary Queen of Scots. She sent Mary part of a ring, with a promise similar to that in the case of Essex; but though Mary, previous to her fatal journey into England, wrote reminding Elizabeth of her promise, we all know how little effect it had.

Bequests of rings in wills, as memorials, were frequent in the middle ages as well as now. The sapphire ring that Mary sent from Fotheringay, just before her execution, to Lord Claude Hamilton is still in Hamilton palace; M'Gowan the antiquary had another of the rings she distributed among her faithful attendants, which the *Times* in 1857 traced to Broadstairs. Sir Henry Halford gave Sir Walter Scott a lock of Charles I.'s hair, which Scott wore in a virgin gold setting with 'Remember' embossed upon it. Instances could easily be multiplied, but one deserves special mention. The metal of the ball that slew Nelson was divided into three and set in gold; on the lead in each was cut a basso-relievo half-bust of the great admiral. Many special memorial rings of Nelson were made about Trafalgar-time, but none so interesting as these.

Besides other curious matter, Mr Jones gives us notices of the customs and incidents in connection with rings, and many anecdotes of remarkable rings, amongst the more remarkable of which were 'the wedding of the Adriatic' by the Doge dropping a ring into the bosom of the sea; the 'death-rings' of Borgia and the medieval Italian poisoners; the part rings have played in identifying the living and the dead, as when Cœur-de-Lion, returning from Palestine in disguise, was recognised at Gazara in Slavonia by his ring. The body of Sir Cloudesley Shovel, cast up after a storm on the rocks of Scilly in 1707, was identified by his emerald ring, and was removed to Westminster Abbey. Rings have saved life, have promoted diplomatic relations with semi-civilised nations, have been used as bribes; in short, have played an important part on many different occasions. The *refusal* of a bribe-ring was the first step on the ladder by which the herdsman's son climbed up to be Earl Godwin and the father of a king.

Rings have been lost and found in many strange ways: a matron of East Lulworth lost her ring one day; two years afterwards she found it inside a potato! A calf sucked off the ring of Mrs Mountjoy of Brechin: she kept the calf for three years, and when it became veal, or rather beef, the ring was found in its inside. Moore tells us, in his *Life of Byron*, of the interesting recovery of the ring his lordship's mother had lost many years before, and which the gardener brought in just as Byron got the letter containing Miss Millbanke's answer to his proposal of marriage. 'If it contains a consent, I will be married with this very ring,' exclaimed Byron, before reading the lady's acceptance of his offer. Solomon's ring, and the story Herodotus gives us of the recovery of Polycrates' ring from the inside of a fish, are the first examples of a great array of like legends. Glasgow got the salmon and the ring in her city arms from a recovery of this kind, of which, however, there are several conflicting accounts. In former pages of this *Journal* we have noticed curious losses and subsequent recoveries of rings; and those who are further interested in the subject will find much entertaining matter in the volume before us.

## MOTHER GOOSE.

This, it seems, is no fanciful name got up to please children. There was a real Mrs Goose, or as she was familiarly called, Mother Goose, who signalised herself by her literature for the nursery. We learn this rather curious fact from an American newspaper, the *Congregationalist*, which, in describing a Christmas festival at the Old South Street Church, Boston, enters pretty largely into a biography of the lady. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Foster. She was born at Charlestown, where she resided until her marriage with Isaac Goose, when she became step-mother to ten children. As if that was not a sufficient family to look after, she by-and-by added six children of her own to the number, making sixteen 'goslings' in all. It was rather a heavy handful, and we do not wonder that she poured out her feelings in the celebrated lines—

> There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
> She had so many children she didn't know what to do.

To entertain her young flock, Mrs Goose was in the habit of telling little stories in prose and verse, and singing songs, which were highly relished. Though tasked, she spent on the whole an agreeable existence. Her children having grown up, she was very much at her ease. Her daughter Elizabeth became the wife of Thomas Fleet, a printer in a small way in Boston. With this daughter, Mrs Goose, now a widow, went to live, and had the satisfaction of singing her old songs to an infant grandson. Now begins the literary history of Mother Goose. Fleet, the son-in-law, was a shrewd fellow, and, as a printer, he thought he might turn the penny by noting down granny's nursery songs, and selling them in a cheap and attractive form. They were issued in a book under the title, 'Songs for the Nursery; or Mother Goose's Melodies for Children. Printed by T. Fleet, at his Printing House, Pudding Lane, 1719. Price two coppers.' This title-page also bore a large cut of a veritable goose, with wide open mouth, shewing that the proverbial irreverence of sons-in-law is not a thing of recent origin. We are told that old Mother Goose did not resent the pictorial illustration, but took it just as sweetly as she had taken all the other trials of life. Possessing her soul in patience, and gladdening the hearts of grandchildren, she lived until 1757, dying at the advanced age of ninety-two. There, then, as we are assured, is the true history of Mother Goose. How the little books which she originated have spread over the world, need not be specified.

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## SUNNY DAYS ON THE THAMES.

WHEN city folk, weary of heat and dust, are beginning to think of distant flights—to Switzerland and its eternal snows; to the romantic legendary Rhine; perhaps even farther afield, across the great Atlantic to wondrous Niagara; or farther yet, to that new old world on the shores of the Pacific—I too tire of the closeness and turmoil of the town, and turn my steps towards the pleasant country. I am not going very far, scarcely more than a few miles, but I doubt if any of the travellers on their long journeys will see a lovelier spot.

It is late on an afternoon in early June as I drive along the shady green lanes from the quiet country station, and stop before the gate of a dear old red brick house, which I know and love well. The door stands hospitably open, and in the porch I see kind and friendly faces framed in a wealth of glorious roses and many-tinted creepers, which cling lovingly to the time-stained walls. Good old 'Belle' the black retriever comes to meet me, wagging her tail affectionately; and looking up in my face, seems to ask me what I have done with the curly black puppy I ruthlessly stole from her the last time I was here.

How pleasant the sunny garden looks! How sweet the flowers smell! How delightful does everything appear after the bricks and mortar I have left behind me; and yet here are bricks and mortar too, but ah! not town bricks and town mortar. Time touches the old house with tender hands, and mellows it year by year into richer tints.

A queer old house it is, with odd bits added on to it here and there, in defiance of all the laws of architecture, and startling you with unexpected corners and angles; with quaint tall chimneys springing from the moss-grown roof, out of which the smoke curls lazily in blue-gray clouds, and round which twine the Virginia creeper and purple clematis, trying curiously to peep in at the top of them; with ivy-framed windows flashing in the sun, and overhanging eaves, beneath which the sparrows chirp merrily. The rooms are low, but *so* comfortable; whether great Christmas logs crackle on the hearth, throwing sparkles of light here and there, and leaving the distant corners all dim and shadowy; or whether, as now, the windows stand open to the summer air, and the rooms are invaded by the sweet country scents and the perfume of the mignonette borders outside.

But better than all else of beauty here do I love old Father Thames, and I run rapidly through the house on to the lawn on the other side. There the river wanders at the foot of it, lying across the verdant fields like a silver ribbon on green velvet.

'Let us go to our drawing-room,' says one of the girls who has followed me. 'We shall just have time to do that before dinner.' So we jump into the boat and scull into a neighbouring back-water, where we have christened by the name of 'our drawing-room' a little creek which runs into the bank, and is fringed with pollard willows, making a pleasant shade overhead. We chat cosily there for half an hour, the water licking the sides of the boat with a refreshing sound. A dear little brown water-rat comes and sits near us, and looks curiously at us out of his bright eyes; a kingfisher flashes by us like a sapphire; then the midges come and dance gaily round us, singing a song of which the 'refrain' is ever, 'It will be fine to-morrow!'

To-morrow has come, and the midges have foretold aright! The sun pours a brilliant flood of light into my room, calling me to come to the royal feast he has spread for me (poor weary citizen), of flowers and sweet perfumes and soft balmy breezes. I open the window with welcoming hands as he streams in, and stand there a moment listening to the birds chanting their joyous matins, to the rooks clamouring cheerfully in the tall elms, and to the busy sparrows who twitter noisily just above my casement. Roses have climbed the wall, and are peeping in at me, some still shyly folding their petals around them in virgin modesty, others already baring their glowing hearts to the kisses of the amorous air. The beds of scarlet geranium make brilliant spots of flame on the diamond-studded grass; and the river is no longer a silver ribbon, for it has caught

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the sun's reflection, and flows like molten gold between the meadows. It is still early when I betake myself with a book to my favourite seat on the lawn. But I cannot read. The great book of Nature lies open before me, and dwarfs all other literature into insignificance.

After breakfast (even on such a morning as this we must breakfast), as is our wont, we load the boat with books, work, sketching materials, and lastly with ourselves. Two of us take the oars, and to their lazy cadence we glide down the sunlit river in the direction of one of our favourite haunts. The boys, as we still call them, stalwart young Britons though they are, have already disappeared with their fishing-tackle in their canoes; but we shall very likely meet by-and-by, as they know all our pet nooks and corners.

We take our way past the green banks, on which the wild-flowers make delicate jewelled mosaics; by tall beds of graceful wandlike reeds, beneath the shadows made by hanging woods bending to kiss their own reflections in the stream, until we come to a cool and shady retreat, hiding itself away modestly from the sun's bold and ardent eyes. Here we fasten the boat to a willow-stump and prepare to spend our morning happily in this sanctuary of Nature's own making. Some of us begin to sketch a gnarled old tree crowned with a diadem of feathery foliage; others take out their work; and one among us lays hands on a book, as an excuse for silent enjoyment.

Though what silence is there here? The merry insects hum and whirl around us, saying: 'Summer has come, summer has come;' the weary winds, faint with their long winter's strife, sigh softly in the tall tree-tops; a moor-hen calls shrilly from her nest among the rushes; a lark pours from the stainless heavens a rain of melody; and the silence overflows with music. The bright motes dance in the still air, trying to get into our shadowy abode.

Sol is in his kindliest humour to-day; not harsh and fierce, as he will be later in the year, smiting with cruel hands the tender flowers, until they droop their sad heads beneath his hot anger; but wooing them with warm and genial smiles from their gentle mother's breast, beneath which they have been sleeping safely through the chill winter. All things beneath his beams rejoice. The river; the fields in their delicate green robes, which, as they grow bolder under his gaze, they will change for sweeping kirtles of ruddy gold; the silver clouds cradled in the sky's fair arms; even the modest river-buds which scarcely lift their shy eyes above the water. Around us float the pure cups of the water-lilies. The banks by which we sit are fringed with pale forget-me-not; and delicate ferns push their tender fronds through their beds of last year's fallen leaves—life springing from death. The pale pink water-grasses rear their heads above the ripples, and the sun stares them out of countenance, until by-and-by they blush a celestial rosy red; kingfishers gleam by, their blue wings flashing streaks of turquoise.

How sharp and clear the shadows lie in the embrace of the soft stream! Which is the real world, I wonder? The one shining so joyously around and beyond us, or that other lying cool and still beneath our keel? How I should like to plunge down and see! But perhaps if I did, the water-pixies might throw their spells around me, and I might never return to the world above, which after all is fair enough for me.

As I make this reflection, we see the bow of a canoe peeping into our watery bower; and I am brought back to earth by hearing a merry young voice inquiring if we have any lunch to spare. So we unpack our baskets, and landing, spread our sweet country fare on the sward—crisp home-made bread, pats of golden butter, fragrant honey, and fresh creamy milk. Then the talk, which has languished before, becomes brisk; and many a gay jest is bandied round the fallen moss-clad tree which forms our rustic table.

'Read us something,' says one of the merry group—'something suited to the scene.' So a book is taken up by willing hands, and a voice we all love reads us fair thoughts which have arisen in poet-minds while gazing on Nature's lovely works. High and noble thoughts they are, and to me they are dear familiar friends; but to-day, my eyes wander to the poetry in God's creations round me, and I whisper to myself:

> Ye are living poems,
> And all the rest are dead.

So the bright afternoon wears away, pleasant talk alternating with snatches of luxurious silence, and the evening draws on apace. The shadows begin to lengthen, and lie like swartly-clad giants along the grass. The birds hush their song, and here and there the curious fishes spring from their cool bed to take a last look at the dying day. Reluctantly we turn our faces homewards.

Right before us the sun is sinking with passionate glowing cheeks into the murky arms of Night. The gates of heaven open to let Phœbus pass through, and from out them streams a sea of wondrous light, in which pearl and opal clouds float in a lake of delicate green and amber. The trees look inky black against the sky's pure spiritual face. An owl hoots mournfully from yonder stately poplar; the silent bat flits by on noiseless wing; here and there a glow-worm is lighting its tiny lamp; and the frogs croak us a cheery 'Good-night!' as our boat glides softly by the rushes. But not yet do we return it. We say: 'We will come out again when the moon is up.'

And so we do. In defiance of any rheumatic or neuralgic future which our elders prophesy for us, evening after evening we come out to watch the fair Night lighting her beacon-fires overhead.

The mist-wreathed elms stand by the water like rows of ghostly sentinel monks with gray cowls drawn over their heads; the willows look like silver trees transplanted from some far Peruvian garden; and the water drops from the wet blades of the oars in little showers of diamond dew. Above our heads the nightingale is pouring his liquid melody over the land. We listen, still and hushed. Surely our hearts grow purified, and the cares and sorrows of the world drop from us unheeded as we listen.

Philomela's song makes the silence round us seem deeper and more calm. The flowers have folded their delicate robes more closely around them, and have lain down to dream beneath the stars; even the river seems asleep, and the dark shadows clasped so tightly to his breast. Slowly the pale moon climbs the purple vault of heaven, casts from her her gauzy veil, and looks down on us with her pure and vestal eyes. The stars

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awaken one by one, and come forth to do her homage. The gold-hearted cups of the water-lilies drink long draughts of silver dew. The willows, like Narcissus of old, gaze wistfully at their own fair faces in the stream; and the aspens quiver with eerie thoughts unknown to us. Surely, riding on the moonbeam which rests on yonder ripple, I see a water-pixie; and resting beneath the shadow of the dock-leaves, I spy a wood-elf! But some one speaks, and they are gone. We drift silently homewards; silently, for our enjoyment has become too deep for words. Silently we land, and still silently I seek my chamber, and opening my window, gaze into the moonlit garden beyond.

The flowers have folded their leaves beneath the soft kisses of the night, and lie sleeping placidly in the dim and tender light; the air is laden with their fragrant breath, which is always sweetest when they lie dreaming beneath the summer stars. The flame-coloured geraniums, the white and wand-like lilies, and the many-tinted roses, are all alike, misty and indistinct; and the sinuous and mossy paths, touched here and there by the soft light, lose themselves in darkness beneath the dusky hedges. Beyond them lies my beloved river, on which the starry river-buds float tremulously. The earth is all at rest, and above it the moon hangs like a silver lamp in the star-lit sky; and overhead one nightingale, the last, for the rest have sunk into silence, trills forth his Elysian chant, and mingles with the dreams of the sleeping flowers.

What a fair world! Is it possible that sorrow exists, that these, God's ineffable works, can ever be defaced by sin?

Such are the days and nights I spend when I make holiday in the old house by the river. Alas! that ever the day should dawn when turning my back on its poetry, I return once more to the prose of our work-a-day world.

## THE LAST OF THE HADDONS.

### CHAPTER XXV.—IN THE LANE.

I HAD had a motive, which I fancied she did not perceive, in asking Lilian to accompany me on my errand to the Home that morning. It was Arthur Trafford's wedding-day. Mrs Tipper and I had done our best to keep the knowledge of it from her until it was over, and flattered ourselves that we had succeeded.

As we drew nearer home the sound of bells ringing merrily in the distance reached my ears; and in the hope of diverting her attention I talked on, apropos of anything or nothing. I fancied she was heeding, until she said gently: 'It is fortunate they have so fine a day, Mary.'

'I suppose it is,' I replied ungraciously. Then I presently added more pleasantly: 'But it is even more fortunate that you can say so.'

'Dear Mary, what did you expect me to say?'

I took the sweet face between my hands, and looked into the clear eyes, which did not flinch under my gaze, as she added in a low voice: 'I am not in love with another woman's husband, Mary.'

No; I came to the happy conclusion that she was not. There was no cause for further anxiety upon that score. Had I only been right in my fancy about Robert Wentworth, how pleasantly might things now have arranged themselves!

Again I felt obliged to postpone telling Lilian about my coming happiness. It had seemed difficult to talk of my engagement the night before, how much more so now—on Arthur Trafford's wedding-day. I must still wait for a more fitting season, I told myself.

Mrs Tipper had done her best to make the little parlour appear as cheerful and home-like as possible; and I saw that she watched Lilian with loving anxiety. She had prepared quite a feast for our favourite meal that day. If hot cakes and everything else the dear little woman could think of in the way of dainties had been remedies for disappointed love, Lilian might have owed her recovery to them, so plentifully were they provided. She had the comfort of seeing her niece partake of the good things with an appetite which quite set her mind at rest.

If it really cost Lilian something so to gratify her aunt, I believe it was very little. She shewed too that her thoughts had not been absent during our morning's work, by joining very earnestly in my narration of what had taken place, and giving a very decided opinion about Mrs Gower. Before we bade each other good-night, Lilian had succeeded in satisfying Mrs Tipper, as she had satisfied me, that she was 'not in love with another woman's husband.'

As days passed on my news remained still untold. Something seemed always to be intervening to cause me to put off the telling it until the morrow. Looking back, I see how very slight were some of the causes which I allowed to prevent me from opening my heart to my companions; although at the time they appeared sufficient.

Meantime we were occupied from morning till night, Lilian and I working together as with one mind. But we presently began to miss our master, as Lilian laughingly termed him, and I grew more than anxious as the days he had accustomed us to expect him passed without our seeing him. Not once had we heard from or seen him since that never-to-be-forgotten night. Did he really blame me? Could he not forgive me? I tormented myself with all sorts of doubts and fears, in my heart of hearts dreading something even worse than his blame or anger. Robert Wentworth was not the man either to judge harshly or to be unforgiving.

It was nearly a fortnight since we had seen him, when one evening Becky mysteriously beckoned me out of the room. Lilian was playing one of our favourite sonatas, and I made my escape unobserved.

'Another letter, Becky?' I asked, putting out my hand for it with a smile.

'No, Miss; it 's a woman this time,' returned Becky. 'She says that she wants to see you alone, and she won't come in. I was to tell you she 's waiting down at the end of the lane, and to be sure to say you are to go by yourself.'

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'What kind of woman is she, Becky?' I asked, my thoughts at once reverting to Nancy Dean.

'A more disagreeable one I never see,' very decidedly returned Becky. 'And as to behaviour, she seemed just ready to snap my nose off when I asked what name I should tell you. "No name at all," she said.'

'I will go, Becky.'

'Poor Nancy!' was my mental ejaculation; 'she has got into trouble again. It was perhaps too much to expect her to remain with people who believe her to be so much worse than she really is, just when she needs to be encouraged and strengthened.' I was stepping from the porch, when Becky earnestly pleaded for permission to accompany me.

'Do, please, let me come too, Miss Haddon, dear!' she whispered. 'I could stand a little way off, so as not to hear; and if she touches you'——

'She will not hurt me, Becky. Do not fear it. I know who she is.'

Becky stood aside, silenced if not convinced. I went out into the summer-scented air, and just pausing by the way to gather a rose for Nancy, passed on down the lane.

Not the slightest doubt as to whom I should see for a moment crossed my mind. My surprise was all the greater when I came in sight of a woman standing erect by the stile with her arms folded across her chest; who, a moment's glance told me, was not at all like Nancy—a tall thin woman, dressed in a long old-fashioned cloak, and what used to be termed a coal-scuttle bonnet.

Quite taken by surprise, I paused a moment to reconnoitre before advancing. She turned her face towards me, and although I did not immediately recognise who she was, I knew that I had seen her before.

'Do you wish to speak to me? I am Miss Haddon.'

'Yes; I know you are.'

Then it flashed upon me who she was.

'You are Mr Wentworth's housekeeper?'

'Yes.'

My heart sank with a foreboding of some evil, and for a moment I could not utter a word. Then screwing up my courage, I asked in as matter-of-course a tone as I could assume: 'He is quite well, I hope?'

'Nobody cares whether he's ill or well, I expect.'

'You are very much mistaken!' I replied, in some agitation. 'Every one who knows him would care a great deal! You ought to know that they would.'

I suppose my face and tone satisfied her that I was so far saying what I thought, though she only shifted her ground of offence in consequence.

'If he was ill he wouldn't be wanting people's pity.'

'But I hope—— Is he ill?'

'Why should he be ill?' she rejoined angrily. Then endeavouring to command herself, she went on: 'But I haven't come here to talk about that. Ill or well, he doesn't know I've come here, and would be very angry if he did. You must please to recollect that. I should have been here before, but it took me two days, putting this and that together, to find out where you live. You are living with the ladies at the cottage down there?'

'Yes.'

'Well, that can't be much of a place; but I suppose situations are not so plentiful, and anything is better than'——

'What is it you have come to say to me?' I asked shortly.

'You are very masterful, and know how to get your way when you want it. You two are a match for each other; and I knew you would find that out. I knew no good would come of it when I let you get the better of me that day; and I'd sooner do anything than come to you now. You may be sure of that.'

'I know that for some foolish reason you took a prejudice against me; but being disliked *before* one is known, ought not to distress one, though I should prefer not being disliked.'

'If you're not hurt you needn't complain,' she replied, as though determined not to yield an inch.

'What have you come to say to me?' I repeated. 'I suppose you did not come all this way to remind me that you are prejudiced against me?'

'No.' She looked over the hedge and around in all directions before continuing; then said in a low voice: 'You thought my master's looked but a poor place for a gentleman born to live in, that day. I saw how sharp you was to notice, and how poor and shabby you thought it all was.'

'You are too ready to ascribe thoughts to me,' I replied.

'But you did now; didn't you? You can't say that you didn't think things looked a bit poor?'

'Mr Wentworth can afford to be more careless about appearances than can most people,' I said, not in the least comprehending her drift. 'It was all well enough for a bachelor's home.'

'Ay, well enough for a bachelor's home perhaps; but not for a married couple, eh?'

'Really!'

'Try to keep your temper for another five minutes, if *you* please, Miss. I know there's no love lost between us two; but I've come here because I've got something to say; and proud and masterful as you are, I know you are the sort to be trusted, and I'm going to trust you. I carried Master Robert in my arms when he was a baby, and I know him and love him more than any fine madam ever can. He was left very poor, and he worked very hard, and a better master or kinder gentleman—— But that's not what I've come to say; nobody will ever know his goodness as I do'—jealously. 'He was poor, and I was poor, and I've had some ado to keep things together for him. But about three years ago my brother died, and things changed for me. He was a small farmer down in Gloucestershire, and everybody called him a miser; but it is not for me to complain of his scraping and saving, for he left all he had to me, and a nice little nest-egg it turned out to be. It's been down in my will for Master Robert from the first day I had it; and it has been 'cumulating ever since; not a penny of it have I ever touched. The pleasure has been to think that there it was all ready for him, though I was too proud to see how much he liked working his way up in the world, to tell him about it before he wanted it.'

'I am sincerely glad to know he has so faithful a friend,' I said, holding out my hand to her.

'Wait a bit, Miss; let me say my say. To-morrow morning that money will be made over to Master Robert, and he will be told that he'll never see no more of me if he won't take it; and the

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lawyer he says it brings in pretty nigh ninety pounds a year, now!' Pausing a moment to give me time to recover that.

What could I say? Growing hot and confused and pained as her meaning began to dawn upon me, I murmured: 'It is a good sum—and'——

'And that's not all,' she said eagerly. 'You must remember Master Robert is getting on now and being talked about. I've brought this paper down with me that you may see his name in it for yourself;' taking a newspaper from her pocket, hastily unfolding it and pointing out with trembling finger a short but eulogistic notice of a pamphlet by R. Wentworth. 'There's no gainsaying that, you know.' Slipping it into her pocket again, she earnestly went on, laying her hand upon my arm, and seeing only him in her increased anxiety: 'I don't say that prudence isn't a good thing; I'm not for foolish marriages when there's nothing to depend on; but there's the ninety pounds a year, and what he earns, besides a house to live in, and my services for nothing; and master says my bark's worse than my bite; bless you, *his* wife's no call to be afraid of me!'

'Hush, pray hush!' I murmured, seeing all her meaning now. 'Do you think any one who loved Robert Wentworth would care about all that!'

'Then it is that he isn't loved? God help him!' The cold, hard, set look came into her face again—though she would seem cold and hard now to me never again—and she folded her cloak about her.

'Will you tell me how Mr Wentworth is?' I could not help asking.

'Oh, he's well enough; nobody need think he's going to die of a broken heart. And you must please to remember that he knows nothing about my coming here, ma'am. And perhaps it isn't *too* much to ask you not to mention what a foolish old woman has been talking about?'

'I should be as much grieved as you could possibly be for him to know anything about it, Hester,' I replied in all sincerity.

'Then I wish you good-night, Miss.'

'Will not you shake hands with me?'

'I'm never much for shaking hands, Miss, thank you'—stiffly, both hands folded in her cloak.

'Not for your master's sake? Mr Wentworth is my friend, and I think he would be sorry'——

'He can't be sorry about what he doesn't know.'

'Well, you cannot prevent my respecting you, and that I shall do as long as I live.'

She went on down the lane, and I turned away, burying my face in my hands. Could I ever forgive myself!

Something—for a moment I thought it was a falling leaf—lightly touched my arm, and looking round I saw a large bony hand put from behind. I clasped it without a word; without a word it was withdrawn, and I presently found myself alone. I turned and walked slowly and thoughtfully homewards. How completely though unconsciously she had shewn me her motive for seeking an interview with me! She had divined that her master had had a disappointment, and must have drawn the conclusion that he had been refused solely from prudential motives. Consequently she had come for the purpose of giving me a better knowledge of his prospects than he himself could have done, and was ready for his sake to try to overcome her prejudice against me. Nevertheless, my interview with old Hester tended to make me more rather than less anxious respecting her master.

## SEA-EGGS.

The visitor to the sea-side must frequently in his rambles along the beach have picked up specimens of the curious animals which are popularly known as 'Sea-eggs' and 'Sea-urchins.' The former name is applied to these creatures when they are found cast upon the shore and present the appearance of rounded or ball-shaped objects, each inclosed within a hard but brittle limy shell. Whilst the term 'urchin' is given to the same objects when they are seen in their more natural and perfect state, and when the outside of the shell literally bristles with spines. The name 'urchin,' in fact originally applied to the hedgehog, has been extended to denominate the sea-eggs, from their presenting the spiny appearance so familiarly seen in the common tenant of our woods and hedgerows. Thus the sea-egg is the sea-urchin with its spines detached and rubbed off by the unkindly force of the waves; and the animal thus popularly designated is the *Echinus* of the zoologist, and belongs to the large class of animals of which the Star-fishes are well-known representatives.

The entire history of the sea-egg is of so curious a nature that the most casual reader may well feel interested in the account of the animal's present and past life; whilst the feeling of mere curiosity to know something of one of the most 'common objects of the shore,' should prompt every sea-side visitor to make the closer acquaintance of the Echinus.

Suppose that we begin our examination by looking at the hard case or 'shell' in which the soft parts of the animal are inclosed. We find on referring to the development of the animal, that this 'shell' actually represents the hardened skin of the animal, and that viewed in this light, it closely corresponds to the shell of the lobster or crab. The shell is flattened at each pole, and we can readily perceive that it is composed of rows of little limy plates, which are disposed in a regular manner from pole to pole, or after the fashion of the meridian lines on a globe. Counting the series of plates, we find the shell to be composed of twenty rows; but we may also perceive a difference between certain of the plates of which the rows are composed. Thus we find two adjoining rows of plates, which are perforated with holes. The next two rows are not so perforated; whilst the third two rows possess holes like the first rows. We may, in fact, proceed round the shell, and come back to the point at which our examination began, with the result of finding that we may group the whole of the twenty rows of plates of this curious limy box into two sets—those with holes and those without; and we may further discover that there are five double rows of perforated plates, and that these alternate with other five double rows which do not possess holes.

Each little plate of the sea-egg's shell may be most accurately described as being hexagonal or six-sided in form; but this shape may be more or less modified in certain regions of the shell.

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The five double rows of the shell which are perforated with holes, it may be remarked, are those through the apertures in which the small 'tube-feet' of the animal are protruded. And it may also be noted that in some of the sea-eggs these perforated rows do not extend from pole to pole of the shell, as in the common species, but are limited so as to form a rosette-like figure, on the upper surface or at the upper pole of the shell. This modification is well seen in a group of sea-eggs, not uncommon round our coasts, and which are popularly named 'Heart-urchins' from their peculiar shape.

The outside of the shell presents us with some curious features; the zoologist's study leading him thus to carefully note points which an ordinary observer would hardly deem worthy his attention. When we examine the outer surface of the shell, we find it to be thickly studded over with little rounded knobs or 'tubercles,' which are, if anything, most numerous on those parts or rows of plates which are not perforated. And if we carefully study one of the spines we shall find that it is hollowed out or is concave at its base. Clearly then, the spines are meant to articulate by means of these hollowed or cup-shaped bases with the rounded knobs on the outside of the shell, and in each case a true ball-and-socket joint is thus formed. The spines are thus intended to be moved, and they are not only firmly attached by a ligament or band of fibres to the surfaces of their tubercles, but appear to be moved by special muscles, which form a thin investing layer on the outer surface of the shell. The spines undoubtedly serve as organs of defence, but in some species they are employed as boring-organs to scoop out holes in the sand or shallow beds in rocks, in which their possessors lie snugly ensconced.

The outer surface of the shell also bears certain very peculiar appendages, known as 'Pedicellariæ.' These little organisms also occur on the outer surface of Star-fishes and other members of the sea-egg's class; but regarding their exact nature and functions, zoologists are still in doubt. The form of one of these pedicellariæ may be best imagined by figuring to one's self a small or minute stalk attached to the shell, and bearing at its free extremity two or three little jaws, which move actively upon one another, with a quick snapping motion. These little jaws can be seen to seize particles of food, and there is no doubt whatever that they possess a life and vitality independently of the sea-egg or other organism upon which they reside; since their movements are seen to continue after the death of the animal which affords them lodgment. Some naturalists have regarded them as 'peculiarly modified spines;' but the reasons or grounds for this belief are anything but clear, since it is difficult to imagine any reasonable explanation of the means whereby a spine could acquire an active living and independent nature. By good authorities, who have not ventured to theorise so boldly, the pedicellariæ have been regarded as *parasites* of some kind or other; and they may also possibly represent stages in the as yet unknown development of some organisms. Whilst, assuming them to be fully-grown beings, their function, as they exist on the shell of our sea-egg, has been supposed to be that of seizing particles of food, and of removing waste or effete matters.

The internal structure of the sea-egg shews its near relationship with the Star-fishes and Sea-cucumbers. The mouth is the large orifice opening at the lower pole of the shell; so that as our sea-egg crawls slowly and mouth downwards over the bed of the sea, or over the floor of its native pools, it can procure food without any very great trouble as regards its conveyance to the mouth. The internal furnishings of the body include a stomach and complete digestive system, along with a very peculiar set of jaws or teeth, lying just within the mouth, the points or tips of the jaws being usually protruded from the mouth-opening. This arrangement of teeth is named the 'Lantern of Aristotle,' and comprises five conical pieces, so arranged together and so provided with muscles, as to be perfectly adapted for bruising the sea-weeds and other forms of nutriment on which the sea-eggs subsist. Their near neighbours the Star-fishes do not possess any teeth; although curiously enough, the unarmed sea-stars prefer a richer dietary than that which contents their sea-egg neighbours, since they devour large quantities of oysters and other molluscs. Our sea-egg possesses a heart for circulating its blood, in the form of a simple tube; and although no distinct breathing-organs are developed, naturalists believe that the blood may be purified by being circulated through a delicate membrane which is named the 'mesentery,' and which serves to suspend and support the digestive organs to the wall of the shell. The fact that this membrane is richly provided with the delicate vibratile filaments known as 'cilia,' and that it is bathed in the sea-water—necessarily containing oxygen—and which is admitted within the shell, would seem to favour the idea that it constitutes the breathing-organ of these animals.

The sea-egg is not destitute of means for obtaining some degree of knowledge regarding its surroundings; and it obtains its *quantum* of information through the same channel by which man is brought into relation with the world in which he lives—namely the nervous system. The sea-urchin possesses no structure corresponding to a brain—indeed in all animals of its nature, the nervous system exists in a comparatively low and unspecialised condition. We do not find, in other words, that development and concentration of the parts of the nervous system seen in the highest groups of animals, and which enables these latter to form definite ideas regarding their surroundings and respecting the world at large. A cord of nervous matter surrounds the gullet of the sea-egg, and from this central portion five great nerves are given off; one nerve-trunk passing along the inner surface of each of the perforated double rows of plates of the shell, to terminate at the upper pole of the body. The only organs of sense developed in the sea-eggs appear to consist of five little 'eyes' of rudimentary nature, each consisting of a little spot of colouring matter and a lens. These eyes are situated on five special plates of the shell, developed at the upper pole or extremity of that structure. We thus remark that the parts of the nervous system, along with other portions of the sea-egg's structure, are developed in a kind of five-membered symmetry—if we may so express it. And it is a singular fact that not only throughout the sea-egg's class do we find the number five to represent the typical arrangement of parts and organs—as is well exemplified in the

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five rays of the common star-fish—but we also discover that this number is one exceedingly common in the symmetry of flowers. This fact apparently struck an old writer—Sir Thomas Browne—as being a curious and noteworthy feature of the Star-fishes and their allies, since we find him inquiring 'Why, among Sea-stars, Nature chiefly delighteth in five points?'—although to this suggestive query, the learned and eccentric author of the *Religio Medici* gives no exact or satisfactory reply.

The movements of our sea-egg are effected by means of an apparatus, which forms one of the most noteworthy parts of its structure. If a star-fish be dropped into a rock-pool, it may be seen to glide slowly but easily over the bottom of the miniature sea in which we have placed it. When we examine the lower surface of this animal's body, we at once perceive the means whereby its movements are performed; for existing in hundreds, in the deep groove which runs along the under surface of each ray, we see the little tube-feet or *ambulacra*, each consisting of a little muscular tube, terminated in a sucker-like tip. By means of an apparatus of essentially similar kind, the sea-egg is enabled to crawl slowly over the floor of the sea. The tube-feet existing to the number of many hundreds in the sea-egg, are protruded, as has already been remarked, through the holes existing in each of the five double rows of perforated plates of the shell. The mechanism of their protrusion depends on the presence of a special system of vessels, known as the 'ambulacral' vessels, which carry water to the little feet, for the purpose of their inflation and distension.

Thus on the upper surface of the shell we find a single large plate perforated with holes like the lid of a pepper-box. This plate opens into a long tube called the 'sand-canal'—a name which is decidedly a misnomer, since the function of the plate resembling the pepper-box lid is to allow water to enter this tube, but at the same time to exclude particles of sand and like matters. The sand-canal terminates in a circular vessel, which, like the nerve-cord, surrounds the gullet; and from this central ring a great vessel, like a main water-pipe, runs up each of the five rows of perforated plates in company with the nerve-cord. At the base of each little tube-foot is a little muscular sac or bag, and into these sacs the water admitted by the sand-canal ultimately passes. When therefore the sea-egg wishes to distend its feet for the purpose of protruding them through the shell-pores, and of thus walking by applying their sucker-like tips to fixed objects, the water in the little sacs is forced into the feet, which are thus distended. Whilst conversely, when the feet are to be withdrawn, the water is forced back, by the contraction of the feet into the sacs, or may be allowed to escape from the perforated tips of the feet, so as to admit of a fresh supply being brought in from the interior.

The development of the sea-egg may be briefly glanced at by way of conclusion, along with a few points in its economic history. The animal, solid as it appears in its adult state, is developed from a small egg, which gives origin to a little body, usually named the 'larva,' but which, from its resemblance in form to a painter's easel, has received the name of *Pluteus*. This little body does not in the least resemble the sea-egg; possesses a mouth and digestive system of its own, and swims freely through the sea. Sooner or later, however, a second body begins to be formed within and at the expense of this Pluteus-larva; whilst as development proceeds and ends, the sea-egg appears as the result of this secondary development, and the now useless remainder of the first-formed being is cast off and simply perishes. Thus the development of the sea-egg is by no means the least curious part of the animal's history, and presents a singular resemblance to the production of the Star-fishes and their neighbours.

The mere mention of the economic or rather gastronomic relations of the sea-eggs may appropriately form a concluding remark to our gossiping remarks concerning these animals. With our British prejudices in favour of eating only what our forefathers were accustomed to consider wholesome, it is not likely that the sea-eggs will appeal with success to be included as culinary dainties. Yet on the continent these animals are much esteemed as articles of dietary and even of luxury. The Corsicans and Algerians eat one species, whilst the Neapolitans relish another kind; and in classic times, when variety rather than quantity or quality was the chief feature of high-class entertainments, the *Echini* were esteemed morsels at the tables of the Greeks and Romans. Here then is an opportunity for another Soyer to tempt the modern cultivated appetite with a new and wholesome dish. Considering that crabs and lobsters are so highly esteemed, the sea-eggs but wait a suitable introduction to become, it may be, the favourite tit-bits of future generations.

A wise philosopher—the great Newton himself—remarked concerning the limitation of our knowledge, that we were but as children, picking up at most a few stray grains of sand on the sea-shore, whilst around us lies the great region of the unknown. Our present study may not inaptly be related to Newton's comparison, since it serves to shew that even the brief and imperfect history of a stray shell picked up on the sea-beach may teem with features so curious and with problems so deep, that the furthest science may be unequal to the explanation of the one or the elucidation of the other. Whilst the subject no less powerfully pleads for the wider extension of the knowledge of this world and its living tenants—knowledge which in every aspect reveals things which are not only wondrously grand, but also 'fair to see.'

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## THE TWELFTH RIG.

### IN SIX CHAPTERS.

### CHAPTER V.—THE WORKING OF THE CHARM.

The theatre was crowded with an assemblage of fashion and beauty, and many were the glances directed towards the boxes, and numerous the comments of those who came to see rather than to hear, on the beauties who shone there like so many stars striving to outsparkle each other.

In one of the side-boxes Eliza was seated with her husband. Passionately fond of music, she seemed to have forgotten her sorrows, till, on turning to Charles to make some observation, she perceived that some young men, acquaintances of his, had entered and were conversing with him. One of them was directing his attention to a

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particular box. Following their eyes, she observed a young lady, all in fleecy white and pale blue, with pearls glimmering in her dark hair. A most radiant beauty, her eyes sparkling with extraordinary brilliancy, and seeming to far outshine the lustre of the diamonds that gleamed around; the rich damask of her cheek putting to shame the roses she held in her hand. Several gentlemen stood around her, attentive to every word and look, each striving to win her special regard. She appeared in buoyant spirits, and conversed with great animation, smiling often with singular sweetness. But her smiles, though so bewitching, were distributed carelessly, and she never distinguished any one of those about her above the rest.

Eliza, struck with admiration, gazed at her earnestly. The young lady looked in that direction. Their eyes met. A thrill passed through Eliza's frame. All at once the gay assemblage seemed to vanish from her sight, the lights burned dim and lurid, and the air grew heavy as if with death. The voices of the singers retreated far away. She heard the murmur of mountain rivulets, and the soughing of the wind over a wide space. Before her eyes uprose a lonely field, with the moonbeams shimmering over its dark ridges. She saw herself, and fronting her a shadowy white face and form, like the dim reflection in a stream, of a human figure. Then, mingling with the distant music, the words 'Doomed, doomed!' smote on her ears like a wailing cry of agony, or the scornful laugh of a mocking fiend.

With this scene before her, with these words ringing around her, she sat on, as if in a dream. Had she looked towards her husband, she would have seen a dark cloud on his forehead and a moody look in his eye. Could she have seen into his mind, it would have troubled her more.

'How lovely!' he thought. 'What grace, what ease and animation! And she might have been my wife. What a fool I was! Eliza is pretty enough still, but compared to her'—he turned, that he might make the comparison, but she was unconscious of it. 'Ah! mere country prettiness, which loses half its charm out of its place. Vivacity was her attraction, and that gone, what has she? She looks now as if she did not know what was going on around her. And for her I gave up the beauty that brings all Paris to its feet, lost a handsome fortune, alienated my family, and endangered my prospects from them. Yet that is not the worst. I see now that my marriage with Eliza was a mistake in every way. I was mad to throw away my prospects and happiness thus; to forsake her whom I really loved, and who loved me—then at least. Blind fool that I was!'

There was a stir in that box towards which so many glances were directed. The young lady had risen, and pale as death, leaning heavily on the arm of a middle-aged lady, prepared to leave the theatre. 'She is fainting; the heat is too much for her,' was whispered around. A dozen gentlemen sprang forward to wrap her in her mantle and call her carriage; she thanked them with a faint sweet smile, but uttered no word. When the carriage had driven away and all were out of sight, she cast herself sobbing on her companion's breast, and trembled from head to foot.

'Oh, do not bring me to these scenes any more!' she cried; 'I cannot bear it; indeed I cannot; they are torture to me. I know you meant it kindly, dear friend—thought to rouse and cheer me; but it will not do; I cannot be gay like others while my heart is breaking. Oh, take me far away to some quiet spot, where I may pass the short time that remains to me in peace and seclusion!'

'Darling, we shall leave Paris to-morrow, if you really wish it,' returned the middle-aged lady; and her tone betrayed alarm, as if she feared for the result of so much emotion.

'Eliza!' said Charles, somewhat roughly; 'don't you see all is over and everybody is going away? Are you dreaming?'

She started and looked up with a bewildered air; then she saw how dark his brow was, and the cause puzzled her.

All that night Eliza lay awake tossing feverishly; she made an effort to dispel the thoughts that distracted her and compose herself to sleep; but when she closed her eyes, faces seemed to press close up to hers, familiar faces, that she used to see every day. It was useless to think of sleep, and she lay watching wearily till dawn.

In the morning, Eliza was so feverish and ill that she felt unable to rise. A doctor was sent for. Before he arrived, she had become delirious, and raved pitifully about her old home and her father. Another name too was often on her lips. The doctor, who was an Englishman, as he stood by her bedside, supposed it might be that of her husband. 'Will! Will!' she repeated over and over, sometimes in tender loving accents, then in tones of wild despair. When the physician took her hand she seemed to become conscious of who he was and of her own illness.

'I shall die,' she said in a sad quiet tone. 'I know I shall. There 's no use in your coming to me. You may be the greatest doctor in Europe, but all your skill won't save me. I am doomed, doomed!'

He thought her still raving, in spite of her calm tone; but in reality she was not so now. Her youth and beauty, joined to her piteous look and tones, moved him. Some of her wanderings seemed to shew that she had once been accustomed to a sphere of life far beneath that in which he found her. He thought some sorrow or trouble weighed on her mind, and tried to discover if such were the case. But in answer to his kind questioning she only shook her head or moaned feebly.

On leaving his patient, the doctor sought Crofton. He found him lounging, with a very gloomy brow, over a late breakfast.

'I have seen Mrs Crofton,' he said. 'I do not apprehend any danger at present. It is a touch of fever, which will pass. But I wish to mention that change of air and scene are absolutely necessary for her. I was told by her maid that she has been in the habit of remaining very much within doors of late, and that she has been depressed in spirits.'

'She need not have remained within doors if she did not choose,' returned Charles coldly; 'and if she was depressed, it was totally without cause.'

The other looked at him. It was a strange tone for the husband of one so young and beautiful; and not long wedded, as he had been given to understand.

'Well,' he replied after a pause, 'I recommend that she should be removed to a quiet country

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place as soon as possible—to-morrow, if she is able to bear the journey.'

'As you say so, of course it shall be done. My own arrangements do not permit of my leaving Paris at present, but that need make no difference; Mrs Crofton can go accompanied by her maid.'

Again the doctor looked at him, the tone was so indifferent, as if he wished to dispose of the matter at once, and be troubled no more. Merely mentioning the place he thought most suitable for his patient, a quiet little town in the south of France, he bowed coldly, and withdrew.

Charles rose and sauntered to the mantel-piece. 'She acts the fine lady well,' he muttered to himself. 'Ill and out of spirits! *She* has no cause to be so. As much as I lost she has gained. Yet she acts and speaks sometimes as if she had made a sacrifice for me. I could almost fancy that she regrets that clodhopping fellow. It is a pity, after all, she was so ready to jilt him. She can't expect that I will coop myself up in a wretched dreary place. We are not so very devoted now, either of us, that we require no other company than that of the other.'

In the evening Eliza was better; the feverishness had passed, and it was thought she would be able to leave next day; so Charles went to her room to inform her of the doctor's command, and the fact that the journey was to be made without him.

'I have arranged to remain here yet, and can't alter my plans,' he said. 'But my presence could do you no good; and when you are better you can join me; that is, if you wish to do so.'

*If* she wished to do so! He would not then care if she did not join him! His words and manner implied that she had become a burden to him, which he would willingly cast off, were it possible; since it was not possible, absent himself from her as much as he could. She turned, sighing, away; and Charles left the room without another word, without a kiss.

It had come now that he was actually estranged from her! He could let her go from him alone, ill as she was, and in a foreign land, the land he had brought her to! It was not with any wild passionate pang, such as she would have felt had she loved him, that she thought this; but a dead cold weight pressed on her heart, and a sense of utter desolation came over her.

'Alone, alone!' she murmured. 'Father, lover, friends, home—I abandoned them all, and for what?—for what?'

### CHAPTER VI.—THE CHARM DISSOLVED.

Next day Eliza set out, accompanied only by her maid. No one, to see her, would have fancied she was not yet one year a wife.

In the sweet quiet spot to which she went her illness passed away; but she was weaker than before, and her health precarious. Her spirits too sank daily, and the rich glow of her cheek, dimmer during the last few months than it used to be, faded more and more. The sparkling smile of other days, or the discontented pout which had always betrayed any little 'temper,' never dwelt on her lips now. A softened subdued shade settled on her countenance. In her sadness and loneliness, forsaken by him to whom she would still have clung even when love was gone, she turned, in her sorrow, to thoughts which had never occupied her before, to religion, the one source of consolation that remains to the disappointed and unfortunate; fortunate if they can embrace it, and find peace and full satisfaction somewhere at last.

In a peaceful nook, embosomed among a grove of beech-trees, there was a lonely little chapel. Thither Eliza went every evening, and kneeling among the few quiet worshippers, lifted her eyes to the sculptured form above the altar, whose mild angelic face and outstretched arms seemed to speak of pity and sympathy with human woe.

One evening she lingered till dusk began to gather in the quaint old place. It was now again the eve of All-Hallows, and her thoughts reverted to the past and all that had happened during one short year. Looking up at last, she found that the others had gone and she was alone. The pale spectral rays of a rising moon, broken and intercepted by the fluttering trees without, stole in at the windows and crept with a kind of stealthy motion across the floor. The silence was tomb-like. It smote on Eliza's heart. Part of the chapel, where the moonbeams did not pierce, was veiled in gloom, and in the darkness the draperies about the altar seemed to stir and take strange form. Indistinct masses, which looked as if they might at any moment become endowed with animation, filled the corners. Eliza could almost fancy that the dim dead who slept in the vaults beneath were rising round her. She turned to leave the place, and then perceived that she was *not* alone.

A female figure knelt at a little distance, the face buried in the hands. As Eliza moved down the aisle it rose slowly and turned round. With a low shuddering cry she sprang back, and almost sank to the ground. She gasped for breath. She tried to speak, but for some moments in vain. At last, in a loud cry, her voice broke forth: 'In the name of the blessed God and by this holy sign!' (crossing herself rapidly), 'speak! Who and what are you, that twice before have crossed my path? In the lonely field; in the crowded theatre, suddenly changing from an aspect of light and beauty to a ghastly corpse-like image; and now again!'

The figure approached a few steps, the lips moved, but no sound came. Eliza shrank back to the wall, pressing against it as if she would force herself through the stone. A low sigh sounded, a faint tremulous voice spoke: 'Twice before have *you* started up to bewilder and affright me: in the lonely field, when the night-wind was sighing; in the gay assemblage; and here again, the third time. Who and what are *you*, let *me* ask?'

Eliza rose. 'One who is lonely and unhappy,' she answered; 'who, having deserted others, is herself left alone now. If you would know my name, it is Eliza Crofton.'

There was a pause, then in low, awestruck tones, the last word was repeated: 'Crofton! And I am Ellen Courtney.'

'And we meet thus, for the first time knowing each other, though I have often heard your name, and you mine! Did you too, then, go to the Twelfth Rig last Hallow-eve night?'

'Listen, and I will tell you. He did not come home that evening—he, I mean, who is now your husband. There was company at the house, and he was expected. There was dancing and music, but I could not join in it. I stole away to my

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own room, and afterwards wandered out into the fields. I had heard of the charm of the Twelfth Rig, but it was not with any settled intention of trying it that I went out. When I got to the field, overcome with sorrow and weariness, for I had walked a long distance, I sank down; and thinking that nothing stirred in that lonely spot but the night-wind, gave loose to the grief and despair that filled my heart. When at last I rose up, I saw a figure wrapped in a cloak standing motionless in the centre of one of the ridges, pale, with wild eyes, and black dishevelled hair. As I gazed, it uttered a dreadful scream, and turning, fled. I had heard stories of the banshee, and I thought this must be it, or some spirit of doom, that had appeared to warn me of my approaching death. I believe I sank down again on the ground. My senses seemed to leave me. I know not what I did, but I heard a voice crying "Doomed, doomed!" and I think it was myself that uttered the words.'

'I heard it,' said Eliza. 'It pursued me as I fled, repeated, I suppose, by the mountain echoes. Ah! how it has haunted me. I tried to crush back the thought; but it was there still, though I wouldn't face it, and I felt in my heart that my days were numbered. Has the clearing up come too late? I have suffered so much, I scarcely feel fit for life now.'

'It comes too late for *me*. Though it was no spirit that stood in the midst of the Twelfth Rig, the charm will work still. I was ill after that night, very ill, else we might have met before you left, and recognised each other. Then came the shock that tore up by the roots the last hopes that lingered in my heart. You know to what I allude. I may speak of it now with calmness, standing as I do on the brink of the grave.—Why do you look so shocked? Have you never heard that Ellen Courtney was dying—dying of a broken heart?'

'No, no! I never heard it, never dreamt of it. O heaven!'—wringing her hands, and raising them above her head, with a despairing gesture—'then I am a murderess! The punishment has descended in full force now. A curse could not but attend my marriage. Did not friends warn me again and again? and yet I persisted—persisted, though faith had to be broken on both sides, a heart cast aside, and trampled on. It was an unholy marriage, and the blessing of heaven could not sanctify it. It was that which made my husband cease to love me, shrivelled up my own heart, and made everything become valueless in my eyes. I was content to suffer myself; it was only reaping what I had sowed. But that *you* should suffer—suffer and die; you, who never injured any one, who must be gentle and good as an angel. But oh!' she pursued, dropping on her knees, and raising her dark eyes pleadingly, as sinner might to saint, 'remove the curse before you die—if heaven so wills—before *I* die, as perhaps I shall, and give me back my husband's love, the only thing that remains to me now.' The last words were uttered in a piteous moan.

'Do not speak so wildly,' entreated Ellen, sitting down on one of the seats, and raising her hand (Eliza marked its transparency) to her damp white forehead. 'You are not so much to blame. Life and happiness could never have been mine, even had you not intervened. If he ceased to love me, as he must have done soon, for he never loved me truly, I could not have borne it. My heart would have broke, and I should have died all the same. You have my forgiveness fully and entirely—and he has too. Do not fret yourself for the lover you forsook. His wound is healed. He has found happiness with one who long loved him in secret. This was the appointed day for his marriage with your cousin, Mary Conlan.'

Eliza started, and the blood rushed to her face. He then had forgotten her; and the thought sent a bitter pang through her heart; yet she thanked heaven that it was so.

'Part of the weight is lifted from my soul,' she said. 'And I have your forgiveness too. Lay your hand on my head, and say again that you forgive me, and breathe a blessing on me.'

The shadowy white hand was raised. It lay like a spotless lily, emblem of heaven's pity and forgiveness, on the dark bowed head.

'I forgive you from my heart. If my earnest wishes can make you happy, be so.—Now I must go.' She rose, but tottered as she attempted to walk.

'You are weak,' exclaimed Eliza. 'Let me go with you.'

'No, no; there is no need. I have not far to go.'

'But still, let me walk with you, and lean on me. I shall think you cannot bear my presence near you, if you refuse.'

'Be it so then.'

They left the chapel together. Not a word was spoken as they walked slowly on till Ellen paused before the gate of a villa.

'Good-bye, Eliza. We shall never meet again on earth. This third meeting, in which each first knows the other, is the last. Even if I lived, we could not be friends, our paths should lie far asunder; though your words, and still more your looks, tell me how it is with you, that we are sisters in disappointment and misfortune. But there'—she lifted her eyes, calm and serene, to the sky, where the moon, now fully risen, gleamed fair and radiant—'there we may meet and be friends for ever. Farewell, Eliza.'

Overcome with emotion, Eliza cast herself, weeping, on the other's breast. For a few moments they mingled their tears together. 'Farewell, Eliza;' 'Farewell, Ellen.' A faint breeze swept through the beechen wood. It came wandering by them, and seemed to murmur in unknown tongue some sentence or benediction over their heads.

There was silence. Eliza felt her companion lean heavily on her. She grew alarmed. At last she said: 'It is not well for you to linger in the night-air. Will you not go into the house now?'

Ellen replied not. Heavier and heavier she leant, with a helpless weight that almost overpowered the other. Eliza raised the drooping head. A white, white face, a dim fast-glazing eye, met her gaze. It was the dead that lay on her bosom.

That night Eliza was very ill, so ill that a telegram was despatched in haste to her husband to come at once, if he wished to see her alive. He arrived next day, but only in time to gaze on a sweet marble face, that changed not even in the presence of the dread remorse that then awoke in his heart, and to clasp in his arms a fair but lifeless child, whose tender eyes had never opened on this world's light—whose only baptism was tears.

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A few days after Hallow-eve, Daly received a black-sealed letter. It was that which Eliza had written to him, but never sent.

So they both slept. The remains of Ellen Courtney were conveyed to her own land; and on a dark November morning, when all nature seemed in mourning for the young and beautiful that had passed with the summer flowers, she was laid with her kindred, amidst streaming eyes and voices that blessed her name—

Poor victim of love and changeless faith.

But Eliza lay in a foreign soil, where the myrtle waved above her head, instead of her own mountain-ash—an exile even in death, from friends and home.

## LIFE IN ST KILDA.

### CONCLUDING PAPER.

On the 16th August I ascended the hill called Connaghar, where all the men had gone to catch and the women to carry home fulmars, leaving the village deserted. The weather was very warm, and although I carried my coat over my arm, I was fain to stop on my way up and cool myself in the light sea-breeze. About half-way up I saw my old friend Tormad, with his ruddy face and large white beard, seated on the edge of the cliff, with his attention fixed on the rope he held in his hands. 'Who is below?' I asked as I sat down beside him. 'Neil,' he answered. 'Is he far down?' 'Far—far,' he replied. Neil's voice could be heard calling from the abyss. In a little a crash sounds from below. Tormad looks anxious, and with craning head listens with deep attention; whilst two girls who had joined us, step with their bare feet to the very verge of the precipice and peer below. One of them, who has a light graceful figure, looks very picturesque as she stands poised on that stupendous cliff. She has a Turkey-red handkerchief on her head, and wears a coarse blue gown of a quaint shape, girdled at the waist, and only reaching to her knees. Her limbs are muscular and browned with the sun. She is engaged to Neil, and naturally feels anxious on his account. A shower of large stones had fallen, any one of which would have knocked his brains out had it chanced to hit; but fortunately a projecting crag above his head saves him. Tormad shifts his position to where he thinks the rock is less frangible. I leave him, and climb to where the cliffs form a lofty head or promontory which commands a view of the face of Connaghar. This hill rises one thousand two hundred and twenty feet above the sea, and is a precipice almost to the summit. The bottoms of this tremendous cliff had been cleared of fulmars the previous day by men who had ascended from boats. Now the work had to be done from above.

It is a dreadful trade. A sound like the crack of a musket is occasionally heard, and one sees a huge stone bound and rattle with great leaps into the sea below. Parties of two or three men, laden with birds on their shoulders, are seen climbing by steep and perilous paths to the summit. From the spot where I lie basking in the sun, a path leads downwards to a steep grassy *brae* bounded by a cliff. This is considered a safe road for women, and a number of them go by it to where the men can bring them fulmars. Some of the girls can carry about two hundred pounds' weight, and seem rather proud of their strength; but as they toil up the dangerous path to where I recline, I hear them breathing heavily and in apparent distress; but in a few minutes they are all right again.

In the intervals of work a number of them sit around me and offer me a share of their oat-cakes and cheese, and hand me the little tub covered with raw sheepskin in which they carry milk: 'Drink, drink! you have taken none!' A number of the men also come up the path with coils of ropes and bundles of inflated gannets' craws on their backs. They are all barefooted and stripped to their underclothing. A pile of fulmars has been collected beside us, and the men whilst they rest economise time by extracting the oil. The receptacle for holding the oil is the stomach of a solan-goose, which is held open by one man, while another takes a fulmar, and squeezing the body, forces the oil in a stream from its gaping bill. When the fulmars and oil are carried home they are equally divided. The birds are plucked, and the feathers are sold to the factor for six shillings a St Kilda stone of twenty-four pounds. The flesh is pickled and used as food in winter and spring. The oil is sold to the factor for one shilling a St Kilda pint, which is equal to about five English pints. Over nine hundred St Kilda pints were exported in 1875. I ought to mention that it is the young fulmars that are caught in autumn. No art is required to capture them, as they are unable to fly; but they offer all the resistance in their power by spitting their oil in the faces of the men. The oil has a disagreeable odour. The old fulmars are caught in summer when hatching; a noose tied to the end of a rod being slipped over their heads. About the end of August all the fulmars leave St Kilda and take the young to sea for their education. They are absent for about two months and a half, and return lean and worthless.

On the 1st of September I began to be slightly alarmed that I might be detained on the island until the succeeding summer. No vessel had called since my arrival on the 21st of June. My stock of provisions had become exhausted, and I had to give up tea and coffee, and subsequently bread. The people began to pluck up their little crops, neither sickle nor scythe being used. The oatmeal supplied by the factor being done, the islanders had to depend on the grain grown on the island. The oats are thrashed with a flail; are scorched in a pot or in a straw basket containing hot stones, previous to being ground. The grain is then ground with hand-mills by the women, who work like furies.

On the 7th the new boat went to Stack Lee for *gougan* or young solan-geese, and returned in the evening with a few—about forty to each man. As at the Bass and other fowling stations, so also here are the gougan killed by blows on the head with a stick. The flesh of the gougan is wild and fishy in flavour; but when baked is an article of food. Every morning when I went

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up the village the usual salutation included expressions of fear that no ship would arrive. But my anxiety about the arrival of a ship was naturally less than theirs, for they were burning to receive further intelligence about the boat that was supposed to have been lost fourteen years ago. 'Is my poor wife alive? Is my mother, my brother, my son, my father, living or dead? Was my husband saved in some mysterious way, like Donald MacKinnon? Is he married again? Are all the women black in Africa?' Such were the agitating questions that passed through the minds of the people, and often found expression. Every time I went up the hill with my glass I would be questioned by some one on my return whether any vessel was visible, and my answer that there was not, was shouted from one end of the village to the other. The poor people were straitened for oatmeal, which was anxiously expected from the factor.

On the 5th of October in the evening, whilst I was sitting alone in a cloud of peat-smoke, gazing at nothing by the dull light of an iron lamp, my door was suddenly thrown open, and a woman in a state of alarm bawled out that there were strangers in the glen. I suggested that they were probably shipwrecked sailors, whom it would not be right to leave in the glen all night, cold, hungry, and without shelter. This seemed to move the women; and it was arranged that five men armed with staves should go to the top of the hill that separates the village from the glen and shout. In an hour or two the five men returned wet to the skin, and reported that, although they had whistled and shouted loudly, they had got no reply, and that they were sure there must be a mistake. But the woman still insisted that there were strangers in the glen. Next day a steamer was seen bearing away from the island, and it was no doubt her fog-whistle which had created the alarm.

In October, when the nights were getting long, spinning-wheels began to be busy in every house, making the thread which the men afterwards wove into cloth; and I spent the evening in one or other of the cottages, chatting with the people, and endeavouring to improve my Gaelic, and penetrate into their unsophisticated minds. I tried to tell them stories—such as *Blue Beard*—in which they seemed to feel a deep interest; the women sometimes improving my grammar, and helping me out of any difficulty. They would also tell me *sgeulachdan* or tales.

On the 21st October and for many days afterwards all the inhabitants went down the cliffs to pluck grass for their cattle. I saw the women lying on the narrow sloping ledges on the face of the rocks. A false step, and they would have fallen into the sea, hundreds of feet below, or been mangled on the projecting crags. About this time I gave up all hope of getting off the island until the following summer. My oatmeal was done, and after that I was obliged to depend on the people for a share of theirs. But I never wanted, although I put myself on short allowance.

On the 7th November a meeting was held in the church to return thanks for the harvest. A sudden change occurred in the weather: the sky became charged with thick vapour, and there was a heavy fall of hail accompanied by thunder and lightning. On the 8th December I went to the top of the hills, and notwithstanding my light diet, felt remarkably well; but slipping when twenty yards from home, I sprained my ankle, and lay for some time in torture. I crawled into the house, and after a time succeeded in cooking my dinner. I slept none; and next day my room was filled with sympathising male friends and ministering angels. Some brought me presents of potatoes and salt mutton, turf and fulmar-oil. On the 10th I held a levee, the whole people coming to see me between fore and afternoon services. The men about this time began to weave the thread which the women had spun. Both sexes worked from dawn of day until an hour or two after midnight. Their industry astonished me. I soon began to limp about in the evening; and when the nights were dark I got a live peat stuck on the end of a stick, to let me see the road home. At this time I made a miniature ship and put a letter in the hold, in the hope that she might reach the mainland. I was anxious that my friends should know that I was alive. Shortly afterwards I made a lantern out of a piece of copper that had come off a ship's bottom. A large limpet-shell filled with fulmar-oil served for a lamp inside. This lantern, a clumsy affair, was more admired than my sketches. On the 12th of January, which is New-year's-day in St Kilda, service was held in the church; and to celebrate the occasion, the minister preached a sermon.

On the 17th the most remarkable event occurred that had happened in St Kilda for many years. The people had just gone to church when, happening to look out at my door, I was startled to observe a boat in the bay. I had been nearly seven months on the island, and had never seen any ship or strange boat near it all that time. Robinson Crusoe scarcely felt more surprised when he saw the foot-print on the sand, than I did on beholding this apparition. I ran to the shore, where there was a heavy sea rolling, and shouted to the people in the boat; but my voice was drowned by the roar of the waves. A woman who had followed me gave notice to the congregation, and all poured out of the church. The St Kildans ran round the rocks to a spot where there seemed to be less surf, and waved on the boat to follow. I went with the others. When we arrived at the place indicated, the islanders threw ropes from the low cliffs to the men in the boat; but the latter declined to be drawn up, the captain bawling 'Mooch better dere,' pointing to the shore before the village, and putting about the boat. All ran back; but before we got to the shore the strange boat had run through the surf. Instantly all the men in her leaped into the sea and swam to the land, where they were grasped by the St Kildans. In a few minutes their boat was knocked to pieces on the rocks.

The strangers were invited into the minister's house and dry clothes given them. They proved to be the captain and eight of the crew of the Austrian ship *Peti Dabrovacki*, eight hundred and eighty tons, which had left Glasgow for New York five days before. The vessel had encountered bad weather; her ballast had shifted, and she lay on her beam-ends about eight miles west of St Kilda. Seven men had remained in her, and no doubt perished. The ship was not to be seen next day. When the survivors had got their clothes

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shifted, they were distributed amongst the sixteen families that compose the community, the minister keeping the captain, and every two families taking charge of one man, and providing him with a bed and board and clean clothes. I myself saw one man (Tormad Gillies) take a new jacket out of the box in which it had been carefully packed, and give it to the mate to wear during his stay, the young man having no coat but an oilskin. The oatmeal being done, the islanders took the grain they had kept for seed and ground it to feed the shipwrecked men. The hospitable conduct of the St Kildans was all the more commendable when one considers that their guests were all foreigners. But long before the five weeks had elapsed during which the Austrians lived on the island, they had by their good behaviour removed the prejudice that had prevailed against them at first. They were polite and obliging to the women, and went from house to house to assist in grinding the grain.

On the 28th January 1877 the wind blew violently from the north-west with heavy showers of sleet. It was the worst day I had seen in St Kilda. The huge waves came rolling into the bay against the wind, which caught them as they fell on the shore and carried them off in spin-drift. Yet many of the women went to church barefoot.

On the 29th the captain and sailors called on me and felt interested in seeing a canoe I had hewn out of a log. They helped me to rig her and to put the ballast right; but we had to wait until the wind was favourable. We put two bottles in her hold containing letters, which we hoped would find their way to the mainland and be posted.

This canoe carried a small sail, and was despatched on the 5th of February, the wind being in the north-west, and continuing so for some days. I thought she would reach Uist; but the Gulf Stream was stronger than I calculated on, and she went to Poolewe in Ross-shire, where she was found lying on a sandbank on the 27th by a Mr John Mackenzie, who posted the letters. Five days previous to the date when we launched the canoe, we sent off a life-buoy belonging to the lost ship. I suggested that a bottle containing a letter should be lashed to it and a small sail put up. This was done; but no one had much hope that this circular vessel would be of service. She was sent off on the 30th January, and strange to relate, drifted to Birsay in Orkney, and was forwarded to Lloyd's agent in Stromness on the 8th February, having performed the passage in nine days. During my residence in St Kilda, several canes that the Gulf Stream had brought from some tropical clime were picked up by the men. One was hollow and several inches in diameter. The St Kildans split these canes and make them into reeds for their looms.

On 17th February the Austrian skipper offered ten pounds for a passage to Harris in the new boat, for himself and men. The St Kildans accepted the offer, and arranged to send seven of their own men to bring her back. They would not allow the Austrians to go alone, being afraid that they (the St Kildans) might be left without a boat, and have no means of getting seed-corn and provisions. They drew lots who were to go, and it was stipulated that I was to be one of them. All was settled except the weather. We were waiting for a promising day, when, on the 22d, about seven in the morning, as I was lying in bed and thinking of getting up to make my breakfast, I was startled by hearing the sound of a steam-whistle. I lay back again muttering: 'It was the wind;' when hark! the whistle is repeated. I leaped up, ran to the door, and saw, sure enough, a steamer in the bay! Huddling on my clothes, I rushed barefoot up the village, rattling at every door, and shouting 'Steamer—strangers!' In a few minutes all the people were astir and hurrying to the shore. I had just time to throw the articles that lay handy into my trunk and to get on board the steamer's boat, which I saw belonged to Her Majesty. Then I discovered that I had left my purse and other property in the house; but the surf was too great to allow me to land again. I got on board the steamer, which I found to be the *Jackal*. 'How did you know we were here?' I inquired of one of the officers who stood on the quarter-deck. 'From the letter you wrote and put into the bottle lashed to the life-buoy.' I ran to the side of the ship muttering to myself: 'There is a Providence that shapes our ends, rough-hew them as we will;' and bawled to the St Kildans in the boat alongside: 'It was the life-buoy brought this steamer here, you incredulous people;' for they had smiled, although good-humouredly, at my efforts to send a letter home. A small supply of biscuits and oatmeal was given to them; and waving an adieu to my good St Kildan friends, we were speedily receding from the island.

I found all the officers extremely friendly and agreeable, and here beg to return my hearty thanks. I was made to feel quite at home. The shipwrecked captain and I were accommodated in the cabin. The Austrian sailors were well taken care of forward, and seemed particularly delighted at again having as much tobacco as they could use. We had been all smoking dried moss.

The wind had risen and the sea become rough; and if the *Jackal* had been half an hour later, she would have been obliged to return with her errand unexecuted; for it would have been impossible for a boat to approach the shore. We reached Harris the same evening, and anchored in the Sound all night. But as this part of the journey has appeared in the newspapers, I need not repeat it. Suffice it that I arrived barefoot and penniless, but in good health and spirits, in Greenock on the 26th. Here my narrative ends.

[Many of the facts related in the foregoing narrative were published in various newspapers in the early part of the present year, and led to considerable discussion. Stormy seasons, as we have seen, may set in, and communication with the proprietor or his factor be rendered impossible; the most anxious efforts to transmit provisions may be rendered abortive, and famine, if not actual starvation, be the result. Various hints for the melioration of the poor St Kildans have been thrown out, amongst others that those isolated beings should quit the island for good, and seek a new home in the more civilised Hebrides or elsewhere. One thing is sufficiently obvious, if the people are to remain on the island, they should be taught to speak and write English. Their adherence to Gaelic condemns them to innumerable privations, above all it excludes them from communication with the outer world, on whose sympathy they are forced to rely. Half a century ago, Dr John Macculloch lamented this exclusive use

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of Gaelic; and we echo all he said on the subject. We have no objection to Gaelic being made a philological study, but its continuance as a spoken language is in all respects to be regretted.—Ed.]

## THE MONTH:

### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

The 'season' is at its busiest: crowds of sight-seers are looking at the pictures in the Royal Academy, the Grosvenor Gallery, and in other resorts, and painting and sculpture are everywhere talked about; while fine art rejoices in its annual holiday, and 'art sales' (which are too often artful) draw throngs of competing buyers. The debates in parliament on reform of our universities have revived the education question; and sanguine talkers who believe that education can do everything, have had to be reminded once more that endowments however ample cannot create genius; that our greatest achievements in science, art, or literature have been wrought by unendowed men, and that nature will not produce a larger proportion of highest quality brain even though schools be multiplied. Meanwhile the experiment for the promotion of scientific research initiated by government has advanced a stage, and the investigators recommended by the Council of the Royal Society have received grants of money from the Paymaster-general to enable them to carry on their work. As this experiment is to be continued for five years, we may reasonably expect that it will assist in resolving the endowment question.

The cost of the expeditions sent out by this country in 1875 to observe the transit of Venus has been ascertained: it is forty thousand pounds; the estimate was twenty thousand pounds. As will be remembered, other nations engaged in the work as well as ourselves; and we have it on the authority of the Astronomer-royal that the total expenditure 'may amount to two hundred thousand pounds.' This is a large sum to pay for the endeavour to solve the problem of the earth's distance from the sun; but the problem is one of essential importance in astronomical science, and there is reason to hope that when all the computations are completed the true answer will appear. Remembering as we do the eclipse expeditions assisted by the Treasury and the Admiralty, and the expensive and abortive Arctic expedition, we agree with the learned functionary above referred to that 'the government has been very liberal.'

By a method known to astronomers, observations of the planet Mars can be made available for determining our distance from the sun. Sir George Airy speaks of this method as 'the best of all;' and as Mars is this year in the most favourable position for these special observations, a private expedition is to be sent to St Helena or to Ascension to make them. The expense will be about five hundred pounds; and this is to be provided by gifts from scientific men, and by a contribution from the Royal Astronomical Society.

The formation of meteorites is a question which has long been discussed by mineralogists and physicists. Professor Tschermak, after much study, has come to the conclusion that the active agent in the process is volcanic. He points out that the meteorites which fall to the earth are angular in form, that they have no concentric structure even in their interior, that their external crust is not an original characteristic, and that they are evidently fragmentary. Examination of the crust has shewn that during the later stages of flight, disruption of the meteorite itself sometimes takes place; and it is a fact worth record, that guided by the appearance of the crust and peculiarity of shape, Professor Maskelyne once succeeded in reconstructing a meteorite from fragments which had fallen miles apart.

From much evidence of this character Professor Tschermak has been confirmed in his views. He argues that 'the finding of hydrogen in meteoric iron is a proof that permanent gases and perhaps vapours, which are the great agents in transmitting volcanic energy, have played some part in the formation of meteorites; and although it may ever be impossible to obtain direct evidence of the volcanic activity which is supposed to have hurled these mysterious masses of stone and metal into space, yet such evidence as the violent gaseous upheavals on the solar surface; the action of our terrestrial volcanoes; and the stupendous eruptive phenomena of which the lunar craters tell the history, lend powerful support to any theory which assumes that meteorites owe their formation to volcanic agency.'

Professor Boyd Dawkins in giving an account to the Manchester Geological Society of his visit to the crater of Vesuvius said: 'A coating of yellow sulphur about three inches thick covered the lip, and beneath this the loose gray ashes gave out aqueous vapour at every pore, which deposited on them in some places white powdery sulphate of lime, in others common salt, sal ammoniac, green chloride of copper, and specular iron ore, which looked like little pieces of shattered mirrors scattered through their substance. It was obvious that here we had a striking proof of the mode in which water, in passing through heated rock, can carry minerals in solution and ultimately deposit them. In these deposits we could easily recognise the mode in which the various metals were brought up from deep down in the earth's crust, and deposited in holes and crannies in the rocks which are accessible to man as mineral veins.' In this description we seem to have an approach towards an answer to the oft-repeated question—Where do metals come from?

Further particulars, which will be regarded as surprising, have been published concerning the Pennsylvania oil-wells. The Delameter well, sixteen hundred feet deep, sends forth gas at such a vehement pressure that a plummet-line weighing sixteen hundred pounds can be pulled out of the bore-hole by hand. The ascending speed of the gas is seventeen hundred feet per second; the quantity amounts to one million cubic feet per hour, or more than fourteen hundred tons a day; and the heating power is twenty-five per cent. greater than that of good bituminous coal. After this explanation it is easy to understand

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that the well, situated in a valley surrounded by mountains, furnishes heat and light to the whole neighbourhood. From one of its pipes, three inches in diameter, a flame rushes, 'the noise of which shakes the hills, and is heard at a distance of fifteen miles. For a distance of fifty feet around the earth is burnt; but farther off, the vegetation is tropical, and enjoys a perpetual summer.'

It is known to chemists that turpentine when oxidised in a current of air in presence of water, yields peroxide of hydrogen, camphoric acid, acetic acid, camphor, and certain other less defined substances. The progress of the oxidation is an interesting study, and the solution produced is found to have great power as an antiseptic and disinfectant. White of egg, milk, and beer treated therewith are kept fresh for some time. 'From a series of experiments undertaken with the view of ascertaining to which constituents of the solution the antiseptic and disinfecting property is to be ascribed, the power was found to be distributed between the peroxide of hydrogen and camphoric acid; but the former of these is able to evolve large quantities of oxygen, which in this state is nascent, and of a powerful oxidising nature.'

A curious case of glass-making is published in the Proceedings of the Newcastle-on-Tyne Chemical Society. A large mass of esparto grass was burnt by accident. Lumps which might be called grass clinkers were found among the ashes; and these on being properly treated in a kiln produced glass which is described as 'a very good sample of bottle-glass.' From this it is easy to understand that in past ages some great bonfire of vegetable matter may have led to the discovery of glass. Farmers who are unfortunate enough to have their stack-yards burned, might possibly find straw clinkers among the débris. This would be worth noting, for silica enters largely into the composition of all grasses and cereals.

In South Russia, Hungary, parts of Italy, in Egypt, India, and other parts of the world where no coal is to be had, different kinds of vegetable refuse are used as fuel for steam-engines. In a paper read at a meeting of the Institution of Civil Engineers a table is given of the heating value of the refuse as compared with coal. It has been found in Russia that a little more than four acres can be cultivated with the waste straw of one acre, which when compared with the results of steam-plough trials at Wolverhampton shews that one pound of coal is equivalent to four and one-sixth pounds of straw. An engine to burn vegetable waste requires a greater heating surface than an ordinary engine; and those of the most improved construction are self-feeding. In Egypt the stalks of the cotton-plant and megass, or waste sugar-cane, are the principal fuel; and the equivalent quantity of these to one pound of coal is less than of straw. But there are engines in England which burn vegetable waste; and the author of the paper above mentioned is of opinion that 'as the demand for mechanical appliances increases, so will the difficulties increase of obtaining the best qualities of fuel for steam-boilers in rural districts.' And he suggests that the only method of rendering the use of steam-power universal, particularly for agriculture, would be to construct the boiler of the engine so as to utilise the local supplies of combustible material of every kind.'

Among scientific novelties worthy of notice are the Harmonograph, an instrument constructed by Messrs Tisley and Spiller. It combines a series of pendulums, susceptible of motion in every direction, one of which carrying a pen, traces curves of remarkable forms on a sheet of paper. Some of these curves represent waves of sound as given off by a musical instrument, and certain waves of light. Thus the invisible is, so to speak, made visible, with manifest advantage to natural philosophy.—Next, the Otheoscope, a modification of the radiometer designed by Mr Crookes. In this little instrument the vanes do not rotate, but are fixed near a horizontal disc free to move. The influence acting on the vanes is thrown from them upon the disc, and the disc spins round with great rapidity. The useful applications of this novelty have yet to be discovered.—And Mr N. J. Holmes has invented a flaring projectile or shell which when fired from a ship at sea falls into the water at a distance of two miles if required; floats for an hour, and throws out a powerful light, which in dark nights would be useful in detecting the position and watching the movements of a hostile fleet.

The Registrar-general pursuing the even tenor of his way amid the world's excitements, has just published his Report on the public health of 1876. He tells us that the area of London (taking the registration division) is one hundred and twenty-two square miles, with fifteen hundred miles of streets, about two thousand miles of sewers, and 417,767 inhabited houses. The population numbered nearly three millions and a half; but taking in the outlying districts, 'greater London' as the Registrar calls it, contains 4,286,607 inhabitants, among whom the births were 153,192, and the deaths 91,171. Some of these inhabitants live in the Plumstead Marshes, eleven feet below, while the dwellers at Hampstead are 429 feet above high-water mark. These differences of level imply different conditions of health; but the death-rate was not more than 21·3 per thousand; which contrasts favourably with the death-rate in other towns and cities within the kingdom and in other parts of the world.

Economy is an important element in the maintenance of health, and Dr Farr points out what looks like a waste of resources. He says: 'The capital engaged in the gas and water companies of London is L.22,492,157, which realised in the year ending April 1876, a profit of not less than L.1,676,542, or seven and a half per cent. all round. Now, if this amount of capital were required to construct all the works necessary to supply London with the best gas and pure soft water at high-pressure, it could probably be raised at four, or certainly three and a half per cent. less than is now paid in dividends. If the capital were raised at four per cent. L.776,856 would be set free; out of which, after the companies were adequately compensated, there would be a large revenue for education and many municipal purposes.' The facts set forth in this paragraph should be taken into serious consideration by all concerned.

A paper on the Climate of Scarborough in the *Quarterly Journal* of the Meteorological Society is worth attention, as it sets forth the atmospheric movements to which that fashionable watering-place owes the amenity of its summer climate. The highest summer temperature, we are informed, is seventy degrees; and the temperature of the sea

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is commonly five degrees below the temperature of the air. 'Another noticeable fact is, that in hot weather, with a tolerably clear sky and a temperature between eight and nine A.M. of about sixty degrees, rising to a maximum during the day of nearly seventy, the wind, which in the morning is blowing from south-west or west-south-west, generally backs to the south-south-east by the middle of the day, bringing in a cool refreshing breeze from the sea. This backward movement of the wind is easily accounted for, when it is remembered that with such a high temperature and an almost cloudless sky, the ground becomes much heated, causing the lower stratum of warm and rarefied air to ascend, while the cooler and heavier air is then drawn in from the sea to supply its place;' and the moisture in this sea-breeze by tempering the sunshine renders outdoor life the more agreeable.

As Fiji is now one of our colonial possessions, enterprising emigrants will perhaps resort thither. They may find information concerning the productions and weather of the group of islands in a paper by Mr R. L. Holmes, published in the last number of the *Quarterly Journal* of the Meteorological Society. The first quarter of the year comprehends the 'hurricane months;' from January 1 to March 28, 1875, ninety inches of rain fell; an inch a day. The driest month is July; the south-east trade-winds are then strong; so strong indeed as to blow away the cotton, which then 'breaks out with a rush,' unless it be quickly gathered. The climate generally is described as healthy; fevers, liver-complaints, and cholera, diseases almost always fatal in a tropical country, being almost unknown. But a painful disease of the eyes is common; and small wounds, even mosquito bites, have a tendency to become serious sores, very difficult to heal. The natives are a decidedly healthy race, notwithstanding that they prefer to build their villages on swampy ground. That no harmful consequences ensue may be due to the position of the islands in the region of the trade-winds, whereby breezes always prevail. Emigrants from Europe soon lose much of their fresh ruddy appearance, their blood gets thin, and they probably lose in weight; but if they will abstain from indulgence in ardent spirits they may become acclimatised with but little risk of health.

## SICILIAN BRIGANDAGE.

A WRITER on this subject in the *Edinburgh Review* for April more than confirms all that we stated on Italian Brigandage in an article last January. We have in particular from this writer a clear account of that system of organised iniquity known as the *Mafia*, with its kindred associations the *Camorras*. The Mafia, in fact, has an endless ramification of spontaneous and illegal societies, and it comes pretty much to this, that society in Sicily, high and low, official and non-official, is one great confederacy to rob and murder at will, and otherwise defy or circumvent the law in any way that seems best. The curious thing is how any show of orderly civilised usages can be maintained. Externally, in Palermo and other places, there is an aspect of peacefulness and honesty; but beneath the surface nearly all proceedings are regulated by force and deceit. The very attempt to seek protection from the law brings down vengeance so remorseless that well-disposed persons are fain to be silent under extortion. There are three hundred and sixty communes in Sicily, and every one of them, says this writer, 'has its own Mafia, of which the character varies according to local tendencies and interests. In one place its energies are devoted to the conduct of the elections and the manipulations of the ballot-box; in another, to directing, by means of a *Camorra*, the sale of church and crown lands; in a third, to the apportionment of contracts for public works. . . . By a singular anomaly, the middle class—that very class of which the absence is deplored in the rest of Sicily as the absence of an element of order—forms in Palermo the chief strength of the Mafia. Its proverbial virtues of prudence, industry, and foresight are here exercised in the calling of crime. The so-called *Capi*-mafia are men of substance and education. To them is due the consummate ability with which the affairs of their association are managed—the unity of direction, precision of purpose, and fatality of stroke. They determine with unerring tact all the nice points of their profession; in what cases life may be taken, and in what others the end in view can be attained by mere destruction of property; when an important capture is to be effected; when a threatening letter sent, or a shot of persuasion fired; when it is advisable to suspend operations, and when to inspire terror by increased ferocity. By them, relations are maintained with government offices in Rome, whose intrigues are generally successful in obtaining the dismissal or removal of obnoxious officials; so that complicity with crime is an almost necessary condition of permanence in any responsible position.'

For this state of affairs, which violates all our conceptions of a civilised community, the reviewer offers no practical scheme for redress. Reform, in the ordinary acceptation of the word, seems impracticable. Society is leagued to maintain a universal terrorism. Judges, magistrates, police-officers are incorporated in the gang of evil-doers. The military sent to preserve order are inefficient. Whether from fear or favour, brigandage is triumphant. Evidently the Italian government is powerless to cure the disorderly condition of Sicily. The very members of the government labour under suspicion of complicity. More probably, they are afraid to give offence by acting with persistent vigour. Constitutionalism carried to excess in a region wholly unprepared for it, even in a moderate degree, might be described as the bane of the country. It is in vain to appoint new native magistrates and new police, for all are bad together. The feeble military force sent to support the law is out-manœuvred or laughed at. Without denying that things may mend in the course of ages, we should say, that what Italy wants is a Cromwell with his Ironsides to stamp out by military execution the ingrained villainy which now afflicts one of the finest and most productive islands in the world. As there is, however, no chance of a soldier of the Cromwell type casting up, Sicily, we presume, must continue to be a disgrace to Italy and as great a scandal to Europe as Turkey.

W. C.

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# WINDOW WILLIE

## A TWEEDSIDE TRADITION, BY W. CHAMBERS, LL.D.

CROSSING the tall and narrow old bridge of several arches which spans the Tweed at Peebles, is seen an aged gentleman riding composedly on a small white pony. His head is bent droopingly down, as if meditating on some important mission. From his general aspect, he may be a gentleman-farmer, disposed to take things easily at his time of life; or he may be some retired public official who keeps a pony, and in good weather pops about for amusement. His dress has nothing particular about it. He wears a blue coat with metal buttons and capacious outside pockets. His legs are endued in buff breeches, white rig-and-fur woollen stockings, and black spats, a kind of short gaiters, over the ankles. Any one may observe that he is no common person. At the end of his watch-chain dangle a gold seal, a Queen Anne sixpence, a small and very pretty shell, and a flexible watch-key. Instead of using a riding-whip, he has in his right hand a perfectly respectable gold-headed cane, with which he occasionally gives a gentle pat on the side of the pony. Altogether a creditable affair, as things went towards the end of last century.

This imposing personage, according to tradition, was proceeding in a southerly direction across the bridge from his residence at Cabbage Hall, on Tweed Green, in order to pursue his way down the right bank of the river to the mansion of Traquair. It is a pleasant ride of seven to eight miles; and looking to the leisurely progress of the little nag, it is not unlikely he may reach his destination in an hour and a half. So far well. But who is this venerable gentleman? His proper designation is of no consequence. Locally, and somewhat irreverently, he is known as Window Willie, a man of genial temperament, but who professionally commands a degree of respect in the neighbourhood; for he is the district inspector in relation to the tax on windowlights, and it is not surprising that with all his good humour people are a little afraid of him.

Is Window Willie going to inspect windows in that old weather-beaten château of the Earl of Traquair? Not at all. He is a chum of the old Earl, and what his particular business happens to be on the present occasion will afterwards appear. In the meantime, as paving the way for Window Willie's interview, we may run over a few particulars concerning the Traquair family. There need be the less ceremony in speaking of them, as all have gone to their rest. The family is extinct, leaving not a shred behind.

The Stewarts of Traquair come first prominently into notice in the reign of Charles I., 1628, when Sir John Stewart of Traquair, Knight, was raised to the peerage as Lord Stewart of Traquair, and shortly afterwards elevated to the dignity of Earl of Traquair, Lord Linton, and Caberston. In looking into history, we cannot discover that this gentleman had a single good quality. Like too many at that period, he was a time-server, devoid of anything like settled principle. In politics and religion he discreetly sided with the uppermost—a Puritan or an Anglican of the Laud type, whichever seemed to promise to pay best.

There is a very curious old book, which few know anything about, called the '*Staggering State of Scots Statesmen, for one hundred years from* 1550 *to* 1650, by Sir John Scot of Scotstarvit.' It was printed from a manuscript in 1754, and is exceedingly rare. This little book is full of amusing gossip about the wretchedly struggling noblemen and officers of state at that unhappy period of Scottish history, during a large portion of which the central ruling authority was in London, and only a delegation of subordinates, who domineered at will, in Edinburgh. These subordinates were needy Scotsmen, of whom for more than a century hardly a good word can be said.

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They did as they liked, plundered and tyrannised without mercy. The *Staggering State* gives an awful account of them. Among the whole, none was such an adept at looking to his own interest as the newly created Earl of Traquair. Appointed Lord High Treasurer, he 'managed matters so nimbly' that in a short time he was able, by purchase, to vastly extend the possessions of the family. He also enlarged the old mansion at Traquair, and made a handsome avenue lined with trees as an approach.

When Charles I. got into trouble, the Earl of Traquair for a time stuck to his cause, which in a half-hearted way he afterwards thought fit to desert. The Commonwealth under Cromwell proved a sore trial to every class of home-rulers in Scotland. A stern system of honesty and justice was introduced, at which the native nobility and judges stood aghast. Monopolies were abolished. Free trade was established between England and Scotland. Very hard all this on those who had been pocketing the public money, thriving on monopolies, and selling justice to the highest bidder. Turned out of office, and his estate being sequestrated, the Earl of Traquair was ruined. By some manœuvre, his son Lord Linton had the address to save for himself and his heirs at least a portion of the family property, and was able to keep house at Traquair, while the Earl was exposed to vicissitudes, uncheered by public respect or sympathy. Lord Linton can hardly be acquitted of having acted an unnatural part towards his father. He allowed him to drop into such extreme poverty that he was fain to accept an alms from an old friend, and to dine on a salt herring and an onion. Broken in spirit, he died in 1659; and as evidencing the meanness of his circumstances, it is recorded that at his burial there was no pall, but only a black apron over the coffin.

So ended the first Earl, who though not without the faults common to the period, was at least an historical personage. His son, the second Earl, was noted only for scandalous irregularities, and by him Roman Catholicism was introduced into the family, through his marriage with Lady Anne Seton. He was succeeded by his elder son, William, as third Earl; and he was succeeded by his brother, Charles, as fourth Earl, who married Lady Mary Maxwell, daughter of the fourth Earl of Nithsdale. We need say nothing of the fifth Earl. In the sixth Earl we begin to have a living interest. He had a son, Charles, and three daughters, Christiana, Mary, and Lucy. Lady Christiana caused serious trouble in the family by what was deemed a mésalliance. The story is that she fell in love with a young man named Griffiths, who as a lawyer's clerk had visited Traquair on some piece of business, married him—and was disowned. There is no doubt of the marriage, whatever might have been the position of Mr Griffiths; for it is recorded in the *Peerage* of Sir Robert Douglas. Descendants of Lady Christiana are still living, we believe, in America.

The Ladies Mary and Lucy do not appear to have been married. As genteel spinsters they lived in the Canongate, Edinburgh, which even in their time had not been entirely deserted by noble families. Charles, their brother, who succeeded as seventh Earl in 1779, and was already married, dwelt for a time in Edinburgh. There to him was born a daughter, Louisa, 20th March 1776; and a son, Charles, 31st January 1781. After the birth of the two children, the Earl and his Countess spent most of their time at Traquair House. Here, for a number of years the Earl flourished, if it can be called flourishing, the more appropriate term being vegetating, at the period when Window Willie was in his glory.

There lingered some traditions of the Countess of Traquair in our young days. She was an invalid. The rumour in Peebles was that she had been afflicted with an 'eating cancer in her great toe.' Whether there was any truth in the report we cannot tell. All we know is, that the ailment of her Ladyship gave rise to a droll and popular myth. The cancer being an 'eating' cancer, required something to eat. If it was not properly provided with food, it would eat off her Ladyship's foot, and finally eat her up bodily. To avert this calamity, it was customary—so ran the legend in Peebles—to provide the cancer every morning regularly with a fresh pigeon, which it devoured with a relish in the course of the day, and so the foot of the Countess was luckily saved. The gossip about the daily consumption of a pigeon was possibly a piece of nonsense. At anyrate, the Countess having been much of an invalid, the old Earl her husband sought to amuse himself in a way, immediately to be specified.

We are now ready for the interview with Window Willie, who has been jogging on his way to Traquair. For the last hour the Earl had been expecting him, and now and then looks out from a small apartment with a low ceiling to see his approach down a side avenue. There at length he comes on his little white pony; and giving the animal to a groom, he enters the antiquated mansion.

'Glad to see you,' said the Earl. 'I've been out of work for a week; at least hardly anything to do. I hope you have brought something. How many have you got?'

'Well, my Lord,' replied Willie, 'I think I have made a pretty good haul. I have just returned from my circuit in the western district of the county, and have managed to pick up a round dozen.'

'That will do capitally. Lay them out carefully in a row, and tell me to whom they belong.'

So requested, Window Willie disburdened himself by drawing from his pockets a dozen razors in their respective cases, some of them having a very common appearance, and he proceeded to arrange and specify them as follows:

'There's one from Dickson of Hartree; one from Loch of Rachan; one from Murray at Drachal;

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one from Kerr, minister of Stobo; one from Marshall, minister of Manor; and one from Bowed Davie; it's sair lippit, but it will stand grunden. That makes six. Then comes one from Mr Findlater, the minister of Newlands; next one from Sir James Naesmyth; one from Robbie Symington at Edston; one from Mr Alexander at Easter Happrew; one from Toll Tammie at the Neidpath, which I got yesterday in passing; and last of all, one from your lordship's friend and adviser, Commissary Robertson, at Peebles. That makes the dozen.'

The row of razors made a splendid array, and put the Earl in high spirits. Window Willie must stay to dinner to talk over his adventures in securing the razors, for each has its story, which will furnish some amusement. Willie, of course, as he had expected, dines with the Earl, and pops home to Cabbage Hall in the evening.

Not to keep the reader in suspense: The Earl of Traquair had a profound passion for sharpening razors. Thankfully and gratuitously his Lordship sharpened not only all the razors of his tenants and their servants, but of all the landed gentlemen, farmers, and traders throughout the county who would favour him with a commission of the kind. In his time, no one in Peeblesshire needed to torture himself by shaving with a blunt razor. Of course, the razors were not sent for sharpening in a business fashion. Window Willie's professional rounds gave him an excellent opportunity of collecting razors for the Earl, and of returning them properly cuttled to their proprietors. When he brought one batch he took away another. It was a satisfactory arrangement all round. The Earl was delighted to be kept working at his favourite pursuit; people were glad to get their razors on all occasions sharpened for nothing; and Window Willie was pleased to have an employment which made him everywhere an acceptable guest, and afforded opportunities of visiting at Traquair. I happen to have an agreeable remembrance of various persons in Peebles telling me several of the foregoing particulars, and of how Window Willie used to call to ask if their razors did not want a little touching up, as he was going next day to visit the Earl.

The world was not then constituted exactly as it now is. Nobody thought there was anything particularly strange in an Earl sharpening razors as a recreation. It was a harmless hobby; and, besides, there was a gratification in thinking that your razor was put in trim by a nobleman. The Earl of Traquair was a general benefactor. He was a sort of artist. He should have been born and bred a cutler, in which capacity he excelled; but as he had the misfortune to be born an heir to an earldom, he had just to make the best of it. As for Window Willie, he seemed to have been born to be the Earl's provider with blunt razors to be sharpened; in which line he acquitted himself admirably. Working to each other's hands, they in their time kept the county well and comfortably shaved, and that is saying a good deal in the way of eulogium.

The Earl had another eccentricity. He did not patronise London or Edinburgh tailors. After some experience, he had a firm belief that no man could make clothes for him that would thoroughly fit but Thorburn, a tailor at Eddleston, a small village of forty to fifty houses, close to Darnhall, the residence of Lord Elibank. We have never heard how the Earl discovered Thorburn; in all likelihood he heard of him through his factotum, Window Willie, who knew something of everybody. Having tried, he stuck to Thorburn. One thing materially guided this selection. Thorburn was exactly his own shape, body, legs, and arms. That was a great point. The Earl had an invincible hatred of putting on new-made clothes, which required some time to settle down into the required figure, and were at first a little awkward. Thorburn was an accommodating fellow. He volunteered to wear the Earl's new clothes for a day or two, to give them a set. The obliging offer was accepted. When the Earl wanted a new pair of black velvet breeches, Thorburn took care to wear them for a Sunday at church, which gave the legs the appropriately round baggy form, and then they were ready for use. By the agency of Window Willie and his little pony, the garment safely reached Traquair House.

Dear old Earl, and dear good-hearted Window Willie! Both have long since passed away. The beards of the county are said to have been sensibly affected by their decease. Charles, the eighth Earl, had unfortunately none of his father's aptitude for razor-sharpening. As a bachelor and a recluse, he was mainly noted for effecting improvements on his various farm-steadings, which was by no means a bad hobby for a nobleman. Partly perhaps on account of a stammering in his speech, he shrank from general society, and vegetated till the last in the queer antiquated mansion of his forefathers, in the society of his only sister, Lady Louisa Stuart. We had the honour of several interviews with him in relation to railways for the district, and could not help feeling pained with that distressing stammer. A very curious fact afterwards came to our knowledge. The Earl having spent a number of his early years abroad, acquired a proficiency in speaking French, which he ever afterwards retained. When he spoke French, he never stammered! At his decease in 1861, the male line and peerage became extinct; and on the death of Lady Louisa Stuart in 1875, in the hundredth year of her age, all the family had departed, the property devolving by will on a distant relative. Traquair House, which looks like two ancient feudal keeps rolled into one, remains embosomed in trees almost as it was left by the Lord High Treasurer upwards of two hundred years ago, and as it used to be visited of old by Window Willie.

W. C.

## THE LAST OF THE HADDONS.

### CHAPTER XXVI.—PREPARATION.

GREAT was my relief the next day when, on Lilian and I returning from a ramble in our beloved woods, we heard Robert Wentworth talking to Mrs Tipper in the parlour. But at first sight of him, I shrank back. How altered he looked, how terribly altered since we had last met! The kind little lady's hurried explanation as we entered the room, that illness had kept him away, gave me another blow, and he saw that it did.

'Only a sort of cold,' he cheerfully explained, extending his hand towards me with a smile. 'How do you do, Mary?'

My own hand shook; but he kept it long enough

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in his own to steady it, giving me a reassuring look before releasing it.

But Lilian could not get over the shock which the first sight of him had given her, involuntarily exclaiming: 'But I fear you have been ill—very ill; and it has made you quite'—— She paused, not liking to go on; but he lightly replied: 'Gray, do you mean? My dear Lilian, the gray season had set in long ago, only you saw me too frequently to notice it.'

Mrs Tipper laid her hand for a moment on his shoulder as she passed him on her way out of the room to prepare some special dainty to tempt him at tea-time; and I noticed that she was looking much graver than usual.

'And how have you been going on with your work during my absence?' he asked; 'not carelessly, I hope? I am in the humour to be very exacting and critical to-night; so you must not expect me to treat sins of omission or commission with my usual amiability.'

'Amiability, indeed!' ejaculated Lilian. 'The idea of your setting up for being amiable! I do not consider you at all considerate and good-natured to failure, sir.'

He smiled. 'I certainly have not much sympathy with failure; it would not be orthodox, you know. But get out your work, and let me find a safe outlet for my savage propensity.'

He saw that it did me good to be taken to task in the old fashion; and was quite as unsparing as I could desire, when he came upon any error. Whatever it cost him, Robert Wentworth succeeded in setting my heart as well as theirs at rest before he took his departure that night. If Mrs Tipper saw something of the truth, she shewed her consideration for me by carefully avoiding to give any expression to her thoughts. Lilian evidently guessed nothing. She openly expressed her surprise and regret at the alteration which she perceived in him.

'I really felt quite shocked for the first few moments,' she said. 'Even serious illness does not seem quite to account for such an alteration as there is in him. He looks as though he had suddenly grown old. Do not you think so, auntie?—Don't you, Mary?'

Mrs Tipper was silent, leaving me to reply, though I knew that she was watching me somewhat closely the while. It required all the nerve and self-command I could muster to make something like a suitable reply; but I did make it; and Lilian at anyrate remained in ignorance of the true state of the case, although her ignorance occasioned me almost as much pain as her knowledge of it would have done, so very closely did she sometimes approach to the truth, in her speculations as to the possible and probable cause of the change which had taken place in Robert Wentworth.

I was becoming restless and anxious from more causes than one. The time of Philip's expected arrival was drawing near, and my news remained still untold. Whilst I was ashamed of my reticence with two such friends, the difficulty of approaching the subject seemed rather to increase than diminish. My uneasiness was becoming apparent too; even Lilian and Mrs Tipper were beginning to notice a difference in me, which they could not account for.

The dear little lady once ventured a few words to me to the effect that no good man could be the worse for loving a woman, though she could not return his love; fancying, I believe, that possibly I was uneasy upon Robert Wentworth's account. I could only kiss the hand laid so lovingly upon mine.

It so happened that just at this juncture Mrs Tipper required sundry little housekeeping errands done in town; and partly to be alone a few hours, partly to do a little shopping for myself, I volunteered to go for her.

'Are you sure you would prefer going, dear Mary?' said Mrs Tipper anxiously; 'the days are so hot, and the things could be sent down, if we write, you know.'

I murmured something about wanting to replenish my wardrobe a little, and she easily acquiesced: 'To tell the truth, my dear, I *should* prefer your choosing the patty-pans,' she candidly allowed, when she found I really wished to go. 'Becky and I will think over all we require, and make a list,' she added, trotting off in high-feather to compare notes with Becky in the kitchen. If we were proud of our 'drawing-room,' Mrs Tipper was quite as proud of her kitchen. 'There is a place for everything and everything in its place, my dear, clean and ready to hand.' Becky in the evening, seated in state, surrounded by her brilliantly burnished tins, was a sight to behold. Nothing would have delighted her mistress and herself more than a sudden invasion of company as a test of their resources. Lilian and I were sometimes taxed beyond our powers, in our endeavours to shew our appreciation of the little dainty cakes, patties, &c. set before us. Indeed we had more than once consulted together upon the advisability of suggesting a party of children from the village to relieve us.

Lilian looked, I thought, a little surprised at not being invited to accompany me on my expedition to town. But if she was surprised, she was not offended; sensitive as she was, there was as little self-love in Lilian as it is possible for any human being to have. Hers was not fine-weather friendship. She was content to stand quietly aside until I should need her, without any complaints about being neglected, or what not, which half-hearted people are so apt to make at a fancied slight. She knew that I loved her, and I knew that she loved me, and we could trust each other, without the repeated assurance of it, which some people seem to require.

She was only a shade or two more tender and loving in bidding me good-bye, when I set forth in the morning, anxious to make me feel that my return would be eagerly looked for; and whispering a little jest about the necessity for bringing back a good appetite. 'Auntie and Becky will be sure to be busily engaged in preparing treats all day, you know; so you must come home hungry, whatever you do. And do not forget your promise to buy a pretty bonnet, Mary, and leave off that old dowdy thing; it makes you look as though nobody loved you, which is not fair to your sister Lilian. And oh, Mary, I had almost forgotten; if you bring any of this back, I shall say you don't care for me in real earnest;' pressing a little roll of paper into my hand.

I knew that she was genuinely disappointed when I proved to her that I had as much as five-and-twenty pounds in hand; and so I was obliged

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to promise to take from her store for my next need. 'Or else one may just as well not be a sister,' she said, with a discontented little shake of the head.

How cheering it was—how precious the knowledge that I was cared for in this way! And there was dear old Mrs Tipper too! I thought I knew why she was desirous just at that season to make me feel that my presence was so much required at the cottage.

'I wanted to ask you to cut out the little pinafores for Mercy Green's child, Mary; but they must wait till to-morrow, I suppose. And there's the curtains for my bed, dear; nobody would fit them to please me but you;' and so forth, and so forth, until the last moment, when Lilian accompanied me as far as the stile.

As I walked across the fields in that lovely August morning, while the bright sun was

> Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
> Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy,

my thoughts attuned themselves to the summer sights and sounds, and I shook off the morbid doubts and fears which had so beset me of late. I resolved to be no longer so weak and unfriendly as to keep the truth from Mrs Tipper and Lilian. It really was unfriendly not to tell them what I knew they would both be glad to hear! That very evening my secret should be told, and I would at once begin brushing up for Philip, making up my mind to overcome my shyness for finery, and render myself as attractive as possible within the compass of—five-and-twenty pounds. It appeared to me a very large sum to spend at once upon finery, and I could only hope the end would justify the means. As it chanced, I really knew very little about Philip's taste in such matters. The selection of the modest outfit which was purchased for me nine years ago, I had been only too glad to leave to my dear mother's judgment, and we had been neither of us inclined to trouble Philip with *chiffon* talk.

But I told myself that I really must make a beginning now, as I stood in the milliner's showroom, somewhat dolefully contrasting my appearance with that of the elegant-looking beings around me; wondering whether Philip would wish me to look like them, and in that case, whether it would be possible to make me do so.

I had been striving so earnestly and anxiously to make myself worthy to be his companion, and it had seemed of so little consequence what I looked like during his absence, beyond being attired with the dainty neatness befitting a gentlewoman, that I now appeared quite behind the times. I suddenly began to realise that I had carried my disregard of pretty things too far; and was seized with a desire to try what extraneous aid could do for me.

I anxiously studied my face and figure in the large glass, and then those of the obliging shopwoman, who displayed an endless assortment of pretty things for my selection. She was about my own age, and possessed no greater natural advantages than I myself could boast of; and yet how very different was the general effect of her appearance; how dowdy I looked beside her. Yes; Lilian was quite right; 'dowdy' was the proper word for me, from head to foot.

A little shyly and consciously, I ventured out of my shell, and appealed to the shopwoman for assistance, taking her so far into my confidence as to confess a desire to be modernised and made more attractive.

She displayed more interest in the matter than I had ventured to hope for; and we gravely discussed my capability of improvement. But I found that the complications would be so many, and the changes in the way of adaptation of hair, figure, &c. so endless, that I presently began to grow very impatient; and when she said something about the possibility of the present fashion only lasting another two months, I gave it up in despair. If I were quite sure it would serve for the rest of my life, I would go through it all; but for the fashion of an hour; no! I would be content with a simply made dress or two, and depend upon my own taste for the finishing touches. Some of my mother's old point, and a crimson bow or two for the pretty gray dress, and amber with the black silk, and such like, I trusted might please Philip's artistic taste as well as though I were in the latest fashion. And I pleased myself with the remembrance that he used to admire my method of dressing my hair in large coils round a comb; saying that it suited my head and Spanish style of face. 'Spanish! Yes; that certainly was the word,' I told myself, dwelling pleasantly upon the one only compliment I could recollect having received from Philip.

I tried to satisfy myself this way; nevertheless I was a little out of spirits at finding myself so different from other women whom I met as I walked through the park on my way to the railway station, and whom I scanned with curious critical eyes, trying to understand the intricacies of their toilets, and failing to obtain anything more than a general impression that the *tout ensemble* was very effective. The home dress might be compassed; but how if it turned out that Philip wished his wife to look picturesque and attractive out of doors—not in Mrs Trafford's style, but in Lilian's more refined way of being in the mode? I would take Lilian into my confidence at once, and she would help me. That very night I had determined to make the truth known to her and to Mrs Tipper; and after it was once known, the dress question could be entered upon.

## THE STORY OF THE PRISM.

When we see the brilliant colours reflected by the glass lustres and chandeliers which are now so commonly used for decorative purposes, we seldom bestow a thought upon them, regarding them as things too common, perhaps too trivial to be worthy of any particular attention. We are content to know that a triangular piece of glass will exhibit certain bright colours—they look very pretty, and it does not matter much how they happen to be there. This is the common way of dealing with the natural phenomena which meet us at every turn in this wonderful world in which we live. The progress of civilisation, with all its triumphs of Science and Art, would indeed have been slow, if not altogether at a dead-lock, if every one had been content to treat such matters in this summary fashion. But happily, this has not been the case, for certain intellectual giants have from time to time arisen, who have grappled with these

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things, and have devoted their lives to their investigation.

Such a one was Sir Isaac Newton, who just about two centuries ago, with rough appliances fashioned by his own hands, inquired into the meaning of the colours to which we have just alluded. We cannot do better than quote his own words, from a letter which he addressed to the Royal Society in 1672; for his statement is so clear that a child can easily understand what he means. 'I procured me a triangular glass prisme,' writes he, 'to try therewith the celebrated phenomena of colours. And in order thereto having darkened my chamber and made a small hole in my window-shuts to let in a convenient quantity of the sun's light, I placed my prisme at his entrance, that it might be thereby refracted to the opposite wall.'

He goes on to say how surprised he was to find that the ray of light, after passing through the prism, instead of being thrown upon the wall in the form of a round spot, was spread out into a beautiful coloured ribbon; this ribbon being red at one end, and passing through orange yellow green and blue, to violet at its other extremity. Upon this experiment is founded the theory of colour, which with few modifications, still remains unquestioned.

It was not until the beginning of the present century that this experiment of Newton's (repeated as it had doubtless been in the meantime by many philosophers) was found by Dr Wollaston to possess certain peculiarities which defied all explanation. He found that, by substituting a *slit* in the shutter of the darkened room for the round hole which Newton had used, the ribbon of colour, or spectrum as it is now called, was intersected by certain dark lines. This announcement, although at the time it did not excite much attention, led to further experiments by different investigators, who, however, vainly endeavoured to solve the meaning of these bands of darkness. It was first observed by an optician of Munich that they never varied, but always occupied a certain fixed position in the spectrum; moreover he succeeded in mapping them to the number of nearly six hundred, for which reason they have been identified with his name, as 'Fraunenhofer's lines.'

In 1830, when improved apparatus came into use, it was found that the number of these lines could be reckoned by thousands rather than hundreds; but their meaning still remained a puzzle to all. By this time Newton's darkened room with the hole in the 'window-shuts' had been, as we have just said, greatly improved upon. The prism was now placed in a tube, at one end of which was a slit to admit the light, while the retina of the observer's eye received the impression of the spectrum at the other end. This is the simplest form of the instrument now known as the spectroscope, and which is, as we have shewn, a copy in miniature of Newton's arrangement for the decomposition of white light into its constituent colours.

We must now go back a few years to record some experiments carried out by Herschel, which, quite independent of the spectroscope, helped others to solve the problem connected with the dark lines. He pointed out that metals, when rendered incandescent under the flame of the blow-pipe, exhibited various tints. He further suggested that as the colour thus shewn was distinctive for each metal, it might be possible by these means to work out a new system of analysis. A familiar instance of this property in certain metals may be seen in the red and green fire which is burned so lavishly during the pantomime season at our theatres; the red owing its colour to a preparation of the metal strontium, and the green in like manner to barium. Pyrotechnists also depend for their tints not only upon the two metals just named, but also upon sodium, antimony, copper, potassium, and magnesium. Wheatstone also noticed the same phenomena when he subjected metals to the intense heat of the electric current; but it was reserved for others to examine these colours by means of the spectroscope. This was done by Bunsen and Kirchhoff in 1860, who by their researches in this direction, laid the foundation of a totally new branch of science. They discovered that each metal when in an incandescent state exhibited through the prism certain distinctive brilliant lines. They also found that these brilliant lines were identical in position with many of Fraunenhofer's dark lines; or to put it more clearly, each bright line given by a burning metal found its exact counterpart in a dark line on the solar spectrum. It thus became evident that there was some subtle connection between these brilliant lines and the dark bands which had puzzled observers for so many years. Having this clue, experiments were pushed on with renewed vigour, until by some happy chance, the *vapours* of the burning metals were examined through the agency of the electric light. That is to say, the light from the electric lamp was permitted to shine through the vapour of the burning metal under examination, forming, so to speak, a background for the expected lines. It was now seen that what before were bright bands on a dark ground, were now dark bands on a bright ground. This discovery of the reversal of the lines peculiar to a burning metal, when such metal was examined in the form of vapour, led to the enunciation of the great principle, that 'vapours of metals at a lower temperature absorb exactly those rays which they emit at a higher.'

To make this important fact more clear, we will suppose that upon the red-hot cinders in an ordinary fire-grate is thrown a handful of saltpetre. (This salt is, as many of our readers will know, a chemical combination of the metal potassium with nitric acid—hence called nitrate of potash, or more commonly nitre.) On looking through the spectroscope at the dazzling molten mass thus produced, we should find that (instead of the coloured ribbon which the sunlight gives) all was black, with the exception of a brilliant violet line at the one end of the spectrum, and an equally brilliant red line at the other end. This is the spectrum peculiar to potassium; so that, had we not been previously cognisant of the presence of that metal, and had been requested to name the source of the flame produced, the spectroscope would have enabled us to do so without difficulty. We will now suppose that we again examine this burning saltpetre under altered conditions. We will place the red-hot cinders in a shovel, and remove them to the open air, throwing upon them a fresh supply of the nitre. We can now examine its vapour, whilst the sunlight forms a background to it; when we shall see that the two bright coloured lines have given place to dark ones. This experiment will

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prove the truth of Kirchhoff's law so far as potassium is concerned, for the molten mass first gave us the bright lines, and afterwards by examining the cooler vapour we saw that they were transformed to bands of darkness; in other words they were absorbed. (In describing the foregoing experiment, we have purposely chosen a well-known substance, such as saltpetre, for illustration; but in practice, for reasons of a technical nature, a different form of potassium would be employed.) Kirchhoff's discovery forms by far the most important incident in the history of the spectroscope, for upon it are based the new sciences of Solar and Stellar Chemistry, to which we will now direct our readers' attention.

The examination of the heavenly bodies by means of the spectroscope has not only corroborated in a very marvellous manner the discoveries of various astronomers, but it has also been instrumental in correcting certain theories and giving rise to new ones. The existence of a feebly luminous envelope extending for hundreds of thousands of miles beyond the actual surface of the sun, has been made evident whenever an eclipse has shut off the greater light, and so permitted it to be viewed. The prism has shewn this envelope, or chromosphere as it is called, to consist of a vast sea of hydrogen gas, into which enormous flames of magnesium are occasionally injected with great force. (We need hardly remark that these facts are arrived at analogously by identifying the absorption lines with those given by the same elements when prepared artificially in the laboratory.) This chromosphere can, by the peculiar lines which it exhibits in the spectroscope, be made manifest whenever the sun itself is shining.

The foregoing discovery has given astronomers the advantage—during a transit of Venus—of viewing the position of the planet both before and after its passage across the sun's disc; for it is evident that the presence of an opaque body in front of the chromosphere will cut off the spectral lines in the path which it follows; so that although the planet is invisible its exact place can be noted. From a comparison of these lines with those that can be produced in the laboratory, it is rendered probable that no less than thirteen different metals are in active combustion in the body of the sun. From certain geological appearances, it is conjectured that our own earth was once in this state of igneous fusion, and although our atmosphere is now reduced to a few simple elements, it must once have possessed a composition as varied as that of the sun. As it is, the air which we breathe gives certain spectral lines. These are much increased in number when the sun is low, and when therefore it is viewed through a thicker medium. In this case the blue and green rays are quickly absorbed, while the red pass without difficulty through the denser mass of air, thus giving the setting sun his blood-red colour. It will now be readily understood how, by means of the spectroscope, the existence of atmosphere in the superior planets can be verified. What a world of conjecture is thus opened out to us! for the existence of atmosphere in the planets argues that there are seas, lakes, and rivers there subject to the same laws of evaporation as those upon our own earth. And if this is so, what kind of beings are they who inhabit these worlds? The moon shews no trace of atmosphere, so that we may assume that if there be living beings there, they must exist without air and without water. The lines given by the *moon* and *planets* being in number and position identical with those belonging to the solar spectrum, is a further proof, if any were needed, that *their light is borrowed from the sun*.

The varied colours of the fixed stars may be assumed to be due (from what we have already stated with regard to metallic combustion) to their chemical composition; and the spectroscope, by the distinctive lines which it registers, renders this still more certain. Their distance from us is so vast, so immeasurably beyond any conception of space that we can command, that the detection of their composition is indeed a triumph of scientific knowledge. It has been calculated that if a model of the universe were made in which our earth were depicted as the size of a pea, the earth itself would not be one-fifth large enough to contain that universe.

If we marvel at the extraordinary skill which has brought these distant spheres under command of an analytical instrument, we must wonder still more when we are told that the spectra of these bodies can be brought within range of the photographic camera. This has lately been done by the aid of the most complicated and delicate mechanism; the difficulty of keeping the image stationary on the sensitive collodion film during the apparent motion of the stars from east to west, having only just been surmounted. This power of photographing the spectrum is (as we hinted in a recent paper on Photographic Progress) likely to lead to very great results, for the records thus obtained are absolutely correct, and far surpass in accuracy the efforts of the most skilful draughtsman. It must be understood that in all these researches the spectroscope is allied with the telescope, otherwise the small amount of light furnished by some of the bodies under examination would not be enough to yield any practical result.

The clusters of matter which are called nebulæ, and which the most powerful telescopes have resolved into stars, are shewn by the prism to be nothing but patches of luminous gas, possibly the first beginnings of uncreated worlds. Comet-tails are of the same nature, a doubt existing as to whether their nuclei borrow their light from the sun or emit light of themselves. We may close a necessarily brief outline of this part of our subject by stating that it is possible that the spectroscope may some day supplant the barometer, more than one observer having stated that he has discovered by its aid signs of coming rain, when the latter instrument told a flattering tale of continued fine weather.

We have merely shewn hitherto how the spectroscope is capable of identifying a metal; but its powers are not limited to this; for by a careful measurement of the length of the absorption lines, a very exact estimate of the *quantity* present can be arrived at. This method of analysis is so delicate that in experiments carried on at the Royal Mint, a difference of one ten-thousandth part in an alloy has been recognised. Neither must it be supposed that the services of the spectroscope are confined to metals, for nearly all coloured matter can also be subjected to its scrutiny. Even the most minute substances, when examined by the microscope in conjunction with the prism, shew a particular spectrum by which

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they can always be identified. Nor does the form of the substance present any difficulty in its examination, for a solution will shew the necessary absorption bands. Blood, for instance, can be discovered when in a most diluted form. To the physician the detection of the vital fluid in any of the secretions is obviously a great help to the diagnosis of an obscure case. But in forensic medicine (where it might be assumed that this test would be of value in the detection of crime) the microscope can identify blood-stains in a more ready manner.

The simple glass prism as used by Newton, although it is the parent of the modern spectroscope, bears very little resemblance to its gifted successor. The complicated and costly instrument now used consists of a train of several prisms, through which the ray of light under examination can be passed by reflection more than once. By these means greater dispersion is gained; that is to say, the resulting spectrum is longer, and consequently far easier of examination. A detailed description of the instrument would be impossible without diagrams, but enough has been said to enable the reader to understand theoretically its construction and application.

It will be understood that we have but lightly touched upon a phase of science which is at present quite in its infancy. It is probable that many more remarkable discoveries will in course of time be due to the prism. Already, within the past twenty years, four new metals have by its aid been separated from the substances with which they were before confounded; and although they have not at present any commercial value, we may feel sure that they have been created for some good purpose not yet revealed to us. There are signs that the spectroscope will some day become a recognised adjunct to our educational appliances. It is even now included under the head of Chemistry in the examination of candidates for university honours, and there is no doubt that it will gradually have a more extended use. Many years hence, when generations of School-Boards have banished ignorance from the land, the spectroscope may become a common toy in the hands of children, enabling them to lisp:

Twinkle, twinkle, little star;
We know exactly what you are.

## THE ROMANCE OF A LODGING.

### IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

'WHERE to, ma'am?' inquired cabby as he opened the door of his vehicle to a lady and her son who had just arrived by the evening train at Victoria Station.

'I want apartments somewhere in the neighbourhood of Chelsea; drive on until you find them: they are procurable, I suppose?' the lady replied as she took her seat.

'I do hope we may find a lodging,' she remarked to her companion, after they had been driving what appeared to her a very long time. The lad made no reply, being of a phlegmatic temperament, that finds speech an exertion unless distinctly necessary.

The lateness of the hour together with the influx of visitors, owing to the London season being then in full swing, made the search a difficult one; they were about to give up its continuance and go to an hotel, when the cabman good-naturedly proposed making one more attempt, and drove down a fresh street. Stopping at a baker's shop on the way, he invited the assistance of those serving, as it was growing too dark to discern the cards of advertisement.

They directed him to a private house in a street adjoining, but added: 'The chances are they are let; still you might just as well try, as Mrs Griffiths has a yearly lodger who allows her to sublet sometimes; perhaps he is away now.'

'Shall we chance it, ma'am?' inquired the cabman.

'Do; I am so weary. She may be able to give us a corner for the night at least.'

When they reached the house, Mrs Griffiths—late cook in a nobleman's family, who had married the footman—appeared, and in answer to the appeal, asked hesitatingly: 'For how long?'

'We should take them for a week of course,' said the lady.

'I cannot let for so long,' she replied, after a brief calculation; 'but I can accommodate you for a couple of days, if you please; that will give you time to find other rooms.'

'Thank you very much,' said the wearied traveller gratefully, as she followed the landlady into a good-sized room on the right of the entrance-hall, and begged for lights and tea as soon as Mrs Griffiths could make it convenient to send them.

'How very fortunate we are to have found a night's lodging,' she said to the lad, who now joined her. 'I think I see an easy-chair in that corner; what a comfort!' and she sat down to rest, removing some of her heavy wraps as she spoke. 'Now at least we shall have breathing-time to consider what is best to be done after your examinations are over. I can go in search of rooms to-morrow while you are at them. I wish she would hasten with the light and tea; this darkness is oppressive. Where are you, Fred?'

'Here,' he replied, from the opposite side of the room. 'Can I do anything for you? I've seen to the luggage and paid the cabman, and now am quite ready to do justice to some tea.'

They were soon put out of their discomfort by the entrance of the landlady, bearing a handsome lamp which gave a brilliant light.

'I've brought you my gentleman's lamp, ma'am; he is away just now; that is why I have been able to accommodate you; for he's most obliging, and don't mind my letting his rooms—this one and the one inside behind the folding-doors, together with the one I have given the young gentleman upstairs, which belongs to his man-servant. May I ask what name, ma'am?'

'Mrs Arlington; and the young gentleman is my son.'

Mrs Griffiths glanced at the tall elegant woman in widow's weeds, and thought to herself: 'She looks more fit to be his sister than his mother; and is a sweet-looking lady anyway, whoever she is;' and she was glad she had taken her in and her son, if such he were. And then she bustled out of the room to prepare their meal.

As soon as they were alone, Mrs Arlington gazed around the room indifferently. It was of the usual stamp of lodging-house apartment, furnished according to the taste and means of those who take to letting for a livelihood. A dismal horse-hair

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suite were the chief articles of furniture, supplemented by others which stood out in contrast against the horse-hair background—a good piano, an harmonium, a bookcase with glass doors filled with a choice selection of the best works, and an easel. On the walls hung several good paintings, one of which was the portrait of a beautiful young girl.

'Some artist must live here, I imagine,' said the lad, as he went from picture to picture examining them, finally stopping before the portrait of the young girl, that hung immediately over the chair in which Mrs Arlington sat.

'I daresay,' she replied weariedly, as though it were a speculation which could not possibly concern her; and too glad of repose to be roused to any sense of curiosity upon the subject.

'Just look at this, mother; it is so pretty.'

'I cannot, Fred; I am too exhausted to turn round. I cannot possibly think of or look at any thing until I have had a cup of tea.—Ah! here it comes. Go and pour it out for me, and never mind the picture. But I forget. I am unfeeling and unnatural to tell you not to mind, for you are just at an age when young girls are beginning to possess a powerful attraction for you; but you must put the pleasing delusions out of your head until you have passed your examination for Sandhurst; that is the move-in-chief towards which all your energies must now be directed. I long to see your poor father's wishes fulfilled; and shall not feel quite contented until you are gazetted into the army; then my trust will have been accomplished. How many years is it now, Fred, since you first became my child?'

'Ten.'

'Yes; you were a little fellow when I first took you in hand as your governess, and you learnt to love me so well that your father asked me to be your mother.'

'Was that why you married him?' inquired the lad, as he brought her a cup of tea. 'Didn't you care for him for his own sake? You always seemed to.'

'Yes, since you could observe; but not at first, Fred—not at first. I had no heart for any one or anything just at that time but mayhap for a little child like yourself, who was motherless and needed tenderness. It was just such an uncared-for flower which alone could have saved me then, for I had gone through a bitter sorrow, born of my own caprice and foolishness; and through it I lost what could never be mine again. I must have died of despair, had I not set myself the task of working out my wrong-doing in atonement, if not to the person—that was impossible—at least to some one of God's creatures who might need me; and it was at that very time I took up the paper containing your father's advertisement for a governess. It served me for a suggestion and a field wherein I might find that for which I sought. I had never been a governess; but I determined to become one, notwithstanding the opposition of my family, who could not comprehend, and strongly disapproved of my taking such a step; but I carried my point through our doctor telling my mother she was wrong to oppose me, as my mind needed distraction after all I had gone through; and that my choice, so far from being reproved, ought rather to be commended, since I had preferred it to the injurious remedy of a round of amusements, so invariably prescribed for distraught spirits; which need instead the healthy medicine of some reasonable duty to restore them to their former mental composure. Thus I became free to answer your poor father's advertisement, and was accepted by him for the post, oddly enough. And that is how I became your mother, Fred. I have tried to fulfil my trust; perhaps that has atoned.'

'Atoned for what?'

'Ah, never mind! I was only a young girl then, vain and imperious, because I found I possessed a most dangerous power—the power of making whom I would love me—a precious gift, which I did not know how to value rightly until —— But never mind. I hate recalling by-gones. Life is such a perpetual stumbling up hill with most of us, it is no use retarding our journey by useless retrospection; so when I am inclined to indulge in vain regrets, I always think of that heart-stirring line of the poet's, "Act, act in the *living* present;" and therefore, Fred, please to cut me another slice of bread and butter and give me another cup of tea, my child;' and she laughed at the application she had given to her words, which was commonplace enough to destroy all their poetry.

The way in which the boy watched and waited on her, and the look of quiet amusement and interest on his face as she spoke, shewed how thoroughly she had won his heart, and was indeed his mother, sister, friend, all in one. Yes; whatever might have been the fault of her girlhood, her subsequent years had fully atoned for it; she had used her gifts rightly in the case of her stepson, and his father, who had died about a year ago, blessing her for her unwearied devotion, and the happiness she had given him, leaving her the undisputed guardianship of his only child.

As soon as their meal was concluded she went into the adjoining room, divided by folding-doors from the one in which they had been sitting. It bore no traces of a previous occupant like the other, save for a few perfectly executed pictures which hung above the mantel-piece. She had her travelling bag in her hand as she entered, which she was about to deposit upon a table, when her eye caught sight of one of the pictures, and the bag fell to the ground as she started forward to examine the pencil-sketch.

'Impossible!' she exclaimed; and she gazed around the room helplessly, to see if she could by any means find aught therein that would throw a light upon the mystery before her; but all was void: tables, chairs, wardrobe, and dressing appliances were what met her gaze; while, like one fascinated, she continued standing before the sketch as if spell-bound.

'Are you coming soon?' inquired Fred, knocking, who, notwithstanding his disinclination to free converse, could never bear her long out of his sight when they were together.

'I will be with you in a moment,' she returned, recalling herself with no slight effort.

'What is the matter?' he exclaimed as soon as she joined him. 'You look as white as a ghost; you are over-tired, I suspect: had you not better get to sleep as soon as you can?' he inquired with concern, as he noticed that she was suffering from an amount of nervous exhaustion that alarmed him.

'It is nothing,' she returned: 'the journey was

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fatiguing;' and then her eye stole round the room with suppressed interest.

'Is that the pretty girl you wanted me to admire, Fred, just now when I was too hungry to oblige you?'

'Yes. Is she not a picture? What I should call a "stunner!"'

'When shall I ever knock the school-boy out of you, Fred?' she cried, laughing. 'You are a long way off from that refined phraseology I am labouring to inculcate. But you are right in this case. It is a beautiful picture, of what I should call a detestable character. She is, as you remark, a "stunner." There is not the least soul in her face; nothing but proud self-consciousness, as if she were saying: "I am a beauty, and I know it." Poor thing! she is to be pitied, if that is a true picture, and it looks as if it were.'

'How is she to be pitied? I don't see that at all.'

'Because you can't see yet, Fred, from your brief study of her face, that a girl like that may learn to *feel* at some time or another; and when she does, the lesson is generally such a painful one that few have the courage to rise above it. The artist who drew her was in no lenient mood; he could detect nothing in her but the stern facts which possibly made him suffer,' she added in an undertone, accompanied by a long-drawn sigh.—'I wish we had a book to read; try the bookcase; it may be unlocked.'

He did as she bade him; and shook his head negatively as he went first to the bookcase and then to the piano.

'"The gentleman," as our landlady calls him, is a cautious man evidently,' said Mrs Arlington. 'Well, we must not find fault with him, for his amiability towards his landlady has secured us a night's repose. I wonder if he is the artist of these pictures? I am ashamed of my curiosity, but I have a wish to know. Could you be diplomatic, Fred, and find out for me?'

'Why not ask the landlady straight out?'

'I dislike to appear so inquisitive, as it is of no moment to us who he is.'

'I don't know that. If he is an artist, he would no doubt be much obliged to us for asking. Act on that presumption. You admire the pictures, and may possibly wish to order some, or to sit for your portrait.'

'How magnificent you are, Fred! We look a likely pair—don't we?—to order pictures or sit for portraits! A hundred guineas or so are nothing to us; are they, my poor boy? Rein in your fancy. I am afraid of you in this respect, when you are once fairly launched on your own resources, as I cannot always be at your elbow, to control your lavish ideas, and our means are not large.'

'Well, I was only suggesting, you know, a ready mode of solving your difficulty about finding out who is the artist of these pictures,' said the boy as he wished her good-night.

As soon as he was gone, Mrs Arlington went cautiously round the room making a minute survey of every article, with a look of intense interest in her face, as though she were searching for a clue she could not find. Every vase on the mantel-piece she subjected to a close scrutiny, to see if possibly a card or old envelope lay concealed therein. But everything was dumb, and refused to bear the least witness as to the name or calling of the previous occupant. Quite foiled, she sat down and fell into a profound reverie, which continued until the landlady knocked at the door, and entered to inquire if there was anything more she wanted, and when she would like her breakfast in the morning.

'Thank you; nothing more to-night; and breakfast at nine. By the way, have you any other lodgers in the house?'

'Yes, ma'am; the first floors are taken by a lady and gentleman for a month, leastways so they told me when they came; but the lady has got a maid who is that vexing I can't abear her; and I would be glad to give them notice to go if I could be sure of another party for the same time; but you see, ma'am, we who live by letting can't afford to have our rooms empty.'

'You cannot let me have these rooms, you say, beyond a couple of days?'

'No, ma'am. Mr Meredith—the gentleman—takes them by the year on the condition that they are always to be ready for him when he writes; and only this afternoon he sent me a letter to say he would be here on Wednesday.'

'Mr Meredith, did you say, was his name? An artist, I suppose? if I may judge by the pictures and the easel.'

'Dear, no, ma'am!' exclaimed the landlady, as if a discreditable imputation had been cast upon the character of her lodger by the question. '*He's* got no call to earn his living, not he! He's got a place in the country, which he has let for I don't know how many years, and he keeps himself free to come and go as he likes. Such a fine noble-looking gentleman as he is! He took these rooms of me some eight years back, when I first married and set up housekeeping, because he said he liked the quiet of the place; and he keeps them by the year; but he lets me take in lodgers when he is away, so long as I don't bring children into the rooms. He has been here for a whole year at a spell; and then again he is off, and maybe we won't see him for months at a time. He is a most excellent lodger as ever was; and his man a nice civil, handy fellow, with none of them airs and graces as these minxes of girls give themselves; but then, "Like master, like man," say I, and I've always found it so.'

'And your first floors, you tell me, you would be glad to re-let, were you sure of another tenant?'

'Yes, ma'am.'

'Very well then; as I have no maid likely to disturb you, I will take them for a month certain, if I can have them on Wednesday morning; and I will further pay you the week's rent you will have to forfeit by giving the present lodgers notice to quit summarily; but remember I only take them on this one condition. It is now Monday night, and I must move in on Wednesday morning.'

'I'll manage it for you, ma'am, even if I get a summons for it.'

'You shall be no loser in any case; I will pay all expenses;' and she drew out her purse to deposit a week's rent in advance.

'Never mind it, ma'am; you look a lady as one may trust, and I'll see that you are in the rooms on Wednesday morning. I can easily put the blame on Mr Meredith, if they become very unpleasant, by saying he takes the rooms by the year; they are not to know whether he may not want the first floors this time.'

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Mutually satisfied with their bargain, landlady and lodger parted for the night. On the face of the latter could be discerned a compression of the lips, which bespoke a sudden resolve she was bent upon carrying out, even though it failed in the end to prove successful.

## MYSTICAL PLANTS.

Human cunning and human credulity have dowered with mystery certain plants which are worthy of being considered the most beautiful and passive of created objects. One plant at least has been said to utter shrieks on being torn from the earth, and to have avenged the violence by causing the death of him who removed it. This plant was the mandragora of the poets, the mandrake of Scripture, a species of the *Solanæ* or Nightshade tribe; the belief in whose qualities as a sedative or a charm was as old as the days of the childless Rachel. Indigenous to the East, where probably its uses as an anodyne and soporific were early known to the initiated, it may be that in order to enhance the wonder of its effects, and prevent the extirpation of the root by its too common use, miraculous powers were imputed to it, and superstition hedged it round with fabled terrors.

The evil reputation of the plant procured it subsequently the name of *Atropa mandragora*, by which our oldest botanists distinguish it; a name borrowed from the most terrible of the Fates, *Atropos*, and since transferred to its relative *Atropa belladonna* (*Dwale*, or 'Deadly Nightshade'). So potent and valuable were the medical uses of the root at a time when few anodynes were known, that the ancient Romans made it the subject of a weird ritual, without which they would have deemed it impious to have taken it from the earth. The operator stood with his back to the wind, drew three circles round the root with the point of a sword, poured a libation on the ground, and turning to the west, began to dig it up.

The root of the mandrake, a plant with a tap-root, frequently forked, as we see that of the radish, and covered with fibrous rootlets, was easily convertible into a grotesque likeness of the human form. In the times of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, little images made of mandrake roots, called *abruna*, were imported in large numbers from Germany, and found a ready sale in England. The fable of the wondrous powers of these vegetable idols was easily accepted by our superstitious ancestors; and the pedlers who travelled about from place to place with cases of them drove a brisk trade. Sir Francis Bacon had them in his mind's eye when he wrote: 'Some plants there are, but rare, that have a mossy or downy root, and likewise that have a number of thread-like beards, as the mandrake, whereof witches and impostors make an ugly image, giving it the form of a face at top of the root, and leave those strings to make a broad beard to the foot.' It is to the credit of the old herbalists Gerard and Turner, that they both essayed, without fear of consequences, to dig up and examine for themselves the dreaded mandrake, and lost no time in publishing the fallacy of the weird stories told of it.

Saturnine and poisonous plants were those most affected by necromancers and witches—plants dwelling in shady groves like that described by Dryden in *Œdipus:*

> Nor tree nor plant
> Grows here but what is fed with magic juices,
> All full of human souls, that cleave the bark
> To dance at midnight by the moon's pale beams;

or on wild heaths, like the potent moonwort, which opened locks and unshoed horses; or amidst solitary churchyards and old ruins, like the deadly nightshade and fetid henbane, hound's-tongue, and digitalis. Plants with dusky or sad-green leaves, and lurid-coloured flowers for the most part, and an ill-favoured soporific scent. Nature herself distinguishes hemlock from all others of the umbelliferous tribe by the pink or purplish spots with which its tall smooth stem is variegated. It grows by hedgerows and in waste places; its large-winged, finely-cut leaves and white umbels of flowers give no indication of its dangerous nature; but its speckled cuticle betrays it, and prevents its being rashly meddled with by rustic herb-gatherers and children.

Wolf's-bane or monk's-hood, a herb of Saturn, sacred to Hecate, and which has since figured in the floral calendar of witchcraft, had its first name from the use the Anglo-Saxons made of the juice, in which they dipped their arrows, and literally kept the wolf from the doors of their wattled huts. It was and is a brave herb for all evil purposes. Its root resembles the tail of a scorpion; its flowers, of lurid purple, have the form of a helmet; features sufficiently significant for those who sought such dangerous simples. The very scent of the flowers on some sensitive persons has produced swooning and loss of sight for several days; others it has deprived of speech; and there are instances on record of persons who have eaten of the root being seized with all the symptoms of mania. Imagine such powers in the hands of a reputed witch, malevolent enough to exercise them for reward or malice, in days when medical science itself was not without faith in magic! Dreadful as are its proved effects, the monk's-hood is a common plant in cottage gardens, where we have seen it flourishing three feet in height, crowned with its handsome spikes of purplish flowers, and little children playing with them.

Black hellebore had also a place in the category of mystical plants; the Romans removed the root with the same ceremonies as were observed in taking up the mandrake, with this distinction, that prayers were humbly offered to Apollo and Æsculapius for permission, and the operator turned to the east instead of to the west, on commencing to dig it up.

No wayside plant is more simple in appearance than the vervain, the 'holy herb' of so many

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nations. Its pale lilac spike of minute flowers scarcely attracts attention, except from those who know its ancient history and uses. In the sun-worship of the ancient Persians, their magi carried branches of vervain in their hands when approaching the altar. So did the pagan priests of ancient Greece and Rome; and ages subsequently, the Druids in the forest temples of Gaul and Britain. With the Greeks and Romans, it was never absent from their religious rites. The plant was long considered to be good against witchcraft and the bites of venomous creatures; and being under the dominion of Venus, was a great beautifier; and when used in the baths of delicate women, made a fair face and took away freckles. It were 'perhaps well,' as Lord Bacon would say, to notice the agreement between various writers as to the cephalic virtues of the plant, and its remedial efficacy in taking away headache, and the 'pin and web,' or clouds and mists which darken the optic nerve. From medical to magical uses was but a step in those days, sometimes a very short one; and accordingly we find a spray of vervain used as a charm to keep houses and persons from harm, and especially from evil spirits and witchcraft. A relic of the later superstition lingers in the rhyme—

Vervain and dill hinder witches of their will.

St John's wort, by virtue of its dedication to the saint, whose birthday, according to the religious calendar, is the anniversary of the summer solstice, was said to have the power of putting to flight ghosts, demons, and even Satan himself. Jeremy Taylor, in his *Dissuasions from Popery*, enumerating certain specifics used by the priests to discover the presence of the evil one, adds, 'and specially St John's wort, which therefore they call "Devil's Flight,"' which is an anglicised rendering of the old pagan name *Fuga Demonium*, which Pliny tells us it received from its property of scaring demons; and retained in more modern times in allusion to its supposed virtues in the cure of distraction and melancholy. The Irish peasant at the present day firmly believes in the powers of St John's wort which his Church originally endorsed; and on the vigil of the saint's day, gathers bunches of the bright yellow, starry, almost scintillating flowers, and after sprinkling them with holy water, hangs them at the bed's head, and over the door, with a firm faith in the potency of the plant to preserve him and his household from evil spirits, fairies, and witchcraft. Armed with this floral charm, the wanderer through the most solitary places is as safe as on the fire-lit hill, amidst the youth of a whole village, who are dancing and making merry, and leaping through the fire to Moloch—without an idea that the revels of the sainted summer's night once meant the worship of the sun-god Belus. In days when the occult powers of certain plants were universally believed, it made part of the champion's oath, that he carried not about him any *herb*, spell, or enchantment, by which he might procure the victory.

Nowadays, the mistletoe generally affects old crab and apple trees, and the boughs of beech and ash; but in so-called Druidical times it appears to have flourished in the oak-groves, which these strange worshippers are said to have made their temples, and under the name of the 'All-heal plant,' was, we are told, severed from these trees with solemn ceremonies. The mystery of its appearance—its aërial place of growth—the pale green antlered branches putting forth their pearly berries in honour, as it were, of the high festival of the winter solstice, 'the mother of the nights'—probably conduced to render it a miraculous plant. Long after Druidism was but a name, the plant retained its healing and protective properties for the populace, whose teachers strengthened their superstitious reverence for it, by calling it *Lignum Sanctæ Crucis* (wood of the holy cross). Amulets were made of it, and worn round the neck, to defend the wearer from enchantment and other dangers; and in more modern times, as a charm against the falling-sickness and the plague.

The yew, like the oak, was sacred to the Druids. Branches of it were anciently carried by the mourners at funeral processions, and were thrown into the grave before the coffin was lowered. The awe in which it was originally held is traceable in the traditions yet extant of its dangerous and even deadly properties. The beautiful crimson drupes scattered amongst its dark-green linear leaves were reputed poisonous if eaten. In clipping the tree, the greatest care was necessary that the operator might not inhale its dangerous fumes; while to sleep under the shade of its widespread branches, ragged and dusky as a raven's wing, was to risk sickness and even death.

The mountain-ash or rowan-tree has for ages been endowed with mystical properties in Scotland. The custom of carrying sprigs of it in the pocket still obtains in the Isle of Man, where it is extensively grown and cherished for warding off demons, witchcraft, and the evil-eye. There, on St John's Eve, crosses are made of it and hung upon the cattle, and placed over the doors, and in the eaves of barns and houses, to avert the evil influences supposed to be perternaturally active on that night. Not such the reputation of the *Lunaria*, described by Chaucer, Spenser, and Drayton as one of the most powerful of vegetable charms, and an ingredient in the most subtle spells of night-hags and enchanters. This, the homely 'Honesty' of the cottage garden, the satin flower that our grandmothers cherished, is a plant than which none more apparently harmless is to be found in the floral calendars of herbmen and gardeners. But in days when plants were supposed to bear witness in many instances to their own attributes, when certain features were sought for and believed in, as affording a key to the sympathies and properties of herbs, its round flat silvery frond shewed it to be under the dominion of the moon, and endowed with magic influences.

After all, a child's hand might have clasped the plants that were under the ban of our ancestors. Amongst the most potent of these herbal talismans were the trefoil and the wood-sorrel, the triple leaves of which symbolised the Trinity, and were on that account noisome to witches. Hence arose the custom in Ireland for the lord of the soil as well as the peasant to wear the shamrock as a preservative from evil influences, a custom annually returned to, without distinction of creed or rank, by all true Irishmen on the anniversary of St Patrick's Day—a saint it will be remembered so pure that all venomous things fled before him.

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In that country, as in this, there still lingers in shady, rustic places an aged moribund belief in the occult power of plants in the hands of weird women who know how to use them.

## MEMORY.

It is maintained by many psychologists that if an impression is once made upon the memory, it remains for ever. And it is undoubted that there are certain seasons of life or certain circumstances when memory is peculiarly susceptible, and when the impressions made are deep and sharp and definite. The objects familiar in childhood and youth, the texts, the hymns, and lessons then mastered become a lifelong bequest; the memory has petrified them on its tablet for ever. Sometimes the memory is in a state of spontaneous receptivity, and without any trouble on the part of the subject, the mind retains its interesting objects for years, perhaps through the whole life.

Memory develops in every sound mind almost as early as the powers of observation; and the objects about which it is employed in the earlier stage are much alike in all individuals. But very early we discern a difference in the natural affinities: one youthful reminiscent evinces a talent in finding his way to the infant school; whilst a bewildered companion of the same class uses leading-strings.

In glancing through the records of all ages and all nations, we meet with certain individuals who have been celebrated for their extraordinary powers of memory; and some of these would appear to us so wonderful, that we are tempted to disbelieve them, and place them in the list of human impossibilities. But it cannot be denied that there are numberless instances upon record, both ancient and modern, and also in our own day, of persons retaining an almost incredible recollection of a great diversity of matters, consisting in some cases of long lists of dates and names, or in others, countenances and circumstances, long since forgotten by the majority of mankind, through a lapse of time intervening.

We propose in this paper to submit to the reader a few of the many most authentic examples of retentive memory on record.

Within the range of their own experience, many of our readers must have noticed examples of quick or retentive memory. Frequently, however, these powerful memories are filled with matters of questionable value. Of such we may mention an individual well known in London by the name of 'Memory-Corner Thompson,' who was remarkable for an astonishing local memory. In the space of twenty-four hours and at two sittings, he drew from memory a correct plan of the whole parish of St James. This plan contained all the squares, streets, lanes, courts, passages, markets, churches, chapels, houses, stables, angles of houses; and a great number of other objects, as wells, parapets, stones, trees, &c., and an exact plan of Carlton House and St James's Palace. He made out also an exact plan of the parish of St Andrew; and he offered to do the same with that of St Giles, St Paul, Covent Garden, St Clement, and Newchurch. If a particular house in any given street was mentioned, he would tell at once what trade was carried on in it, the position and appearance of the shop, and its contents. In going through a large hotel completely furnished, he was able to retain everything and make an inventory from memory. He possessed a most mechanical memory; and he could, by reading a newspaper overnight, repeat the whole of it next morning. He died in February 1843, at the age of eighty-six. Mr Paxton Hood knew a man in London who could repeat the whole of Josephus; and William Lyon, like Thompson, could read the *Daily Advertiser* overnight, and repeat it word for word next morning.

As a contrast to this, on the other hand we know an individual who travelled through a considerable extent of country, and passed through several towns he had visited before, yet was ignorant of the fact until informed of it by another traveller!

Pliny, in the seventh book of his Natural History, makes mention of one Charmidas or Charmadas, a native of Greece, who was the possessor of so singular a memory that he was able to deliver word for word the entire contents of any book which might be called out of a library, *without having read it.* This, however, we should be inclined to take *cum grano salis.*

Some cases are quoted of persons having a remarkable gift of learning any number of foreign languages in an incredibly short time. Mithridates king of Pontus had an empire in which two-and-twenty languages were spoken; yet it is asserted that he had not a subject with whom he could not converse in his own dialect. But in later times the royal linguist has been eclipsed by the late Cardinal Mezzofanti, who died in 1849. He had a wonderful memory for the retention of words, and with a grammatical intuition which has never been properly explained, he went on acquiring languages, till at the age of seventy he could converse in upwards of fifty, besides having an acquaintance with at least twenty more. He was at home in both of the dialects of the Basque language, the most difficult in Europe; also in the different dialects of German; with Englishmen he never misapplied the sign of a tense. Besides the foregoing, he was so far master of at least one Chinese dialect that he delivered a set speech to Chinese students at the Vatican. So conversant was he with all the dialects of each tongue that he could at once detect the particular county, province, or district to which a speaker belonged. He himself was upon several occasions mistaken for a native of totally different countries. According to his own words, as related to his friend Cardinal Wiseman, his method of studying a new language was to read straight through the grammar, and when he had arrived at the end he was master of the whole. He never forgot anything he had once heard or read.

Sir William Jones, in spite of his many duties

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as a legal student, had before his death acquired so intimate a knowledge of fourteen languages, that he translated from the most difficult and obscure. Dr Alexander Murray, the learned author of *The History of European Languages*, was another of Britain's greatest linguists, who remembered every word he ever read; he had the whole of Milton by heart. The Emperor Claudius was another great memorist, also repeating by heart the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*.

It is recorded of Dr Leyden the distinguished oriental scholar, that when at Calcutta, a case occurred in which it was necessary, before deciding the issue, to know the exact wording of an act of parliament, of which, however, a copy could not be found in the Presidency. Leyden had had occasion before leaving home to read the act, and undertook to supply it from memory; and when nearly a year afterwards a printed copy was obtained from England, it was found to be identical with what Leyden had dictated.

Richard Porson had a remarkable memory. Being one day in the shop of Priestly the bookseller, a gentleman came in and asked for a particular edition of Demosthenes. Priestly did not possess it; and as the gentleman seemed a good deal disappointed, Porson inquired if he wished to consult any particular passage. The gentleman mentioned a quotation of which he was in search, when Porson opened the Aldine edition of Demosthenes, and after turning over a few leaves, put his finger on the passage. On another occasion he happened to be in a stage-coach; presently there entered into it a young undergraduate with two ladies. This young gentleman endeavoured to make himself seem very learned; presently quoting a Greek passage, which he said was from Euripides. The great Greek scholar, who was dozing at the other end of the coach, awoke at the familiar sounds, and drawing a copy of Euripides from the folds of his cloak, politely asked him to favour him with the passage. The student could not; and the ladies began to titter. Reddening, the youth said that on second thoughts, the passage he was sure was in Sophocles. Porson thereupon produced a copy of Sophocles, and again asked him to favour him with the passage. The undergraduate again failed; the ladies tittered greatly. 'Catch me!' said he, 'if ever I quote Greek in a coach again.' Stung by the laughter of his fellow-passengers, he said: 'I recollect now, sir; I perfectly recollect that the passage is in Æschylus.' His inexorable tormentor, diving again in the capacious folds of his cloak, produced a copy of Æschylus, and again asked him to favour him with the passage. The boiling-point was now reached. "Stop! stop!' shouted he to the coachman. 'Let me out! There is a man inside who has got the whole Bodleian library in his pocket!' On another occasion, calling upon a friend, Porson found him reading Thucydides. Being asked casually the meaning of some word, he immediately repeated the context. 'But how do you know that it was this passage I was reading?' asked his friend. 'Because,' replied Porson, 'the word only occurs twice in Thucydides; once on the right-hand page in the edition which you are now using, and once on the left. I observed on which side you looked, and accordingly I knew to which passage you referred.'

Once when in the house of Dr Burney at Hammersmith, with some friends, examining some old newspapers which detailed the execution of Charles I., he came across various particulars thought by some of them to have been overlooked by Rapin and Hume; but Porson instantly repeated a long passage from Rapin in which these circumstances were all recounted. Upon one occasion he undertook to learn by heart the entire contents of the *Morning Chronicle* in a week; and he used to say he could repeat *Roderick Random* from beginning to end. His stupendous memory, however, on account of his excesses, failed at last.

Dr Thomas Fuller, the worthy historian and divine, was said to have been able to repeat five hundred and nine strange names correctly after having twice heard them; and he was known to make use of a sermon verbatim if he once heard it. He once undertook to name exactly backwards and forwards every shop-sign from Temple Bar to the extremity of Cheapside, on both sides of the way—a feat of no ordinary magnitude, when we consider that in his day every house had its sign.

'Memory' Thompson boasted he could remember every shop from Ludgate Hill to the end of Piccadilly; and another person who had earned for himself the prefix of 'Memory' was William Woodfall, the printer of the famous Letters of Junius, who used to relate how he could put a speech away upon a shelf in his mind for future reference; and he was known to be able to remember a debate for a fortnight, after many nights' speaking upon other matters.

Dr Johnson was in the habit of writing abridged reports of debates for the *Gentleman's Magazine* from memory.

Two noted frequenters of the Chapter Coffee-House in Paternoster Row, in the last century, were Murray and Hammond. Murray had read through every morning and evening paper published in London for thirty years, and his memory was such that he was always applied to for dates and facts by literary men and others.

Jedediah Buxton, who resided for some weeks at St John's Gate Clerkenwell, in 1754, had such a memory that 'he could conduct the most intricate calculations by his memory alone, and such was his power of abstraction that no noise could disturb him.' Singular to relate, he never learned to read or write, though he was the son of a schoolmaster.

Eugenia Jullian, a precocious child, well known to the writer of this, at the age of five years had a book given her to read; and looking through it, she at length read a poem of several hundred lines (it must be mentioned she knew her alphabet at eleven months old, and could read at three years of age) once through; and being asked what she had read, she handed her mother the book, and repeated the whole without a mistake. Unfortunately, like most precocious children, her mind proved too powerful for a delicate constitution, and she died at an early age.

Among other possessors of very retentive memories may be mentioned the learned Pope Clement VI.; Dr Monsey, who died at Chelsea at the age of ninety-five; and Mozart, who almost in every case composed his pieces before he committed them to paper.

At the present time, Elihu Burritt possesses a remarkable memory. Born in America in 1811, he had, at the age of twenty-seven, and while work-

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ing at his trade, learned fifty languages. In 1846 he came to England, and was for some time United States consul at Birmingham. Gustave Doré is the owner of a good memory; and we have it from a reliable authority, that Thomas Carlyle, 'the philosopher of Chelsea,' lays a book aside when he has read it, it being of no more use to him, having abstracted and stored up in his mind all the contents which he deems worthy of retention.

Every one has a memory, but every one has not the same natural affinities, and therefore every one does not retain with equal facility the same sort of thing. One man, from taking a glance at an object, will sketch it correctly; another could not give a correct representation were he to labour for a month. The mind of another is more for living objects, and like Cuvier or Knox, he carries in his memory the names and forms of hundreds of plants and animals. A third has a propensity for the faces of his fellow-creatures, and like Themistocles, he can name each of the twenty thousand of his fellow-citizens; or like Cyrus, he could remember the name of every soldier in his army; the like being related of L. Scipio and the Romans. The day following the arrival of Cinaes, ambassador of King Pyrrhus, in Rome, he saluted by name all the senate and the gentlemen of the city. Our own George III. had an extraordinary power of recollecting faces. The taste of a fourth is for languages, and like Mezzofanti or Alexander Murray, every word he hears or reads in a foreign tongue becomes a lifelong heritage. Another retains mathematics, the symbols of which require a peculiar cast of memory. Such a mind is generally destitute of love of colour, music, &c.; it wrestles with the artificial symbols that express the most extensively important truths of the world. The natural history memory has to do with artificial symbols, but with these it mixes the consideration of actual appearances to the senses. The taste of another is for choice, emphatic, and sublime diction; like Wakefield, he can repeat the whole of Virgil and Horace, Homer and Pindar.

The faculty of recollecting places is very large in some of the inferior animals; pigeons and some sorts of dogs have it very prominently. The falcon of Iceland returns to its native spot from a distance of several thousands of miles. And it seems likely that this has at least something to do with reference to those birds which migrate from one country to another. It seems indispensable to a successful traveller. Columbus, Cook, Park, and Livingstone must have been largely endowed with this faculty. These diversities have not been sufficiently kept in view in the important business of education, and the principle of cramming the same things into every sort of memory still too extensively prevails.

The memory may be strong where the intellect is weak; but without the former faculty there can be no intellectual growth; for is not memory the power of the mind by which it retains its possessions? If Sensation, Perception, and Attention are the collecting faculties, Memory is 'the conservative faculty'—the retainer of the collected treasures.

With the power of throwing our whole mental vigour into any given act for the time being, a strong will can generally insure a strong memory; and for understanding then and retaining afterwards, half an hour of such absorption and concentration is worth more than the longest day of day-dreaming—though day-dreaming, as an occasional relaxation, is not to be despised.

Nowadays we are not at all surprised to see placarded about our towns large announcements of an 'eminent professor' about to arrive, under whose tuition we may be initiated into the 'Art of Memory,' whereby we may be taught to remember at will the heights of mountains, rows of dates, chronological events, and all things coming within the range of memory. It may be interesting to learn that this is no new art, for by reference to Pliny we find that the Art of Memory was invented by Simonides des Melicus, and afterwards perfected by Metrodorus Sepsius, 'by which a man might learne to rehearse againe the same words of any discourse whatsoever after once hearing.'

It does not fall within the scope of this paper to enter upon the merits or demerits of this art; but we may conveniently bring our subject to a close by relating a couple of anecdotes that bear upon it.

Upon one occasion, Fuller said: 'None alive ever heard me pretend to the *art* of memory, who in my book have decried it as a trick, no art; and indeed, is more fancy than memory. I confess, some years since, when I came out of the pulpit of St Dunstan's East, one (who since wrote a book thereof) told me in the vestry, before credible people, that he, in Sidney College, had taught me *the art of memory*. I returned unto him: *That it was not so*, for I could not remember *that I had ever seen him before!* which I conceive was a real refutation.'

Not very long ago, a lecturer upon the art of memory, whilst dining at an hotel in one of our provincial towns, was inquired for and called away suddenly; upon which he immediately finished his repast and hurried from the room. A moment or two afterwards, the waiter coming round to the chair lately occupied by the professor, held up his hands and exclaimed in astonishment: 'Goodness gracious, the memory man has forgotten his umbrella!'

## GOSSIP ABOUT TAILS.

Everybody knows that tails serve a great variety of purposes. To mention a few: The horse and ox use their tail to drive off troublesome insects. Some kinds of apes have long prehensile tails with which they swing themselves from branches or reach distant fruit. The kangaroo's tail forms a kind of extra leg, and is also serviceable in jumping. The beaver is said to beat with its tail the mud of which its house or dam is built, as well as to use the organ in swimming. The tails of fishes act like rudders, and in whales, for example, they are powerful propellers, as also a means of attack or defence. Birds of high flight have their tail feathers adapted as a steering apparatus; while the tails of parrots, toucans, and climbers generally, incline downwards, and aid in laying hold of trees. The tail in some reptiles is important for locomotion. Scorpions have in their tail a formidable weapon; and the noise made by the rattlesnake when roused is given from its tail.

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There is a good deal of expression in tails. A cat when unexcited has her tail bent towards the ground and quiet; but when the animal is under lively emotion, the tail shews movements which are not of chance character, but predetermined by nature—such and such an emotion causing such and such a movement. When the cat feels afraid when seized, for example by the neck, the tail goes down between her legs. On sight of an agreeable morsel of meat, the tail is raised straight up. When angry, the cat bends her tail into two curves of opposite direction—the greater curve at the base, the lesser at the extremity—while the fur is erect throughout. When on the alert for prey, she lashes her tail from side to side. On the other hand, the dog wags his tail to testify joy; while (as with the cat) fear sends it down between his legs. We are all familiar, again, with the comical appearance of a herd of cattle, driven to despair by insects, rushing about a field on a hot day with their tufted tails erect as posts. Dr John Brown, in one of his racy sketches, tells of a dog of his whose tail had rather a peculiar kind of expressiveness. This tail of Toby's was 'a tail *per se;* it was of immense girth, and not short, equal throughout like a policeman's baton; the machinery for working it was of great power, and acted in a way, as far as I have been able to discover, quite original. We called it his ruler. When he wished to get into the house, he first whined gently, then growled, then gave a sharp bark, and then came a resounding mighty stroke, which shook the house. This, after much study and watching, we found was done by his bringing the entire length of his solid tail flat upon the door with a sudden and vigorous stroke. It was quite a *tour de force* or a *coup de queue*, and he was perfect in it at once, his first *bang* authoritative having been as masterly and telling as his last.'

There seems to be good reason for believing that rats sometimes use their tails for feeding purposes where the food to be eaten is contained in vessels too narrow to admit the entire body of the animal. A rat will push down his tail into the tall-shaped bottle of preserves, and lick it after he has pulled it out. A gentleman put two such jars of preserves covered with a bladder, in a place frequented by rats; and afterwards found the jelly reduced in each to the same extent, and a small aperture gnawed in the bladder just sufficient to admit the tail. Another experiment was more decisive. Having refilled the jars to about half an inch above the level left by the rats, he put some moist paper over the jelly and let it stand in a place where there were no rats or mice, till the paper got covered by mould. Then he covered the jars with a bladder and put them where the rats were numerous; as before, next morning the bladder had again been eaten through, and on the mould there were numerous distinct tracings of rats' tails, evidently caused by the animals sweeping these appendages about, in the fruitless endeavour to find a hole in the circle of paper which covered the jelly.

An example of the practice of vivisection (which is happily less common in this country than on the continent) is presented in an experiment made lately by an eminent French physiologist with the tail of a young rat. Readers are doubtless aware of the curious results that may be obtained by skin-grafting. The experimenter referred to skinned a little portion of the tip of the rat's tail, made an incision in the back of the animal, inserted the skinned tip in this hole, and fixed it there. In course of time the wound healed, and the animal went about with its tail thus transformed into something like the handle of a teapot. After eight months the savant cut the handle in two; then on pinching the end of the part left in the back, the rat appeared to feel pain, and tried to escape. It was thus shewn that the sensitive nerves in the end of the tail had formed a true connection with the nerves in the back issuing from the spinal cord; and that they conveyed an excitation in an opposite direction to that in which they convey it normally.

The trick which came under the notice of the French correctional police will perhaps here recur to recollection. A person complained that he had been imposed upon by the purchase of an animal represented to be 'an elephant rat;' that is, a rat with a trunk and tusks resembling those of an elephant. The trunk was nothing more than part of a rat's tail stuck into the snout of the animal, where it grew as if natural. As for the tusks, they were two of the teeth in the upper jaw which had been suffered to grow by removing the two corresponding teeth in the lower jaw against which they used to grind and be kept short. More ingenious than honest, the fraud was duly punished.

Crocodiles have enormous tails; of sixty vertebræ there are more than forty which are caudal. The organ is rather cumbrous to them on land, and this fact affords an opportunity of escaping from them by making quick turns, which they do not readily follow. But their powerful tail must be of immense value to them in swimming.

There is strong probability that the tail of some animals covered with fur serves the purpose of a protection to the air-passages of mouth and nose during sleep, as also the retention of heat. This will be apparent to any one who observes the position into which the tail is curled in such cases, and the face brought into contact with it.

Frogs have no proper tails, but in the tadpole stage they have, and their locomotion by means of them is familiar to everybody. A similar mode of locomotion is observable in the minute animals termed Flagellata, which advance by lashing their tails from side to side. The motions of several of those microscopic organisms known as *Bacteria*, found in putrefying infusions of organic matter, are at present somewhat enigmatical. But they are to a certain extent explained by an interesting observation made lately by MM. Cohn and Warming. With sufficient magnifying power these naturalists have found tails in several of the Bacteria. They vary in number from one to three, are situated at one end of the axis of length, and capable of rapid motion; by which the movements of these minute creatures may fairly be accounted for.

The last thing we have to say on the subject is to express our gratification at the change which has taken place in treating the tails of horses. The odious and cruel practice of docking them, once so prevalent, has been happily abandoned, and the horse's tail is now left to attain its natural graceful dimensions.

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## THE BOARDING-OUT SYSTEM.

FORTY years ago or thereabouts, we happened to make a visit to an hospital for pauper orphan children in a large city. It was a dismal spectacle. The little creatures, seated on forms, and dressed in a poor garb, had a woe-begone appearance. Their faces were pallid, and a number of them had sore eyes. The sentiment which arose in our mind was that the whole affair was unnatural, and morally and physically unwholesome. Here was a spacious mansion kept up for the accommodation of some hundreds of poor children whom destiny had deprived of their parents. Treated well, as it was thought, according to regulations, they were evidently unhappy, and pined for that species of freedom which is only to be obtained by children brought up within the domestic circle.

Since that time, so far as Scotland is concerned, there has been a considerable revolution in the matter of juvenile pauper management. The plan of immuring a horde of orphan pauper children in large buildings under the charge of nurses and teachers is pretty generally abandoned, not so much on the score of economy as of common-sense. Nature has clearly ordained that children are to be reared, instructed, and familiarised with the world under the direct charge and responsibility of their parents. That has been the way since the beginning, and it will be so till the end of time. The family system is the foundation of everything that is valued in our institutions. Our whole structure of society rests on it. Any attempt to rear children artificially on a wholesale principle, is necessarily defective, will prove abortive, and be attended, one way and another, with bad effects.

Unfortunately there are exceptions to a sweeping rule. There can be no family system where parents are removed by death, or what is more dreadful, where the parents are so grossly dissolute as to be unfitted for their appropriate duties. In either case arises the question as to what is to be done with children who are so haplessly thrown on public charity. An answer to this brings us to the root of the matter. If at all possible, we must find foster-parents who will do the duty of real ones to the children assigned under proper precautions to their custody. We are aware that this may not be always practicable, and where it is not, the grouping of children in some kind of asylum must still be perpetuated. Some countries appear to be more favourable than others to the plan of boarding out children with foster-parents. For the plan to have a chance of success, there must be a prevalent intelligence, with a sense of moral responsibilities, and that special condition as concerns means of livelihood which would induce a family to board a child alien to them in name and birth.

In certain parts of Scotland, the plan of boarding out pauper children has been so peculiarly successful, that we purpose to give some account of it. The children so treated are not all orphans; some are children deserted by worthless parents; some are the children of sick, infirm, or lunatic parents; some are the children of parents who are in prison or are convicts. In all cases, deep considerations of humanity have guided the poor-law authorities in dealing with them. Throughout Scotland at 1st January 1875, the number of pauper children boarded out was 4512, among whom there was nearly an equality of boys and girls. The cost of each did not exceed ten pounds per annum; that is to say, for the sum of about four shillings a week a child is respectably brought up in the house of a foster-parent. This sum covers cost of bed and board, school fees, and extras of all kinds. The child participates in the ordinary meals of the family; it goes to the nearest school with its companions, plays about with them, and acquires a knowledge of country life along with a love of natural scenery. Instead of being confined in a dull mansion under a dismal routine of discipline, with the chance of acquiring bad or at least narrow notions, the boarded-out child grows up a stout country lad or lass, and is endued with such general intelligence as is likely to pertain to the class amidst whom he or she moves. By these means, the boarded-out pauper children cease to be paupers. Forgetting their unfortunate origin, they drop insensibly into the general population. The catastrophe of

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orphanism or deserted infancy is robbed of its horrors. Surely, this must be deemed one of the greatest triumphs of humanity.

Of course, the thing could not be done unless under a scrupulous system of management and general supervision. The parochial board, with whom rests the administration, needs to exercise the greatest vigilance in selecting families to whom children may be assigned. Agricultural labourers and small shopkeepers in country villages are, we believe, considered to be eligible, should character and everything else bear investigation. Nor, though boarded out, are the children lost sight of by the poor-law authorities. They are subject to the visits of Inspectors, who report on their condition. In a number of cases, the children are boarded with relatives, who may be supposed to take some special interest in them, and are not disinclined to accept a lesser board than would have to be paid to strangers. Yet the parochial boards do not appear to view with favour the practice of boarding children with relatives who are perhaps aged and infirm, or are in receipt of parochial relief on their own account. The person thoroughly suitable should be in middle life, engaged in active duties, and fit to act the part of a foster-parent. For the success of his endeavours he should be aided in every reasonable way. The child put under his charge must not wear clothes bearing the pauper stamp, but be dressed like the other children in the place. An Inspector reports on the good effects produced by the removal of pauper uniform. 'The hang-dog look of pauperism gradually disappeared from the faces of the children—they saw themselves treated as other children, and soon became as others.'

In the Reports of the Inspectors generally, we have many pleasing instances of the social value of the boarding-out system. The significant fact strongly brought out is that the children do not return to pauperism. 'When they leave school, the boys learn trades or become farm-servants, and the girls go to service like other country girls, and many of them get respectably married. When the children go to service, the family relationship is still kept up, and they return to their foster-parents as other children do to their homes, bringing at term-times, when they get their wages, presents of tea and sugar, articles of clothing, and other tokens of affectionate regard.' We learn that in some cases the children adopt the name of the family with whom they are boarded, and as a rule they are not distinguishable from the younger members of the family. Did our space permit, many valuable particulars could be added. Those who take an interest in this important question in social economics may be referred to an able and handy digest, 'Pauperism and the Boarding-out of Pauper Children in Scotland, by John Skelton, Advocate' (Blackwood and Sons, 1877). The system, it is to be observed, bears no resemblance to that vicious practice of farming-out children, which has been productive of so much demoralisation and infant mortality. In the boarding-out of pauper children as described in the work of Mr Skelton, and now very general in Scotland, the care that is taken in selecting foster-parents, and the constant supervision to which they are subjected, give to the system its peculiar value. Whether such a system would be applicable to all parts of the United Kingdom is perhaps doubtful. It is at anyrate important to know that in Scotland it has been eminently successful, and is the theme of praise by authorities on the subject. The Inspector of the poor of Glasgow tells us that it has been in use in that city for upwards of a hundred years. How suggestive is this remarkable fact—how curious to find that in this as in some other valued public institutions, a thing may flourish and be spoken of approvingly for upwards of a century in one end of Great Britain, and yet be hardly known in another, or if known, be only treated with scepticism and indifference.

W. C.

## THE LAST OF THE HADDONS.

### CHAPTER XXVII.—PHILIP.

I ARRIVED at the Grayleigh Station about seven o'clock in the evening, and walked slowly and enjoyably across the fields, altogether forgetting my dress-troubles as I watched the effects of the red sunset, a more than usually beautiful one. 'I must treat myself to just one look at the dear old beeches, in this light,' I murmured; forgetting fatigue and every other discomfort as I turned from the stile and went down the lane towards the woods. I was standing in mute contemplation of the sunset effects upon the different trees. The air was calm and still; not a leaf moved, as the sunlight stole amongst the majestic trees, crowning one, and robing another from head to foot with its red glory. I was accepting the rebuke with bowed head and clasped hands, when suddenly a sweet, low, girlish laugh—Lilian's laugh—rang out in the stillness, near me.

'There! I told you how it would be. I am not artist enough for that!'

'Try again,' returned a man's voice, clear and strong and in its way as musical as her own.

Whose voice—whose? For a moment I felt as though I were transfixed to the spot where I stood; then with trembling hands, softly parted the thickly covered branches which intervened between me and the speakers. Philip! My heart had already told me that it was he; and one swift glance shewed me that it was the Philip of my dreams—so improved as to bear only an ideal resemblance to the boy-lover I had parted with. He had developed grandly during the nine years we had been separated. Taller and larger in figure, his handsome bronzed face adorned with an auburn beard, whilst his gray eyes retained their old frank kindliness of expression, he looked the personification of manly strength, physical and mental.

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Impulsively I advanced a step or two, then shyly and nervously shrank back again, clinging to the low outspreading branches of the tree. Presently, when my foolish heart did not beat quite so wildly—presently.

'Yes; that is better. Now a few bold strokes athwart the horizon. Have you not a coarser brush?'

'Yes. I will run in and fetch one.'

'Cannot I, Miss Maitland? Allow me.'

'O no; auntie could not tell you where to find it.' And away she ran, in the opposite direction to where I stood.

Without a moment's pause, in my anxiety for our meeting to take place whilst he and I were alone, I stepped hastily forward. He was examining Lilian's drawing, when he caught the sound of my footstep and looked up. His eyes met mine—ah Philip! ah me!—with the grave calm gaze of a stranger!

I stood utterly powerless to move or speak; and perhaps I looked more than ever unlike my past self in that moment of bitter anguish. But suddenly the truth flashed upon him.

'Great heavens—*Mary!*' he ejaculated, catching me in his arms as I swayed towards him.

I was still speechless; and looking down into my face, he added gently, it seemed to me sorrowfully: 'My poor Mary!'

'Am I so changed as that, Philip?' I murmured in a low broken voice.

'I—I fear you have gone through more than you would allow me to know about,' he replied, reddening. Adding a little confusedly: 'How was it that I did not find you at home, Mary?'

'I did not expect you quite so soon as this,' I stammered out quite as confusedly. 'You said a month or six weeks, and it is only three weeks since I received your letter.'

'I—found myself free sooner than I expected; and of course set my face homewards at once. I arrived at Liverpool last evening, and travelled all night, in order to be here in good time in the morning.'

'Did you get here this morning?'

'Yes; you had only left half an hour or so when I arrived. I should have met you, they told me, had I not taken the wrong turning from the stile.'

'Had—you a pleasant voyage?' I asked, terribly conscious that this was not the kind of talk which might be expected between him and me at such a moment.

I think he was conscious of this also. He stood a moment without replying, then every line in his face seemed to grow set and firm, and he said gravely: 'How is it that your friends here do not know that I have come to claim my wife, Mary?'

'I put off telling them from time to time,' I replied in a low voice; 'but I fully intended telling them this evening.'

'Let us go in at once,' he said hurriedly.

He drew my hand under his arm, keeping it firmly clasped in his own, and we went silently towards the cottage. Lilian was turning over the contents of a box in search of the brush she wanted, and Mrs Tipper was nodding over her knitting, fatigued with her day's exertion. Neither saw us approach, and both looked up with astonished eyes when we entered the room; and without a moment's pause, Philip introduced me to them as his promised wife.

'We have been engaged for the last ten years,' he said hurriedly, 'and I have just been taking Mary to task for not having told you so.'

'Dear Mary, dear sister, when you ought to have known how much good it would have done us to know!' said Lilian with tender reproach.

'Better late than never, my dear,' cheerfully put in dear old Mrs Tipper, eyeing me rather anxiously, I fancied.

The ground seemed to be slipping from beneath my feet and everything whirling round. I suppose I was looking very white and ill, for Philip gently placed me on the couch, and Lilian knelt by my side, murmuring tender words of love, as she chafed my hands, whilst Mrs Tipper was bending anxiously over me with smelling-salts, &c. But I shook my head, and tried to smile into their anxious faces, as I said: 'I am not given to fainting, you know—only a little tired.'

'The truth is, you have sacrificed yourself for us all this time, and it is now beginning to tell upon you!' said Lilian. Turning towards Philip, she added: 'We have all needed her so much, and she has been so true a friend to us in our time of trouble, that she has forgotten herself, Mr Dallas.'

He murmured something to the effect that he could quite understand my doing that.

'But of course it will all be very different now,' said Lilian. 'It will be our turn; and we must try what we can do to pay back some of the debt we owe to her.—Now, don't look fierce, Mary; it's not the least use, for petted you will have to be.'

'Then I am afraid fierce I shall remain,' I replied, trying to speak lightly.

'That is more like yourself, dear. You are feeling better now, are you not?' asked Lilian.

'O yes, quite well; only a little tired from walking farther than I need have done,' was my reply.

'To think of my talking "Mary" to you all day without knowing you were more than friends!' said Lilian, looking up smilingly into Philip's face. 'I know now why you bore the waiting so patiently, and why we got on so well together.—I felt at home with Mr Dallas at once, Mary. I think we both felt that we two ought to be friends.—Did we not?'

He bowed assent.

'And you must please try to like me more than an ordinary friend, Mr Dallas, or I shall be jealous. Mary is my sister, you know, or at least you will know by-and-by; and we cannot be separated for very long; so you must be considerate.'

'Philip knows more about you than you do about him, Lilian,' I put in.

'I am glad he knows about me, of course, Mary; but it will take a little time to quite forgive your reticence about him.—Will it not, auntie?'

'Auntie' thought that forgiveness might just as well come soon as late, in her simple placid way. Then, to my great relief, a diversion was caused by tea being brought in. If Philip had not won the heart of his dear little hostess before, he would have won it now by his hearty appreciation of the good things set before him. I quite understood why, for the first time since Becky had been at the cottage, her mistress had some cause to complain of her awkwardness. Becky's whole attention was concentrated upon Philip; and she placed things

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on the table in a somewhat hap-hazard fashion, gazing at him the while with curious speculative eyes.

Afterwards they commenced asking Philip questions about his voyage and so forth; and the conversation became less personal. He gave us an amusing account of his passage, humorously describing the peculiarities of life on board ship. Then as night drew on, Mrs Tipper very earnestly pressed the hospitalities of the cottage upon him. Of course he would be her guest—a room was already prepared, and she knew that she need not apologise to him for its homeliness. She had, I found, arranged to give up her own room for his use, and share Lilian's. But he explained that he was going back to an hotel in town, having arranged to stay there for the present.

'I am afraid I shall very frequently trespass upon your kindness nevertheless, Mrs Tipper. You will only get rid of me by giving up Mary, now.'

At which Lilian laughingly replied, *that* would be paying too dearly for getting rid of him. 'The better way would be to put up with you, for Mary's sake, and so secure you both.'

In truth, Lilian was a great deal more cheerful, I might say merry, than I had seen her for many a long day, in her unselfish rejoicing over my happiness. And the sweet, girlish, modest freedom—the freedom which is so diametrically opposite to fastness—of her manner with Philip, was so pleasant to witness! It was the kind of playfulness which is so charming in a sister towards an elder brother, and which so well became her.

When at length Philip was obliged to take his departure, in order to catch the last up-train from Graybrook, he bade me, in the matter-of-course way which seems so delightful in those we love: 'Come out and set me on my way, Mary; just as far as the stile, if you feel rested enough.'

Yes; of course I felt rested enough. I went out with him into the starlit lanes, walking silently on by his side, happy in the belief that *his* thoughts also were too deep for words. How could words express *my* proud-humility—the deep tender joy—the love half-afraid of its own strength which I felt! Would he *ever* know the heights and depths of my love? Would a lifetime be long enough to express it? With it all, I was conscious of a shyness and awkwardness of manner, born of the indescribable feeling which accompanies, and gives a tinge of pathos to, great happiness in some minds. What was I, to be so blessed? What other women find their ideal fall short of the reality, as I was doing? Noble and true as I knew him to be, I had not hitherto, I think, sufficiently appreciated the geniality of Philip's temperament and his keen sense of humour. I do not know whether it was more noticeable in contrast with Robert Wentworth, who certainly impressed one with the idea that he was older than he was; whilst Philip seemed younger than his age. His fine physique too. How very handsome he was, in the best way, and how grandly careless about it! The most cynical observer could not have detected the slightest trace of conceit or self-consciousness in his tone or bearing. In fine, his was the rare combination of physical and mental power. Whilst he possessed the *gaieté de cœur* almost of a boy, an appeal to his intellect would call forth the cool vigorous reasoning of a well-informed thinker.

He had won his way to wealth by dint of intelligence, persistence, and temperate living, in a climate which gives some excuse for, if it does not foster, all kinds of excess, and returned strong in mind and body to reap the fruits of his labour. Moreover, he had not been tempted to continue accumulating wealth for its own sake, nor acquired the huxtering spirit which self-made men so frequently do acquire.

'I think I must not go any farther, Philip,' I said, as we reached the stile. 'You have only to cross the two fields, and turn to the right when you get into the road—that leads direct to the station.'

For a moment he made no reply, and something, I hardly knew what, brought vividly back to my mind the remembrance of another who had stood there on such a night as this, silent beneath the stars—a remembrance which struck upon my happiness as might a sudden sword-thrust upon an enraptured dreamer.

He gathered my hands into his own, and looking down into my face, said in a low earnest voice: 'There can be no necessity for delay between you and me, Mary. When will you let me take you away from here?'

'Take me away from here?' I repeated, rather startled by the suddenness of the proposal.

'I mean, when will you marry me, Mary?'

'We will talk about that by-and-by,' I replied, overwhelmed with happiness again, yet afraid lest I might shew it more plainly than it is womanly to do if I said more.

'Why should there be any delay between you and me? I—beg of you not to make any unnecessary delay, Mary. You ought to have been my wife long ago. I know you would prefer a quiet wedding, and—afterwards—wouldn't you like to travel a few months before settling down? You used to have a fancy for seeing some of the old continental towns.'

I could only whisper that it would be very delightful—with him—lowering my head until my cheek rested upon his hand. Then to keep my reeling senses firm, I looked up into his face and made a little attempt at a jest about his not knowing me when first we met.

'Only for a second,' he replied. And even in that light I could see that his colour was heightened. He looked pained too; and I certainly had not meant to pain him. Amongst my failings was not that of the desire to be always trying little wiles to test those I love, as we women are sometimes accused of doing. I had used the words solely in jest and to steady myself.

'Only for a second,' he repeated; adding gently, 'and we will soon have you blooming again, Mary.'

Blooming again! I caught in my breath with a little half-sob. Then making a strong effort, telling myself that I must and would behave better than a love-sick hysterical girl, I lightly replied: 'What if my blooming days are over, Philip?'

He bent lower down, to get a better look into my face, as he said: 'Nonsense! What makes you talk in that strain? It is not fair to me.' Then he added more gravely: 'You have always told me that your friends here are real ones, Mary; and they seem to be very much attached to you. It was very pleasant to hear them talk of you in your absence.'

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'They are everything and more than I have described them to be, Philip. Mrs Tipper has been like a dear old mother to me; and Lilian—the best and truest thing I can say about Lilian is, that she is what she looks. No one could be mistaken about Lilian. Hers is the kind of loveliness which takes its expression from the mind.'

'Yes; it is just that. The fellow who could not appreciate her deserves to lose her.' I had given him an account of Lilian's troubles in my letters; indeed he was well acquainted with all that was connected with my life at Fairview. 'I only regret that I was not in England at the time. I suppose it is too late now for'——

'It is too late for any kind of intervention now; but if vengeance is in your thoughts, you may rest content. It will be, I think, quite punishment enough to be the husband of the girl he has married, with the remembrance of Lilian. He certainly loved Lilian.'

'Ah, that is something! When were they married?'

'About three weeks ago,' I told him. And then we got talking over the Farrar history, until the chiming of a distant clock reminded us that he had but twenty minutes in which to reach the railway station, in order to catch the last up-train.

'I shall do it!' he ejaculated; and with a parting word and hurried kiss he vaulted over the stile, and ran across the field, turning once on the way to wave his hand to me.

## SUBMARINE CABLES.

### LAYING.

Before the days of steam-ships it would have been almost if not quite impracticable to lay ocean cables; for in order to do so with accuracy and success, it is necessary to be independent of wind and weather as far as possible. The course and speed of the ship must be under the control of the navigator, not at the mercy of the winds and currents, so that he may economise cable, and prevent undue strain upon it as the depth varies. Then too it is necessary that the ship should answer swiftly and surely to his will; that she should vary her speed, stop, or turn round, as promptly as he desires. The telegraph-ship is the helot of her cargo, and should be completely subservient to the work of laying the cable. A well-found steam-ship answers all requirements. Up till a few years ago no specially built telegraph-ship existed. The majority of cables have been laid from ordinary iron screw-steamers, fitted with tanks to contain the cable and paying-out gear. Recently, however, the steam-ships *Hooper* and *Faraday* (the first belonging to Messrs Hooper, the other to Messrs Siemens) were specially constructed as telegraph-ships for their respective owners. These vessels are very much on a par in size and carrying capacity. The *Faraday* is a ship of five thousand tons burden, and capable of carrying fifteen hundred miles of main or deep-sea cable. She is fitted with screws both fore and aft, so that her motion can be reversed without turning her in the water. She can thus, without changing her position, begin hauling in a cable which she had previously been paying out. Both of these ships are fitted with three large iron water-tight tanks for containing the cable—one fore, one amidships, and one aft. The depth of these tanks varies from thirty to forty-five feet, and they are upwards of fifty feet in diameter. The *Hooper* has laid the Brazilian coast cables, and the *Faraday* the Direct United States Atlantic cable. Besides the tanks for holding the cable, the only other peculiarities of a cable-ship, as distinct from other steamers, are the heavy deck machinery for paying out the cable and for picking it up if necessary; the electrical testing-room; and the stock of large iron buoys she carries lashed to her gunwales for use in laying.

The cable-ship having been moored alongside the works where the cable is stored, shipment begins. The cable presents three aspects of increasing thickness, namely the shore-end, intermediate, and main; and thus graduated it is payed out of the tanks in the works into the tanks of the ship. When all is aboard, the tanks are filled with salt-water till the cable is soaked, and the ship puts to sea.

During her voyage to the place from which she is to start laying, electrical tests are taken daily of the cables on board, to see that they continue sound, and the machinery for laying is got ready. The souls on board may be divided into three classes. The *engineers*, or those in charge of the mechanical work of the laying, and their helps 'the cable-hands,' who do the rough work in the tanks and on deck, or in putting out buoys from the ship. The *electricians*, or those in charge of the electrical work of the laying, whose duty it is to see that the cable is all right electrically. The *navigators*, or those in charge of the sailing of the ship, including captain, officers, and seamen. The engineer-in-chief is generally the head of the entire expedition; he requires reports from the chief electrician, and instructs the captain where to put the ship.

Before laying a submarine cable between the proposed places it is extremely important to take soundings and otherwise survey the ocean, so as to determine the exact route the cable should take. A cable is too costly to be flung away anywhere on the sea-bottom, and the sea-bottom is sometimes of a very unfavourable character. It may be said that too little attention has hitherto been paid to this point in cable-*laying*. Expensive cables have been manufactured at home, with their relative lengths of shore-end, intermediate, and main determined by formula or usage, and then hid away in seas whose character had been largely taken for granted; the consequence being that weighty and very costly shore-end has been deposited in mud soft as butter where it would be out of harm's way; while unprotected main has been laid along the jagged surface of coral reefs. The depth and nature of the bottom, the strength and direction of currents, the temperature at the bottom, should all be ascertained beforehand by a special ship appointed to survey the proposed track of the cable. The best route for the cable is then laid down on the charts, as a guide to the navigator and engineers engaged in the laying.

Great improvements have recently been made in the method of taking deep-sea soundings. The ordinary plan is to carry the lead-line (a strong line or small rope of fine tanned Manilla yarn) from the stern along the ship's side to the bows,

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and there drop the lead into the sea. As it sinks the rope runs out off the drum on which it is coiled, and when the lead strikes bottom the running ceases. The introduction of fine steel pianoforte-wire for the rope, by Sir William Thomson, is a great improvement upon this clumsy method. The wire sinks quickly through the water, and is pulled in again with a very great saving of time and labour. But the most ingenious of all contrivances for finding the depth of the sea is Siemen's Bathometer, a very recent invention. The bathometer simply stands in the captain's cabin like a barometer, and indicates the depth of the sea over which the ship is passing, just as a barometer indicates the height of the atmosphere above. The action of this ingenious contrivance depends on the attraction of the earth on a column of mercury. This attraction is proportional to the earth's density, and the relative distance of its crust from the mercury column. Earth being denser than water, exercises a greater downward attraction on the mercury. If then there are say a hundred fathoms of water just under the mercury instead of a hundred fathoms of earth or rock, there will be less downward attraction on it. Taking advantage of this law, the mercury column is adjusted so as to indicate the power of the attraction and give the depth of water it corresponds to.

Arrived at the place from which the cable is to be laid, the first thing done is the laying of the shore-end from the ship at her anchorage to the cable-hut on the beach. The cable-hut is generally a small erection of galvanised iron or stone and lime to contain the end of the cable and a few instruments. Cables are never if possible landed in harbours, or where there is danger from anchors. A suitable retired cove is generally selected, not far distant from the town where the telegraph office is, and a short land-line connects the end of the cable to the office. In the cable-hut the land-line and cable meet and are connected together.

The distance from the ship to the cable-hut is accurately measured by the ship's boats or steam-launch, so as to fix the amount of shore-end necessary to reach the shore. This is then coiled in a flat barge or raft, and payed out by hand as the launch tugs the raft ashore. When the water becomes too shallow for the raft to float, the men jump into the water and drag the heavy end ashore. A trench has been cut in the beach up to the cable-hut, and into this the end is laid. In a few moments a test from the cable-hut to the ship announces that the shore-end is successfully fixed.

Everything is now ready for the ship to begin paying out. The anchor has been got up; the paying-out gear is all in working order; the men are all at their appointed places. The cable is being held fast at the ship's stern, and the running out by its own weight is prevented. But directly all are aboard again, the word is given, the screw revolves, the cable is let go at the stern, and the real work of paying out begins.

The cable passes from the tank to the stern of the ship, and from thence to the bottom of the sea. The weight of that part which hangs in the water between the ship and the bottom pulls it out of the ship as the latter moves along. If the ship were stationary, still the cable would run out, but then it would simply coil or kink itself up on the bottom. The object is, however, to lay it evenly along the bottom, neither too tight nor too slack, so as at once to economise cable, and to allow of its being easily hooked and hauled up again from the bottom without breaking from over-tightness. The speed of the ship has therefore to be adjusted to the rate at which the cable runs out. It should be a little under the rate of the paying out, so that there is a slight excess of cable for the distance travelled over. Now the rate at which the cable runs out from the ship is greater, the greater the depth; therefore the speed of the ship must be varied as the depth changes. The rate at which the cable runs out, however, is not entirely dependent on the depth. It can be controlled on board by mechanism. The cable can be held back against the force pulling it overboard. But there is a limit to the extent to which it may be held back, and the tension on it must not be so great as to overstrain it. It is necessary, therefore, to know what tension there is on the cable at any time. To achieve this, two apparatus are used: the friction brake (for holding the cable back) and the dynamometer (for indicating its tension).

The cable is made to run cleanly out of the tank by being allowed to escape through a funnel-shaped iron framework called a 'crinoline.' This prevents it from lashing about or flying off as the ship rolls. It then passes over pulleys to the paying-out drum, round which it is passed several times. The paying-out drum is controlled by an Appold's friction brake, which is simply a belt or strap of iron with blocks of wood studded to it clasping the periphery of the drum and restraining its revolution by the friction of the wooden blocks. The tighter the belt is made to clasp the drum, the greater the friction on the drum, and the greater the force required to make it revolve. After passing several times round the drum, so as to get a good hold of it, the cable passes through the dynamometer to the sheave or grooved pulley projecting from the stern, and from thence it passes to the water. The dynamometer is simply a 'jockey pulley' riding on the cable; that is to say the cable is made to support a pulley of a certain weight; and according as the tension on the cable, due to the weight of cable in the water, is greater or less, so will the weight of this jockey pulley supported by the cable cause the cable to bend less or more. Although this jockey pulley is the essential part of the dynamometer, there are three pulleys altogether, two fixed pulleys at the same level, with the riding pulley between. The cable passes *over* both the fixed pulleys and *under* the riding pulley. The weight of the latter bends the cable into a V shape; and as explained above, the depth of this V is greater as the tension on the cable is less. In short the tension of the cable can be told from the depth of the V, which is therefore graduated into a scale of tensions.

By regulating the friction on the brake the cable can be held back, under restrictions of tension indicated by the dynamometer, and the speed of the ship adjusted to give the proper percentage of slack. Sixteen per cent. for a depth of two thousand fathoms is a usual allowance. The slack should vary with the depth, because of the possibility of having to hook the cable and raise it up from the bottom to the surface to repair it. The revolutions of the drum, the tension on the cable,

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the number of turns of the ship's screw, are constantly observed night and day as the laying goes on.

In the electrical testing-room the same watchful activity prevails. A continuous test is kept applied to the cable, to see that its insulating power keeps steady; in other words, to detect any 'fault' that may occur in the cable which is being laid. This is done by charging the cable throughout, from the end on board the ship to the end left behind in the cable-hut, with a current of electricity, and observing on a galvanometer (an instrument described in a recent paper) the amount of electricity which leaks through the gutta-percha from the copper wire inside to the sea-water outside. To shew that the copper wire too keeps continuous from ship to shore, a pulse of electricity is sent along the cable at stated intervals, usually every five minutes. This is either sent from the ship to the cable-hut, or from the cable-hut to the ship by the electricians left on duty there. The *resistance* too of the copper conductor is regularly taken at times, to see whether the conductor remains intact; for the pulse test only shews that it is continuous, and would not shew, for instance, that it had been half broken through.

The navigators of the ship are meanwhile as busy as the rest on board. It is important to keep the ship as nearly as possible up to the prescribed course marked on the chart, and in any case to determine accurately her place whatever it may be, so that the precise position of the cable on the bottom may be known, in order to facilitate future repairs, if necessary. Observations of the sun and other heavenly bodies are therefore made as often as feasible, and the navigation of the ship very carefully attended to.

If a fault should be reported from the testing-room, the engines are at once reversed and the ship stopped. The length of cable being payed out is cut in two within the ship, and that section still on board is tested first. If the fault is found to be there, a new length of cable is jointed on to the section in the sea, and the laying is again proceeded with. If, however, the fault is in the section already laid, special tests must be applied to locate the fault. If it should be proved to be but a few miles from the ship, she is 'put about;' the end of the section is taken to the bows, where the picking-up gear is situated, and the cable is hauled in slowly from the sea by the help of a steam-winch, the ship going slowly back the way she has come as the cable comes on board. This goes on until the fault is reached and cut out. If the fault should be proved to be twenty or more miles away, the end of the cable is buoyed, and the ship proceeds backward to the locality of the fault. Here she grapples for the cable, hooks it, and draws it up to the surface, where it is cut and the two parts tested separately. The flaw is then cut out of the faulty part and the cable made good. She then returns to her buoy, picks up the end there, joints on the cable on board to be paid out, and continues her voyage.

Arrived at her destination, the shore-end there is landed to its cable-hut. A test taken from there and signals exchanged between the two cable-huts proclaim the completion of her work. It only remains to test the cable daily for a specified period, generally thirty days; and if during this trial time it remains good and sound, it passes into the hands of the Company for whose use it has been laid, and is then employed for regular traffic and public benefit. In a concluding article we will describe the *working* of submarine cables.

## THE ROMANCE OF A LODGING.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

'Well, Fred, what will you say to all my sermons on extravagance, when I tell you that I have actually taken the landlady's first-floor rooms for a month; and that without any view to your advantage, which has hitherto actuated my movements? You will say it is only a preliminary step to my employing the artist—who by the way is not an artist after all—to take my portrait!'

Thus did Mrs Arlington announce her plans next morning at breakfast to Fred, who offered no remonstrance. It was enough for him that she chose to do it; he was too well satisfied and accustomed to her guidance and good sense not to fall in readily with everything she did, as the best possible that could be done; and so he assented without a remark.

'You don't scold me, Fred! I expected your reproaches; but they will come later; you are too engrossed at the present moment with the prospect of the examination before you to-day; but I have no fear for you; so have none for yourself.'

'What will you do while I am away?'

'Stay where I am; study the pictures; read the backs of all the books through the glass doors of the bookcase; and think what a churl the owner is to have locked them up. And this amusement over, I shall go in search of a piano; we cannot live for a whole month without one; can we? So I shall order it to be sent on Wednesday morning to our new quarters.'

'Suppose the "gentleman" unlocks his, and sets up an opposition tune; the jumble of melodies will be the reverse of harmonious.'

'Possibly; but then, you phlegmatic youngster, you wouldn't keep me without such a resource, for fear of an occasional discord! Let us hope the gentleman in question will give place to the ladies, and be amiable enough to listen without creating a discord; or he may decamp altogether, if he does not approve of our performances.'

'But tell me what has put it into your head to stay a whole month in London? I thought you said we had only funds for a week.'

'Well, my dear boy, it is just this: I have been thinking that we may as well wait and hear the issue of the examination; as in the event of your being among the successful candidates, of which I have very little doubt, you would be ready to go to Sandhurst without having to incur the double expense of the journey home and back again. Besides, I should like to see the last of you before I sink into my future oblivion, with no further call in the world upon my time and attention beyond writing to you.'

'What nonsense you can talk, mother, when you once begin! I suppose you expect me to believe you are one of the sort that is allowed to go into oblivion. I bet you ten to one some fellow will be wanting to marry you when I am at college!'

'Hush, Fred!' she said, with a solemnity of manner she well knew how to assume, that

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effectually quenched any conversation the subject of which she did not approve. 'It is time you started.'

'Forgive me; and good-bye,' he said, with a smile, as he prepared to go.

Wishing him 'God-speed,' she saw him depart, and then rung for the landlady.

'There is no difficulty, I hope, about the rooms?' she asked.

'None whatever, ma'am. I've told the lady; and they leave to-night.'

'Thank you. I wished to know positively before I ordered a piano. I suppose there is no objection to my having one, since there is another in the house?'

'None whatever, ma'am. Leastways Mr Meredith is mostly playing and singing when he isn't reading or painting, or at his meals; so that I am well accustomed to the sound by this time. I like it when he plays lively music. But dear me, ma'am! there are times when his spirits are low, or so I take it to be, and then he plays such dreary doleful tunes, it is for all the world as bad as the Old Hundred on them barrel-organs.'

'He is not married, then?'

'O my! no; not he; nor never likely to be,' she exclaimed, repudiating the idea of losing her lucrative lodger under such unfortunate circumstances. 'His man James says as how he once painted that there lovely faced young creature to remind him that women were one and all as false as—— I wouldn't like to offend your ears, ma'am, by naming the unholy gentleman as he likens them to; which I took to be no great compliment to myself, seeing I am a woman as was never false to none, which is saying a good deal, seeing how selfish and tiresome men are, as a rule, that it needs us women to be born saints and angels to put up with them.'

'I am afraid I can't quite agree with you there,' said Mrs Arlington, smiling. 'I rather think we give as much trouble as we get, and a little more sometimes.'

Wednesday morning saw her installed in the rooms above, which she busied herself in arranging tastefully, with a view to making their lengthened sojourn comfortable. Towards evening the piano came, and she was just about to try it, when an unusual bustle below-stairs announced the arrival of the gentleman, Mr Meredith. He was evidently a person of consideration in the eyes of the household; such hurrying to and fro and up and down to have everything as he would like, had not before been experienced.

'Glad to see you home, sir,' said Mrs Griffiths, courtesying, and beaming with pleasure.

'Thank you. Have the rooms been occupied?'

'Yes, sir.'

'I should say you ought rather to be sorry I have come, then.'

'Not at all, sir. I've been able to accommodate the lady up-stairs; and right glad I was that she came when she did, for she has got no troublesome hussy of a maid to come bothering about my kitchen.'

'The same old story, Mrs Griffiths!' he remarked, as he smiled pleasantly at her inability to hide her ruling mania; 'and now please let me have dinner as soon as you can, as I have an engagement this evening.'

He walked round the room, placing his desk and other articles he had brought with him in order; examined his pictures, to see that they had not undergone ruthless treatment at the hands of deputy-lodgers during his absence. After looking at them all he paused opposite the portrait of the young girl, and exclaimed mentally: 'Yes, there you are still, heartless mocker! just as you looked when you defied me and flung back my love in scorn. And yet—and yet—perhaps had I but been a little gentler, I might have softened you!' he cried in remorseful thought as he turned away; and the look of genuine regret he wore shewed how deep had been the wound that had the power still to call up a thrill of pain. 'Yes, I tried to break her proud spirit and make it subservient to mine, and I broke my heart instead! She was but young; I ought to have known better; but I was hard and determined, and could brook no opposition to my will. I had studied life, and established my views on most points, until I grew intolerant—a disease natural to culture as well as creed—and could ill bear to have my opinion questioned, especially by those who aspired to my friendship or affection: it interfered with my visions of harmony. Harmony! It was but a monotonous dreary unison I was cultivating, to foster my intense self-love. Bitter delusion! And from her, above all others, I demanded a slavish bending of her will to mine. I was jealous of her possessing an individuality or free right of being or thought apart from me. I was not content with her affection; I wanted her blind worship. No wonder her proud spirit revolted at such a prospect of bondage, and flung me and my love far from me. She was wise and right, and I was too headstrong to humble myself to sue for her forgiveness, or seek to win her by a nobler course. My heart was a flint, which it needed *her* loss to soften, for I have never seen another like my darling! Yes, my poor girl, I was unjust and cruel, and Providence was kind to you in rousing you to resist!'

In such a strain did his thoughts run, as he sat waiting for dinner, of which he partook in no very elated mood. When the spirit wanders in the sad lone land of irreparable regret, and surveys with the light of experience how different all *might* have been, had our hearts and wills been differently tuned to action, it is then our footsteps linger, painfully borne down by a weight, well nigh fatal to that courage which bids us bury our dead out of sight, and wander no more amid the graves of the past, but live afresh in the light of a new and better day, with high hope and stern resolve.

Something of this he had done, but not all, for the torment of self-reproach was at times powerful to waste his endeavours in fruitless action or torpid reverie. He was about to sink into the latter at the close of dinner, as, left alone with his coffee and cigar, he sat meditating on the past which he had invoked, when he was startled by the sound of music and the strains of a melody which seemed to float to him across the distant years, and reawaken his heart's sweetest and bitterest memories. Ah! how well he remembered it. It was one he had written and composed for *her* of whom he had been thinking; and when she sang it to him, he could scarce restrain his tears; but there came a little 'rift within the

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lute' one day, that soon 'made all the music mute.' Some slight alteration that she had asked for, jarred upon his sense of its perfection—and his own—and he refused half haughtily, which she resented; words succeeded words, until that was said which could never be forgiven or undone; and then she asked to have her freedom back, and he gave it: yes, he gave it! and had never seen or heard of her after, until now—he hears the echo of the melody; but the voice—'Can that voice be hers?' he cries passionately. Starting up in his chair he listens, with every nerve vibrating to the sound, until it is finished. 'My own song!' he exclaims aloud; and then he rings the bell nervously and summons the landlady. 'Who is your new lodger?' he inquires with assumed calmness.

'Mrs Arlington, sir.'

'Arlington? Arlington?' he mutters. 'Never heard of her. What is she like?'

'A tall sweet-looking lady, sir: I was that taken with I hadn't it in my heart to turn her from the door the night she come here; so I gave her your rooms for a couple of days, for her son and herself.'

'Son! did you say? How old?'

'About sixteen, I should reckon: he has come up for his examinations.'

'No; it is not she,' he thought sadly; 'she could never have had a son so old. But it may be some friend of hers. How else came she by that song, I must find out.—Thank you, Mrs Griffiths,' he said aloud; 'you did quite right to let the rooms; and since she is such a favourite with you, you are welcome to the newspapers for her. Perhaps you had better take them to her every day with my compliments.'

'Thank you, sir; I am sure you are most kind; and I 'll tell her what you say.'

'I never will believe, ma'am, half as these good gentlemen say who profess so loud against womenkind. Here Mr Meredith down-stairs, as James says swears against a petticoat even if he sees it hanging in a shop-window, which is most unfeeling-like, to say the least of it—here's he been a begging I 'll bring you the newspapers every day, with his compliments!'

'Indeed! That is very thoughtful of him,' said Mrs Arlington, smiling at her landlady's enthusiastic sense of victory. 'Pray give him my compliments, and say how very much obliged I feel. What did you tell me his name was?'

'Meredith, ma'am.'

'Of what family, do you know?'

'That 's more than I can say, ma'am. Families, to my mind, is like flowers—a great lot all alike, but divided into so many branches, it were always a puzzle I stopped at. I call a pink a pink, and a carnation a carnation; though the gardener where I lived in service could tell you they were different branches of one family, with a long Latin name, as I never could see not the least bit of good to remember. So I just follow the same plan with families, call them by the names as they hold at birth and baptism; and I only know my gentleman by the label on his box: "Mr Firman Meredith." But if you were pleased to wish to know, I 'll ask his man James.'

'Not on any account,' said Mrs Arlington; 'I am not in the least curious; I merely asked for asking's sake. Give my compliments and thanks, nothing more.'

The newspapers paid their regular daily visit for a week, during which time Mrs Arlington never once touched the piano when she knew that Mr Meredith was at home; although he had purposely remained indoors, hoping he might again hear the song which so roused his memory on the evening of his arrival; but after seven nights of waiting and disappointment, and ineffectual efforts to catch a glimpse of the lady, who did not go out once during that time, he grew so restless and impatient, that in desperation he summoned the landlady once more to his assistance.

'Well, Mrs Griffiths, is your lodger gone or dead? She is a very silent person.'

'O dear, no, sir,' said the landlady, smiling. 'She took the rooms for a month, certain; but she 's been suffering from a cold; and the young gentleman has been away most days at his examinations; but he 's that quiet you'd never know he was in the house but for his boots.'

'Had she any visitors the first evening I arrived?'

'None, sir. She hasn't told any of her friends, I imagine, that she is here; as it is not to be supposed as how such a well-to-do lady as she seems is without a whole score of friends, as would keep me busy at the door if they only knew where she was.'

'Do you think she objects to visitors then?'

'How can I say, sir? Were you pleased to wish to call?' she inquired somewhat slily. 'I 'll speak to the lady, and find out if it would be agreeable, if you like, sir?'

'Please yourself about that,' he returned with feigned indifference. 'If I can be of any service to her or her son, beyond the newspapers, I shall be happy to call.'

'You are very good, sir, I am sure, and I 'll tell her. She was most grateful for the newspapers.'

With a glow of triumph on her face, Mrs Griffiths next morning appeared before Mrs Arlington. It was now her settled conviction that her theories concerning the unreality of the enmity of certain men for women was as 'true as gospel,' to use her own phrase; and as there is nothing dearer to human nature, from the deepest philosopher even to a speculating landlady, than to feel that they have hit upon an infallible vein of truth, her rejoicing was very natural.

She had been planning all the way up the stairs how she might best introduce such a delicate topic with due acceptance, for Mrs Arlington was a lady, she felt, who was not to be taken liberties with; but impulse overruled discretion, and she burst out plumply with the question: 'Would you please to like the gentleman to call? I think, ma'am, for all he feigns to hate *us*, he 's about dying to come up.'

Mrs Arlington fairly laughed aloud at the partnership in the compliment assumed by her good-natured landlady. 'What do you say, Fred?' she inquired, appealing to her son, as though declining the matter for herself.

'By all means have him up. We *should* be Goths to accept his papers, and say "No, thank you," to himself.'

'You can tell him then, Mrs Griffiths, that we shall be happy to see him this afternoon.'

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'*You* will, you mean,' said Fred. 'You know I promised Cathcart to go out with him, at yesterday's exam., and spend the afternoon upon the Serpentine, after our week's fag.'

'Very well; then I will receive him. *Tant mieux.* I can judge if he is likely to prove a desirable friend for you, Fred.'

With the afternoon came Mr Meredith's servant with his master's card, requesting to know if Mrs Arlington could receive him.

Having granted the permission, her face betrayed unwonted agitation, which it required all her nerve to control before the door opened and he entered. He had advanced half-way up the room to where she stood waiting to receive him, when their eyes met, and flashed one mutual heart-stirring glance of recognition, which she was the bravest to bear, as he started exclaiming: 'Gertrude Bancroft!'

'Firman Meredith!' she cried, but with calmness, for she at least was in a measure the more prepared of the two. They shook hands; nay more; they met as we meet the loved and mourned, after years of parting; and then she whispered, as she held his hand: 'I am Gertrude, but not the proud, soulless, imperious girl whose portrait you have so faithfully preserved. I am now Gertrude Arlington, whose life, I hope, has not been altogether spent in vain. And yet mine was not the whole wrong; was it Firman?'

'No; my poor girl; God knows it was not. To myself alone I take all blame.'

'Nay; I cannot allow that.'

'But it is the truth all the same,' he sighed. 'Had you yielded to my will, I might have slain you with my cruel stony heart; when you resisted, as you must have done, matters might have ended I know not how. Indeed, I might have destroyed you, as surely as he who takes weapon of steel or drops of poison to rid himself of her of whom he has wearied! A merciful God saved you from such a fate, and me from the worse one of causing it.'

'You judge yourself too harshly, Firman; I have no such thought about you.'

'Not so, Gertrude, believe me. There are many gone to their rest who, if they could return, would tell you "he speaks truly:" poor souls, who have gone to their graves thanking God for their release from a life which left them nothing to hope for but death!'

'Then, Firman, there is nothing to regret between us; for across the gulf of precious years, wherein we have each learned so much, we can clasp hands faithfully as truest friends. May I tell you, it was for this I remained; for I recognised the sting I had left in your heart when I saw the pencil sketch of the portrait you had made; and I thought that if we could meet once more, and leave happier impressions than those remaining, it would be wise and right to thus overcome past evil with future good. And now once more you are my friend; are you not?'

'And nothing more! Ah, Gertrude, have you no dearer name to promise me, after all these years of sorrow and loneliness without you?' he pleaded.

'Yes; my whole life shall be yours, if you think I can make you happy,' she murmured; 'but not unless—have no misgivings, Firman.'

'Happy! That is a poor word to express the intensity of my gratitude for this meeting, and your promise that we shall never part again. Oh! I too have a past to repair, of which I hope your future life may be the witness! You *are* my Gertrude; and yet, now I look well at you, you are not mine, for your face has altered, and wears a softened look, different from the old Gertrude.

'Let us forget her altogether, and paint me afresh as I am—a woman, who for years has prayed for nought else but what is born of a humble, tender, loving heart. If you find I possess it, then, Firman, our long parting has not been in vain. But now we have much to tell each other of our past lives.'

'I shall feel more interested in planning our future,' he remarked, smiling.

'Ah, well, whatever we may arrange about that, I shall consider it a point of honour not to rob Mrs Griffiths of her pet lodger! It would be base of me to requite the good Samaritan by running off with the ass!' she added merrily; 'so we must keep her rooms for the present.'

'I'll take the whole house, if that is all, and then you will be obliged to stay altogether; for where I am, there you must be also.'

'And I leave it to you to tell Fred, my boy,' she added with a pretty blush, 'for I feel a guilty cheat towards him; he has looked upon me as his mother, I may say, for so many years, I shall seem like a deserter.'

'Say rather you *have* been one, and are now returning to your colours.'

'Strange to say, Fred was struck with the portrait, but found no resemblance to the original.'

'Because you are no longer the same woman; the original has gone.'

And thus were happily reunited for life two who, though severed for a while, had been all along intended for each other—this was the Romance of the lodging.

## ROUGHING IT.

The explorer traversing a hitherto unknown country, the soldier engaged in a campaign, the hunter, the trader, and the settler in the borderlands of civilisation, have every day and sometimes every hour to supply by their own ingenuity needs which for us are satisfied by the simple expedient of sending to a well-stocked shop for what we require, or calling in a skilled workman to do a job for us. Accustomed as we have been all our lives to procuring our bread and meat from the baker and butcher, sleeping every night in comfortable bedrooms, trusting for protection to 'Policeman X' and his brethren of the blue coat and helmet, and making our journey by rail at fifty miles an hour—we can hardly realise the position of a man who is thrown on his own resources for food and shelter in a wild country, where perhaps his road lies over scorched plains or through dense forests. Yet if he only knows how to set about it, such a man can live and travel or do his work in comparative safety and comfort. Even on his own ground the uncivilised is inferior to the civilised man, for the latter has learned or can learn from the savage all that is most useful in a wild country, and can add this local knowledge to the resources which civilisation has placed at his command. His

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natural physical powers are generally superior to those of an uncultured people, and he can supplement them by aids derived from art. What is the piercing sight of an Indian or an Arab scout to the power of a good field-glass or telescope? And in the chase or the fight the assegai or the flint-lock musket stand but a poor chance against the rifle. Moreover the savage knows only a few shifts or 'dodges' peculiar to his own people; but the explorer has at his command at once the arts of civilisation and those of hundreds of uncivilised tribes. He learns from the Eskimo to traverse the snow on snow-shoes, or make long journeys with the dog-sledge; he takes the canoe of the Indian, and the Malayan outrigger; he can build a half-buried hut like a Tartar, or a palm-leaf cottage like a negro; he learns from the Guacho to stop a wild-horse with the lasso; and in the pursuit of game, the traditional lore of the trappers and hunters of every land is at his service. If he is strong, active, and hardy, and can use a few tools, he can learn in this way a hundred 'shifts and expedients,' either from oral instruction, or from books such as that which lies before us: *Shifts and Expedients of Camp Life, Travel, and Exploration.* By W. B. Lord, R.A., and T. Baines, F.R.G.S. *Field* Office. (30s.)

We have seen other works of the same kind, but none so complete as this. To the explorer, the soldier, the settler, and the missionary, it will be invaluable; and even stay-at-home people who lead an active life in the country, will gather many valuable hints from it. To all it will be of interest, on account of its numberless anecdotes of successful struggle with difficulties of every kind, sketches of the arts and customs of uncivilised man, and notes on the topography of many lands and the natural history of their winged and four-footed inhabitants. Here we are told how to set about building a boat of wood or skin; how to make a birch-bark canoe; how to repair a broken axle or wagon-wheel; how to cross a bridgeless river; how to build a hut or pitch a tent; to picket horses and secure camels; to trap wild beasts or snare birds; to find a dinner where there are no shops, and to cook it without a kitchen. These are a few of the many subjects treated by our authors, who are themselves veteran travellers and explorers, and have learned in the field much of the knowledge which they here communicate to others.

It would seem that one of the chief difficulties in organising an exploring expedition is to decide upon the stores and provisions to be carried. If there is not enough of these, the party may be crippled far from its base of operations; if there is too much, its movements will be seriously impeded by the necessity of transport. Much depends upon the nature of the country. One of the Australian expeditions which had to traverse districts where food of all kinds was scarce, had to carry an enormous amount of stores, the first item in the list being seventeen thousand pounds of flour; but then the party consisted of twenty-one men. Generally an explorer is in the best position who can start off with only one or two white followers, the rest of his party being hired natives, well used to the ways of the country; and we believe the most successful explorers have been those who, as far as white men are concerned, have worked alone or almost alone. Livingstone's success is a good proof of this. Mr Lord suggests that in countries where riding is practicable, explorers should make up their minds to eat horse-flesh occasionally, and start with a good train of pack-horses, each horse being shot and eaten as soon as its burden is disposed of. He does not appear to have ever tried the plan himself; and we fear that at the end of a long march the flesh of a hard-worked pack-horse would be a very poor substitute for roast-beef. It is a pity that oxen cannot be used as pack-animals. They are turned to a stranger purpose in South Africa, where the Hottentots and Kaffirs saddle and ride them; and one of the authors of this book of travel tells us that he has more than once had a very comfortable ride on one of these horned steeds.

The Tartars use dogs to carry packs; in the far north they do the chief work in pulling the sledges, though the Laplanders chiefly use the reindeer for this purpose. The Eskimo sledge-dogs are fine strong animals, nearly allied to the wolf; and Messrs Lord and Baines give some amusing hints about their management. The sledge-driver must never leave his sledge without securing it to a spear driven into the snow, or the dogs will perhaps start off of their own accord and distance all pursuit. They are very quarrelsome; but generally in every team there is one master-dog, with a very determined will and strong sharp teeth; and when he sees the others fighting, he will dash in amongst them, and vigorously assist his master in restoring order. When rough ice is to be traversed, the dogs' paws are protected by little bags or moccasins of hide. They are not fed till the day's work is over; and great care has to be taken that each gets his proper share, for 'some are so desperately artful and cunning that they do all in their power to delude their master into a belief that instead of having had their full allowance, it is yet to come.' The Lapland sled or *kerres* is different from the low flat Eskimo dog-sledge. It is shaped something like a big shoe, and is drawn by the reindeer, which is used in the same way in Siberia, and also for riding and carrying packs. In many countries summer sleds are used. One of the easiest to make is formed of a forked branch, with pieces of wood nailed across the fork, the horse or mule being harnessed to the pointed end. This is often used by the settler for dragging loads of all kinds over level ground.

These forked branches and sticks can be turned to an endless number of uses. Grindstones are mounted between them; they form yokes for hanging weights over the shoulders; hooks for suspending small objects in the hut or tent; racks for arms and harness. In many countries the native plough is formed of two forked branches tied together and dragged by one man, while another holds it down, and thus scratches a furrow in the ground. The frontier settler has sometimes to be content with a similar contrivance, made on

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a larger scale, of bigger branches, and drawn by a couple of his oxen.

Some of the architectural 'shifts' are very interesting, for there is a wide field for ingenuity in the construction of hut and boat. In the tropics, huts are very easily constructed by building up a framework of poles, branches, or bamboos, the sticks being not nailed but lashed together where they cross; this rough outline of walls and roof is then filled in with mats, bundles of rushes, or the broad leaves of the fan-palm. Another method is to build the hut of slabs ingeniously formed out of a very unpromising material—long reeds. A few sticks are cut and laid parallel to each other on the ground; then across these a thick bed of reeds is carefully arranged; another stick is laid on this bed, exactly over each of the sticks below; the projecting ends of each pair of rods are then tied together; and the solid mass of reeds thus secured can be raised on its lower edge and supported by props or by other slabs meeting it at an angle, much as children build houses of cards. In this way very serviceable stables and outhouses are often made in India. Having erected his light hut or pitched his tent, the traveller, if he is making a prolonged halt, proceeds to furnish it. Planks and boxes supply seats; and if there is a pole in the centre, a serviceable table can be made by fixing a wagon-wheel on it about two and a half feet from the ground, the pole passing through the centre of the wheel, and the spokes being covered with a few small boards. A comfortable bed is easily improvised. Livingstone had a new one made every night under his own supervision. This was his plan. First, he had two straight poles cut, two or three inches in diameter, which were laid parallel to each other at a distance of two feet apart; across these poles were placed short sticks, saplings three feet long; and over these was laid a thick pile of long grass; then came the usual waterproof ground sheet and the blankets. 'Thus,' writes Stanley, 'was improvised a bed fit for a king.' The wagon used by the colonists at the Cape is very like a long hut on wheels, and forms a very comfortable sleeping-place; while a large tent can be made by halting the wagon, driving in a few poles near it, and stretching the tent canvas from these to the wagon-roof. It has been proposed too that this roof should be an inverted boat of waterproof canvas, which could be removed at pleasure and used in crossing rivers. The wagon is so large that this seems to be quite a practicable idea.

Every explorer and traveller must carry some kind of a boat or canoe with him. If he is without one, the natives will often make most extortionate demands for the hire of their own to him; but if he has one, no matter how small, he can bargain on much more equal terms. But even if no boats can be procured, the mere crossing of a river can always be effected by means of rafts. These can be made of almost anything; casks, boxes, planks, reeds, bamboos, all can be pressed into the service; but we are told, it must be borne in mind 'that the cargo a raft can carry above water is always small, and not at all like the mountain of treasure invariably represented on that of Robinson Crusoe.' These rafts are often constructed of very strange materials. On the Nile they are made of jars, which are thus brought down the river to be sold at Cairo. On many of the African rivers they are made of bundles of sedge-grass; and lying down on these, the hippopotamus hunters approach the huge beast; the raft looking so like a natural accumulation that he does not attempt to get out of the way till it is too late. On such a raft, made on a larger scale, the Swedish naturalist Lindholm and his assistant successfully descended one of the rivers that feed Lake Ngami. The voyage was a strange one. The raft was built in a quiet nook by throwing hundreds of bundles of sedge across each other, without any other fastening than their natural cohesion and entanglement. On this huge floating mass a hut was built, and the two adventurers then poled it out into the stream, and it went down the current at the rate of about forty or fifty miles a day. Occasionally it took the ground at the bottom, but when a little of the grass tore off, it floated clear again. As the lower layers became sodden and pressed together, fresh grass had to be cut every day and laid on top, till at last there was six feet of the raft under water. Occasionally overhanging branches tore off some of the grass, and once a large projecting trunk lay so close to the water that it 'swept the decks fore and aft.' The hut was destroyed, and with much of its contents was carried away into the river; but the travellers saved themselves by climbing over the bough, and then repaired the damage and resumed their voyage. Sir Samuel Baker constructed a much more singular raft to cross the Atbara River in Equatorial Africa. A bedstead supported by eight inflated hides formed the basis of the structure; and on this was secured a large sponging bath three feet eight inches in diameter, which formed a dry receptacle for the ammunition and other baggage.

One of the most remarkable features of uncivilised life is the power savages shew of tracking men and beasts over immense distances. Many travellers have spoken of this as something almost miraculous, yet it is only the result of careful observation of certain well-known signs; and we have here before us a collection of very commonsense hints on the subject. In countries like ours every trace of foot-print or wheel-track on roads and paths is soon obliterated or hopelessly confused; but it is otherwise in the wilderness, where neither man nor beast can conceal his track. In Kaffirland, when cattle are stolen, if their foot-prints are traced to a village, the headman is held responsible for them, unless he can shew the same track going out. A wagon-track in a new country is practically indelible. 'More especially,' say our authors, 'is this the case if a fire sweeps over the plain immediately after, or if the wagon passes during or after a prairie fire. We have known a fellow-traveller recognise in this manner the tracks his wagon had made *seven years before*, the lines of charred stumps crushed short down remaining to indicate the passage of the wheels, though all other impressions had been obliterated by the rank annual growth of grass fully twelve feet high.' Sometimes the original soil being disturbed, a new vegetation will spring up along the wagon-track, and thus mark out the road for miles. Even on hard rock a man's bare foot will leave the dust caked together by perspiration, so that a practised eye will see it; and even if there is no track, a stone will be disturbed here and there, the side of the pebble which has long lain next the ground being turned up. If it is still damp, the man or beast

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that turned it has passed very recently. If a shower of rain has fallen, the track will tell whether it was made before, during, or after the shower; similar indications can be obtained from the dew; and another indication of the time that has elapsed since a man passed by is furnished by the state of the crushed grass, which will be more or less withered as the time is longer or shorter. Other indications are drawn from the direction in which the grass lies; this tells how the wind was blowing at the time the grass was crushed; and by noting previous changes of the wind, one learns the time at which each part of the track was made. Much too can be learned from the form of the foot-prints. Savages generally turn their toes in, in walking; white men turn theirs out. A moccasin print with the toes turned out would indicate that a white man in Indian walking-gear had gone by; and almost every foot has a print of its own, which enables an experienced tracker to follow a single track amongst a dozen others. Similarly the character of the print will tell whether the man who made it walked freely or was led by others; whether he was in a hurry or travelling slowly; whether he carried a burden; and if he were sober or tipsy. A horse-track is equally well marked. It tells when the horse galloped, where he walked, when he stopped to feed or drink; and a scattering of sand and gravel will tell when he was startled by any strange sight. In all this two things are needed—sharp sight and careful training. The elephant often makes a very curious track as he walks; if he suspects danger, he scents the ground with the tip of his trunk, and this makes a well-marked serpentine line in the dust. Elephants have changed their tactics since rifle-pits were introduced. Formerly, when their chief danger was a pitfall, the leader of the herd felt the ground inch by inch; and if he detected the covering of a trap, tore it off and left it open. Now they rely much more on scent, and in this way, often from a great distance, detect the hunter lurking near their drinking-places. If so, they will sometimes travel fifty or a hundred miles to another stream or pool.—Such is a specimen of this generally amusing book.

## FANCHETTE, THE GOAT OF BOULAINVILLIERS.

### AN EPISODE OF THE SIEGE OF PARIS.

WHILE the German army inclosed in its iron grasp the most brilliant and pleasure-loving city of Europe, transforming in a moment its epicurean population into a people of heroes, the environs once so gay and so beautiful had experienced a change almost as great. Most of the detached villas were deserted, or occupied by the enemy, and the villages whose regular inhabitants had either taken refuge in Paris or fled to a distance, were repopulated by a singular assemblage of individuals belonging to all classes of society, and bound together only by the tie of a common nationality, and the necessity of finding a shelter and providing for their daily wants.

The hamlet of Boulainvilliers, which had been thus abandoned, had received an entirely new colony, and its beautiful avenue carpeted with turf of the most lovely green, had all the appearance of a camp. As long as the season would permit, cooking was carried on in the open air, and groups were constantly to be seen surrounding the fires and exchanging accounts of their mutual misfortunes.

A painter of Fleurs, bearing the English or rather Scotch name of MacHenry, was among these refugees. He had brought with him from Colombes, where he had before resided, a remarkably beautiful white goat called Fanchette. This creature, to which her master was much attached, figures in the most of his pictures. Light and graceful as a gazelle, she is represented sometimes cropping delicately the green branches of the hedgerows and bushes, sometimes entangled in a maze of brier-roses, their pink blossoms and green leaves falling around her in elegant garlands, and contrasting well with the snowy whiteness of her skin.

Fanchette was a universal favourite; and few there were at Boulainvilliers who would not have deprived themselves of a morsel of the bread sometimes so hard to procure, that they might reserve a mouthful for the goat, which, however, the saucy thing would only accept from her particular friends.

The grace and rare intelligence of the animal frequently relieved the miseries of the siege. All were surprised at the wonderful education her master had succeeded in giving her. He had even taught her something of his art; and it was really extraordinary to see the sensible creature busily employed in arranging pebbles on the ground, so as to form a rude resemblance to a human profile, often grotesque enough, but still such as one occasionally sees on human shoulders; and looking at her work, one could not help thinking that after all the *lower animals* are perhaps not so far inferior to us as we suppose.

The art with which Fanchette selected from a bunch of flowers each one that was named to her was really marvellous. Roses, wallflowers, tulips, camellias, were promptly chosen from the number, and it was rare indeed that she made the least mistake. Two centuries ago they would have burned the poor beast for a witch.

The exercise which she preferred to all others consisted in catching on her horns a series of brass rings which her master threw up in the air. This she did with the greatest address; and when she had got a dozen or so of them encircling her brow like a diadem, she would begin jumping and galloping and shaking her head to make them jingle, till, over-excited by their rough music, she would end by dancing in the most fantastic style on her hind-feet, till tired at length with her exertions, she would bound towards her master and throw the rings at his feet.

Among those who had found refuge in the hamlet was a child of five years old, called Marie, the daughter of a peasant whose farm had been burned by the invaders. She was an object of general interest in the little colony on account of her gentle manners, and the sweet but suffering expression of her pale infantine features. A year or two previously she had been so severely bitten in the arm by a vicious dog that the limb had to be amputated, and her delicate constitution had never recovered the shock. Fanchette soon took a great fancy to the little girl; and the doctor having advised her to be fed as much as possible upon milk, MacHenry offered that of the goat. It was beautiful to see the pleasure with which the affec-

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tionate creature took upon herself the office of nurse, and the avidity with which the child sucked in the grateful nourishment which was giving her new life. Fanchette became every day more and more attached to Marie. She rarely left her, except when wanted by her master for some new study; and when it was ended, and MacHenry set her at liberty, saying: 'Now be off to Marie,' with what joy the creature bounded away, and how rejoiced was the little one to have again by her side her darling Fanchette! Nestling her head under the child's hand, a world of loving things were interchanged in their mute caresses.

It once happened that a lady having in her hand a crown of artificial ivy which she had picked up somewhere, probably the *débris* of a school *fête* during happier times, placed it on the head of the little Marie. Fanchette, rising on her hind-legs, examined it with comical curiosity; and having made up her mind on the subject, scampered off to an old tree close by, around whose trunk the real ivy twined in thick and glossy wreaths, butted at it with her horns, twisting it round them, and tearing off long trailing garlands. She then ran back in triumph to throw her treasures at the child's feet, saying as clearly as if she had the gift of speech: 'Look! This is better than the coarse imitation they have decked you with; this is the real thing!'

Another day the child was looking at herself in a mirror, and Fanchette immediately began to do the same. The expression of sadness and wonder in her eyes seemed to say so plainly: 'Why are Marie and I so different? If I were like her I could speak to her, and then we should love each other still better!'

One evening Marie, who was sitting by her mother's side, began to fidget and complain of an uneasy sensation in her back. Her mother, busily engaged with some work, and thinking the child was only disposed to be troublesome, examined it slightly, and told her to be quiet; but the poor little thing continued to complain, when, the mother getting out of temper, gave her a sharp slap. Fanchette, who was present at this scene, presented her horns in a threatening attitude to the woman, and gently stroked the shoulders of her little friend with her foot. At the sight of the dumb animal's eloquent appeal, the woman began to relent, and calling the child to her, examined more carefully the state of things, when she found, to her horror, one of those large and poisonous caterpillars called in French 'processionnaires,' which had painfully irritated the delicate skin of the child.

It was about this time that MacHenry, continuing his artistic labours in spite of all the difficulties of the situation, resolved on taking for the subject of a new picture his goat Fanchette nursing the little Marie. Fanchette lent herself with her usual intelligence and docility to his wishes; and Marie was represented lying among grass and flowers with her four-footed friend bending over her. This picture, which was afterwards regarded as one of MacHenry's best works, obtained the most signal success at the Paris Exhibition of Modern Art—the truthfulness of the design, the freshness of the colouring, and the grace of the composition being equally striking.

But these bright autumn days soon passed away, and many may recollect the bitter cold of the sad Christmas of that dismal winter. Poor little Marie suffered so severely from it, that after a vain attempt to recall some warmth by lighting a fire of brushwood, the only fuel that could be procured, her mother, as a last resource, put her into her little bed, in the hope that by heaping upon her all the clothing she could procure, the child might regain a little heat; but it was in vain: no heat came, and the blood had almost ceased to circulate in her frozen limbs. At this moment Fanchette arrived, and without waiting for an invitation, sprang upon the bed. It was in vain they tried to drive her away; she only clung the closer to her nursling, and covering the child with her body, soon restored her to warmth and animation.

There was one among the temporary inhabitants of Boulainvilliers for whom Fanchette entertained an unmitigated aversion; this was a knife-grinder of the name of Massicault. His appearance was certainly not calculated to produce a favourable impression, for his features were repulsive and his expression disagreeable. A low forehead, a scowling eye, and a short thick-set figure were the principal physical traits of this personage; nor were they redeemed by those of his moral character. He had for his constant companion a large ill-favoured bull-dog with a spiked collar, who seemed to share all the evil instincts of his master. Every one wondered how the knife-grinder managed to feed this animal at a time when it was so hard to find the merest necessaries of life for human beings—and that too without ever seeming to do a hand's turn of work; for all day long he was lounging about, and it was rare indeed to hear the noise of his wheel. When any one—alarmed at the threatening aspect of the brute, who never failed to growl and shew his fangs when approached—asked his master to call him off, Massicault used only to reply with an ill-natured laugh: 'He has not begun yet to eat such big morsels as you; but there's no saying what he may do one of these days!'

MacHenry was sorry that his goat partook of the general dislike to this man. He would have rather wished that she should have tried by her winning caresses to soften his rugged nature, and bring him to love the gentle creature that had gained all other hearts; but as we shall see in the sequel, things turned out very differently.

On one of the last fine days of that sad year, a crowd having gathered round her while her master was amusing himself by exhibiting her intelligence in the selection of the fruit and flowers he named, in which she acquitted herself with her usual sagacity, MacHenry bade her fetch an apple. There were some still hanging on a tree in a neighbouring garden; but instead of running off as usual to the well-known place, she went right up to the knife-grinder, and pushing aside with her paws the skirts of his coat, displayed two pockets stuffed with something, which the crowd, amid shouts of laughter, declared to be stolen apples. The artist tried to call off his goat, and the man drove her away with curses; but two vigorous peasants immediately laid hold of him, and insisted on seeing the contents of the suspicious pockets; which proved to be, as all had supposed, apples stolen from the tree in question. The discovery only increased the rage of Massicault, who swore with the most fearful oaths that he had never touched one of them, and that the

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apples found in his possession had been given to him by a friend. Though none believed him, several, in order to get rid of a disagreeable affair, feigned to do so, and he was finally let off; but many thought they had thus got a clew to the authorship of several robberies recently committed to the prejudice of different members of the little community.

This misadventure excited in the knife-grinder a violent hatred against Fanchette, which was heartily shared by his worthy companion the bull-dog. The latter was an object of special terror to poor little Marie. Fanchette seemed to understand the fears of the child, and whenever the dog approached her, she would lower her horns, as if to protect her nursling and defy her enemy. These demonstrations of valour were generally successful, the dog slinking off with glaring eyes and drooping tail.

One day Fanchette nestled up close to her master, putting her foot upon his arm, and having succeeded in gaining his attention, ran off to a particular spot, where she stopped to sniff the grass, and then trotting back, she renewed several times the same manœuvre. MacHenry, persuaded that something extraordinary must be the matter, rose and followed her. When she reached the spot, putting aside like a terrier dog the long herbage with her feet, she displayed to view a leather pocket-book, which the artist picked up and examined. An instant sufficed to shew that it belonged to the knife-grinder, and its contents proved that this man was one of the numerous spies the Germans had constantly and everywhere in their service. He found besides in this pocket-book, pushed under the covering, the picture of a child, one of those common photographs which have no other merit than a certain resemblance.

The very day that this pocket-book was found a frightful scene took place. Little Marie was sitting on a low stool eating a morsel of bread, which she was sharing with Fanchette, when the bull-dog chanced to pass. The animal stopped for a moment, and looked at her; then as if overcome by the temptation, he suddenly darted at her and snatched at the bread. He was prevented, however, by the goat, and with a toss of her horns she sent the ferocious beast sprawling to some distance; but he was only stunned, not seriously hurt; and furious at his repulse, he sprang upon the poor goat, seized her by the throat, and shook her with rage. Marie uttered piercing shrieks, and MacHenry having got hold of a stick, ran to the rescue. A sharp blow on the head caused the dog to lose his grip of poor Fanchette, and turn against his new enemy, seizing him by the shoulder; but a peasant coming to the assistance of the artist, forced the dog again to let go; and limping off and growling, he at last took refuge beside his master, who all the while had been an unmoved spectator of the scene.

Great was the general grief at the sight of poor Fanchette motionless on the grass, bleeding profusely from the wound in her throat; and strong the indignation excited by the ferocity of the dog and the conduct of its brutal master. Many were the threats muttered against both; and there is little doubt that the dog at least would soon have paid the penalty he deserved had Fanchette's wound been mortal; but on examination it was found to be less serious than it appeared, and her master's care of her soon effected a complete cure. The inhabitants of the hamlet, however, resolved not to let slip the opportunity for getting rid of the obnoxious knife-grinder. This ill-favoured individual was received whenever he shewed himself with cries of 'Be off and quickly too, and be thankful we do not throttle your wretch of a dog first.'

Unable to resist the general storm of indignation, the man and his worthy companion were about to take their departure; but they had hardly reached the entrance of the village, when they were met by a party bringing along with them an orphan boy of about six or seven years of age, whose parents had been found murdered some days previously in one of the detached cottages of the neighbourhood, which some still ventured to inhabit. The child, at the sight of the knife-grinder and his dog, uttered a loud cry and covered his eyes with his hands.

'What is the matter, my poor little fellow?' asked one of the by-standers. At length he was able with difficulty to reply, his words interrupted with deep sobs: 'That man! that dog! It was they that killed my mother! I saw it all from behind the curtain in which I was hid.'

Every one looked in astonishment at his neighbour, not knowing whether to believe the strange assertion of the child; when MacHenry produced the pocket-book and informed those around him of its contents. The child immediately cried out that it was his mother's; and had any doubt remained it would have been dispelled by looking at the portrait that was contained in it, for its resemblance to the poor little boy was striking.

In presence of such proof, there could be no hesitation, and two men immediately set off in pursuit of the fugitive; but he had already got a considerable advance, and fear lent him wings, so that before they could reach him he had gained the protection of the German outposts. He did not succeed, however, in evading the fate he merited, for shortly after the news arrived that the wretched man had fallen into the hands of a detachment of French *francs-tireurs*, and having been convicted of being concerned in the burning of a farm, was immediately condemned and shot.

MacHenry adopted the orphan boy, and never had cause to repent of his generous action. 'I have now two children,' he used gaily to say; 'for my gentle intelligent Fanchette is almost as dear to me as if she were a human creature!'

## LIME-JUICE.

Some interesting facts have been communicated to us, arising out of the publication of our recent article on 'Lime-Juice' (March 24, 1877). It appears that some years ago Messrs Sturge of Birmingham established a Company for developing the resources of the island of Montserrat in the West Indies. Attention was directed chiefly to the production of genuine lime-juice, mainly for the extraction therefrom of citric acid, of which Messrs Sturge are extensive manufacturers in this country. With this object in view, they paid sedulous attention to the maintenance of extensive lime-tree plantations. All the ripe sound fresh fruit is selected first, for the production of lime-juice, while the remainder becomes available for citric acid. The juice is bottled

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immediately on its arrival in this country. In 1874 the Company were the owners of no less than five hundred lime-trees in full bearing in the little island of Montserrat; and the number has since been increased by the conversion of unprofitable sugar-plantations into profitable lime-tree plantations. The collection and manipulation of the ripe limes give healthy employment to large numbers of women and young persons.

When Dr Leach, medical officer on board the *Dreadnought*, called public attention in 1866 to the recent appearance of scurvy in merchant-ships, he induced the Board of Trade to take up the matter seriously. This led to the passing of an Act in 1867, ordering the provision of lime-juice or lemon-juice in every merchant and passenger ship, and its use every day by every person on board. It is, however, known that lemon-juice is not so effective as lime-juice as an anti-scorbutic; and that, moreover, the best lime-juice does not require to be 'fortified' with ten or fifteen per cent. of alcohol to preserve it, which appears to be necessary for lemon-juice and inferior lime-juice. In the navy more strictness is observed. Lime-juice *only* is permitted; it must be prepared from ripe sound fruit, gathered in particular months of the year; and must bear analytical tests touching its citricity, flavour, and condition. As a consequence, scurvy is now almost unknown in the royal navy, except in the case of the recent Arctic Expedition, the particulars of which will no doubt be fully investigated and set forth by the Admiralty Committee duly appointed for that purpose. The navy is, we believe, supplied invariably with the best lime-juice only, to the exclusion of lemon-juice, and also to the exclusion of such juice of the real lime as requires, on account of its poorness of quality, to be fortified or 'doctored' with strong crude spirit. Very likely, in this as in so many other instances, cheapness is at the bottom of the whole affair: mercantile lemon-juice (even if called by the name of the lime) being cheaper than navy lime-juice. If so, it affords a sad instance of the misuse of the good word economy; for it certainly is not economical to imperil the health of the crews in trading-ships, and of passengers in emigrant-ships, by the use of that which is 'cheap and nasty.' Something there is in the common juice which renders it very unpalatable to the men, who often shirk their prescribed dose unless strictly watched. Let us hope that the Report of the Arctic Committee will strengthen the hands of the Board of Trade to deal with this matter.

## AFFECTION IN BIRD-LIFE.

A CORRESPONDENT having read our recent article on Bird-affection, kindly sends us the following singular instance of intelligence and affection on the part of a duck. 'We have,' he tells us, 'two white ducks; the one designated Mr Yellowbill being wonderfully intelligent, yet fond of fun. My little son and he have great games together. The lad throws out an india-rubber ball a longer or shorter distance, leaving it for the bird to decide whether it shall be pursued with a flying or a running movement. In either case, the ball is swiftly seized by duckie, and returned to the thrower, who keeps up the game until both have had enough of it. Another peculiarity of Mr Yellowbill may be mentioned. At the splashing of water from an adjacent well he is aroused, and will instantly fly towards the scene of action, plunge in, bathe, jump out, flap his wings joyfully, and "like a bird," take himself off again. But the story of affection for his kind must now be told. The other day, when swinging on a gate, my little boy felt something tugging at his trousers, and on looking round discovered the duck, who, he supposed, invited him to a game at ball. So down he got, and caressed his feathered friend as the preliminary. The duck, however, continued pulling away in so unusual and persistent a manner that the lad decided to go whither he was led; and lo! at the corner of an outbuilding was found poor Mrs Yellowbill, lame of a leg and quite unable to waddle along. Meanwhile her husband continued to manifest the greatest concern about her, yet did not forget his manners and grateful acknowledgments, but bowed and better bowed to those around who had now come to the rescue; shewing that even a duck may act and feel as a gentleman. The cause of hurt referred to has not been ascertained; but happily Mrs Yellowbill is now quite well, and her husband is as lively as ever.'

## LENACHLUTEN,

A WATERFALL IN ARGYLESHIRE.

'Mong crags where the purple heather grows,
'Mid rocks where blooms the mountain rose,
Onward the river calmly flows
To Lenachluten.

The waters dash on the rocks beneath
In a mad wild rush, they surge and seethe,
While dancing spray with a snowy wreath
Crowns Lenachluten.

Thus ever the stream of life flows on,
With faces happy and faces wan,
A moment here on this earth, then gone,
Like Lenachluten.

Some lives pass on like a peaceful dream;
Untouched by sorrow or care, they seem
To glide as the river whose waters stream
Towards Lenachluten.

Others career on their restless way;
Whate'er betide, they are ever gay,
As gleams the sparkling sunlit spray
On Lenachluten.

Some lives with folly and sin are fraught;
They dim earth's beauty with stain and spot,
As surges the scum, an ugly blot
On Lenachluten.

And now and again a genius bright
Dazzles the earth with his spirit's flight,
As shimmers the rainbow's tinted light
O'er Lenachluten.

H. K. W.

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## A HOLIDAY IN THE LAKE-COUNTRY.

LET those who have not as yet made up their minds how or where to spend their summer holiday, turn their steps towards Lakeland. There, beauty ever changing and ever charming in all her multiform varieties, lies in wait for them at every turn. Life too among the hills has a free hearty zest, born of the invigorating mountain breezes, which you search for in vain elsewhere. The wind, as it sweeps along the hill-side, recalls, as it fans the weary brow, the quick glad feeling of existence, the exuberance of gay animal spirits, which were natural and unprized in careless boyhood, but which are too often extinguished by the cares assumed with advancing years.

The steep roads, the green hill-slopes, the peaceful mossy boulders, the picturesque nooks, in which nestle quaint little homesteads, and the broad calm lake stretching out like a great embossed silver shield at your feet, with the deep shadows of the hills shading into purple gloom in its shining ripples—who that has once seen such a picture, particularly in sunshine, can ever forget it?

In winter evenings, when the curtains are snugly drawn, and the howling storm shut out, and the firelight tinges all around with its warm ruddy glow, pleasant visions of the breezy fells, and the great hills with their changeful lights and shadows, and the leafy copses running down to the edge of the water, recur to the memory. You are again in the swiftly gliding boat; you lean over to gather the water-lilies, or to gaze into the clear pebbly-bottomed abysses of that softly yielding flood. Again you see mirrored in its crystal depths the straggling rifts of vapour, or the long rippling beaches of cloud. The sweet do-nothingness of the hour, its gay insouciance, or its vanished romance, are with you once more, and charm you as of old. It is with a feeling of half-sad tenderness that you turn away from the mental photograph, and leaving it safe in memory's keeping, go back to your busy commonplace world.

Mr Payn, in his beautiful volume entitled *The Lakes in Sunshine* (Windermere: J. Garnett), gives us a sparkling description of Lakeland. He begins with Windermere, because, as he says, 'the scenery of the northern lakes is unquestionably grander and wilder, and they should therefore be seen after their southern sisters.' Almost every one has seen Windermere, the queen of English lakes. Many have seen it as Mr Payn says it is best seen—by a

> Fair couple linked in happy nuptial league
> Alone.

To such, a magic charm clings ever afterwards to each tree and shrub, investing those never-to-be-forgotten days of delicious idling on its pleasant shores with a glory peculiarly their own.

Among the distinguished people who have done Windermere and climbed Orrest Head, to gaze from thence upon the panorama of lake and mountain and wooded hill and sea which stretch around, was Beau Brummel, who was, however, much too fine a gentleman to get up any unfashionable enthusiasm upon the subject. 'Charles,' he would drawl out to his valet, when he was asked which of the lakes was his favourite—'Charles, which lake was it we liked best?'

Immediately beneath the tourist, as he stands on Orrest Head, is Elleray, where 'Christopher North' spent so much of his time. He loved the mountains around, and might be met upon them in all weathers, in shine or shower; the shower of course, as is the case all throughout Lakeland, predominating greatly. As a rule the weather is moist and often wet, although the dalesmen do not like to have it called so, or to have any exceptions taken to the lack of sunshine. They are as irritable upon the subject as a certain Parsee grandee was, who when his venerable ecclesiastical host, finding a dearth of topics of conversation, fell back upon that standing British theme the weather, and blandly observed: 'We have not seen the sun, Sir Jamsetjee, for many a day,' shut him up abruptly with a stern: 'And what is that to you, sir? The sun is my god.'

In like manner mist and rain, the tutelary genii of Lakeland, are under the special protection of the aborigines. There are a number of pretty

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houses in the vicinity of Windermere, and land for building purposes is in great demand, and very difficult to be had; for a dalesman, although seldom caring a straw about the beauty of the scenery, is passionately attached to the little bit of land he has inherited from his father, and tenaciously determined, as he will tell you, 'to hand it forat,' that his son may be no worse off than he was himself. Unfortunately, he has no ambition to make him better; and the authoress of the *Cottagers of Glenburnie*, could she revisit the earth, might find work enough and to spare amid the untidy and half-ruinous homesteads of the Lake country.

Towards the southern end of the lake is Storrs Hall, where once upon a time a brilliant company were wont to assemble, Canning, Sir Walter Scott, Wordsworth, Southey, and Christopher North. Intellectual Titans! All that of yore awoke your admiration is here, but not one of your number lingers to admire! There still are the wooded coombs and knolls rich in myriad shifting lights of beauty, the might of the silent hills, the placid loveliness of the romantic lake; but ye have gone, and the place that knows you no more preaches to the musing stranger an eloquent homily upon the transitoriness of life, and even of that fame which we fondly call immortal.

There is not in all Lakeland a more picturesque town than Ambleside. Here, as most people know, is the Knoll, the pretty little villa in which Miss Martineau spent the long tranquil autumn of her life. She built it for herself, and was commended for the wisdom of her choice by Wordsworth, who did not break into any poetic raptures over the lovely scenery; but taking a commonplace view of the case, said shrewdly: 'You have made a capital investment; it will double its value in ten years.' He also gave her a piece of advice about her housekeeping, which had more of calculating frugality in it than a superficial observer would have expected from the poetic temperament. 'You will have many visitors,' quoth the prudent bard of Lakeland. 'You must do as we do. You must say to them: "If you will have some tea with us, you are welcome; but if you want any meat along with it, you must pay for it as boarders do."'

Rydal Mount, Wordsworth's home, is in the close vicinity of Ambleside, a sanctuary which Mr Payn would have closed against all pilgrims except those who can understand Wordsworth's works as well as quote them—a too severe ordeal, which would well nigh make a solitude of this classic spot. 'This intellectual winnowing-machine,' he says, 'would exclude about ninety out of a hundred of the well-meaning but really inexcusable folks who now request admittance at that sacred gate.'

Opposite the principal hotel at Grasmere, upon the roadside that leads to the Wishing Gate, is the white cottage in which Wordsworth spent his early married life, and where De Quincey lived after him, and filled the little drawing-room with his library of five thousand books. Here, invigorated by the mountain breezes, or absorbed in his books and the beautiful scenery, the far-famed Opium-eater made a sudden descent from three hundred and twenty grains (eight thousand drops) per diem of his favourite drug to forty grains, and found himself, Mr Payn says, in the novel position of a man with opium to give away.

One day when he was lounging among the June roses, a tawny stranger beturbaned and travel-stained asked an alms of him in the Malay tongue. Of this half-barbarous vernacular De Quincey was profoundly ignorant, as indeed he was of all Eastern languages, the only two Asiatic words he knew being the Arabic word for barley, and the Turkish name for opium. So he tried the dusky suppliant with Greek, which he replied to glibly in Malay. The end of the strange colloquy being that De Quincey, divining from the stranger's aspect that he also was an opium-eater, bestowed upon him a large cake of the precious drug; enough, he calculated, to serve him a fortnight. The Malay took it, and without more ado, swallowed it outright, leaving his benefactor transfixed with horror, staring dumbly after him as he went upon his way.

For some days afterwards De Quincey was not unnaturally much exercised in mind, and very curious to learn from all passers-by if a man with a turban had been found dead on the road between Grasmere and Whitehaven. He was not; but he might as well have been, as far as De Quincey was concerned; for no shade returning from the ghostly shores of Avernus to haunt a living foe ever exacted a more terrible vengeance for unintentional wrong than did the Grasmere Malay. For months he haunted with persistent animus the opium dreams of De Quincey, and was not exorcised until he had run the gantlet of every unimaginable horror, far transcending any atrocity of which a Malay in the flesh could have been capable.

As a matter of course, in Lakeland there is, for those who like it, climbing enough and to spare; but there are not a few sagacious individuals who have no relish for this exercise, and are ready to exclaim with Mr Payn: 'Of what use are photographs if they do not convey so accurate an idea of the locality as to save us the trouble and exertion of conveying ourselves thither! For what is the effect of the barbarism of walking uphill until the human frame becomes somewhat inured to it, just as it becomes inured to taking arsenic or any other deleterious habit? Why, a trembling of the legs, excessive pain in the knee-joints, determination of blood to the head, singing in the ears, inordinate perspiration, and a desperate desire for liquids.' Let all holiday wanderers, not being members of the Alpine Club, take note of this. Leaving climbing to those adventurous spirits who love it, there is no lack of beautiful walks for more humble-minded pedestrians, only they must beware not of the dog, but of the bull. These

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formidable quadrupeds abound or did abound; and to find yourself face to face in a bowery glade with a huge bellowing brute, pawing the ground, distending his nostrils, glaring at you with his fierce red eyes, and otherwise unnecessarily exciting himself, is, to say the least, a situation in which it would be very difficult even for a Sir Charles Grandison to preserve an equable dignity of demeanour.

At Coniston you can, if a member of the Alpine Club, or qualifying for that honour, do the Old Man of Coniston; 'but to recommend the ascent of such a monster is altogether,' Mr Payn says, 'contrary to his principles.' He rather recommends the ascent of Black Coomb, a sombre but majestic hill, from which, said Wordsworth, 'there is the most extensive sea-view in Britain.'

Perhaps, however, O weary tourist, your head may not be of the steadiest at giddy heights, and it may be as well to pause in lowly but safe obscurity at its base, and there solace yourself with a description of its glories:

Close to the sea, lone sentinel,
Black Coomb his forward station keeps;
He breaks the waves' tumultuous swell,
And ponders o'er the level deeps;
He listens to the bugle-horn
Where Eskdale's lovely valley bends;
Eyes Walney's early fields of corn;
Sea-birds to Holker's woods he sends.
Beneath his feet the sunk ship rests
In Duddon sands, with black masts bare.

Opposite Wallabarrow Crag is the hamlet of Newfield, where lived in days gone by a worthy clergyman, who was known far and near throughout the little world of the Dales by the name of Wonderful Walker. In a worldly sense, less blest than he of whom the poet sings, 'that he was passing rich with forty pounds a year,' for he had but eighteen, he yet with the help of this slender income maintained and educated a family of twelve, and died at the age of ninety worth two thousand pounds! This of course was not all saved out of the eighteen pounds a year. He acted as doctor, schoolmaster, and lawyer for his parishioners, and lent a hand besides at sheep-shearing and hay-harvest; for all which diverse services he exacted and obtained a modest fee.

Furness Abbey, with its vast piles of splendid ruins, with its lonely aisles, and roofless dormitories deserted and time-stricken, appeals to the gazer with a sense of beauty so full and exquisite in its calm decay, that content with the loveliness that remains, he scarcely cares to recall the glories that have gone by. Dire have been the alternations of fate through which this magnificent house of Our Lady of Furness has passed. In the spacious building which is now used as the railway hotel, Rogerus Pele, the last abbot, held his state. Here he was so unwise as to countenance a local rising against Henry VIII.; and here, when that Defender of the Faith had triumphed over all his enemies, he received from the ecclesiastical commission a list of questions, one or two of which bothered him not a little. Had not he, vowed as he was to the stern Cistercian rule, two wives? Had not one of his monks one, and another five?—an excess of blessing which Henry perhaps wisely thought ought to be included in the special rights of kings only. How did Abbot Rogerus answer these questions? Did St Bernard aid in his hour of need this degenerate son? It is to be feared not; for from this splendid house—and sure never was poor Cistercian more richly housed—the abbot and his monks, obeying the monarch's stern decree, went forth for ever.

Hawes-water, a lonely secluded lake, with no good inn accommodation near it, is visited by but few tourists, which is rather a pity, as it is one of the grandest of the sisterhood of meres, although inferior in picturesque beauty to Ullswater, of which Mr Payn says, contrasting it with Windermere, 'that Windermere is very homelike, and makes one wish to live for ever (or even die) in one of its many pleasant dwellings; but for grandeur, it is certainly not to be compared to its northern sister.'

Thus one by one the sweet smiling lakes pass by, the bright summer days fade away, and the pleasant holiday season comes to an end. The long shadows lengthen lovingly over Lakeland; the giant hills, like sleepy Titans, nod a last adieu; the darkling copsewood grows shadowy and indistinct; the sweet sunny mere in the hollow glimmers in the distance; the purple haze creeps up the well-known glens, golden with happy memories; and the lofty mountains we have or have not climbed, gloom with deeper shadows. What thanks do we not owe to all, lake, river, forest, and mountain, for many delightful hours and pleasant memories! Again would we recommend our holiday-making friends to point their route to Lakeland, commencing say at Windermere.

## THE LAST OF THE HADDONS.

### CHAPTER XXVIII.—CONGRATULATIONS.

I WALKED slowly back towards the cottage, taking myself to task for the foolish doubts and fears which had so oppressed me. How could I have been so disloyal as to have a moment's doubt? Philip was right: it was not fair to him! As though the love of a man such as he was, would depend upon a woman looking more or less blooming!

No doubt I had looked my very worst, standing there in the wood, pale and fagged and travel-stained, in my shabby old bonnet and mean-looking cloak; a great contrast to Lilian, in her fresh white pique dress, and with her delicately beautiful colouring of eyes and hair and complexion. Of course it was perfectly natural that he should be sorry to see me looking so worn and faded; all the more sorry because he loved me. Should not I have felt pained to see him looking in any way worse than I had expected to see him; and so forth; until I had argued myself into a state of perfect content again, quite convinced that I was the happiest of women.

Lilian met me at the gate with outstretched arms. 'Dear, darling, naughty Mary; if this were a night when scolding were possible! Why did you not tell us?'

'Dear Lilian, it was wrong, I know. But in truth I was longing to tell you, only—many things prevented my doing so.'

'But the wonder is how in the world you could contrive to avoid talking about him! So grand, and noble, and good; I am sure he is good.'

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'Yes, dear, he is good;' beginning at last to find it pleasant to talk about him.

'The idea of your having such a lover hidden up in your thoughts all the time we were worrying your life out with our troubles! How could you have so much patience and sympathy with us—with me?'

'Perhaps, Lilian, for the very reason that he *was* hidden up in my thoughts.'

'Well, perhaps it was: yes; I can understand that, Mary;' adding with a little sigh, 'and I think I can guess now why you did not like talking about your happiness to me, dear kind sister that you are!'

'I am glad that you like Philip, Lilian.'

'Like him! Of course I do; though there is not much credit in liking one so nice as he is, I suppose. He knows how to pay compliments too. Do you know he paid me such a nice one, Mary? He said that I reminded him of you, and that he could trace the influence of your mind upon mine. I stupidly all the while never guessing the truth! The idea of your having been engaged for ten years, and once so nearly married, without your sister knowing anything about it!'

Afterwards there were dear old Mrs Tipper's congratulations to listen to. But although she was quite as ready as Lilian to say kind things, and evidently wished to make me understand that she was pleased for my sake, there was the shadow of a regret in her eyes, and I thought I knew the reason why.

Pleasant as it all was, it was even pleasanter to be once more alone with my thoughts. I sat by the open window half through the summer night, my elbows on the sill and my chin in my hands, trying to get used to my happiness. 'Tired nature sunk into repose, scarce told of life;' but a light breath of sound—the faint twitter of a bird—the whispering of the air amongst the roses clustering round the window—or the soft rustle of a leaf, seemed to hint that it was dreaming musically, as befitted a world watched over by the 'silent sentinels of the night.' It was early dawn before I was sufficiently sobered to betake myself to bed and attempt to sleep.

When at length sleep came, it was no love-visions which visited me, only a miserable distortion of what had taken place, as though some evil spirit were mocking my hopes. I rose pale and unrefreshed. The blooming process had certainly not commenced yet, I jestingly informed myself, as I tried to smile at the heavy lack-lustre eyes and white face which my glass reflected. I could afford no more star-gazing; requiring all the proverbial beauty-sleep I was able to compass. But I made the best of myself; and in my pretty fresh morning-dress was, I flattered myself, somewhat brighter and pleasanter to look upon than I had been the night before. Lilian came in before I had quite finished, to 'see after me,' she said, with a tender greeting.

'To begin with: I will not have that beautiful throat so muffled up; and I will have a bow in your hair and this flower in your dress. Now don't be obstreperous. Where is the use of being a sister, if I may not have such little privileges as this, I should like to know!' busily putting a little touch here and a little touch there to my toilet.

'Yes; that is certainly better—now you look kissable, my dear;' with a gay little laugh at my consciousness. 'It shews beautifully now!'

'What shews, goosy?'

'The love and happiness, and all the rest of it, child. Only look like that when he comes in, and I shall be *quite* satisfied. And remember, Mary, not that mean old bonnet again—not for the world! Did you order a new and fashionable one as I bade you, madam?'

I murmured something about a new bonnet being on its way, but could not speak positively as to its pleasing her.

'If you have ordered another old-fashioned-looking thing, it will have to be taken back to the place from whence it came; that's all, my dear. And until it comes, you must wear your garden-hat; it is twenty times more becoming than that old dowdy thing of a bonnet; and I have been up since five o'clock, if you please, making it pretty with new ribbon and a few poppies.'

'Dear Lilian—sister!'

'Tears! Good gracious, Mary, what *are* you thinking of? Pray, consider your nose; pray, do not spoil the effect! Yes; that's better; that will do, my dear;' with a grave little nod of approval, as I broke into a smile again.

It certainly was rather amusing. To judge by her tone, and without looking at her, she might have been supposed to be an elder sister admonishing and encouraging a shy young girl. Ah me! the diffidence I felt arose from a very different cause, and was of a very different kind from the diffidence of a young girl. It was nevertheless very delightful to have her hovering about me thus; her love so palpable in every word, and look, and tone. It was doubly precious to me just now; and perhaps she guessed that it was. By the time we were summoned to breakfast, she had succeeded in chasing away some of my morbid fancies; and she did not allow me to fall back again, keeping up a constant patter of merry speeches; at which her aunt and I were forced to smile.

Whether Lilian was beginning to see deeper into my mind than she had heretofore done, I know not; but one thing was evident: she could see the kind of treatment I required, and talked no sentiment. Mrs Tipper looked a little surprised at her unwonted gaiety, but very agreeably surprised. Lilian never appeared to greater advantage than in these playful moods.

'Of course you and I must be considerate when Mr Dallas is here, aunty; in the way of finding our presence required elsewhere, and making occasional discreet little disappearances, you know.'

'Nonsense! as though I would allow such a thing!' I replied laughingly.

'And as though such an experienced person as I did not know the right and proper thing to do!' She could even jest about her experience.

'Then I mean to shew you that the most experienced people may sometimes err in their notions as to what is right and proper,' I rejoined lightly.

But when, just as we had finished breakfast, Lilian descried Philip coming down the lane, she ran off with a gay look over her shoulder at me. Mrs Tipper was already in the kitchen, in solemn consultation with Becky over the contents of the larder, intent upon making Philip an honoured guest. Of course I very quickly had

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Lilian in with us, and allowed no more discreet disappearances. Indeed in the first moments of my happiness it was sufficient to me to feel that Philip was present. There was even a kind of relief in having Lilian with us; and he soon found that anything which interested him and me might be freely discussed in her presence.

It was a glorious morning, and we betook ourselves to the 'drawing-room.' The windows were flung wide; and it was delightful to look from the cool shaded room to the lovely scene beyond, bathed in sunshine, the shadows of the light fleecy clouds sailing in the bright blue sky chasing each other up the hillside; whilst an occasional sound, the few-and-far-between strokes of the blacksmith's hammer, or the laugh of a child at play, floated lazily towards us from the village; even the proverbially busy bee seemed to hum drowsily in the perfume-laden air.

We agreed that it was a morning expressly intended to be spent in the half-idle wholly enjoyable way we spent it: renewing acquaintance with bits from our favourite authors, trying scraps of songs, &c., Lilian now accompanying him, and now me. Then there were our sketches to be examined and criticised—have I said Philip was no mean artist?—and our studies to be talked over, which brought us to Robert Wentworth.

I had already made Philip acquainted with him, so far as it could be done by letter, and unfortunately, as I now felt it to be, I had given more than one hint of my hopes and expectations respecting Lilian and Robert Wentworth. It was therefore natural enough that Philip should watch her a little curiously when the other's name was mentioned.

'He must be a fine fellow!' heartily said Philip, when Lilian quoted some remark of Robert Wentworth's.

'He is good,' simply replied Lilian. 'Not very fine, but good.'

'If you interpret what I say so very literally as all that, I shall have to be very careful in the choice of my words, Miss Maitland,' laughed Philip.

'I do not want you to be disappointed in him, even at first; and he is plain, and rather old.'

Plain, and rather old! That was *not* Robert Wentworth to me; but I recollected that I was not a girl between seventeen and eighteen, and made no comment.

Lilian looked flushed and nervous as she slipped her hand into mine, and went on in a low grave voice to him: 'Could not Mary's sister be—Lilian?'

He bowed low, with a murmured word or two about his appreciation of the privilege; and seeing that her face was still shadowed by the recollection which his use of her mother's name had called up, he presently contrived to lead to less embarrassing subjects.

After early dinner—Philip had begged that no difference should be made in the hour on his account—we went into the woods, to pass the afternoon under the grand old trees; taking with us books, needlework, sketching materials, and what not, with the persuasion that we did not mean to be wholly idle. Philip said that it was done for the purpose of impressing him with due reverence for our talents; but declared that it was only idle people who could not enjoy being idle. He spread all the aids and appliances picturesquely about us.

'There; that ought to do, I think. The most conscientious of workers ought to be satisfied with that—no one would venture to call you idle now!' he ejaculated, throwing himself on to the turf beside us, his hands clasped at the back of his head and his gray eyes full of fun and mischief.

'The idea of your thinking you will have nothing to do but watch us!' said Lilian. 'We shall want lots of help; shall we not, Mary? water fetched, and pencils cut, and'——

'No, no; I am sure you are above that sort of thing. Isn't it becoming the fashion for ladies to be independent?'—persuasively.

'We are old-fashioned, and like to be waited upon.'

He laughed. 'I should like to be useful, of course. But wouldn't you find me useful to point a moral? Suppose you were to illustrate the evils of laziness, for instance, and make me the example; eh, Mary?'—tossing a bit of twig on to my work.

'As though I would encourage you that way!'

'Shew that dimple again, if you please, Miss Haddon!'

'You absurd person!'

'Thank you.'

'I feel an inclination to be discreet coming on,' whispered Lilian.

'Repress it at once,' I replied very decidedly.

Ah, what pleasant nonsense it was! The woods rang out with many a merry laugh at our quips and cranks and gay *badinage* that afternoon. Philip affirmed that our lives had been too sombre and severe, and that he had only arrived just in time to rescue us from becoming 'superior' women. The brightening-up process devolved upon him. We could not deny that he had the power. Lilian altogether got rid of her shyness, and was almost as frank and outspoken with him as with me. She gaily claimed to be considered his sister by-and-by; and drew an amusing picture of herself in the future as a model old maid. 'Not prim and proper, you know—no, indeed; I intend to be a nice little round woman, to go about loving and comforting people.'

Philip confessed that he did not greatly affect old maids, but gravely opined that being round might make a difference.

I defended them as a 'worshipful body,' round or square; though I did not believe that Lilian would be allowed to be of the guild.

Lilian thought she would use her own judgment about it; but I recommended her asking Mr Wyatt's advice. At which I was pelted with bits of grass.

And so passed the hours away until Becky came to summon us to tea. She gazed so long and so curiously at Philip, who happened to be talking to Lilian whilst she gave Mrs Tipper's message, that I touched his arm and explained in a little aside that this was the Becky I had told him about, and that Becky's good opinion was worth something.

O yes; he had not forgotten; she was my protégée, he replied; going on to address himself to her, asking her whether she approved of his coming to take me away by-and-by.

Perhaps it was his jesting manner which she could not understand; perhaps it was some defect in herself—whatever might be the cause, I saw that Becky was not so much impressed in his

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favour as the others had been. Her quiet decided 'No, sir!' highly amused him.

'Not if Miss Haddon wishes to be taken away, Becky?'

But he could not get her to say any more. When he asked for reasons, she only shook her head, turning her eyes from him to me.

He tried banter. 'I understood that Miss Haddon was a favourite of yours, Becky.'

She did not appear to be at all anxious to defend herself to him, and she knew that it was not necessary to me. She stood aside for us to pass without a word; though I saw she eyed him steadily the while. Moreover, I found Becky a little cross-grained, when later I made occasion to ask what she thought of Mr Dallas. 'He is not so nice-looking as Mr Wentworth, Miss, to my mind,' was all she would say; and as I knew that those whom Becky liked were always good-looking, and those whom she did not affect were plain, I could draw my own conclusions. I was foolish enough to be a little annoyed, replying somewhat sharply: 'If you do not like Mr Dallas, you yourself, and not he, will be to blame for it, Becky.'

'Very well, Miss.'

Something in the expression of her eyes as she turned away made me add: 'Do not you think you ought to be inclined a little favourably towards the gentleman I am going to marry, Becky?'

'Yes, Miss; I know I ought;' in a low faltering voice. And that was all I got out of Becky.

## RUSSIA AND HER PEOPLE.

### A SKETCH.

THE outbreak of war in the east of Europe has directed the attention of the English people to Russia, with a pretty generally expressed desire to become more acquainted with a country which may be destined in the future to play a greater part than it has yet done in the history of the world. This desire is a commendable one, for when two nations shew a mutual longing to become better known to each other, the risk of quarrelling is eventually reduced to a minimum, and as in the case of England and France, a free, hearty, and unchecked intercourse removes in a wonderfully short time whole ages of prejudice and ill-will.

Russia is, however, a difficult country to become acquainted with, for the traveller finds himself in an unfamiliar land, peopled by a race of whose thoughts and feelings he knows as little as he does of their language; and the information he receives from the persons he questions is either meagre or untrustworthy.

Her police regulations are vexatious; and on entering an hotel the traveller is bound, under awkward penalties, to give an exhaustive account of himself in a book kept for the purpose, and not only to enter into intimate relations with the authorities, but to have his mind made up as to his plans, and to purchase a *permis de séjour* or *de voyage* for a certain number of days; and this leave must not be exceeded without an authoritative extension of it.

The travelling arrangements for those who choose to use rail or steamer are pleasant, if one does not object to a rather oppressive atmosphere in the carriages, for during the greater part of the year the Russian's chief idea is to protect himself against the inclement climate; and as he keeps the windows and doors of the public conveyances hermetically closed, involuntary contact with him becomes anything but agreeable. But if the traveller wishes to gain an intimate acquaintance with Russia, and to see what is the real life of the people apart from towns and highways, he must be prepared to take many a long and tedious journey in a kind of lumbering cradle on wheels, or peasant's springless cart; for in some vehicle of this kind he will have to be bumped and jolted the livelong day, plagued with dust and heat in the summer, and in winter liable to frost-bite and snow-blindness; while he will probably be unable to get any food beyond what he carries with him except black bread, pickled cucumbers, and sometimes eggs. He will also have to sleep at night in fusty rooms, which are often without beds, and are almost invariably teeming with insects.

The northern portion of Russia consists chiefly of forest-land and morass, plentifully supplied with water, and broken up by numerous patches of cultivation; and the villages are generally composed of gray huts built on each side of a straight road which at times becomes a river of mud.

The big white church with its fine pear-shaped cupolas rising out of a bright green roof; the meadow in the foreground, through which meanders a sluggish stream; the whitewashed manor-house, with a verandah in front, standing on a bit of rising ground, and half concealed by a cluster of old rich-coloured pines: none of these details are beautiful in themselves, but all combine to form a very pleasant picture when seen from a distance, especially in the soft evening twilight. Every little household in these villages is a kind of primitive labour association, the members of which have all things in common, and submit to the arbitrary will of the Khossin or head of the family; while the wife of the Russian peasant is a very unromantic style of female, with very little sentiment in her otherwise kindly nature; but she manages to bring up her children on what is the veriest pittance of a wage, in a manner that would do credit to many better situated English peasant-women. In the north-eastern provinces of Russia the peasant has an extremely hard fight to maintain against the hostile forces of Nature, his field-labour sometimes resulting in no gain at all. He makes a living in various ways; and for whole days he wanders through the trackless forests in search of game; or he spends a month away from his home, fishing in some distant lake; or else devotes the summer to deep-sea fishing, bringing home, if he is lucky and frugal, enough money to tide him and his family over the winter.

In the excellent work, '*Russia*, by D. Mackenzie Wallace, M.A., 1877,' from which we derive many of our facts, the author presents us with a 'family budget,' which will give a good idea of the expenditure of a peasant household in the far north. Its income during a tolerably prosperous year was L.12, 5s., chiefly obtained from the sale of game and fish. The expenditure was L.7, spent on ryemeal (2240 pounds), to supply the deficit of the harvest; L.3 on clothes, tackle, and ammunition; and L.2, 5s. paid in taxes.

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As the peasant family of the old type is a kind of primitive association in which the members have their goods in common, so the village may be described as a primitive association on a larger scale. It has an administrator at its head, whose power is limited by the will of the heads of households themselves, forming a kind of village parliament, which is directly responsible to the state for the due and timely payment of all tithes and taxes. Various are the matters with which this village parliament has to deal, from the election of office-holders and the periodical collection of the taxes up to the redistribution of communal land—a subject which is often the occasion of lively scenes. But when once a decision is given, it is respected as scrupulously as any of the 'Acts' of our own House of Commons.

Thus we see in Russia the 'commune,' or 'mir' as it is called there, in full working order; and in a country ruled over by a despotic monarch it is perhaps the nearest approach to municipal or constitutional institutions that can with safety be attempted. The mir was instituted by the present Emperor or Czar, when he carried out that wise and humane act which will for ever be associated with his name—namely the emancipation of the serfs; and it has scarcely been long enough in existence yet to predict what form it may ultimately assume.

The Russian peasantry are, for the most part, grossly superstitious, and this may be owing in no small degree to the very inferior religious teaching to which they are accustomed; for we are told that they have not the faintest conception of anything like an inner religious life, but are the slaves of mere rites and ceremonies. For example, though a robber will kill a peasant on the highway, such are his religious scruples, that he will not eat a piece of cooked meat which he may find in his victim's cart, because perhaps it is a fast-day; and an artisan when about to break into the house of an Austrian attaché in St Petersburg, first entered a church and commended his undertaking to the protection of the saints, then killed the attaché in question. It is a species of grim fanaticism which binds the masses in Russia. The shrines in the public places are crowded with worshippers, who cover with their kisses the gilded pictures, while showers of small coins or copper money rattle into the boxes, which the priests hold in their hands. From these and other circumstances, we are warranted in saying that the Russo-Greek Church is about the most debased form of Christianity.

Not very high above the working classes of the towns in the matter of intellectual culture, come the traders. Many of them are very rich, but exceedingly ignorant, and do not bear a high character for honesty; but like every other class in Russia, this one also is being affected by the great changes which are taking place, and by which the old spirit of caste is dying out; while a number of nobles are infusing new ideas into mercantile circles.

Far above the trading classes stand the members of the official circles, who spend their days at their desks, and while away their evenings at card-playing, which is carried on to an extent unsurpassed in any country in Europe. This is doubtless owing to the eternal dullness which pervades Russian towns, but which one of their poets has declared to be the essential characteristic of Russian provincial life.

We come now to the *nobles* of Russia, of whom there is a very considerable number; but very small value is attached to a mere title, and there are hundreds of princes and princesses who have not the right to appear at court, and who would not be admitted into what is called in St Petersburg *La Société*, or for the matter of that, into refined society in any country. For instance, not long ago a certain Prince Krapotkin gained his living as a cabman in the Russian capital. The only genuine Russian title is Knyaz, which is commonly translated 'Prince.' The bearers of this title are the descendants of Rurik, of the Lithuanian Ghedimin, of the Tartar chiefs who were officially recognised by the czars, and of fourteen families who adopted it by imperial command during the last two centuries. Peter the Great introduced the foreign titles of Count and Baron, he and his successors conferring the title of count on sixty-seven families, and of baron on ten. Of the noble families, very few are rich, and none of them possess a shadow of political influence.

There are more than a hundred thousand landed proprietors in Russia, but it must not be inferred from this that they are equal in point of wealth to our landed gentry at home. Such is very far from being the case, for many of them are in a state of poverty, the wealthy ones not exceeding four thousand in number. This latter class includes two distinct schools of landowners, so to speak; those of the old school being described as 'contented, good-natured, hospitable, but indolent, apathetic, and dull;' while those of the later are a roystering boisterous set, fond of drinking and dissipation, and possessing a morbid passion for sport of all kinds, however demoralising or degrading it may be.

All travellers in Russia, from Dr Clarke downwards, have been astonished, and not a little disgusted with the depravity of official life. The taking of bribes by persons in authority seems to be universal, and has been represented as arising in some measure from the inadequacy of salaries. From whatever cause, this forms a blot on Russian society, and which we hope may disappear with the progress of education and intelligence.

In Russia, it is somewhat satisfactory to learn, Mohammedans and Christians get on very well together, and not only help each other, but take it in turns to be at the head of their several communes. This shews that under a tolerably good government the two races may enjoy a great amount of good-fellowship and freedom, without any reference whatever to religious differences.

All are loyal subjects of the Czar, to whom all Russians, of whatever rank or religion, yield an unhesitating and child-like obedience. But even this great measure of loyalty does not prevent them from occasionally resisting his authority when great interests are at stake, as is proved by the existence through many centuries of a secret society called the 'Raskol,' which all the power of the Russian emperors has failed to dissolve. So long as the Czar, however, identifies himself with the enthusiasm of his subjects, and especially the religious portion of them, his authority within his dominions is irresistible; but should his policy ever come into collision with the teachings of the clergy and the feelings of their flocks, the rever-

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ence paid to his sovereignty might be rudely shaken.

The saddest sight in Russia to a traveller is the manner in which civil prisoners are treated. It is a common spectacle to see three or four hundred poor wretches on their way to Siberia under a military escort; for most of them are chained together in couples, while the women and children who have elected to share their bread-winners' lot have also to submit to be treated as criminals. Poorly clad, and apparently half starved, the wonder is that any of the party should ever survive the dreadful journey. A Russian criminal condemned to exile is sent away with very little ceremony; but when an officer of the army or other person of note has been sentenced to banishment for life, he is dressed in full uniform, and led to a scaffold in some public place. In the presence of the crowd he is made to kneel while his epaulets and decorations are torn from his coat and his sword broken over his head. He is declared legally dead; his estates are confiscated, and his wife can consider herself a widow if she so chooses. From the scaffold he starts on his journey for Siberia. His wife and children, sisters or mother, can follow or accompany him if they choose, but only on condition that they share his exile.

Mr Arnold in his book entitled *Through Persia by Caravan*, relates how, when passing through Russia, he saw a party of prisoners embarked on board a steamer on the river Volga. They were positively caged amid-ships, so that every part of the interior could be seen, just as in the lion-houses of the Zoological Gardens, with this difference—that in the case of the prisoners there was no overhanging roof to prevent rain or sunshine from pouring in upon their wretchedness. At the back of the cage there was a *lair* common to all, without distinction of sex or age. And when all were secured, including the guiltless women and children, fights occurred for the places least exposed to the east wind. This is a system which must surely fade away beneath that public opinion which is fast becoming too strong for even autocratic monarchs to despise; for we are told that the emancipation of the Russian serfs has made a vast legal, social, and material improvement in the lower orders of the people; and it is to the people that the world will look for that much-needed reform, which will enable Russia, perhaps at no distant day, to take an honourable place amongst civilised nations.

An anecdote is related by Mr Wallace, who, upon one occasion when travelling on the great plain which stretches from the Sea of Azov to the Caspian, observed on the map the name *Shotlandskaya Koloniya* (Scotch colony). Being curious to ascertain why a village was so called, he made a pilgrimage thither and made inquiry. No one could tell him; but at last he was advised to ask an old Circassian, who was supposed to be learned in local antiquities. To this man he put a question in the Russian tongue, explaining that he was a Scotchman, and hoped to be able to find a fellow-countryman in the village; whereupon the old Circassian replied in broad Scotch: 'Why, man, I 'm a Scotchman too!' He explained, however, that he was only a 'Circassian Scotchman,' being a native of the Caucasus; and as a child, had been purchased and brought up by the Scotch missionaries, who were then patronised by Alexander I., but were suppressed in the year 1835 by Nicholas.

Those of our readers who may wish for detailed information as to the general condition of Russia and her people, may safely be referred to Mr Wallace's interesting work.

## THE DUKE'S PIPER:

### A STORY OF THE WEST HIGHLANDS.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

It was an unfortunate business—most unfortunate; for the Duke's piper and the Duke's game-keeper were the best of friends; they never met at the Glengolly clachan but they had their 'glass' together; nay, when friends met, such as they—and it was astonishing how often accident led the steps of both men to the smoky chimney-cheek of Betty MacDonald's clachan—the glass had to pass to and fro pretty often before the men parted. And as Betty knew full well that John Cameron the piper, and Donald MacTavish the game-keeper, her best customers all the year round, were critics upon whom no adulterated or diluted fluid could impose, Betty was careful that to them at least nothing but the best of whisky and stoup-measures—erring, if they erred at all, on the roomy side—should be served. The natural result of such companionship and mutual consumption of frequent gills was that John loved Donald 'like a vera brither;' while Donald frequently assured John, as they stumbled over the moor together in the gloaming, or more often when the horned moon was high, that not one of his own eight brothers was to be mentioned in the same breath with John—as regarded his, the game-keeper's, emotions towards him.

What then were Betty's feelings, late one unlucky autumn evening on her return from the byre, where she had gone to milk her solitary cow, to find the two friends in the midst of a hot argument, loud-mouthed both, and looking at each other across the table, on which stood the almost empty measure and glasses, with expressions on their honest gnarled faces that could hardly by any interpretation be termed mild? And this before a third guest too, a hairy-visaged gentleman whom Betty reckoned half-daft, seeing that he had spent the last three weeks 'splashin' a bit o' auld canvas wi' paint, and ca'ed it Ben Sluaigh,' but to whom it nevertheless behoved her to be polite, taking into account the liberal rent he paid for her best room. The gentleman sat in his chair with a tumbler of whisky-and-water before him, taking little part in the discussion, but smoking diligently with a broad grin, as Betty noted indignantly as she went 'ben' with her knitting, sorry to hear the voices of the disputants waxing louder and louder. Betty had a feminine dislike of argument; arguments in the clachan were generally the prelude to blows. Her idea of a 'good crack' admitted only of varying shades, not differences of opinion, softened by frequent application to the bottle—a good story being not one whit the less welcome because oft-told. But here were John and Donald glaring at each other with knit brows, and John, who could never brook contradiction, bringing his massive fist down on the table so that the stoup-measure and glasses swayed.

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'Ye're wrang, Tonald, I tell ye again ye're wrang—it *wass* biled!'

The game-keeper thus addressed, only shook his bald head slowly from side to side, remarking after a pause, with a smile of superior knowledge that seemed to fan the flame of his friend's anger: 'Na, John, na: it iss nefer biled.'

'But it *iss* biled, and iss aye biled, I'm telling ye, and biled in sweet milk too.—I'm not like some folk, sir,' said the piper, turning to address the stranger in the arm-chair, 'that talk a lot o' nonsense apoot what they ken naething apoot.'

'Whether his oil-cake was boiled or not boiled,' said the stranger, 'the bull is as fine an animal as I have seen in the Highlands; though I was not sorry, as I sketched him, to have the stream and a good steep bank between us.'

'Noo, John, you are trying to impose on the ignorance o' the shentleman; that iss what ye are trying to do, John, and that iss no like ye. It iss verra pad to let the English shentleman go away, and it iss savages that he'll pe thinkin' we are in the Hielants, to pe feeding oor young bulls' (pronounced bills) 'wi biled oil-cake, as if oor young bulls needet oil-cake when they hef cood green grass and plenty; or allooin' they do need it, to hef it biled, and them wi' teeth that if they wanted wad crack whinstanes. Oh, but it iss a fine joke to hear ye talk o' biled oil-cake, John Cameron!'

'I'm telling ye, ye're wrang,' said the piper hotly; 'and it iss nonsense ye're talking apoot, Tonald MacTavish!—Though, sir,' again appealing to the stranger's intelligence, 'it iss not muckle that a game-keeper can ken apoot the rearing o' young bulls; they can tell a grouse from a partridge in a stubble-field on a dark nicht, I'll alloo that,' in a tone implying that he conceded the utmost; 'but the rearing o' young bulls iss oot o' their line; and for a man that has nefer peen oot o' his ain county from the tay he wass born till the tay o' his death, to teach anither man wha has peen roond the whole world moreofer wi' his Grace the Teuk—to tell *him* apoot savages'——

'I alloo,' interrupted Donald with a friendly wave of the hand, having filled and emptied a glass while John was speaking—'I alloo that there iss no petter piper in the county—no, nor in the whole Hielants moreofer, than yoursel', John Cameron; and it iss the Teuk himself I hef heard say as muckle many 's the time that; and prood I hef peen to hear it; and I hope it iss to this shentleman and me that ye will pe giving a tune afore we pairt the nicht; but I canna alloo that ye are petter acquaint wi' the subject on hand. And ye can ask Sandy the Deuk's grieve yoursel' apoot it, and he wass in the byre when the bull was calfed, and he will'——

'Teffle a tune ye'll get from me this nicht; and it iss a obstinate mule ye are, Tonald MacTavish, and always wass; and as for Sandy MacIntyre, the Teuk's grieve, it iss all the parish that kens him for a foolish ignorant liar!'

The two men pushed their respective chairs a foot or so farther apart, and looked at each other in no amiable mood. John the piper was a tall thin Celt with fiery eyes, that flamed out from a mass of tangled hair as brown as heather, covering a low square brow; he was of a much more inflammable temperament than his friend, whose high cheek-bones, wide surly mouth, and cheeks that seemed to have gathered black forests of hair at the expense of his crown, which was of the shiny bald order, indicated a vein of Saxon blood in some progenitor, although his accent and fluency in Gaelic proved that he was a native of the west. Under the chair of the piper, Fingal the piper's collie, almost as excitable as his master, lay asleep; and in a corner by the game-keeper's gun, Jet, Donald's placid pointer, lay stretched at full length. Betty laid down her knitting in some trepidation when the argument reached this point, and came in to see if she could not pour oil on the troubled waters. She found the piper on his feet with his bagpipes under his arm, evidently much offended, looking about in the dark for his bonnet.

'It iss anither gless o' whusky ye'll pe taking now, Mr Cameron, pefore ye tak' the road this cauld nicht?'

'And it iss verra pad whusky ye hef peen giving us the nicht, Mrs MacTonald, eneuch to tak' the temper away from any man,' said the piper in his severest tones.

'And ye are quite richt there, Mr Cameron,' said Betty timidly, willing to appease her guest at the expense of her own reputation; 'and it iss myself that iss glad ye mentioned it, for I had to offer ye some o' the Cawm'lton-still the nicht, cass the gentry when they wass on the moor yesterday shooting took every drop o' the rale heather-watter away in their flasks, and left no a drop wi' me. But I'm sure, Mr Cameron, ye'll no pe so angry wi' me as that comes to as to go away angry like that.'

'The whusky iss cood eneuch, if taken wi' a thankful spirit, Mrs MacTonald,' said Mr MacTavish. 'But when a man iss prood and stuck-up cass he has travellet at the heels o' his betters—but the Teuk's dog has done as muckle—while his own neibors have bided at home, he thinks maype that naepody kens the tifference atween a reel and a hornpipe but himself! Gif me another gless, Mrs MacTonald.—Cood-nicht, John; I drink to your petter manners.'

John was at the door, having found his bonnet, but came back to say, shaking his fist in Donald's face: 'It iss an ignorant prute ye are, Tonald MacTavish, and I scorn to pit my fingers upon ye; but nae doot ye'll want me to bring my pipes to the clachan anither nicht; and nae doot your son Angus will pe wanting me to learn him to play the pipes too; and nae doot, when he comes for that purpose, he will look to have his crack wi' Maggie! Ye will live, Tonald, my man, to ken it wass an ill nicht when ye thocht fit to drink to *my* petter manners!'

With which flourish, wound up by an emphatic and defiant snap of the piper's fore-finger and thumb in close proximity to the nose of the calmer game-keeper, the piper marched with what dignity he could muster, seeing that he carried half a pint of fierce whisky beneath his belt, from the clachan to the pathway across the moor, homewards; and so absorbed was he in cherishing his anger, that he would not indulge himself on his solitary way with one of his favourite Jacobite lilts, lest the sound of the pipes might charm away his wrath. And his collie Fingal followed sadly at his heels.

The game-keeper sat for only a short time after his friend was gone; he gave utterance to a low hard

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laugh as the piper disappeared, and then relapsed into sulky silence. Presently he said, rising to leave: 'I'd petter pay ye for my share o' the whusky, Mrs MacTonald.'

'Na; that can remain. Ye will pe here the day after to-morrow or so, I daresay, to make it up.'

'Take the money,' said Mr MacTavish firmly; 'he will peg my pardon pefore I drink another drop in his company.'

'A bad job!' said poor Betty, with tears in her eyes, as she slowly counted out to him the change.

On the afternoon of the same day, Maggie Cameron the piper's daughter was in her father's dairy busily at work. The piper's cottage and small farm-steading stood white and solitary at the mouth of Glen Heath, barely half a mile from Inversnow. The score of sheep that strayed about the glen with the red mark J. C. branded on their woolly sides belonged to the piper; so also did the three or four cows that stood cooling their feet in the heat of the day, in the peat-brown burn that coursed through the heart of the glen past the piper's fields and garden, to the loch. He was in a moderate way a prosperous man, and after the manner of men conscious of a bigger balance than their neighbours at the local bank, he thought he had a right to dogmatise on occasions. Folks who knew the piper knew that whoever ultimately was lucky enough to win the hand of his only daughter Maggie, would not take her dowerless; and that the dower would be something by no means to be sneezed at, was evident when the Inversnow intellect began to reckon on its finger-ends the various sources of the piper's income. There was first and foremost the farm; the piper's crops were ever the earliest and the heaviest; his mutton was always prime, and the piper knew well when and to what market to send. Nor on the Duke's whole estate were better turnips grown. Then what milk was to be compared to that which came from the piper's byre; and as for the piper's butter—churned by Maggie's own pretty hands—why, better butter was not to be had in or out of the parish for love or money. Besides which, the piper's white cottage, built on the slope facing the loch on one side and looking towards the glen on the other, within a few minutes' walk of the best scenery, the best shooting, and the best fishing in South-western Scotland, fetched—well, Inversnow did not know how much per month. Let to the 'gentry' during spring, summer, and autumn of every year, it was in itself another tap of gold flowing into the piper's pockets.

For several months in each year the Duke entertained guests at Inversnow Castle; and it was the piper's duty, as it was his pleasure, to march daily (Sundays excepted, and he grudged Sundays) for two hours to and fro in the hall of the castle while the Duke and his guests dined, the sonorous bagpipes discoursing appetising and digestatory music; and he was indeed a mean or thoughtless guest who departed without remembering the piper in some shape tangible to the piper. Dearly he loved his money. Nor was he a man likely to let money readily slip from his grasp when he once fingered it, and no man in Inversnow was more fertile in resources for adding to his store. But dearly as he loved gold, dearly as he loved his sheep, his cattle, and horses, his dram and his bagpipes, his one primary treasure was his winsome daughter Maggie. Rough he might be, but beneath the hard shell was a true human heart that beat warmly and tenderly towards her.

Maggie stood, as has been said, busily at work on the clean paved floor of the dairy, her burnished milk-pans full of creamy richness, arranged on shelves along the walls. The dairy was cool and shady, and the sweet fragrance of the fresh milk mingled sweetly with odour of late honeysuckles and fuchsias clambering in at the window. Between the leaves of honeysuckle there was to be seen from the window, far off across the sloping fields, a peep of the loch, the blue sky, and the heather-clad hills in the distance. The door was open, and the afternoon light fell upon no more pleasant sight than the bright shapely Highland lassie, whose sleeves were tucked up to the elbow, her dress pinned behind, while her hands were deftly shaping butter with the aid of a pair of wooden 'clatters' into tempting rounded pats, each pat being dropped, by a quick graceful turn of her skilful hands, into a dish of clear spring-water beside her. Maggie hummed in a sweet low treble as she worked, an old Gaelic air that had a touch of melancholy in it, her sole audience the piper's monstrous bull-dog, that lay all her length in the sunshine asleep on the threshold. Presently the formidable-looking animal raised her head, pricked her ears and growled; then, at the sound of footsteps, rose and bounded down the path; and Maggie, as she paused in singing, heard a well-known voice cry: 'Down, Diana; down, I tell ye; keep down!' The Highland girl went on with her work, with perhaps a tinge of crimson shewing through the sun-browned face, while a man's voice rang out 'Maggie!' from the kitchen door, and then the steps turned to the open dairy door.

'Well, Angus,' Maggie said in a tone of surprise that was hardly meant to be taken as real; 'and iss it you again? I thought you said yesterday that the yacht was going to meet some of the castle-folks at Sheepfell?'

'The Teuk changed his mind, or had a telegram or something. But are ye not glad to see me, Maggie, that ye won't shake hands wi' a body?'

'Deed and I am fery glad to see yourself, Angus, and well ye ken that; but my hands are wet wi' the watter and the butter; and indeed ye must excuse me.'

'But it iss a cold greeting to gif a body, that iss what it iss, no to shake a hand, Maggie,' said Angus; 'or maybe,' plucking up courage from the laughter in Maggie's eyes and the pose of Maggie's cheek, 'maybe *that* iss what you wanted!' And Angus boldly bestowed a kiss upon the girl's cheek.

'Oh, Angus MacTavish, and how could ye do the like o' that, when ye see I could not protect myself wi' my hands among the butter?'

'Then gif it to me back again, as the song says,' said Angus, taking his own again, before Maggie could make any show of resistance.

'But it iss a wild fellow ye are, and no deserving this drink o' new-drawn warm milk I am going to give ye!'

Maggie wiped her hands in the long white apron she wore, and turned to fill a tumbler full of milk from one of the pans.

'Well, Maggie Cameron, it iss maybe more than

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I deserve,' said Angus, as he took the tumbler from her hand and raised it to his mouth; 'but here iss to your ferry good-health, Maggie!'

'I believe ye would rather it had been a dram,' said the girl, as she watched the milk swiftly disappear down the young sailor's throat. But Angus declared that in saying so she libelled him.

'And now, Maggie, ye must put on your hat and come with me,' said Angus seriously, when he had emptied the tumbler.

'Go with you, Angus! You 're joking. Wass it not for your lesson on the pipes ye came? But dad iss not at home this afternoon—he went the clachan-way with your father—but he will be disappointed to hef missed you.'

'I want you to come to the shore with me, Maggie; I have something to shew you, and I will take no denial for this once.'

'To shew me, Angus? But dad might not be pleased, if he came home when I wass out, to find I wass away trifling with you on the shore.'

'I will answer for that, Maggie Cameron.'

'Well, it iss true my churning is over, and the baking o' the scones can be done when I get back, but'—— The maiden hesitated.

'But there'—and Angus lifted the dish of butter-pats and marched off with them, followed by Maggie, to the kitchen. 'Now put on your hat and come with me.'

While Maggie went to her room, Angus turned the key in the dairy-door, and hung it on a nail in the kitchen; and leaving Janet the maid to bring in the cattle and milk them, the couple started on their expedition with light hearts.

They were a winsome couple, and Janet—a goodly lass herself—stood admiring them from the door-step, not without certain longings on her own account, as they walked along the pathway that skirted the meadow, to the bridge at the gate; and from thence over the stile and across a field, towards the loch. Margaret Cameron was a tall well-built girl, yet her head was just on a level with her companion's shoulder. Her face was fresh and sunny, light and shadow playing on it in quick responsive movement to the mental mood that happened to rule her. She was young, not yet out of her teens, full of youthful impulse, that expressed itself in frequent peals of merry laughter easily roused; with a tender heart too, as the sweet blue eyes told, by the quick rush of tears when she was moved by any tale of woe, or touched by the chill finger of disappointment. Angus was a broad-shouldered six-foot sailor, stooping slightly as he walked, with a bronzed cheery face, and the kindest of honest eyes, that looked you straight in the face fearlessly. He had been for many years one of the most trustworthy 'hands' on board the Duke's yacht, *The Curlew*, and was looked up to by the fishing-folks of Inversnow with all the respect due to a favourite of the Chief's, and to one whose ideas had been expanded by frequent visits to the Mediterranean.

'Where are we going?' asked the girl by-and-by, as Angus struck into a road leading to the town. 'It iss nefer into Inversnow we are going like this together!'

'And are ye ashamed to be seen walking with me, Maggie Cameron?'

'Ashamed? No! But it iss not well to be having folk talking idle gossip apoot us in the daytime, when maybe I ought to be at home working.' Maggie was made the more jealous of her reputation as a good housekeeper, by receiving a surprised nod at that moment from Mr M'Alister the grocer, who stood lazily on the door-step of his shop.

'Nefer mind what folk say, Maggie. This iss the way;' and Angus turned off the main street to the pier.

'Eh, Angus, what a pretty little poat—what a fery pretty poat!' said Maggie as they reached the end of the pier and looked down on a tiny boat resting placidly on the loch.

'And ye think her a pretty poat now, do ye, Maggie?' looking proudly from his achievement to his companion's interested face.

'I nefer saw anything prettier. She sits on the water like a sea-gull,' replied the girl warmly.

'And you can read her name on the stern now, can't you, Maggie—eh?'

The maid looked down fixedly and, as she looked, changed colour. Angus was watching her with beaming eyes. Painted in distinct blue letters on an oak ground were the words, 'MAGGIE CAMERON —INVERSNOW.'

## RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.

THE fact that during last year (1876) no fewer than 1245 persons were killed and 4724 injured upon the various railways of Great Britain, is sufficiently startling; for these numbers, we need hardly remind our readers, exceed those of the killed and wounded in many a great battle. The average number killed per annum during the last five years has been 1295, and of those injured 4333.

Fortunately, however, for the peace of mind of the average British passenger, these numbers are not quite so alarming as they at first sight appear. That this is so, we shall shew by an analysis of the causes which led last year to the above-mentioned losses. Of those killed, no fewer than 305 were trespassers upon railway lines; and between thirty and forty of these were trespassers with the deliberate intention of committing suicide. Again, more than one half of the total number of persons killed were railway servants; and the same class furnished no fewer than 2600 of the 4724 cases of injury recorded in the returns. From their own misconduct or want of caution, 101 passengers lost their lives, and 604 sustained injuries. Level crossings are each year a very fertile cause of accidents, and to them no fewer than fifty-nine of the deaths of 1876 must be apportioned. We come now, however, to that which is undoubtedly a fact of the utmost gravity, namely, that thirty-eight passengers were killed and 1279 injured from causes over which they had *no* control, upon the railways of Great Britain.

In 1874, a Royal Commission was issued at the request of parliament to inquire into the causes and cure of railway accidents in Great Britain. For two years and a half the Commissioners pursued their labours; and their Report now lies before us. From it we gather that the Commissioners examined several hundreds of witnesses,

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including officers of the Board of Trade, general managers of railway companies, traffic managers, superintendents and assistant-superintendents of railways, inspectors and sub-inspectors of various classes, foremen of shunters, station-masters, engine-drivers, guards, brakemen, shunters, plate-layers, signalmen, pointsmen, boilersmiths, porters, and clerks. The Commissioners likewise arranged for a most valuable series of practical experiments upon the merits of the various systems of applying brake-power to trains, to be performed before them upon a portion of the Midland Company's railway near Newark. Of the important results disclosed by the elaborate system of experiments thus performed we shall have something to say presently. In addition to all this, the Commissioners personally inspected railway premises and works in various places throughout the kingdom, and investigated upon their own behalf certain 'typical cases' of railway accidents. Whatever conclusions, therefore, they may have arrived at claim at least the respectful consideration of all interested—and who is not?—in the prevention of railway accidents.

Regret has, we observe, been freely expressed in certain quarters that the Commissioners have not seen fit to advise the establishment of a government department which should exercise a general control over the practical administration of British railways. To have done so would, however, the Commissioners say, not have been in their opinion 'either prudent or desirable.' A government authority placed in such a position would, they remark, 'be exposed to the danger either of appearing indirectly to guarantee work, appliances, and arrangements which might practically prove faulty or insufficient, or else of interfering with railway management to an extent which would soon alienate from it public sympathy and confidence, and thus destroy its moral influence, and with it its capacity for usefulness.' Whilst, however, the Commissioners are thus strongly of opinion that any change which would relieve the railway companies from the responsibility which now rests upon them to provide for the safety of their traffic would be undesirable, they are nevertheless disposed to believe that legislation—by which the adoption of certain recognised improvements, and the construction of certain necessary works for the greater safety of the traffic, should be made compulsory upon the railway companies—would be a public gain. Amongst these improvements and necessary works are included by the Commissioners the compulsory adoption of the block and interlocking systems. The object of the block-system, we may here remark, is to preserve an arbitrary interval of space between all trains which are moving in the same direction upon the same line of rails. This is accomplished by dividing the line into sections; and not until a telegraphic message has been received announcing that a train has passed out of one section, is another permitted to enter that section. If properly carried out, this would prevent the possibility of one train running into another from behind, which as we all know has been a frequent cause of accidents.

We are not quite certain whether the Commissioners have done well in advising that 'increased facilities be afforded to the public to obtain redress by cheap and summary process when trains are late.' In the first place the Commissioners have not attempted to define when a train shall be held to be unpunctual; that is, whether one or five or fifteen or fifty minutes is to be held to constitute unpunctuality; and also whether the distance which the train has run is, or is not, to be taken into account. If every passenger by the Flying Scotchman from Edinburgh to London is to have a right to an action against the railway companies, in the event of that train being, say five minutes late upon its long journey of four hundred miles, the prospect of litigation thereby opened is sufficient to appal the hearts of shareholders in the North British, North-Eastern, and Great Northern Railways, and to make glad those of lawyers. Moreover, the Commissioners do not attempt to define what they mean by 'a cheap and summary process' being afforded to passengers of bringing actions against railway companies. At present such actions are occasionally brought in the County Courts, and it would be difficult, we think, to imagine 'a cheaper or more summary process' than they already afford.

At present, as most of our readers are aware, every passenger train which runs a distance of twenty miles without stopping is bound to carry with it some means whereby passengers can communicate with the guard or engine-driver of the train. The Royal Commissioners, however, have resolved to recommend that every train which runs for even eight miles without stopping is to be provided with a means of communication between the passengers and the servants of the company. Why this limit of eight miles has been arbitrarily fixed upon can only be left to conjecture. If some simple method could be devised whereby a passenger could instantaneously communicate with the servants of the train, an important benefit would be secured; but so long as the railway companies continue to call a small cord hidden away somewhere or other *outside* of the carriages, 'a means of communication between passengers and the servants of the company,' we confess that we do not attach much practical importance to this last recommendation of the Royal Commissioners.

We have already mentioned that the Royal Commissioners caused an extensive series of experiments to be performed in their presence upon a portion of the Midland Company's system near Newark, in order to test the various methods which have been invented for applying continuous brake-power to trains. Before, however, the trials of the various continuous 'brakes' were made, trials of the amount of brake-power *usually* supplied to the trains of some of the chief railway companies in Great Britain were made. From

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these experiments it appeared that with the amount of hand brake-power usually supplied, a train going at between forty-five and fifty miles an hour could not as a rule be brought to a full stop in much less than half a mile. During the trials at Newark, the merits of eight different kinds of 'continuous brakes' were tried; and 'amply proved the necessity for some greater control over fast passenger-trains than that hitherto provided in this country.' Speaking approximately indeed, it was shewn conclusively at these trials that a good continuous brake will reduce the stopping distances of fast trains to one-third of the distance within which they can be stopped by the present ordinary means. With regard to the effect upon passengers of any sudden stoppages by means of these continuous brakes, it is satisfactory to know that 'by none of the systems used in the trials could the brakes be applied too powerfully or too suddenly for the safety of the passengers.'

As the result of these Newark trials, the Royal Commissioners recommend that it should be made obligatory upon railway companies to provide every train with sufficient brake-power to bring it, at the highest speed at which it may be travelling and upon any gradients, to an absolute stop within five hundred yards. They also advise that a large proportion of the brake-power should be in the hands of the engine-driver. He is usually the man who first espies danger; and as when a train is travelling at the rate of sixty miles an hour, it passes over eighty-eight feet per second, it will easily be seen, that however slight may be the interval necessary for the driver to attract the attention of the guard, and for that official to apply his brakes, it may be sufficiently long to cause a serious accident.

Every newspaper reader must have remarked the frequent accidents which occur through passengers (whilst entering or leaving railway carriages) falling between the steps and the platform. This being so, it is satisfactory to remark that the Royal Commissioners have resolved to recommend that the adoption by railway companies of continuous foot-boards of sufficient width should be made compulsory wherever, in the opinion of the officials of the Board of Trade, 'the circumstances of the traffic are such as to render them necessary for the safety of passengers.'

As regards the important subject of the compensation which the railway companies are at present obliged to make whenever a passenger is —through no fault of his own—killed or injured whilst travelling upon their lines, the Royal Commissioners have not thought it necessary to make any special recommendations. They appear indeed to think that the principle of self-interest will be sufficient to make the companies introduce all reasonable improvements and take all possible means to secure the safety of their passengers. Mr Galt, however, one of the Royal Commissioners, dissents from this view of his colleagues, and we think with reason. He asks in connection with this subject the following very pertinent question: 'Does the sum paid in compensation by the companies exceed the expenditure that would necessarily be incurred for the avoidance of preventable accidents?' This question Mr Galt proceeds to regard from two points of view. First, the effect of accidents on the market value of railway shares; and second, the cost which the companies would have to incur in order to introduce various well-known means for the prevention of accidents, which have often been pressed upon their attention by Captain Tyler and other officials of the Board of Trade. The effect of an accident upon the market value of railway shares, even when it is one of exceptional severity, Mr Galt shews is only temporarily and never permanently to lower the value of the shares in the particular railway company upon whose system it occurred. The first cost, moreover, of introducing improvements upon their lines, Mr Galt points out, is felt very severely by railway companies; whereas the compensation which they pay for personal injuries does not at present amount to one per cent. of their total expenditure. Mr Galt indeed asserts that the saving which the companies would effect by the use of every available means for the prevention of accidents would 'scarcely amount to a shilling in the hundred pounds.' Hence he arrives at the very disagreeable conclusion, that so far as the *pecuniary* principle—apart from all higher considerations—is concerned, the railway companies' interests and those of the general public are diametrically opposed to each other!

We shall conclude this article by giving a brief epitome of the principal points upon which the Royal Commissioners have made formal 'recommendations' either for the consideration of parliament or of the railway companies. 1. They have recommended that discretionary powers should be conferred upon the Board of Trade to enforce the extension of stations and sidings wherever the accommodation provided for the traffic is so inadequate as to endanger safety. 2. To enforce the adoption of the block and interlocking systems on all lines or portions of lines where the introduction of these improvements is necessary for the safety of the traffic. 3. To restrict the speed of trains upon any line or section of a line which is in a condition to render a high rate of speed unsafe. 4. To require companies to provide their passenger carriages with continuous foot-boards. 5. To impose conditions upon companies in certain cases in sanctioning the opening of new lines. 6. To require companies to provide foot-bridges or subways at stations where the absence of such accommodation is proved to be a source of danger. 7. To require a lodge to be maintained at public crossings for foot-passengers wherever circumstances render it necessary for safety. 8. That railway companies shall be required by law, under adequate penalties, to supply all trains with sufficient brake-power to stop them within five hundred yards under all circumstances. 9. That in order to produce greater punctuality in the conduct of the traffic on railways, additional facilities be afforded to the public for obtaining compensation when trains are late. 10. That the 31st and 32d Vict. c. 119, s. 22, relating to intercommunication in trains, be amended in the manner which we have indicated above. 11. That the civil liability of railway companies for accidents to their servants, and of the criminal liability of persons in railway employment for acts of negligence endangering life, be extended.

Some at least of these proposals of the Royal Commissioners will doubtless be adopted by Her Majesty's government, and will be proposed to parliament, with all the weight of their authority, during the next (1878) session of parliament.

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That the government measure which will embody these 'selected' recommendations of the Royal Commissioners will satisfy all parties—directors of railways, railway servants, and the general public alike—would of course be too much to hope. But this may at least be confidently predicted—that if the chief recommendations of the Royal Commissioners be adopted by parliament, and be loyally carried out in practice by the railway companies, they will tend in no inconsiderable degree to render railway travelling in Great Britain in the future both much safer and much pleasanter than it has been in the past.

## DROLLERIES OF THE AMERICAN BENCH.

DROLL things are reported of the bench and bar in the United States. Perhaps all that is said of them in the newspapers may have a tinge of exaggeration; but we do not doubt that there is a considerable substructure of truth. What, indeed, but odd sayings and doings can be expected from judges who are appointed by universal suffrage, and may in many cases be little better than the boon-companions of the culprits who are apt to come judicially before them. We cull a few drolleries of the American bench for the amusement of our readers.

Wearied beyond endurance by the tediousness of a long-winded pleader, a Kentuckian judge put himself out of his misery and his tormentor out of countenance by suddenly exclaiming: 'If the court is right, and she thinks she air, why then you are wrong, and she knows you is. Shut up!' Almost as rude in speech was Judge Dowling, who after serving as fireman and police-officer, became by election one of the magistrates of the Empire City. 'What are you reading from, sir?' asked he of a counsel.

'From the statute of 1876, your Honour,' was the reply.

'Well,' said Dowling, 'you needn't read any more; I'm judge in this court, and my statutes are good enough law for anybody!'

This worshipful gentleman plumed himself upon deciding 'according to the equities of the case,' law and precedent to the contrary notwithstanding; they went for nothing with him.

They did not go for much more with the western administrator of the law, Judge Alec Smith. A divorce case being called on, he, addressing the plaintiff's representative, said: 'I don't think people ought to be compelled to live together when they don't want to do so. I will decree a divorce in this case;' and the parties concerned were thereupon declared to be no longer man and wife. Presently the defendant's lawyer appeared, and was not a little surprised to find all was settled, that the judge had decided without hearing one side, much less both. He protested against such over-hasty proceedings, and appealed to the court to redress the wrong it had committed. The court not being inclined to own itself in fault, he was informed it was too late to raise objections; the decree had been pronounced; but if he wanted to argue the case 'right bad,' the court would marry the parties again, and let him have a crack for it.

When Miss Amelia Donnerschley claimed two hundred dollars from faithless Augustus Berker for breach of promise, the gentleman justified his conduct on the plea that after dwelling under the same roof with the young lady and her mamma for eight months, he found it so impossible to live comfortably with the one, that he was compelled to cry off with the other. The judge inquired if the mother purposed living with her daughter after marriage, and receiving an affirmative answer, asked the defendant whether he would rather live with his mother-in-law or pay two hundred dollars.

'Pay two hundred dollars,' was the prompt reply.

Said the judge: 'Young man, let me shake hands with you. There was a time in my life when I was in the same situation as you are in now. Had I possessed your firmness, I should have been spared twenty-five years of trouble. I had the alternative of marrying or paying a hundred and twenty-five dollars. Being poor, I married; and for twenty-five years have I regretted it. I am happy to meet with a man of your stamp. The plaintiff must pay ten dollars and costs for having thought of putting a gentleman under the dominion of a mother-in-law.'

The much-married dignitary was not so susceptible to the charms of the sex as his brother of Iowa, who refused to fine a man for kissing a girl against her will, because the complainant was so temptingly pretty that nothing but an overwhelming sense of its dignity prevented the court kissing her itself.

It is lucky for an offender when his judge puts himself in his place; justice is sure then to be tempered with mercy, as in the case of the snatcher of spoons brought before a Georgian court many years ago. Bela Brown, who then went the circuit as judge, was an able man, in equal repute as a lawyer and as a boon-companion. The night before the court was to open at Dayton, his Honour went to a tavern kept by Sterrit, and had such a good time of it with his legal friends that by midnight he was not quite so sober as a judge should be. Somebody cleared the table of all its spoons, and put them into the unconscious gentleman's pocket. He was greatly perturbed at finding them there next morning. They were Sterrit's spoons without doubt, for they bore the landlord's initials.

'Polly,' said the judge to his wife, 'was I tipsy when I came home?'

'Yes,' said she. 'You know your habits when you get among those lawyers.'

Much relieved in his mind, the judge declared he could understand how the spoons came into his possession. 'That fellow keeps the meanest liquor in the States; but I never supposed it would make a man steal.'

A day or two afterwards, a man was arraigned for larceny; he pleaded guilty, but urged he was intoxicated when he committed the offence.

'What's the nature of the charge?' inquired Judge Brown.

'Stealing money from the till at Sterrit's tavern,' replied the clerk.

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'Young man,' said the judge solemnly, 'are you sure you were tipsy when you took this money?'

'Yes, your Honour; when I went outdoors the ground kept coming up and hitting me on the head.'

'That will do. Did you get all your liquor at Sterrit's?'

'Every drop, sir.'

Turning to the prosecuting attorney, the judge said: 'You will do me the favour of entering a *nolle prosequi;* that liquor of Sterrit's I have reason to know is enough to make a man do anything dirty. I got tipsy on it myself the other night, and stole all his spoons. If Sterrit will sell such abominable stuff he ought not to have the protection of this court.—Mr Sheriff, you may release the prisoner.'

Like the sailor who objected to his captain preaching and flogging too, offenders generally do not appreciate being suitably admonished as well as punished; and no doubt the Californian felt annoyed when, through incautiously demurring to the magistrate reproaching him with having no ambition, he found himself put to the question with: 'Where is it, sir? Where is it? Did you ever hear of Cicero taking free lunches? Did you ever hear that Plato gamboled through the alleys of Athens? Did you ever hear Demosthenes accused of sleeping under a coal-shed? If you would be a Plato, there would be a fire in your eye; your hair would have an intellectual cut; you'd step into a clean shirt; and you'd hire a mowing-machine to pare those finger-nails. You have got to go up for four months!'

The Honourable Kiah Rodgers, commonly called Old Kye, presiding in a Louisiana court, thus spoke his mind to a delinquent named Kettles: 'Prisoner, stand up! Mr Kettles, this court is under the painful necessity of passing sentence of the law upon you. This court has no doubt, Mr Kettles, but what you were brought into this scrape by the use of intoxicating liquors. The friends of this court all know that if there is any vice this court abhors it is intoxication. When this court was a young man, Mr Kettles, it was considerably inclined to drink, and the friends of this court know that this court has naterally a very high temper; and if this court had not stopped short off, I have no doubt, sir, but what this court, sir, would have been in the Penitentiary or in its grave.'

Still more communicative was Judge Kye respecting his young days when summing up in an action brought by an overseer for wrongful dismissal from his situation.

'The jury,' said his Honour, 'will take notice that this court is well acquainted with the nature of the case. When this court first started in the world it followed the business of overseering, and if there is any business which this court understands, it 's hosses, mules, and niggers; though this court never overseed in its life for less than eight hundred dollars. And this court in hoss-racing was always naterally gifted; and this court in running a quarter race whar the hosses was turned, could allers turn a hoss so as to gain fifteen feet in a race; and on a certain occasion it was one of the conditions of the race that Kye Rodgers shouldn't turn narry of the hosses.' Surely it must have been Old Kye who upon taking his official seat for the first time, said: 'If this court know her duty, and she thinks she do, Justice will walk over this track with her head and tail up.'

Prone as he might be to discursiveness, we fancy the Louisiana judge would have laid down the law a little more lucidly than the worthy to whom a Minnesota juryman appealed for aid, when his ideas as to what constituted murder had been confused by the arguments of counsel.

'Gentlemen of the jury,' said this legal luminary, 'murder is where a man is murderously killed. The killer in such a case is a murderer. Now murder by poison is just as much murder as murder with a gun, pistol, or knife. It is the simple act of murdering that constitutes murder in the eye of the law. Don't let the ideas of murder and manslaughter confound you. Murder is one thing, manslaughter is quite another. Consequently, if there has been a murder, and it is not manslaughter, then it must be murder. Don't let this point escape you. Self-murder has nothing to do with this case. According to Blackstone and all the best living writers, one man cannot commit *felo de se* upon another; and that is clearly my view. Gentlemen, murder is murder. The murder of a brother is called fratricide; the murder of a father is called parricide, but that don't enter into this case. This case is murder, and as I said before, murder is most emphatically murder. You will take the case, gentlemen, and make up your minds according to the law and the evidence, not forgetting the explanation I have given you.'

When an English judge has passed sentence upon a criminal, he has done with him. It would never enter his head to visit a man he had condemned to death. Judge Smith of Cincinnati had different notions of judicial etiquette. One Samuel Covert, about to be executed at Lebanon, had just taken his last meal, when the judge looked in, inquired how he felt, and asked for his autograph. Having obtained the autograph, and learned that Covert was pretty well, considering circumstances, the judge shook his hand warmly, saying: 'Good-bye, Mr Covert; I shall not see you again.'

'Good-bye, Mr Smith,' was the reply. 'Remember my last words to you: you have passed sentence of death upon an innocent man.'

'That is so, is it, Sam?' queried the visitor.

'Yes, sir.'

'If that be true, you 've nothing against me; have you, Sam?'

'No, sir; you did your duty under the evidence.'

'Well, Sam, if you are an innocent man, it is a great calamity.'

'I am innocent,' repeated Covert.

The judge then departed, and Covert was marched to the scaffold.

Judge Smith hardly felt so easy in his mind as a Californian sheriff did after being interviewed by a self-confessed murderer, who desired to be sent to New York to answer for the crime he had committed in that city.

'So your conscience ain't easy, and you want to be hanged?' said the sheriff. 'Well, my friend, the county treasury ain't well fixed at present, and I don't want to take any risks, in case you 're not the man, and are just fishing for a free ride. Besides, those New York courts can't be trusted to hang a man. As you say, you deserve to be killed, and your conscience won't be easy till you are killed, and as it can't make any differ-

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ence to you or to society *how* you are killed, I guess I'll do the job myself!' and his hand moved to his pocket; but before he could pull out the revolver and level it at the murderer, that conscience-stricken individual was down the road and out of killing distance.

When lawyers behave in such a free-and-easy way, it is not surprising that a prisoner presumes to enter into familiar conversation with the bench. 'An old tippler,' asked by a Nevadan court whether he was rightly or wrongly charged with being intoxicated, pleaded, 'Not guilty, your Honour. Sunstroke!'

'Sunstroke?' queried Judge Cox.

'Yes, sir; the regular New York variety.'

'You've had sunstroke a good deal in your time, I believe?'

'Yes, your Honour; but this last attack was most severe.'

'Does sunstroke make you rush through the streets offering to fight the town?'

'That's the effect precisely.'

'And makes you throw brickbats at people?'

'That's it, judge. I see you understand the symptoms; and agree with the best recognised authorities, who hold it inflames the organs of combativeness and destructiveness. When a man of my temperament gets a good square sunstroke he's liable to do almost anything.'

'Yes; you are quite right—liable to go to jail for fifteen days. You'll go down with the policeman at once.' With that observation the conversation naturally closed, and the victim of so-called sunstroke 'went down.'

The bench does not always come off so victoriously. A prisoner before the court of Keatingville, Montana, neglecting to remove his hat, the sheriff was directed to do it for him, and obeyed instructions by knocking the offending head-gear off with his rifle. The owner picked it up, and as he clapped it on his head again shouted: 'I am bald, judge!' A repetition of the performance followed; at which, waxing indignant, his Honour rose and said: 'I fine you five dollars for contempt of court—to be committed until the fine is paid!'

The offender walked up to the judge, and laying down half a dollar, remarked: 'Your sentence, judge, is most ungentlemanly; but the law is imperative, and I will have to stand it; so here is half a dollar; and the four dollars and a half you owed me when we stopped playing poker this morning, makes us square!'

The card-playing administrator of justice must have felt as small as his brother-judge when he priced the cow. Being at Little Rock, Arkansas, on business, that judge strolled into the market, and seeing a farmer with a cow, stepped up to him and asked what he wanted for her. 'Thirty dollars,' said the farmer. 'She'll give you five quarts of milk if you feed her well.'

'Why,' quoth the judge, 'I have cows on my farm, not much more than half as big as yours, which give twenty quarts a day.'

The cow-owner eyed his new acquaintance very hard, as if trying to remember if he had seen him before, and then inquired where he lived. 'My home is in Iowa,' was the reply.

'Yes, stranger,' said the farmer, 'I don't dispute it. There were heaps of soldiers from Iowa down here during the war, and they were the worst liars in the whole Yankee army. Maybe you may have been an officer in some of them regiments?'

Without satisfying his interlocutor's curiosity on that point, the judge, we are told, 'slid for the court-house.'

## THE FAIRIES.

Where are the wonderful elves, and the fairy creatures bright?
Where are the tiny things that danced in the pale moonlight?
Danced in a magic ring, and fluttered in robes of white,
Like motes in the sunbeam whirled, like leaves in the forest hoar.
*Hark to the sound of the sea, and the cry of the waves on the shore.*

Where are the dusky gnomes who toiled in the golden ground?
So that the miners trembled hearing their hammers' sound,
Hearing them tapping, tapping, delving in darkness bound,
A thousand tapping hammers, beneath them hammering.
*Hark to the muttered thunder, the voice of the hidden spring.*

Where are the forest fairies, the elves in Lincoln green,
Deep in the forest hidden, and never in cities seen,
Sought for by timid maidens, on sainted Hallowe'en,
The joy of all true lovers, a merry band were they!
*Hark to the hum of the bee, in the scented blooms of May.*

Where are the household fairies, who loved the embers' glow,
Who played at games with the shadows flickering to and fro,
But left no track on the sanded floor, no trace on the fallen snow,
And filled up the little slippers the children left behind,
*Hark to the howl of the tempest, the moan of the stormy wind.*

The elves are waiting, waiting, for the golden days to come,
When grief shall be known no longer, nor faithful love be dumb;
Till the figures all are added up, and finished the mighty sum.
Ah yes, they are waiting, waiting, till grief shall be no more.
*Hark to the rustle of raindrops, that kiss the deserted shore.*

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## SEVENTY YEARS SINCE.

THE last representatives of our grandfather's generation having passed away, there is no reason why the following true stories of an old Scotch house should not be made public, for the entertainment of others besides those members of the family to whom only they have hitherto been known. I have slightly changed the names of persons and places, but not a detail of the stories has otherwise been altered from the first-hand accounts given us by those who were themselves their heroes and heroines.

On a winter's afternoon in the year 1816 three young officers were riding 'within a mile of Edinboro' toun;' they were pushing on in advance of their regiment, which was that day marching into new quarters, hoping to reach the city in time to choose lodgings for themselves, to whom rooms in barracks had not been allotted. Suddenly a gaunt gipsy woman of the Meg Merrilies type darted out upon them, and laid her detaining hand upon the bridle of Lieutenant T—— (my grandfather). He tried to shake his rein free, but without effect, and the little cavalcade was brought to a halt by her persistence; then addressing the gentlemen collectively, but keeping her eyes upon my grandfather, she offered to tell their fortunes. The young men laughed at the suggestion, and the gipsy wife waxed angry. 'Ye'll do little good in Edinboro' or elsewhere,' she retorted roughly to the two captains who had declined her services. 'But for ye' (speaking only to Lieutenant T——), 'there's a bonnie bride waiting in the first house ye enter!'

My grandfather threw her a shilling and galloped on with his companions, enduring for some time their good-natured raillery about the spae-wife's prediction; but when they reached the city they were too much engaged in observing the outsides of the houses which might afford them the desired lodgings, to think further of the prophecy. In the dim light, one large house with closed shutters looked as if it were untenanted and likely to suit their requirements; while a light from a lower kitchen window shewed that some one was left in charge who could attend to Lieutenant T——'s loud summons at the knocker. But the young man, accounted a gallant soldier enough, who had seen some service in the late wars, was entirely routed and discomfited by the furious reception his modest inquiry after lodgings met with from the stalwart maid-servant who answered the door. 'Lodgings! What was the world coming to when a daft young fool asked if her mistress let lodgings? The family was away in the north, and this would be a pretty tale to tell them on their return,' stormed the cross maid; and my grandfather, leaving a torrent of rough language behind him, made his escape down the steps of the house over whose threshold he had so mistakenly intruded. He remounted his horse amid the jeers of his two friends, who reminded him of his fate predicted by the gipsy, and begged him, if this were a sample of the 'bonnie bride's' usual temper, to exchange into another regiment as soon as he married. Eventually the young men found rooms to suit them, and in a few days became quite at home in the pleasant capital of the north, which was just beginning its gay winter season.

About a week after their arrival the officers were present at an Assembly ball, and Lieutenant T—— lost his heart at first sight to a lovely young *débutante* of fifteen, with whom he danced the whole evening. At the close of the ball he was introduced to a grand turbaned lady, his partner's mother; and on seeing the ladies to their carriage he asked leave to do himself the honour of calling for them next day. This permission and their address were given him, and the latter noted in his pocket-book. The next morning he eagerly sought out their house, which he did not recognise as the scene of his first adventure till Ailie, the same stalwart maid, opened the door, and this time admitted him graciously.

This visit was followed by many others; and before a year had passed my grandfather won the 'bonnie bride' of the spae-wife's prediction from the very house across whose threshold he had first set foot on entering Edinburgh. They were a very

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young pair; he only twenty-one and my grandmother just sixteen at their marriage; and how their housekeeping might have prospered or the reverse I do not know, had not Ailie decided to take service with the young couple, and maintained their interests during the wanderings of the next thirty years as faithfully as she had previously guarded the honour of her mistress's house. She was one of the now extinct race of family servants, a sort of factotum in the house, where she did her own work and a good part of every one else's in a wonderfully indefatigable fashion, only reserving to herself the privilege of keeping every one in order, from the master and mistress down to the kitchen wench.

To three out of the four generations of our family whom she served, she was 'old Ailie;' and her flowered chintz bedgown and mob-cap survived unaltered far into the era of crinoline and chignon. What stories she had to tell of Madam our great-grandmother, a very grand dame indeed, and well-known card-player; and of a certain Mistress Jean, her favourite heroine, whom some of us recollect as Aunt Moir, a little soft-faced, pink-and-white lady, not so imposing to look upon as the miniature of her powdered mamma, but a beauty nevertheless in her day. She lived at a time when it was the acknowledged fate of all Edinburgh belles to fall a prey to dyspeptic old East Indians, who having been drafted off as raw lads to India, were heard of no more till they returned as nabobs half a century later, to take their pick of the blooming lassies for whom the Scottish capital has ever been justly celebrated.

Aunt Moir would describe how she and her mother went every Sabbath morning to 'sit under' Dr M'——; and how, as they mounted the high steps to the entrance of the place of worship, the beaus young and old—some in blue swallow-tailed coats buttoned tight across the chest, and frilled *jabots* like protruding fins; others with military pigtails and riding-boots—stood on each side of the door and criticised their figures (a lady's face in those days being pretty well hidden by her telescopic bonnet), and more particularly their feet and ankles, incased in sandalled shoes and silk stockings. Aunt Moir admitted that her feet passed their examination creditably enough, though the criticism was sometimes more severe than gallant; and one of her young-lady friends went by the name of 'Flat-foot Meg.' But Aunt Jean's were evidently of a different order, and were swift and light enough to do even more than please the fastidious taste of the Edinburgh bucks. Some years after her marriage with an old and invalid husband, who had carried her away from Edinburgh to a country home, Mistress Moir, little more than a girl still, one day going over her domains started a hare from a barley-stook, and throwing all her matronly dignity to the winds, she pursued Puss through a couple of meadows, and eventually captured and brought him struggling to the house. Whether she kept maukin as a pet and proof of her agility, or converted him into the excellent soup for which she has left us her recipe, labelled in a pointed Italian hand-writing 'Mistress Moir's Hare Broth,' history does not relate. Let us hope the former fate was his, for the recipe says in conclusion, 'Without the meat of *two* hares is the broth poor and meagre.'

Aunt Moir had no children of her own; but her heart and home were always open to the numerous members of the T—— family, her nephews and nieces. She found queer old ornaments, Indian beads and tartan scarfs, in her store-boxes for the girls; and the town-bred boys found rare opportunities for healthful delightful mischief when the High School released them for their holidays at Moir. One species of entertainment was specially sacred to Aunt Jean's kail-yard: to mount astride upon tall, well-grown, firm-hearted cabbages, and rock gently to and fro, with short leather-breeched, gray-stockinged legs sticking out straight like a cavalry officer's, until a warning crack in the stalk, or the sudden appearance of Aunt Jean's Tam rushing round some unexpected corner, with his climax of threats: 'I'll tell Mistress Alice,' drove the boys from their position.

A gray-headed, cross-grained old fellow was Tam, affecting to disapprove highly of the annual summer incursion of boys and girls into the Moir fruit-gardens, trampling among his strawberries that were destined for Mistress Jean's preserves, and rifling his bushes for 'honeyblobs.' But he had a soft spot in his heart for my mother, Anna T——, who reminded him, he fancied, of his little daughter Kirsty, dead thirty years before; and many a Sunday afternoon did Tam give mother a helping hand through her portion of the Shorter Catechism, imposed as a becoming exercise for the mind by Aunt Moir on each of the children. Tam was a rigid Sabbatarian of course, and even his favourite Anna was not exempted from blame when one Sabbath evening the whole young party were discovered in pursuit of a marauding rabbit who had for days past ravaged their gardens. Ananias and Sapphira, Korah, Dathan, and Abiram were somewhat irrelevantly cited as cases in point, or at least as fellow-sinners; but he ended by muttering to himself, as he left the abashed T—— children to meditate over his sermon: 'An' the Lord spare me till the morn's morn, I'll shoot that deil mysel.'

Tam had been with Aunt Moir's parents at Portcorry before they migrated southwards to Edinburgh, to settle the boys in life and the girls in marriage. She had a queer story to tell us of her childhood connected with Tam's wife Kirsty, who lived as nursery-maid in her father's house, and had somewhat indifferently, and in the spirit of the lass who sang,

> If it's ordained I maun tak him,
> Wha will I get but Tam Glen?

married Tam the 'gairdner lad,' and retired with

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him to the lodge. When her little Kirsty was born, however, she gladly accepted the post of wet-nurse to the contemporaneous baby just arrived at the house, and returned to her old position in the nursery, bringing all her newly awakened maternal love, as well as her boundless devotion and respect for 'the family,' to lavish upon little weakly Uncle Donald. Baby Kirsty at the lodge flourished upon oatmeal porridge administered by Tam's clumsy hands, and was soon 'creeping' about everywhere with the big collie dog as her sole attendant; while up at the house Master Donald took all the devotion of two mothers to rear him, and was all-sufficient to Mrs Kirsty, who forgot husband, child, and home in her tendance of her foster-son.

At last, almost a year afterwards, the boy being weaned and fairly strong, it was thought time to dismiss the foster-mother to her home duties; and accordingly, after a violent and distressing parting, she tore herself away from the child and returned to the lodge for good. That same night Aunt Jean, a child of nine, who slept in the same room occupied by the head-nurse and the baby brother, woke suddenly without any particular reason, and saw by the dim light of the nursery lamp, Kirsty's well-known figure walking to and fro through the room with the little white bundle of a Donald in her arms. Presently she laid the quieted child down in his cot again; and then catching the wide-open eyes in the next bed, she made a sign to be silent, turning her head in the direction of the sleeping head-nurse. Aunt Jean, well aware of various little nursery jealousies between Mrs Macnab and Mrs Kirsty, gave a nod of acquiescence, and lay quite still, watching Kirsty as she softly bent over the little boy, settled him comfortably, and kissed him again and again. She was still there hovering round the cot with noiseless footsteps when the little girl fell asleep again.

Next morning, the first news that came to the house was that poor Mistress Kirsty had died suddenly in the night in her own bed of a sudden attack of heart complaint; brought on, the doctor said, by the excessive grief to which she gave way on parting from her adopted son. Tam and little Kirsty did not miss her much, I believe; nor, sad to say, did the little lad for whom she had spent her strength so willingly; but Aunt Jean held persistently to her story of the 'vision;' and the tale of 'faithful Kirsty' is still a beloved tradition in our nursery. Thanks to her care, Uncle Donald grew up a strapping lad, and when only fifteen served at the battle of Waterloo, and was present at the entry of the allied powers into Paris. There is still extant a funny etching, executed by some wit of the regiment, in which Ensign Donald is represented 'looting' a confectioner's shop, with drawn sword in one hand and immense half-demolished *brioche* in the other; the young ladies of the counter, attired in the classical costumes of the First Empire, flying every way from the onslaught of this hero from the Land o' Cakes.

They were a kindly race these Scotch relations of ours; less extravagant in their habits, customs, and ways of thought than their descendants of the present generation; handsomer and healthier too, perhaps, if we judge from the bright eyes and rosy smiling faces of the portraits they have left us; though even in these degenerate days, a return to the early hours, simple habits, and oatmeal porridge of the last century might yet make our lads and lassies, who inherit the friendly Scottish nature, as handsome, healthy, and happy as their grandfathers and grandmothers were seventy years since.

## THE LAST OF THE HADDONS.

### CHAPTER XXIX.—PHILIP AND ROBERT.

We found Robert Wentworth with Mrs Tipper, and he too, I saw, very curiously examined Philip as they were introduced to each other. Each eyed the other curiously and critically for a moment or two, as they uttered the first few words; and I think each was as favourably impressed towards the other as I could desire them to be. They were kindred spirits, and soon recognised that they were, making acquaintance in easy, undemonstrative, manly fashion.

Robert Wentworth was like an elder brother of Philip's, and there was just sufficient difference between their minds to give a zest to their companionship. Philip's was a more mercurial temperament; whilst there was a vein of satire in the other, lacking in him. Lilian thought that Robert Wentworth had not the same poetical perception which Philip possessed; but that did *not* I, for whom the former had unfolded the hidden meaning, the subtle essence of some of *the* poet's most delicate imagery. Of course I could not suppose Robert Wentworth to be Philip's superior; but neither would I do him the injustice of calling him inferior. They were different.

One thing puzzled me not a little as time went on. Whether it was that my love for Philip made me shyer and more reticent with him, or whether he did not look for certain things in me, I know not; but one part of my mind, which was as an open book to Robert Wentworth, remained undiscovered and even unsuspected by my lover. Once when Philip made a little jest about Lilian's romance and enthusiasm, Robert Wentworth smilingly opined that there were graver offenders in that way than Lilian; but I knew that I was the only one to perceive his meaning. If Philip had any suspicion that the allusion was intended for me, he did not perceive its application. Would it have made any difference if I had been able to let my thoughts flow into words when alone with him? When I was his wife—when this foolish shyness, reticence, or whatever it might be, was once overcome—I knew that he would find me a much more attractive companion than now. But while I longed to give more expression to my feelings, I nervously shrank from doing so. I almost wished that he would *force* me to shew my thoughts, as Robert Wentworth used to take so much delight in doing.

What girl could love as I did? What love could be deeper and more intense than mine? Yet the consciousness that I was *not* a girl kept me silent whilst my soul vibrated to every look and word of his. Ah me—ah Philip! would it have been wiser to let you see? That night when we stood together in the moonlight—when you good-naturedly jested me about my matter-of-fact way of regarding things—would it have been better to let you see the volcano hidden beneath the snow? Ah Philip, when you feared I had caught a chill, and wrapped my shawl closer about me, would it have

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been wiser to let you know *why* I was trembling beneath your touch?

I have learned to say: 'No; better as it was.'

But I have been anticipating. This first evening of the meeting between Robert Wentworth and Philip, all was *couleur de rose*, and my mind was at rest. I sat more silent than usual, congratulating myself upon the prospect of the great desire of my heart being gratified. They two would be friends, even according to my somewhat *exigeante* notion of what friendship should be. Then it was pleasant to listen to Robert Wentworth's few words respecting his appreciation of Philip, so honestly and heartily spoken.

'You must not forget that it is a brother's right to give you away, when the time for giving away comes, Mary,' he said gently, as he and I stood together by the open window a few minutes, whilst Philip was turning over the music for Lilian, who was singing some of his favourite airs for him.

'Will you? It is kind to wish it,' I murmured, feeling that it was a great deal more than kind.

'Mr Dallas is, I believe, worthy of any man's sister, Mary.'

'I am glad you think so'—I paused a moment, then, as a sister should, added—'Robert.'

He smiled, and talked pleasantly on, contriving to set me quite at ease respecting the state of his own mind. I was now able to persuade myself that he had been deceived, and that his friendship for me had never really developed into a stronger feeling. Presently he said in his abrupt friendly fashion: 'Why do *you* not sing, Mary?'

'Oh, Lilian sings that so much better than I; and it is a favourite of Philip's.'

'Well, come now and enchant our ears;' going towards the piano as Lilian ceased, and looking out a song which he always said I sang well. 'Now, do your best.'

But although Philip and Lilian were more than satisfied, Robert was not. He and I knew that it was not my best, their kind speeches notwithstanding. He seemed to have quite changed his tactics with regard to me—doing everything in his power to make me appear to advantage in Philip's eyes. But he unconsciously deprived me of the pleasant termination of the day, which I had been looking forward to. Philip and he set forth together to walk to the railway station, and of course there was no moonlight walk for me that night.

But there was the morrow—many a happy morrow to come, now, I told myself, looking after them as they went down the lane together. The more they saw of each other, the sooner they would become friends. Lilian, who stood beside me at the gate, slipped her arm round my waist, and laid her head against my shoulder in eloquent silence.

It was fortunate that the day had come round for paying my promised visit to Nancy Dean. I felt that I needed some kind of reminder that I did not live in a world all flowers and sunshine. I set forth the next morning alone, thinking that Nancy might possibly feel less under constraint than if Lilian were present during our interview. Philip had some banking business to transact which would prevent his getting down to us until late in the afternoon; and I had therefore ample time for my errand before his arrival.

This time I found no difficulty in obtaining admittance; and was informed that the rules allowed me to remain an hour, if I chose so to do, with my friend Nancy Dean. That hour we were at liberty to spend in either the dining-hall or exercise-ground, as we chose. We gazed earnestly and curiously at each other as we shook hands; and I hope she was as pleased with me by daylight as I was with her.

Without being handsome or even pretty, Nancy Dean's was a face which pleased me much. If expressing a shade too much self-will and the firmness which, untrained, is so apt to degenerate into obstinacy, there was no trace of meanness, deceit, or dishonesty.

'You expected me to-day of course, Nancy?'

'I shouldn't be here if I hadn't, Miss,' she returned with a grave smile. We had elected to spend the hour in the open air; and with my arm linked in hers, we paced slowly up and down part of the old court-yard, or exercise-ground as it was called.

'In that case, I ought to be thankful that no accident occurred to prevent my coming. It might have, you know, and then poor I should have had to bear the blame for anything which followed.'

'How could you have been to blame if an accident had happened, Miss?'

'My dear Nancy, if you had fallen back, *some one* would have been in fault, since we could hardly throw the blame upon an accident.'

'You mean *I* should have been to blame, if I had gone wrong again because you did not come?'

I smiled. 'I am not altogether sure which of us would have been *most* in fault, Nancy.'

'But how could you'——

'One thing is clear. I did not succeed in giving you faith in me, although I had faith in you.'

She looked dubiously at me a moment, then her eyes slowly filled with tears. 'Perhaps I haven't been ready enough to believe in people. Till now, nobody ever seemed to believe in *me*.'

'It is not for me to judge, Nancy. I can only say I am pleased that you had the strength and courage to return here and remain, under the circumstances.'

'You seem to know exactly the best thing to say to encourage me, Miss!' ejaculated Nancy. 'And even when you hit hard, as you sometimes do, I don't seem to mind it so much from you as I do from other people—it's different, somehow! You don't seem to enjoy thinking about my wickedness.'

'If I thought you wicked, I certainly should not enjoy thinking so; and if you were, you would not have come back here. Poor Nancy, I am afraid it has been rather hard for you!'

'If you could only know *how* hard it has been!' she murmured. 'Think of never being spoken to by any of the others for a week; kept in silence and solitude, and looked upon as the worst creature that ever breathed!'

'All the more credit to you for bearing it. But we will not talk about that. Let us rather think about the future. I told you I am going to be married shortly—in a month or two probably—and then we are going abroad for a time.'

'Shall I have to stay here till you come back, Miss?' she asked anxiously, her face falling at the thought.

'No; I do not wish it; that would be too much to expect. I am sure I shall be able to make some arrangement for you; possibly I may

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arrange for you to stay with a dear old friend of mine, who has only one young servant, until my return; but I promise you shall not remain here much longer.'

This was better; she brightened up wonderfully again, and we spent the rest of the allotted time very cheerfully. What was perhaps most cheering of all to poor Nancy was my little speech about hoping by-and-by to set things right with her relations.

'It's too late for that, Miss,' she replied sadly; 'they know I've been in prison, and poor mother's gone.'

'Too late, indeed! Why, there is almost a lifetime before you in which to prove your innocence! Besides, after you have lived with me long enough to enable me to speak from experience, I will take the matter in hand, and write to your father and sister. In the meantime, we must seek for the poor creature for whom you suffered, and if we can, get her to give evidence that she put the ring into your box.'

She threw up her head and faced the sky. 'Thank God!'

'You see now where thanks are due, Nancy,' I said softly.

'Yes;' drawing a deep breath.

When a loud clanging bell warned us that the time for my leaving her had come, I was more demonstrative in my manner than is customary with me. Several of the other inmates and their visitors were congregated in the yard, and I chose them to see that Nancy Dean had at any-rate one friend who believed in her. The sudden flush which covered her face, the expression of the eyes turned towards the other women, as though to say 'You see!' sufficiently thanked me. It was a very pleasant walk home.

I was not a little surprised as well as disappointed to find that Philip did not take kindly to the idea of my last protégée. He came down with Robert Wentworth towards the evening, and Lilian mentioned my afternoon's errand to the Home to the latter, who had been extremely interested in Nancy's case.

Philip asked several questions about it; but I could not get him to shew any interest in Nancy, if he felt any. Indeed I could not help seeing that the idea of my visiting the Home was distasteful to him. It was all the more noticeable because Robert Wentworth had entered so warmly into the subject, taking my proceedings quite for granted.

'What led you to go there, Mary?'

What led me to go there?—what but the happiness his own letter had brought me. But that was not a question to be replied to just then, if ever; so I murmured something about having met Nancy in a state of desperation, and persuaded her to return to the Home, &c.

He said very little; his disapproval was more expressed in his manner than anything else. Seeing that he objected, and did not care to give his reasons for so doing, I did not attempt to discuss the point with him. I must trust to Nancy. If by-and-by she proved to be a success, it would be a better argument in my favour than any I could advance. Besides, I was too happy to allow a slight divergence of opinion between us to disturb me. Of course he knew that he would find me ready enough to yield whenever he shewed me a reason for so doing; he would find too, that in my heart of hearts I preferred his gaining the victory when it came to reasoning, though it must be a fair field and no favour between us.

But if Philip did not very favourably regard my visits to Nancy, he entered warmly enough into our scheme for improving the cottage homes. He not only approved but helped us in workmanlike fashion with a little carpentering and what not, which we had been unable to compass, beginning with a bracket and shelves, and launching out into more ambitious attempts. We began to contemplate improving the architectural effect with porches to the doors, over which climbing plants were to be trained, placing a seat at the side, and so forth; and if it was not all of the very highest art as to shape and make, it would be, we flattered ourselves, picturesque and comfortable-looking. If the porch proved as attractive as the village ale-house to sit and smoke in, in the summer evenings, it would be something gained.

With regard to the interior arrangements, we were altogether satisfied. Our protégés were beginning to take some little pride in their homes, and to brighten up such parts of them as did not match well with our efforts. We still always took care to leave some part of the room as we found it, to serve as a contrast; and the challenge was now more generally accepted than at first. It must, however, be acknowledged that we still met with occasional opposition. When Jemmy Rodgers, for instance, found that his tobacco jar was not refilled after being suggestively placed in our way, he began to shew his independence again; taking to his old ways and using the table for a kettle-stand. But we looked upon ourselves as successful enough to be as independent as he was now, and we took no further trouble about him or his table. At which Sally Dent informed us he gave it as his opinion that we had more 'grit' in us than he had given us credit for having; and that he wasn't sure he should not give in and clean the table himself. To his astonishment a clean table did not open our hearts; the tobacco jar remained unfilled.

In all our other schemes Philip joined heartily with purse and hand, and yet he so markedly stopped short when Nancy and the Home were in question. How was it? Was his remark about 'the impossibility of a woman retaining the delicate grace and refinement of thought—the, so to speak, bloom of her nature—which is her greatest charm, if she became too familiar with scenes of misery and sin,' intended as a gentle warning to me?

For whomsoever it was intended, she found a ready and able advocate in Robert Wentworth. He very decidedly gave it as his opinion that the delicate grace and bloom and all the rest of it could not be got rid of too quickly, if they were to prevent a woman holding out her hand to any of her own sex who needed help. 'But fortunately, or unfortunately, since there are not too many possessed of it, it is just the delicate grace of a refined woman which is required in such cases.'

'All very well in theory, Wentworth; but if it came to practice? I am sure you would be as desirous as I should be to guard a wife or sister from contact with the degraded?'

'My dear fellow, not I; unless I feared the possibility of some of her virtues being rubbed off by

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the contact; in that case she would of course require very careful guarding. But I should be very proud of a sister who could go *safely* amongst those who needed her, be they whom they might.'

Philip waived further discussion with a 'By-and-by, Wentworth.' I believe he thought that it was not complimentary to Lilian and me to carry on the conversation in our presence.

I could not but be grateful for the chivalrous respect which both shewed towards women, though I could not help contrasting their very opposite ways of shewing it. One seemed to represent the chivalry of the past, and the other that of the present. I could appreciate both: the poetry and romance of the old chivalry, and the reason and respect in the new; and I did not ask myself which was most really complimentary to women, or whether each was not a little the worse for being so dissevered from the other. It might be that in my heart I should have preferred Philip representing the present rather than the past; but I did not acknowledge so much to myself.

But all this was only a faint ripple on our stream, not sufficient to prevent the current from running smooth.

## GOOD MANNERS

Are nothing less than little morals. They are the shadows of virtues, if not virtues themselves. 'A beautiful behaviour is better than a beautiful form; it gives a higher pleasure than statues and pictures; it is the finest of the fine arts.' How well it is then that no one class has a monopoly in this 'finest of fine arts;' that while favourable circumstances undoubtedly do render good manners more common among persons moving in higher rather than in lower spheres, there should nevertheless be no positive hindrance to the poorest classes practising good manners towards each other. For what is a good manner? It is the art of putting our associates at their ease. Whoever makes the fewest persons uncomfortable, is the best-mannered man in a room.

Vanity, ill-nature, want of sympathy, want of sense—these are the chief sources from which bad manners spring. Nor can we imagine an incident in which a man could be at a loss as to what to say or do in company, if he were always considerate for the feelings of others, forgot himself, and did not lose his head or leave his common-sense at home. Such a one may not have studied etiquette, he may be chaotic rather than be in 'good form,' as the slang expression is; and yet because his head and heart are sound, he will speak and act as becomes a gentleman. On the other hand, a very pedant in form and bigot in ceremonies may be nothing better than the 'mildest-mannered man that ever cut a throat.' As we can be wise without learning, so it is quite possible to be well-mannered with little or no knowledge of those rules and forms which are at best only a substitute for common-sense, and which cannot be considered essential to good manners, inasmuch as they vary in every country, and even in the same country change about with the weather-cock of fashion. Vanity renders people too self-conscious to have good manners, for if we are always thinking of the impression we are making, we cannot give enough attention to the feelings and conversation of others. Without *trying* to be natural—an effort that would make us most artificial—we must be natural by forgetting self in the desire to please others. Elderly unmarried ladies, students, and those who lead lonely lives generally, not unfrequently acquire awkward manners, the result of self-conscious sensitiveness.

Shyness was a source of misery to the late Archbishop Whately. When at Oxford, his white rough coat and white hat obtained for him the sobriquet of 'The White Bear;' and his manners, according to his own account of himself, corresponded with the appellation. He was directed, by way of remedy, to copy the example of the best-mannered men he met in society; but the attempt to do this only increased his shyness. He found that he was all the while thinking of himself rather than of others; whereas thinking of others rather than of one's self is the essence of politeness. Finding that he was making no progress, he said to himself: 'I have tried my very utmost, and find that I must be as awkward as a bear all my life, in spite of it. I will endeavour to think about it as little as a bear, and make up my mind to endure what can't be cured.' In thus endeavouring to shake off all consciousness as to manner, he says: 'I succeeded beyond my expectations; for I not only got rid of the personal suffering of shyness, but also of most of those faults of manner which consciousness produces; and acquired at once an easy and natural manner—careless indeed in the extreme, from its originating in a stern defiance of opinion, which I had convinced myself must be ever against me; rough and awkward, for smoothness and grace are quite out of my way, and of course tutorially pedantic; but unconscious, and therefore giving expression to that good-will towards men which I really feel; and these I believe are the main points.'

Vanity again is the source of that boasting self-assertion which is the bane of manners. He is an ill-mannered man who is always loud in the praises of himself and of his children; who boasting of his rank, of his business, of achievements in his calling, looks down upon lower orders of people; who cannot refrain from having his joke at the expense of another's character, whose smart thing must come out because he has not the gentlemanly feeling that suggests to us

> Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
> With sorrow to the meanest thing that lives.

The habit of saying rude things, of running people down, springs not so much from ill-nature as from that vanity that would rather lose a friend than a joke. On this point Dr Johnson once remarked: 'Sir, a man has no more right to *say* an uncivil thing than to *act* one—no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down.' The vain egotism that disregards others is shewn in various unpolite ways; as, for instance, by neglect of propriety in dress, by the absence of cleanliness, or by indulging in repulsive habits. Some think themselves so well-born, so clever, or so rich, as to be above caring what others say and think of them. It is said that the ancient kings of Egypt used to commence

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speeches to their subjects with the formula, 'By the head of Pharaoh, ye are all swine!' We need not wonder that those who take this swine-theory view of their neighbours should be careless of setting their tastes and feelings at defiance. Contrast such puppyism with the conduct of David Ancillon, a famous Huguenot preacher, one of whose motives for studying his sermons with the greatest care was 'that it was shewing too little esteem for the public to take no pains in preparation, and that a man who should appear on a ceremonial day in his night-cap and dressing-gown could not commit a greater breach of civility.'

'Spite and ill-nature,' it has been said, 'are among the most expensive luxuries of life;' and this is true, for none of us can afford to surround himself with the host of enemies we are sure to make if, when young, we allow ill-nature to produce in us unmannerly habits. Good manners, like good words, cost nothing, and are worth everything. What advantage, for instance, did the bookseller on whom Dr Johnson once called to solicit employment get from his brutal reply: 'Go buy a porter's knot and carry trunks?' The surly natures of such men prevent them from ever entertaining angels unawares.

It is want of sympathy, however, much more than a bad nature that produces the ill-mannered hardness of character so well described by Sydney Smith: 'Hardness is a want of minute attention to the feelings of others. It does not proceed from malignity or carelessness of inflicting pain, but from a want of delicate perception of those little things by which pleasure is conferred or pain excited. A hard person thinks he has done enough if he does not speak ill of your relations, your children, or your country; and then, with the greatest good-humour and volubility, and with a total inattention to your individual state and position, gallops over a thousand fine feelings, and leaves in every step the mark of his hoofs upon your heart. Analyse the conversation of a well-bred man who is clear of the besetting sin of hardness; it is a perpetual homage of polite good-nature. In the meantime the gentleman on the other side of you (a highly moral and respectable man) has been crushing little sensibilities, and violating little proprieties, and overlooking little discriminations; and without violating anything which can be called a *rule*, or committing what can be denominated a *fault*, has displeased and dispirited you, from wanting that fine vision which sees little things, and that delicate touch which handles them, and that fine sympathy which this superior moral organisation always bestows.'

Of course we must not judge people too much by external manner, for many a man has nothing of the bear about him but his skin. Nevertheless as we cannot expect people in general to take time to see whether we are what we seem to be, it is foolish to roll ourselves into a prickly ball on the approach of strangers. If we do so, we cannot wonder at their exclaiming: 'A rough Christian!' as the dog said of the hedgehog.

It is difficult to see how the 'natural-born fool'—to use an American expression—can ever hope to become well mannered, for without good sense, or rather tact, a man must continually make a fool of himself in society. Why are women as a rule better mannered than men? Because their greater sympathy and power of quicker intuition give to them finer tact. Nor is talent which knows what to do of much use, if the tact be wanting which should enable us to see how to do it. He who has talent without tact is like the millionaire who never has a penny of ready-money about him. Mr Smiles illustrates the difference between a man of quick tact and of no tact whatever by an interview which he says once took place between Lord Palmerston and Mr Behnes the sculptor. At the last sitting which Lord Palmerston gave him, Behnes opened the conversation with: 'Any news, my lord, from France? How do we stand with Louis Napoleon?' The Foreign Secretary raised his eyebrows for an instant, and quietly replied: 'Really, Mr Behnes, I don't know; I have not seen the newspapers!' Behnes, with much talent, was one of the many men who entirely missed their way in life through want of tact.

Nowhere is there room for the display of good manners so much as in conversation. Well-mannered people do not talk too much. Remembering that the first syllable of the word conversation is *con* (with), that it means talking with another, they abstain from lecturing, and are as ready to listen as to be heard. They are neither impatient to interrupt others nor uneasy when interrupted themselves. Knowing 'that their anecdote or sharp reply will keep, or need not find utterance at all, they give full attention to their companion, and do not by their looks vote him a bore, or at least an interruption to their own much better remarks. But beside the rule, that we should not be impatient to get in our word, that a few brilliant flashes of *silence* should occur in our conversation, another rule is, not to take for our theme—ourselves. We must remember that, as a rule, we and our concerns can be of no more importance to other men than they and their concerns are to us. Why then should we go over the annals of our lives generally and of our diseases in particular to comparative strangers; why review the hardships we have suffered in money matters, in love, at law, in our profession, or loudly boast of successes in each of these departments? Why, lastly, should the pride that apes humility induce us to fish for compliments by talking *ad nauseam* of our faults? We need not say that low gossip or scandal-bearing is quite incompatible with good manners. 'The occasions of silence,' says Bishop Butler, 'are obvious—namely when a man has nothing to say, or nothing but what is better unsaid; better either in regard to some particular persons he is present with, or from its being an interruption to conversation of a more agreeable kind; or better, lastly, with regard to himself.'

A well-mannered man is courteous to all sorts and conditions of men. He is respectful to his inferiors as well as to his equals and superiors. Honouring the image of God in every man, his good manners are not reserved for the few who can pay for them, or who make themselves feared. Like the gentle summer air, his civility plays round all alike. 'The love and admiration,' says Canon Kingsley, 'which that truly brave and loving man Sir Sidney Smith won from every one, rich and poor, with whom he came in contact, seems to have arisen from the one fact, that without, perhaps, having any such conscious intention, he treated rich and poor, his own servants, and the noblemen his guests, alike, and alike courteously, consider-

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ately, cheerfully, affectionately—so leaving a blessing and reaping a blessing wherever he went.' Certainly the working-classes of England, however respectful they may be to those whom—often for interested reasons—they call 'their betters,' are far from being sufficiently polite to each other. Why should not British labourers when they meet take off their hats to each other, and courteously ask after Mrs Hardwork and family? There is not a moment of their lives the enjoyment of which might not be enhanced by kindliness of this sort—in the workshop, in the street, or at home.

We know that extremes meet, and there is an over-civility that becomes less than civil, because it forces people to act contrary to their inclinations. Well-mannered people consult the wishes of others rather than their own. They do not proceed in a tyrannical manner to prescribe what their friends shall eat and drink, nor do they put them in the awkward position of having to answer a thousand apologies for their entertainment. When guests refuse an offered civility, we ought not to press it. When they desire to leave our house, it is really bad manners to lock the stable-door, hide their hats, and have recourse to similar artifices to prevent their doing so. As, however, this zeal of hospitality without knowledge is a good fault, and one not too common, there is perhaps no need to say more about it. It leans to virtue's side.

We must not confound etiquette with good manners, for the arbitrary rules of the former are very often absurd, and differ in various ages and countries; whereas good manners, founded as they are on common-sense, are always and everywhere the same. It would be invidious to illustrate this assertion from the society of our own country, so we shall import a *reductio ad absurdum* of etiquette from Japan. In *The Gentle Life*, the following account is given by a resident at the Japanese court. 'When one courtier was insulted by another, he who bore the insult turned round to the insulter, and quietly uncovering the stomach, ripped himself open. The aggressor, by an inexorable law of etiquette, was bound to follow the lead, and so the two die. The most heart-rending look ever witnessed was one given by a Japanese, who, having been insulted by an American, carried out the rule, expecting his opponent to follow suit. But the Yankee would do nothing of the sort; and the Japanese expired in agonies—not from the torture of his wound, but from being a sacrifice to so foolish and underbred a fellow—whilst the American looked at him in a maze of wonder.' If it were not so sad, we might laugh at such accounts of self-torture, as well as at people of our own acquaintance who, worshipping conventionality, are ever on the rack about 'the right thing to do,' about 'good form.'

But this sort of folly should not blind us to the value of good manners as distinguished from etiquette.

> Manners are not idle, but the fruit
> Of noble nature and of loyal mind.

Were it not for the oil of civility, how could the wheels of society continue to work? Money, talent, rank, these are keys that turn some locks; but kindness or a sympathetic manner is a master-key that can open all. If 'virtue itself offends when coupled with a forbidding manner,' how great must be the power of winning manners, such as steer between bluntness and plain-dealing, between giving merited praise and flattery.

Men succeed in their professions quite as much by complaisance and kindliness of manner as by talent. Demosthenes, in giving his well-known advice to an orator—that eloquence consisted in three things, the first 'action,' the second 'action,' and the third 'action'—is supposed to have intended manner only. A telling preacher in his opening remarks gains the good-will of his hearers, and makes them feel both that he has something to say and that he can say it—by his manner. The successful medical man on entering a sick-room inspires into his patients belief in himself, and that hope which is so favourable to longevity—by his manner. Considering that jurymen are scarcely personifications of pure reason unmixed with passion or prejudice, a barrister cannot afford to neglect manner if he would bring twelve men one after another to his way of thinking. Again, has the business man any stock-in-trade that pays him better than a good address? And as regards the 'survival of the fittest' in tournaments for a lady's hand, is it not a 'natural selection' when the old motto 'Manners makyth man' decides the contest? At least Wilkes, the best-mannered but ugliest man of his day, thought so. 'I am,' he said, 'the ugliest man in the three kingdoms; but if you give me a quarter of an hour's start, I will gain the love of any woman before the handsomest.'

If kindliness of disposition be the essence of good manners, our subject is seen at once to shade off into the great one of Christianity itself. It is the heart that makes both the true gentleman and the great theologian. The apostle Paul (see speech delivered on Mars' Hill) always endeavoured to conciliate his audience when he commenced addressing them. And his letters, as well as those of his fellow-apostles, are full of sympathy and consideration for every one's feelings, because he had learned from Him whose sympathy extended to even the greatest of sinners.

## THE DUKE'S PIPER.

### A STORY OF THE WEST HIGHLANDS.

#### IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

'Oh, Angus!' Maggie held out her hand to him on the pier, and he held it as in a vice. 'It iss your own poat, then, Angus?'

'No; she iss not,' said Angus.

'No?'

'No! She iss yours, Maggie! I built her for ye—every inch of her grew under my own hand—and she 's no a pad poat at all, though it iss me that says it'——

'Well, Angus'——

'Don't say another word, but go aboard,' said Angus, proceeding down the steep slippery steps to the loch, leading Maggie gallantly by the hand. Speedily the rope was unloosed, the white sail spread to the breeze, and the boat moved gracefully and rapidly, under a glorious sunset sky, out into the loch. Maggie sat holding the tiller silently while Angus adjusted the ropes. The loch was radiant from shore to shore in the rich evening light; quickly the white houses of the town were left in the distance; and hardly a movement but the delicious ripple of water cleft by the

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boat's bow, or the cry of a sea-gull sailing lazily overhead, disturbed the stillness. Here and there in the pools among the boulders in lonely parts of the shore, a heron stood silent as its own shadow and solitary as a hermit; from the grassy hollows by the beach a thin white mist rose, softening the green wooded slopes, and adding a sense of distance to the heathery ridges in the background, glorified by the red autumn sunset. Maggie was supremely happy. When the sail was fairly set, Angus came and stretched himself by her side.

'And ye think she iss a nice poat, and ye like her?' he said, looking into Maggie's face.

'It wass fery kind of ye to think of giving me such a present as this, Angus; but I cannot possibly take it.'

'Maggie,' said Angus, taking her disengaged hand in his, 'I hef long wanted to tell you something—indeed I hef, Maggie—not that I'm a goot hand at telling anything I want, but—all the time I wass building her, and that wass longer than ye might think, Maggie—I hef looked to this moment as a reward—when I would see you sitting there, looking that happy and that peautiful—yes, Maggie, peautiful, and pleased with my work—and proud am I to see ye so pleased wi' a trifle'——

'But it iss *not* a trifle,' said the maiden interrupting him; 'it wass a great undertaking! I nefer saw anything I liked half so much.'

'But it iss nothing, I tell you, Maggie, to what I would gif you if you would be willing to take it—nothing! I would like you, Maggie, to take all I hef—and myself too. It iss true I am only a common sailor, but Maggie, my heart iss fery warm to you. Many 's the time, when I wass a hundred and maybe thousants of miles away from here, I wad pe thinking of you—many a time in the middle of the night, when I wass on the deck alone, watching and looking at the stars under a foreign sky, I would single out a particular star and call it Maggie's eye, and watch it lovingly, cass I thocht you might pe looking at it too, even if you wass not thinking of me thousants of miles off; and it makes me fery unhappy when I 'm a long way off, to think that maybe I am forgotten, and some other man iss trying to get your love, and maybe I losing my chance of happiness for life, cass, like a fool, I held my peace, when by speaking a word my happiness and yours might pe secure.'

Angus's arm had stolen round the girl's waist as he proceeded in the speech that was a direct outflow from his heart. She did not try to speak for a little. Angus saw that her eyes were filled with tears.

'It wass wrong of ye, Angus, efer to think I would forget ye,' she said.

'Then ye do think sometimes apoot me when I am not near you?'

'Angus, how can you pe speaking nonsense like that!'

'But it iss not nonsense to me, Maggie,' said her lover seriously; 'I love you, Maggie, as I love no woman in the world; and Maggie, if you were to—to—it wad break my'——

It was the old story. Two human souls meeting under the light of heaven, each recognising in the other that which each yearned for, to give completeness to life; the spoken word being the outward force impelling them towards each other, as two dewdrops merge into one by a movement external to both. The Highland girl had no desire to break her lover's heart; nay, she was ready to give her own in exchange for his love with all the impulsiveness of a simple and true nature. As the boat sped on they noted not that twilight was deepening into evening, that the stars were myriad-eyed above them, and the crescent moon glimmered over the hills and shone in quivering tracks along the loch. So it came about that at the same moment of time when the piper in the clachan was apostrophising Angus's father in the words already recorded—'Nae doot your son Angus will pe wanting me to learn him to play the pipes too; and nae doot, when he comes for that purpose, he will look to have his crack wi' Maggie,' &c.—his daughter's arms were being thrown impulsively about Angus's neck, and Angus himself was the happiest man in the Western Highlands.

Maggie reached Glen Heath with a joyous heart. She was there before the piper. She speedily girt on her apron, and with tucked-up sleeves proceeded to the more prosaic duty of baking 'scones' that might be warm and palatable for the piper's supper; and as she rolled out the dough, and patted and rolled and kneaded it, and turned it before the fire until an appetising browniness covered each surface, she sang merrily one of the merriest of the sad Gaelic melodies.

But the piper was late. The white cloth was spread, and the scones had time to cool, before Diana leaping to her feet, stretched herself, yawned, and went to the door sniffing. Maggie opened the door immediately; the piper swung along the path unsteadily. The dog went to meet him without enthusiasm, half-doubtful of her reception, and only narrowly escaped the kick which the piper aimed at her.

'Get out, ye prute!' he said, as he came in; and when the animal still came fawning towards him, he hurled his bagpipes with great force at her head, only with the result, however, of breaking the pipe's mouthpiece. 'O the prute!' he cried when he saw what had happened; 'she has proken my favourite shanter—the shanter that I've played wi' for fifteen years. O the prute! I'll cut her throat, to teach her to keep oot o' my way. My best shanter too!'

'Come, dad, you are late,' said Maggie cheerily, going to meet him; 'you hef had a long walk. I hef boiled some eggs for ye, and baked some scones; come, hef some supper before ye go to bed.'

'Ay, ay, ye are a praw lass, Maggie, one o' the right sort,' the piper said. 'But to think my poor shanter 's broken. I will nefer see her like again whatefer!'

The piper sat down to supper with an enormous appetite, and Maggie waited upon him devotedly, uncertain whether she should reveal her secret or not in the present dubious state of her father's temper.

'Anypody peen here for me the day?' he asked between mouthfuls.

'Yes, Angus MacTavish wass here in the afternoon; and he'——

The piper laid down his knife, looked straight in his daughter's face with a fierceness that startled her, saying: 'Hang Angus MacTavish and efery man i' their black clan! A MacTavish nefer

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darkens my threshold again! If Angus MacTavish efer comes to my house he will live to rue it. I *hats* efery living MacTavish!'

Maggie looked in her father's face amazed. To violent language she was well accustomed; but sober or otherwise, she had never heard him utter a word against the MacTavishes until now.

'Come, dad,' she said after a short silence, during which time she decided it would be better to say nothing of what was uppermost in her mind until morning—'come, dad; something has vexed you to-night. You will be petter in the morning. Angus iss the best friend either you or I hef in the wide world.'

'I tell you,' burst out the piper, 'I will not hef his name mentioned in my hoose, not by you or any other! And if you go apoot with him, Meg, as I hef seen ye do lately, I'll—I'll maybe pack you out of doors too!'

The tears were in poor Maggie's eyes, but she comforted herself as she put up the bolt in the door for the night, by assuring herself, as she heard the piper stumbling up-stairs to his room: 'Poor dad, he iss worse than usual to-night.' And when she slept, she dreamed of Angus.

### CHAPTER III.

The piper's anger seemed to be modified on the following morning; but he still growled when his daughter introduced the name MacTavish as he sat before a steaming bowl of porridge and a basin of milk, which he attacked with a large horn spoon and an appetite comparable only to the giant's who fell a victim to the adroitness of Jack the celebrated Giant-killer. Maggie's enthusiastic account of Angus's gift of the boat was received with a critical coldness that made her heart sink within her.

'O ay, Maggie; it iss no doot a peautiful poat—she wass sure to pe that if Angus built her; but it iss fery easy to see what Angus MacTavish iss driving at. Maybe he'll find he has peen counting without his host mirofer, if he thinks he iss going to get you for his wife by gifing you a fishing-poat; what wass a fishing-poat to a lass like you?—as if ye wass a poor lass! Ye're no to pe fashing your head apoot Angus MacTavish, lass—no; he iss no doot a cood lad, but no for the like o' you! There iss Sandy Buchanan noo, the lawyer's clerk mirofer, a far more likely lad to make ye a cood man, and willing?'

'O dad, and how can ye pe saying such things to me on the happiest day o' my life, for Angus asked me yesterday to be his wife; and I—I'——

'Ye what?' said the piper, laying down his spoon and eyeing his daughter sternly.

'Weel, dad, I—I—didna say No.'

'Then I'm thinking ye'll hef to go this fery day whatefer and say "No," my lass, for I'm telling ye I won't hef it!'

Maggie was not generally one of the tearful sort, but the sudden emphasis of her father's words filled her eyes with tears and drove her to silence. She did not trust herself to speak, but lifted her pail hurriedly with a flushed face, and went sorrowfully to milk the 'kye,' whose deep impatient lowing from the byre was urgently demanding attention. When she was half across the courtyard she heard her father calling her back. She turned and went to him.

'Maggie,' he said, drawing her to his knee and holding her brown face between his rough hands tenderly, 'it iss not crying ye are, my bouny lass? No; I wad not hef my lass crying for any MacTavish that efer drank a dram! Not that Angus iss a pad lad—no, I will not say he iss that—he plays the pipes petter than any lad of his years I efer saw—but the MacTavishes—— Ah weel, they're no jist the clan that the Camerons should marry into. Noo, dry your eyes, lass, and pe off to your milking mirofer—Crumple iss moaning as if her udder wass going to crack.'

The maiden said nothing; she kissed him, but the smile was all vanished from her face as she stooped to relieve Crumple of her milky burden.

The piper went to the stable, and the sound of his whistling rang over the place as he brushed down his horses and gave them their morning feed.

Maggie was in strong hopes, as the morning advanced, that before nightfall, when she expected Angus to come, the tempest would be over, and Angus hailed by her father in his old manner. This hope was dispelled, and poor Maggie made miserable beyond bearing when her father returned to his mid-day meal. The piper had early in the forenoon taken his fishing-rod and gone to a favourite spot of his known as 'the Black Hole,' on the stream, where he had wiled away many an hour and tempted to the bank many a fat spotted trout. When he returned to dinner, his daughter saw with surprise that he brought no fish with him, and that his fishing-rod was broken into half-a-dozen pieces; and moreover, that he was white with anger. Fingal his collie was following with dejected tail and a torn ear, apparently in as bad a temper as his master, judging from the snarling greeting he gave Diana who went to meet them.

'Py the powers, but I'll put the law on him; I'll hef him put in the jail,' cried the piper, as he went into his kitchen and tossed the fragments of his fishing-rod into a corner. 'The plaguard, to preak my fishing-rod and steal my fish mirofer; but I'll hef the law on him! He shall go pefore the shirra as sure as my name iss John Cameron!'

Maggie did not know that Mr MacTavish was at the same moment on his way home with a swollen black eye, carrying with him a goodly fish that ought to have been in the piper's basket, 'Jet' limping behind his master very much bruised indeed.

'And it iss the Teuk that wull pe told all apoot it; the prood teffle, poaching the salmon like a common thief, and knocking a man apoot as if he wass a lower animal,' said the game-keeper, recording *his* grievance indignantly to his buxom wife, in answer to sympathetic ejaculations as to the state of his eye, when he returned to his dinner.

True to his word, the piper sent the herd-boy to the lawyer's office to tell Sandy Buchanan, with the piper's compliments, &c., that Mr Cameron desired to see him at Glen Heath on important business.

'Well, dad,' Maggie had said impetuously when she heard this message given to 'Geordy,' as they sat at dinner, hardly understanding from what motive her father sought the presence of the detested Sandy Buchanan, 'I can only say that I

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shall not bide in the hoose if that red-headed, ill-looking man comes to the hoose; I won't inteed!'

'Ye are red-headed yourself!' said the piper abruptly.

'No; I'm not.'

'Yes, ye are. The man canna help himself if the Almichty gef him a red head. The best o' folks iss red-headed. I'm red-headed; and ye are red as a fox or a squirrel yourself, I tell ye'——

'Well, well, dad, we'll no quarrel apoot that; maybe I am; but'——

'I tell ye what it iss, Maggie, ye will bide at home when Mr Buchanan comes, and ye'll pehave yourself civilly, or maybe it may pe worse for ye. Angus MacTavish hass turned your head; but he'll get a bit o' my mind maybe yet, as his father hass pefore him mirofer, and that pefore the set o' sun too!'

'O dad, dad! ye'll break my heart, so ye will, inteed and inteed ye will, dad, if it iss in that way ye speak o' Angus.'

'I'll not hef him come apoot my hoose longer! He iss a wanderin' rake; efery sailor iss that, and no fit to make a cood huspand to the like o' you.'

'He iss not a rake! Ye are no speaking the swords of truth, father!' exclaimed the girl passionately.

'Efery sailor iss a rake, Maggie; eferypody knows that; and I daresay he iss none better than his neibors.'

Stung by the cruel words, Maggie ran to the dairy, where she shut herself in and burst into a flood of tears. The Highland maid had few hatreds; she had the impulsive almost passionate temperament of every true Celt, but her impulsiveness ran in loving channels. But if she did hate, she hated warmly—also after the Celtic manner. And the one living object for whom she felt undying scorn was this Sandy Buchanan, who knew more of her father's affairs than any man in Inversnow; and whose studied civility to her on all occasions, and attentions more or less marked, were resented by her as she would have resented another man's insults. Perhaps he was all the more despised because he kept at a respectful distance when Angus was at home; a peculiarity that Maggie attributed to a certain dread of physical consequences, that was not to be wondered at in a weak-legged milksop fellow like him. But whenever the Duke's yacht was away, Mr Sandy danced attendance upon her assiduously, insisting upon seeing her safely home from the kirk on Sunday evenings, and otherwise thrusting his obnoxious presence upon her in ways which she considered offensive.

And sure enough, just as the sun was veering round to the west, the piper was seated at the table of his best parlour with a bottle of whisky and glasses, and a plate of Maggie's crisp oatmeal bannocks between him and the detested Sandy Buchanan, whose breath blew forth gales of peppermint—an odour that Maggie always associated with him, and put the worst construction upon—as he listened patiently to the rather confused statement of the piper's grievance. Sandy tried honestly to look at the case from the piper's stand-point; but put in any form, it appeared that if any legal action was to be taken the decision could hardly take the only form which would satisfy the irate piper—namely the immediate arrest, trial, conviction, and imprisonment of Mr MacTavish for an undefined number of months in the county jail. Sandy gathered that the piper had succeeded in hooking a 'cood seven-pound grilse;' that while he was landing the same, Mr MacTavish appeared on the scene threatening to report him to the Duke for poaching; words passed between them, not of a complimentary nature, ending ultimately in one of two catastrophes—the piper could not clearly remember which—either the game-keeper had seized the piper's rod with result of breaking it to pieces, or the piper had broken his fishing-rod over the game-keeper's back; and then a struggle had ensued, the upshot of which was that the latter walked off with the 'grilse' and a black eye, while the former did the like with his shattered fishing-rod and empty basket, each vowing to lay the matter before 'the shirra.'

The Sheriff, as represented by Sandy Buchanan the fiscal's clerk, thought, much to the delight of the piper, that he had good ground for an action for assault against Mr MacTavish; and presently father and daughter (poor Maggie was compelled to remain in the room to hear the brutal manner in which he, a Cameron, had been treated by a MacTavish) were thrown into a state of mental confusion by the adroit manner in which Sandy now addressing the piper as 'our client,' now as 'the plaintiff;' both of which phrases the piper received and acknowledged in the light of a personal compliment, and also by liberal but not very coherent allusion to Act of Queen Victoria this, and chapter of Act Queen Victoria that; all tending to prove the piper the most abused and injured of men.

In the midst of the conference Angus MacTavish appeared at the door. He indiscreetly opened it and looked in without knocking. The piper, who was feeling at the moment keenly alive to his own importance, with the delightful sense that he had matter to bring before the 'shirra' (as he called the Sheriff), looked up and frowned, fingering his glass of whisky the while.

'What idiot iss it that walks into a shentleman's hoose withoot knocking at the door, and withoot waiting to be asked to come in?'

'Come, piper,' said Angus, walking boldly into the room, somewhat surprised to see Buchanan there, but holding an outstretched hand to the piper; 'it iss not the first, nor the second, nor maybe the twentieth time I hef hed your hospitality, and I am thinking it will not pe the last time—and that without claiming it.'

'My name is Maister Cameron—Maister Cameron of Glen Heath, Maister Angus MacTavish! And apoot its peing the last time or not depends upon more consiterations than one!' The piper spoke with a sternness and pomposity of manner that made his visitor allow his hand to drop quickly to his side, and brought an indignant flush to the young face.

'What does it all mean?' said Angus in a bewildered way, turning to Maggie.

Maggie stood behind her father's chair the personification of misery. The man of law sat looking stolidly before him with the most wooden of expressions on his pale face.

'It means,' said the piper in the same harsh sharp key, 'that *that* is the door, that yonder is the road, that the quicker ye are there the petter it will pe for you, and the petter pleased too will all in this room pe.'

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'Iss that it?' said Angus slowly, looking still at Maggie, and turning again towards the door.

'No, Angus, no! It iss not true that all in this room will pe petter pleased that ye should go. It iss not true!' burst out the girl in the fullness of her heart.

'But it *shall* pe true!' shouted the piper, bringing his hand firmly down upon the table. Angus did not stay to argue the matter, but sorrowfully went his way.

'Stop that whining, Maggie—stop that foolish whining; I will not hef it!' said the piper, turning upon his daughter fiercely, who tried in vain to repress a sob as Angus disappeared.

'O Sandy Buchanan, it iss muckle that ye'll hef to answer for, if ye 'll make me that I'll hate my own father too,' said the poor girl, storming out into open mutiny.

'Leave the room, Maggie!' cried the piper, waving his hand. The maiden gladly availed herself of her dismissal, and fled to the solitude of her own room. 'Cott has not gifen to women the brains to understand pusiness,' he continued, generalising apologetically to his guest.

A week passed, and the piper's wrath against the clan MacTavish endured. The feud was not one-sided. Mr MacTavish replied to a letter full of nothing, expressed in the bitterest legal phraseology, written by Sandy Buchanan on the piper's behalf, by a document of elaborate counter-charges, written by the banker-lawyer of the town, breathing threatenings and lawsuits. And the case promised to be profitable to both of these astute gentlemen, as such cases generally manage to be.

## HINTS TO SICK-NURSES.

TRYING as are many, indeed we may truly say most of the duties of the sick-room, nothing renders them so much so as the fact that the disease under which the patient is suffering is of an infectious, or of a contagious nature.

There is a great deal to be said on the head of avoidance of infection or contagion, while nursing a sufferer through disease of either one nature or the other. In this as in all other matters connected with sick-nursing, heroic, would-be-martyr-like conduct is absurd and blamable, for prudence goes for a great deal, and indiscretion brings trouble and suffering on others as well as yourself. 'I don't mind *what* risk I run; I am too anxious to think about myself!' always seems to us a feeble and (to use a strong northern word) a very feckless sort of remark, only made, in nine cases out of ten, to exact the tribute of a surprised or admiring look. On the contrary, the aim and end of every sick-nurse should be to do as much good and be as much comfort as possible *with the least possible risk*. To achieve this, the smallest and most apparently trivial precautions are worth taking, in order to prevent the friends and relatives about you having the additional trouble and anxiety of nursing you as a second invalid, just when 'number one' is recovering.

'I am so anxious I can't eat! I haven't touched a morsel to-day!' are by no means uncommon remarks to hear from the lips of some one who is nursing, or assisting to nurse a case of infectious disease. Yet this abstinence is just the very worst thing you can possibly do under such circumstances, and the most calculated to render yourself an easy prey to that unseen influence pervading the air, and like the seeds of some poisonous plant, ready to take root if soil be found favourable to its growth. Feebleness, over-weariness, exhaustion, want of sufficient nourishment—all these things aid in preparing this suitable soil, and woo the disease germs that are floating about in the air to take root and bring forth bitter fruit. A vigorous cheerful person, capable of strong self-control, often seems able to defy the closest contact with disease; and even if some *malaise* (often closely allied to the disease of the patient) knocks over the willing nurse for a time, the elastic constitution of body and mind seems to throw off the poison, and no serious illness results. Nothing is more common than the occurrence of these spurious attacks of illness, allied to that from which the person nursed is suffering, and the following case is an example.

A lady nursing a friend in small-pox, after lengthened attendance in the sick-room, was attacked by faintness, shivering, a sensation of nausea, and violent headache. Both the nurse and her friends concluded that a seizure of the loathsome disease from which the patient was suffering was inevitable. However, the following day several large blotches appeared on various parts of the body; all unpleasant symptoms gradually disappeared; and in a day or two—without the original sufferer having had any idea that her nurse was kept away by anything more serious than need of rest—she was able to return to her duties, and never suffered any further deterioration of health. In the same way we have known those who were nursing cases of fever to be suddenly attacked by sore throat, headache, and vertigo, these symptoms passing off after twenty-four or forty-eight hours, and no further evil resulting. A vigorous constitution, care while nurse-tending as to diet and exercise, joined to a mind calm and equable, and ready to face all possibilities without flurry, feverish excitement, or fear, will in many cases enable the sick-nurse to throw off the seeds of disease. But a malignant influence which floats in the atmosphere of the sick-room, pervading the breath of the sick person, and hanging like a bad odour about the bed-clothes, carpets, and even the wall-paper of the room, is necessarily a difficult enemy to evade—and such is infection. And any one who has a timorous dread of it is far better away from the sick-room.

This is, we think, a matter that cannot be too strongly insisted upon. To watch for symptoms is often to develop them; and constant dwelling upon the condition of any one organ of the body, and apprehension as to disease in that organ, will often produce at all events functional derangement

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if no greater evil. By this we do not mean that neglect of one's self is ever justifiable, but only that fearful and timorous apprehension is deleterious.

So strongly has this fact impressed itself upon us with regard to infection, that we even think it would be well to strain a point, and encourage a person to absent herself from the sick-room, rather than run the risk of having a nurse of this temperament near a patient suffering from disease of a catching nature. In sickness the perceptions are often rendered painfully acute, and the mind naturally much concentrated on itself, is therefore ready to take offence or be troubled by trifles. We have seen a patient shrink from the ministrations of a person whom he *felt* to be in a state of fear.

Just in the same way, if the duties of the sick-room are (as they often must be) unpleasant, a *look* of aversion or disgust is enough to wound the sufferer beyond the power of caress or words to heal! A woman who turns sick, or is obliged to put a handkerchief to her nose at a foul smell—who shudders at the sight of blood, ought never to be in a sick-room. The same may be said of one who is always feeling her own pulse, or (as we once saw) looking at her own tongue in the glass (by no means a graceful proceeding), to see if symptoms are 'declaring themselves.' All or much of this sort of nervousness may be affectation; but at the same time we must not judge unkindly of those who from natural temperament dread infection, and are therefore likely to fall a prey to it.

And now, taking it for granted that we have a tolerably sensible woman to deal with, and that she is called upon to nurse a case of fever, small-pox, diphtheria, or any such-like unpleasant ailment, what precautions are best calculated to reduce the risk of infection to a minimum?—a risk which we cannot do away with, but are certainly called upon to guard against to the utmost in our power. Attention to diet, so as to ward off great exhaustion *at any time*, and taking at least half an hour's exercise in the open air, are excellent rules to observe. Never go into the sick-room *fasting*. And here we must strongly urge upon every sick-nurse the value of coffee as a restorative. In times of cholera epidemics among our soldiers, the first precaution the authorities invariably take is to order a cup of strong coffee to be served out to each man the first thing in the morning. The effects of this plan are known to be admirable.

Take a brisk walk shortly after your breakfast; order a cup of hot strong coffee to be ready when you come in, and take it *before going into the patient's room*. Nothing helps to throw off the weariness of a night's watching like this turn in the fresh air (even if taken of necessity under an umbrella), and the coffee braces the nerves and invigorates the system.

To speak of the avoidance of alcoholic stimulants is to enter upon delicate ground; though we are of opinion that in *serious* cases the nurse should seldom touch anything stronger than coffee throughout the whole time. This abstaining gives a power of recovering with great promptitude from the effects of long-continued watching and heavy duties in the sick-room. Depend upon it that the recurring glass of sherry, the oft-repeated 'nip' of brandy-and-water, do a world of harm both in the sick-room and out of it.

That wine and brandy are valuable restoratives in weakness, cannot be denied; and it is certain that there are many constitutions which *need* a moderate amount of stimulant; but that stimulants are taken to a perfectly needless and most pernicious extent, even by those who by no means come under the term 'drunkard,' and that among these are numbered women as well as men, is a stubborn and unhappy fact. One of the many evils resulting from this over-use of stimulants is this: when severe illness and prostration call for wine or brandy, the system is so used to their action that but little benefit accrues; at all events, little when compared to that prompt answer the constitution gives to even small doses, when that constitution has either made very sparing use, or no use at all, of such whips and spurs to the energies of life.

The proper ventilation of a sick-room is a most important means of lessening the danger of infection; and this more particularly in such diseases as fever, small-pox, or diphtheria—that is, diseases coming distinctly under the head infectious. In those which are contagious, ventilation is of course also important, but not equally so. And this leads us on to speak of the difference between infection and contagion. Infection is subtly diffused through the atmosphere, the patient's breath, the clothes, hangings, walls, &c. Contagion consists in the disease being propagated by the emanations of the sick person. It is therefore obvious that the latter (contagion) is more easily guarded against by a prudent person than the former (infection). The plentiful use of disinfectants seems to be one of the best preventives against contagion; but of course all such details are generally regulated by the medical man in attendance, and no better advice can be given to the amateur sick-nurse than to follow his directions *implicitly*.

We will, before leaving this subject, quote one passage from Dr Aitken's excellent work, *The Science and Practice of Medicine*. In volume one, page 222, he says: 'Ill-health of any kind therefore favours the action of epidemic influences.' Thus then, we see how one of our highest medical authorities bears out the truth of what we have said—namely that for the sick-nurse to neglect her own health—to go without sufficient and regular food—in a word, to lower by any means whatever the standard of her own physical condition, is to intensify the risk of infection or contagion for herself, and trouble and anxiety for those belonging to her.

We have no belief in the disinfecting of clothes that have been worn during attendance on cases of an infectious nature. It is far better to wear an old dress, wrapper, shawl, &c., and when the illness is over *have them burned*. The same thing applies to clothing worn by the patient.

We remember one most lamentable case where (as was supposed) everything was disinfected, washed, and exposed to the air; yet the gift of a night-dress to a poor woman resulted in virulent small-pox, and the sufferer, a young married woman, was cruelly disfigured in spite of the best care and nursing an hospital could give.

It comes then to this: infection cannot be

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evaded; but risk may be reduced to a minimum by an observance of the precautions we have noted, by the exercise of plain common-sense, and by the *reality*—not romance—of devotion to the work undertaken by the sick-nurse.

## INDIAN MILITARY SPORTS.

For the following amusing account of some of the more popular of Eastern regimental sports we are indebted to an officer in India. He proceeds as follows:

The sports of the native Indian cavalry, commonly called *Nesi Bazi*, are much encouraged by the authorities, as to excel in them requires steady nerve and good riding. I believe it is the custom in most regiments to devote one morning a week to these essentially military games. They are most popular with the men, it is easy to see, for besides the hundred or so who generally turn out to compete, the greater part of the regiment is present on foot as spectators.

The proceedings generally commence with tent-pegging pure and simple. A short peg is driven into the ground, while some two hundred yards distant the competitors are drawn up in line, each on his own horse; for the native *sowar*, like the vassal of our own past times, comes mounted and armed to his regiment. While off duty the native soldier can dress as he pleases, so on occasions like the present, individual taste breaks forth in showy waistcoat or gorgeous coloured turban. Each man carries a bamboo spear in his hand. At a signal given by the *wordi major* or native adjutant, the first man, his spear held across his body, starts at a canter; his wiry little country-bred knows as well as he does what is in hand, and as the speed quickens to a gallop, the pace is regular and measured, enabling his rider to sit as steady as a rock. When about fifty yards from the object the sowar turns his spear-point downward, bends well over the saddle till his hand is below the girth, and then, when you almost think he has gone past, an imperceptible turn of the wrist and—swish—the spear is brandished round his head, with the peg transfixed on its point. Another is quickly driven into the ground, and the next man comes up; he too hits the peg, but perhaps fails to carry it away to the required distance, for it drops from his spear-point as he is in the act of whirling it round his head. This does not count, and he retires discomfited. The third misses entirely; the fourth strikes but does not remove the peg from the ground; while after them in quick succession come two or three who carry it off triumphantly. With varying fortune the whole squad goes by; and it is interesting to note the style of each horseman as he passes, some sitting rigid till within a few yards of the mark; others bending over and taking aim while still at a distance; some silent, others shouting and gesticulating; while one no sooner has his steed in motion than he gives vent to a certain *tremolo* sound, kept up like the rattle of a steam-engine, till close upon the peg, which having skilfully transfixed, he at the same time throws his voice up an octave or two, in triumph I suppose, as he gallops round and joins his comrades. Two or three men now bring up their horses with neither saddle nor bridle, and with consummate skill, guiding them by leg-pressure alone, carry off the peg triumphantly, amid well-deserved cries of '*Shabash!*' from the spectators.

The next part of the programme is 'lime-cutting.' Three lemons are put up on sticks about twenty yards apart; and as the sowar gallops past, tulwar in hand, he has successively to cut them in two without touching the sticks—a by no means easy feat. Then three handkerchiefs are placed on the ground; and a horseman, riding barebacked a good-looking bay, flies past in a very cloud of dust, and on his way stoops, picks up, and throws over his shoulder each handkerchief as he comes to it.

And now we come to the most difficult feat of all. A piece of wood a little larger than a tent-peg is driven into the ground, and a notch having been made in the top, a rupee is therein placed so as to be half hidden from view. The feat is to ride at this, lance in hand, and to knock out the rupee without touching the wood—a performance requiring rare skill and dexterity; yet it is generally accomplished successfully, once or twice, by the best hands of the regiment.

Perhaps the proceedings may close with something of a comic nature, one man coming past hanging by his heels from the saddle, shouting and gesticulating; others facing their horses' tails, firing pistols at a supposed enemy, with more antics of a like nature, often ending in an ignominious cropper, though the nimble *farash* generally succeeds in landing on his feet.

The sports of the infantry are of a totally different nature. The last time I had an opportunity of being present at a *tamasha* of this kind was a pleasant breezy day on the banks of the Ganges. A space about twelve yards by fifteen was prepared by picking up and softening the ground till it presented the appearance of a minute portion of Rotten Row. One side of this space was reserved for the European officers and their friends; while round the other three stood or squatted the sepoys and any of their acquaintances from the neighbouring villages whom they chose to invite. In the rear were booths, whose owners were doing a brisk trade in native sweetmeats, while some twenty tom-toms kept up a discordant and never-ending din. Every native present, from havildar to sepoy, was clothed only in the *langoti* or loin-cloth, to give free play to the muscles of the limbs and chest. At each corner of the arena stood a man in authority, like a Master of the Ceremonies, to see that the sports were carried on in a proper manner and that nobody allowed his temper to get the better of him. One of these was a remarkably fine-looking man, who, had he been of somewhat lighter hue and clothed in the garments of civilisation, might have passed as an English aristocrat of the first-water; while another, of powerful build and with mutton-chop whiskers, was the very image of an eminent City man of my acquaintance.

We arrived on the scene a little late, but were

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immediately shewn to a seat, one of the native officers coming up to hand us a plateful of cut-up almonds and cocoa-nut, with raisins and spices intermixed. Of course we took some, as this was the native welcome. We were hardly seated when two wiry-looking young men stepped into the arena. First, they each bent down and raised to the forehead a little earth in the right hand. This was *poojah*, or a request for help from their deity in the approaching struggle; though I suspect in most cases it was a meaningless performance; for I saw a little Christian boy who played first-cornet in the band, go through the same manœuvre. The two wrestlers then went to opposite corners, and began some of the queerest antics I ever saw, slapping their chests, thighs, and arms; first hopping on the left, then on the right foot; bending over and jumping back, and recalling in some degree the movements of the ballet; and then, after a few feints, they clutched each other by the arms close to the shoulder, while their two bullet-heads met together and acted as battering-rams. This went on till one man presented a chance by incautiously lifting his foot, when down he went in a trice, his adversary falling on him. This, however, was not a 'fall.' While on the ground, they turned and twisted and writhed like snakes, their lean legs curling round each other in a manner marvellous to behold, their efforts being greeted every now and then by applause, led by the Masters of the Ceremonies aforesaid, given in a sing-song way, and always ending in a long-drawn 'Tee' (Victory). It was almost wearisome to watch them, until at length the bout was brought to an end by one man being fairly thrown on his back, his adversary keeping clear. This was a true 'fall.'

Couple after couple set to in the same way, sometimes a raw youth requiring the friendly admonition of the watchful M. C. to make him keep his temper, though I must say the friendly way in which these exceedingly rough sports were carried on was deserving of the highest praise.

I could hardly believe my eyes when I saw the aristocrat and the mutton-chop whiskers man, throwing aside their dignity, enter the arena and go through the same antics, the latter's pirouettes and *pas de Zéphir* resembling the gambols of a young elephant; but nevertheless they went through the affair as their predecessors had done.

Between times the little boys from the neighbouring villages would rush in as they saw their opportunity, and seizing a long sword with a handle that covered the arm to the elbow make cuts and points innumerable at a supposed enemy, dancing the while, and never leaving the spot where they commenced. The meaning of this I could not divine, but it pleased the spectators, for they did not withhold their applause, the aristocrat himself on one occasion prolonging the usual 'Tee' in a sonorous voice after every one else had finished.

I was told that this sort of thing went on from early morning till sunset; but though interesting for an hour, it soon begins to pall on the ordinary European; so, after seeing a little single-stick and club practice, excellent of their kind, we took our departure.

I think nothing can speak better for the class of men we have in our native army than the genuine interest they take in these thoroughly manly sports. While engaged in them, the habitual mark of deference worn by the native soldier in the presence of his officer drops from his face, and we can see him as he is, with all his keen appreciation of fun and skill, in which he is not one whit behind his white comrade in the regular army.

## A PROMISING FIELD FOR EMIGRANTS.

Among the colonial papers just laid before parliament will be found an account, by the governor of Tasmania, of a tour recently made by him, in company with the Minister of Lands and Works, through the north-eastern and eastern districts of that very fine island, worthy to be called the England of the southern hemisphere, which seem to us to meet the requirements of the class of emigrants alluded to; and it is to these localities that the following brief notes refer.

The north-eastern districts of Tasmania are only now attracting general attention, owing to the recent discoveries of tin; and Mr Weld undertook his long journey on horseback because he was desirous of seeing for himself enough to enable him to judge of their capabilities both as mining and agricultural districts. The result, as will be seen, sufficed to convince him that the future of Tasmania will be materially affected by the development of these regions. The north-eastern corner of the island is chiefly hilly, and even mountainous; but it contains large tracts estimated at fully seventy thousand acres of undulating and almost level land of very superior quality, and the soil of a great part of the hills themselves is exceedingly rich. Mr Weld describes the country as being almost entirely clothed with the most luxuriant vegetation. The Eucalypti on the flats and rich hill-sides attain a great size; and the valuable blackwood, the native beech or myrtle, the silver wattle (*Acacia dealbata*), the sassafras, and the tree-ferns and climbers, add beauty to the forest. The tree-ferns are most remarkable for the great profusion and luxuriance with which they grow, reaching occasionally a height of thirty feet, and being thickly spread over the whole district.

The region, Governor Weld says, may be described from a settler's point of view as a 'poor man's country;' that is, it is best adapted for settlement by men who will labour with their own hands, and who have sons and daughters to work with them. The following anecdote is suggestive, and is worthy of reproduction in its entirety: 'In the heart of the district I remained a day at the comfortable homestead of a most respectable settler, a native of Somersetshire, named Fry, who, with the assistance of his wife, four sons, and five daughters, had in eight years cleared and laid down in grass about two hundred and fifty acres of the three hundred acres he owns, milks fifty cows, and lately obtained a prize for cheese at the Melbourne Exhibition. I could not but be struck at the indomitable energy of this family, which had penetrated alone into a then pathless forest, and attacked its huge trees

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with such determination, doing everything for themselves, working hard all day, and at night taught lessons, prayers, and even music by the father.' Capitalists, Mr Weld adds, would find such a country too expensive to clear; but the man who can always be cutting down or ringing a tree himself, by degrees sees the light of day break largely into the forest, and though he will not make a fortune, he will make a home and an independence, and all his simple wants will be supplied.

The district alluded to is capable of keeping thousands of such families in health and plenty. Surely then we are right in looking upon this as a promising field for the class of emigrants of which we have spoken. In addition too to its capabilities from an agricultural point of view, the country is not without mineral wealth; and a region roughly estimated at some fifteen hundred square miles, and but partially prospected, has been found to contain tin in such quantities as to warrant its being called 'a rich tin-bearing country.' Fair profits are being made in working this mineral; some of the claims are worked by men on their own account, others in part by working proprietors and in part by men employed by them on wages; and again there are two or three companies of capitalists employing managers and labourers. Labour is scarce and dear, and labourers are being imported from Melbourne; wages range from fifty shillings a week for the best labourers downwards; and on farms men get twenty shillings a week and rations. The great difficulty the north-eastern districts labour under is want of roads; the tin has consequently to be carried—at a cost of ten to thirteen pounds a ton—to Bridport on the north and George's Bay on the eastern coast, on the backs of horses, by bush-tracks over steep hills and across ravines and water-courses. The population is at present comparatively sparse, but there cannot be much doubt that it will rapidly increase as means of communication improve; and steps are already being taken to that end as far as the limited resources of the colony will allow.

On the east coast, Governor Weld saw some fine land, good farms, and neat villages, especially in the Fingal and Avoca districts; but as a rule he considers that this region is more remarkable for climate and scenery than for any continued extent of good land; coal exists in this part of the colony, and there are some fine stone quarries at Prosser's Bay, from which the Melbourne post-office was built.

In conclusion, and to render our brief remarks regarding this colony as a field for emigration more complete, we add the opinion expressed with respect to the stretch of country lying between the Ramsay River and the west coast of the island, by Mr Charles P. Sprent, who was sent to examine it in the spring of last year. He thinks that it is of little use for agricultural purposes, and that it does not contain any large amount of valuable timber; but he adds in his Report to the colonial government, there are sure indications that this part of Tasmania abounds in mineral wealth, although it may be that the search will be arduous and slow. As in the case of the Hellyer River, so it is with the Pieman; wherever the softer schists occur, gold is found in small quantities; and Mr Sprent has not the slightest doubt that in both rivers gold will be found in paying quantities, both alluvial and reef gold. Tin and gold occurring together in some spots near the Pieman in what is called 'made' ground, would indicate that the country higher up the river is worthy of examination, and he would recommend prospectors to try the neighbourhood of Mount Murchison and the Murchison River. As an inducement to prospecting the western country, it may be mentioned that over three hundred ounces of gold have been obtained in one season from the Hellyer River, and that a party of Chinamen have done exceedingly well there since that time. Copper has been discovered on the Arthur River in several places; and copper, lead, tin, gold, and platinum have been found in the vicinity of the Parson's Hood and River Pieman, not to mention the discoveries at Mount Bischoff and Mount Ramsay.

The Report upon which this brief account is mainly based will be found in 'Papers relating to Her Majesty's Colonial Possessions, Part I. of 1876;' which may be obtained from the offices for the sale of Parliamentary Papers. The agents of the Board in London are 'The Emigrants' and Colonists' Aid Corporation (Limited),' 25 Queen Anne's Gate, Westminster, to whom all applications for 'Land Order Warrants,' as well as general information about the colony, should be made.

## 'EVER BELIEVE ME AFFECTIONATELY YOURS.'

Ever believe you true? Dear friend,
Your words so precious are that I
Can but repeat them o'er and o'er,
And kiss the paper where they lie.
How shall I thank you for this pledge,
This sweet assurance, which destroys
The doubt that you my love repaid,
And changes all my fears to joys?

Ever believe you true? I *will!*
I hold you to this written gage!
This shall console me, now you're gone;
Still next my heart I'll bear the page;
By day and night, where'er I go,
It shall my prized companion be;
And if a thought would 'gainst you rise,
This from all blame shall set you free.

Ah, need I say, believe *me* true?
You know how tender, yet how strong,
This heart's emotions are, how half
Of all its throbs to you belong;
How fain 'twould burst its prison-walls
To nestling beat against your own;
How joyous 'twas when you were near,
How sadly yearning, now, alone.

Ay, till the weary life is done,
Though we again may never meet,
Let's not forget the by-gone days
That like a dream passed, swift and sweet;
Still let thy knowledge of my love
Thy faith in humankind renew,
Let that great love still for me plead,
And, to the last, believe *me* true!

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## FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.

THE fire burns cheerily on the hearth, the great logs crackle and flare up the wide chimney, up which it is my wont to say you could drive a coach-and-four. I draw my chair nearer to it with a shiver. 'What a night!' I say.

'Is it still snowing?' asks my wife, who sits opposite to me, her books and work on the table beside her.

'Fast. You can scarcely see a yard before you.'

'Heaven help any poor creature on the moor to-night!' says she.

'Who would venture out? It began snowing before dark, and all the people about know the danger of being benighted on the moor in a snow-storm.'

'Yes. But I have known people frozen to death hereabouts before now.'

My wife is Scotch, and this pleasant house in the Highlands is hers. We are trying a winter in it for the first time, and I find it excessively cold and somewhat dull. Mentally I decide that in future we will only grace it with our presence during the shooting season. Presently I go to the window and look out; it has ceased snowing, and through a rift in the clouds I see a star.

'It is beginning to clear,' I tell my wife, and also inform her that it is past eleven. As she lights her candle at a side-table I hear a whining and scratching at the front-door.

'There is Laddie loose again,' says she. 'Would you let him in, dear?'

I did not like facing the cold wind, but could not refuse to let in the poor animal. Strangely enough, when I opened the door and called him, he wouldn't come. He runs up to the door and looks into my face with dumb entreaty; then he runs back a few steps, looking round to see if I am following; and finally, he takes my coat in his mouth and tries to draw me out.

'Laddie won't come in,' I call out to my wife. 'On the contrary, he seems to want me to go out and have a game of snow-ball with him.'

She throws a shawl round her and comes to the door. The collie was hers before we were married, and she is almost as fond of him, I tell her, as she is of Jack, our eldest boy.

'Laddie, Laddie!' she calls; 'come in, sir.' He comes obediently at her call, but refuses to enter the house, and pursues the same dumb pantomime he has already tried on me.

'I shall shut him out, Jessie,' I say. 'A night in the snow won't hurt him;' and I prepare to close the door.

'You will do nothing of the kind!' she replies with an anxious look; 'but you will rouse the servants at once, and follow him. Some one is lost in the snow, and Laddie knows it.'

I laugh. 'Really, Jessie, you are absurd. Laddie is a sagacious animal, no doubt, but I cannot believe he is as clever as that. How can he possibly know whether any one is lost in the snow, or not?'

'Because he has found them, and come back to us for help. Look at him now.'

I cannot but own that the dog seems restless and uneasy, and is evidently endeavouring to coax us to follow him; he looks at us with pathetic entreaty in his eloquent eyes. 'Why won't you believe me?' he seems to ask.

'Come,' she continues; 'you know you could not rest while there was a possibility of a fellow-creature wanting your assistance. And I am certain Laddie is not deceiving us.'

What is a poor hen-pecked man to do? I grumble and resist and yield; as I have often grumbled and resisted and yielded before, and as I doubtless often shall again.

'Laddie once found a man in the snow before, but he was dead,' Jessie says, as she hurries off to fill a flask with brandy, and get ready some blankets for us to take with us. In the meantime I rouse the servants. They are all English, with the exception of Donald the gardener, and I can see that they are scoffingly sceptical of Laddie's sagacity, and inwardly disgusted at having to turn out of their warm beds and face the bitter winter's night.

'Dinna trouble yersels,' I hear old Donald say.

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'The mistress is right eneugh. Auld Laddie is cleverer than mony a Christian, and will find something in the snaw this night.'

'Don't sit up, Jessie,' I say as we start; 'we may be out half the night on this wild-goose chase.'

'Follow Laddie closely,' is the only answer she makes.

The dog springs forward with a joyous bark, constantly looking back to see if we are following. As we pass through the avenue gates and emerge on to the moor, the moon struggles for a moment through the driving clouds, and lights up with a sickly gleam the snow-clad country before us. 'It 's like looking for a needle in a bundle of hay, sir,' says John the coachman confidentially, 'to think as we should find anybody on such a night as this! Why, in some places the snow is more than a couple o' feet thick, and it goes again' reason to think that a dumb animal would have the sense to come home and fetch help.'

'Bide a wee, bide a wee,' says old Donald. 'I dinna ken what your English dugs can do; but a collie, though it hasna been pleasing to Providence to give the creatur the gift o' speech, can do mony mair things than them that wad deride it.'

'I ain't a deridin' of 'em,' says John. 'I only say as how if they be so very clever, *I've* never seen it.'

'Ye wull, though, ye wull,' says old Donald, as he hurries forward after Laddie, who has now settled down into a swinging trot, and is taking his way straight across the loneliest part of the bleak moor. The cold wind almost cuts us in two, and whirls the snow into our faces, nearly blinding us. My finger-tips are becoming numbed, icicles hang from my moustache and beard, and my feet and legs are soaking wet, even through my shooting-boots and stout leather leggings.

The moon has gone in again, and the light from the lantern we carry is barely sufficient to shew us the inequalities in the height of the snow, by which we are guessing at our path. I begin to wish I had staid at home. '*L'homme propose, mais la femme dispose*,' I sigh to myself; and I begin to consider whether I may venture to give up the search (which I have undertaken purely to satisfy my wife, for I am like John, and won't believe in Laddie), when suddenly I hear a shout in front of me, and see Donald, who has all the time been keeping close to Laddie, drop on his knees and begin digging wildly in the snow with his hands. We all rush forward. Laddie has stopped at what appears to be the foot of a stunted tree, and after scratching and whining for a moment, sits down and watches, leaving the rest to us. What is it that appears when we have shovelled away the snow? A dark object. Is it a bundle of rags? Is it—or alas! was it a human being? We raise it carefully and tenderly, and wrap it in one of the warm blankets with which my wife's forethought has provided us. 'Bring the lantern,' I say huskily; and John holds it over the prostrate form of, not as we might have expected, some stalwart shepherd of the hills, but over that of a poor shrivelled, wrinkled, ragged old woman. I try to pour a little brandy down the poor old throat, but the teeth are so firmly clenched that I cannot.

'Best get her home as quickly as may be, sir; the mistress will know better what to do for her nor we do, if so be the poor creature is not past help,' says John, turning instinctively, as we all do in sickness or trouble, to woman's aid.

So we improvise a sort of hammock of the blankets, and gently and tenderly the men prepare to carry their poor helpless burden over the snow.

'I am afraid your mistress will be in bed,' I say, as we begin to retrace our steps.

'Never fear, sir,' says Donald with a triumphant glance at John; 'the mistress will be up and waitin' for us. She kens Laddie didna bring us out in the snaw for naething.'

'I'll never say nought about believing a dawg again,' says John, gracefully striking his colours. 'You were right and I was wrong, and that 's all about it; but to think there should be such sense in a animal passes *me*!'

As we reach the avenue gate I despatch one of the men for the doctor, who fortunately lives within a stone's-throw of us, and hurry on myself to prepare my wife for what is coming. She runs out into the hall to meet me. 'Well?' she asks eagerly.

'We have found a poor old woman,' I say; 'but I do not know whether she is alive or dead.'

My wife throws her arms round me and gives me a great hug.

'You will find dry things and a jug of hot toddy in your dressing-room, dear,' she says; and this is all the revenge she takes on me for my scepticism. The poor old woman is carried upstairs and placed in a warm bath under my wife's direction; and before the doctor arrives she has shewn some faint symptoms of life; so my wife sends me word. Dr Bruce shakes his head when he sees her. 'Poor old soul,' he says; 'how came she out on the moor on such a fearful night? I doubt she has received a shock, which at her age she will not easily get over.'

They manage, however, to force a few spoonfuls of hot brandy-and-water down her throat; and presently a faint colour flickers on her cheek, and the poor old eyelids begin to tremble. My wife raises her head and makes her swallow some cordial which Dr Bruce has brought with him, and then lays her back among the soft warm pillows. 'I think she will rally now,' says Dr Bruce, as her breathing becomes more audible and regular. 'Nourishment and warmth will do the rest; but she has received a shock from which, I fear, she will never recover;' and so saying, he takes his leave.

By-and-by I go up to the room and find my wife watching alone by the aged sufferer. She looks

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up at me with tears in her eyes. 'Poor old soul,' she says; 'I am afraid she will not rally from the cold and exposure.'

I go round to the other side of the bed and look down upon her. The aged face looks wan and pinched, and the scanty gray locks which lie on the pillow are still wet from the snow. She is a very little woman, as far as I can judge of her in her recumbent position, and I should think must have reached her allotted threescore years and ten. 'Who can she be?' I repeat wonderingly. 'She does not belong to any of the villages hereabouts, or we should know her face; and I cannot imagine what could bring a stranger to the moor on such a night.'

As I speak a change passes over her face; the eyes unclose, and she looks inquiringly about her. She tries to speak, but is evidently too weak. My wife raises her, and gives her a spoonful of nourishment, while she says soothingly: 'Don't try to speak. You are among friends; and when you are better you shall tell us all about yourself. Lie still now and try to sleep.'

The gray head drops back wearily on the pillow; and soon we have the satisfaction of hearing by the regular respiration that our patient is asleep.

'You must come to bed now, Jessie,' I say. 'I shall ring for Mary, and she can sit up for the remainder of the night.' But my wife, who is a tender-hearted soul and a born nurse, will not desert her post; so I leave her watching, and retire to my solitary chamber.

When we meet in the morning I find that the little old woman has spoken a few words, and seems stronger. 'Come in with me now,' says my wife, 'and let us try to find out who she is.' We find her propped into a reclining posture with pillows, and Mary beside her feeding her.

'How are you now?' asks Jessie, bending over her.

'Better, much better; thank you, good lady,' she says in a voice which trembles from age as well as weakness. 'And very grateful to you for your goodness.'

I hear at once by the accent that she is English. 'Are you strong enough to tell me how you got lost on the moor, and where you came from, and where you were going?' continues my wife.

'Ah! I was going to my lad, my poor lad, and now I doubt I shall never see him more,' says the poor soul, with a long sigh of weariness.

'Where is your lad, and how far have you come?'

'My lad is a soldier at Fort-George; and I have come all the way from Liverpool to see him, and give him his old mother's blessing before he goes to the Indies.' And then, brokenly, with long pauses of weariness and weakness, the little old woman tells us her pitiful story.

Her lad, she tells us, is her only remaining child. She had six, and this, the youngest, is the only one who did not die of want during the Lancashire cotton famine. He grew up a fine likely boy, the comfort and pride of his mother's heart, and the stay of her declining years. But a 'strike' threw him out of work, and unable to endure the privation and misery, in a fit of desperation he 'listed.' His regiment was quartered at Fort-George, and he wrote regularly to his mother, his letters getting more cheerful and hopeful every day; until suddenly he wrote to say that his regiment was ordered to India, and begging her to send him her blessing, as he had not enough money to carry him to Liverpool to see her. The aged mother, widowed and childless, save for this one remaining boy, felt that she *must* look on his face once more before she died. She begged from a few ladies, whose kindness had kept her from the workhouse, sufficient money to carry her by train to Glasgow; and from thence she had made her way, now on foot, now begging a lift in a passing cart or wagon, to within a few miles of Fort-George, when she was caught in the snow-storm; and wandering from the road, would have perished in the snow—but for Laddie.

My wife is in tears, and Mary is sobbing audibly as the little old woman concludes her simple and touching story; and I walk to the window and look out for a moment, before I am able to ask her what her son's name is. As I tell her that we are but a few miles from Fort-George, and that I will send over for him, a smile of extreme content illumines the withered face. 'His name is John Salter,' she says: 'he is a tall handsome lad; they will know him by that.'

I hasten down-stairs and write a short note to Colonel Freeman, whom I know intimately, informing him of the circumstances, and begging that he will allow John Salter to come over at once; and I despatch my groom in the dogcart, that he may bring him back without loss of time. As I return to the house after seeing him start, I meet Dr Bruce leaving the house.

'Poor old soul,' he says; 'her troubles are nearly over; she is sinking fast. I almost doubt whether she will live till her son comes.'

'How she could have accomplished such a journey at her age, I cannot understand,' I observe.

'Nothing is impossible to a mother,' answers Dr Bruce; 'but it has killed her.'

I go in; but I find I cannot settle to my usual occupations. My thoughts are with the aged heroine who is dying up-stairs, and presently I yield to the fascination which draws me back to her presence.

As Dr Bruce says, she is sinking fast. She lies back on the pillows, her cheeks as ashy gray as her hair. She clasps my wife's hand in hers, but her eyes are wide open, and have an eager expectant look in them.

'At what time may we expect them?' whispers my wife to me.

'Not before four,' I answer in the same tone.

'He will be too late, I fear,' she says; 'she is getting rapidly weaker.'

But love is stronger than death, and she *will* not go until her son comes. All through the winter's day, she lies dying, obediently taking what nourishment is given to her, but never speaking except to say: 'My lad, my lad! God is good; He will not let me die until he comes.'

And at last I hear the dogcart. I lay my finger on my lip and tell Mary to go and bring John Salter up very quietly. But my caution is needless; the mother has heard the sound, and with a last effort of her remaining strength, she raises herself and stretches out her arms. 'My lad, my lad!' she gasps, as with a great sob, he springs forward, and mother and son are clasped in each other's arms once more. For a moment they remain so. Then the little old woman sinks back

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on my wife's shoulder, and her spirit is looking down from Heaven on the lad she loved so dearly on earth.

She lies in our little churchyard under a spreading yew-tree, and on the stone which marks her resting-place are inscribed the words, 'Faithful unto Death.' Our Laddie has gained far-spread renown for his good works; and as I sit finishing this short record of a tale of which he is the hero, he lies at my feet, our ever watchful, faithful companion and friend.

## THE BRITISH ANGLER ON THE CONTINENT.

It is a curious delusion, especially among writers of guide-books, that when an Englishman crosses the Channel and takes up his abode as a traveller in a strange country, he thereupon necessarily ceases to care for that truly English pastime, angling. The sportsman is expected to become a connoisseur of architecture, to delight in nothing but sweet or majestic landscapes, or to feel unwonted pleasure in a continual series of mountain walks. That some such delusion must exist is shewn by the persistent manner in which hundreds of persons who at home are ardent fishermen, and who would gladly take a holiday in Hampshire or seek some Scottish river, pass by the excellent streams and lakes which abound throughout the continent. The angler, with a martyr-like resignation, thinks only with a sigh of the trout feeding beneath the old gray willow-tree at home, but never attempts to try that skill in foreign waters which practice from boyhood has often rendered almost perfect. It is singular indeed how fishing is neglected on the continent by those who would find it a renewed pleasure; for in whatever land it may be pursued, no amusement is more refreshing to the brain-worker, with its variation of gentle or strong exercise, and its pleasant alternations of monotony and excitement.

A combination of fishing and travelling has the important advantage of rendering the traveller quite independent of that bugbear of all tourists, bad weather. In after-days he can call to mind how he has often seen the regular routine traveller pacing the *salon* of his hotel when the mists were rolling along the mountain-side and the passer-by in the valley was drenched with rain, whilst he was setting forth for a day among the grayling in some rushing Tyrolese stream, or pondering upon those charming and descriptive lines of Sir Henry Taylor's; and he will feel, we should hope, that not the least pleasurable days which the travelling angler meets with, have been those when the trout lay safely sunning themselves in the clear water:

> The peaks are shelved and terraced round;
> Earthward appear in mingled growth
> The mulberry and maize; above
> The trellised vine extends to both
> The leafy shade they love;
> Looks out the white-walled cottage here;
> The lonely chapel rises near;
> Far down the foot must roam to reach
> The lovely lake and bending beach;
> While chestnut green and olive gray
> Chequer the steep and winding way.

The number of those who ever cast a thought to the obtaining of their favourite amusement when they have left Dover behind them, is singularly small, or who seek to vary the regular tourist's round by a day or two by the side of some little stream where the inhabitants look upon a fishing-rod as quite an unusual phenomenon. And yet many a man who, as he drives along a Tyrolese valley or passes a sombre lake shaded by pine-trees, must involuntarily recall pleasant days spent by some Highland stream. The river ripples by the roadside, the trout are 'on the feed;' but flies and fishing-rod are safe at home, and the alpenstock alone is at hand!

But if angling is a fascinating pastime to numbers of thoughtful minds among the familiar scenes of an English landscape, it becomes even more attractive, at anyrate for a time, when practised amid the scenery of a country new to the beholder. The angler finds many features in the landscape, charming perhaps in their minuteness, which the through-going traveller, who rushes quickly from place to place, can never enjoy. Nor are the opportunities of mixing with the various country-folks to be lightly prized; for the increasing number of large hotels, the numerous railways, and improved systems of travelling, not to speak of the numbers of actual travellers, render a leisurely acquaintance with the natives more and more difficult. And it must always be a pleasure to look back to the quaint, honest, and kindly folk with whom the traveller would never have come in contact had he left his rod and tackle at home.

We can remember a professional fisherman whose acquaintance we made one afternoon in a distant hamlet on an Alpine pass, from which the mighty mass of the Ortler Spitze could be seen glowing under the beams of the setting sun. The sporting instincts of this man were small, and like most foreigners, he looked upon fish solely as an article of food or merchandise. But how ready was he to explain every little detail that we inquired about; how genuinely pleased by the present of a few English flies; and how gratified to be asked for a brace of his own singular specimens of the fly-maker's art. Nor can the quaint stout landlord in the Black Forest be forgotten, who took such an ardent pleasure in telling of the manifold advantages of large hooks and a powerful line in order to haul the pike into the boat with as little of what an English angler would term 'play' as possible.

The fisherman intent on angling for angling's sake only, can obtain excellent sport with trout or grayling in the valleys of the Salzkammergut or in the Bavarian Highlands. Or among the orchards of Normandy when they are in their spring-tide bloom. No reasonable angler indeed can wish

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for better. But he who, besides being a lover of the gentle art, has a soul for scenery and a relish for the vicissitudes of travel, has advantages indeed. When tired of wielding his rod he turns to enjoy natural beauty under every mood—in its wildest or its most tranquil aspects. And he is ready, like De Quincey, to fraternise with and to observe every kind of man. He will, moreover, be one who, if works of art fall in his way, can find in reiterated views reiterated enjoyment. For if you find him in Normandy in quiet Evreux, fishing for the well-fed trout in the gently flowing, poplar-lined Iton, he will be paying frequent visits to the Gothic cathedral with a pleasure which increases every time he leaves the Hôtel du Cerf. When he is in the Black Forest, he knows that unless he puts himself *en rapport* with the simple husbandmen and industrious clockmakers of the Schwarzwald he cannot thoroughly enjoy himself; and as he walks through the meadows after a day on the Schluch See, he will feel that his landlord is his friend. Indeed, this kindly feeling which grows up between the travelling fisherman and those whom he meets, is one of the pleasantest features of this mode of holiday-making.

One of the great drawbacks to modern travel is the fact that only a few common features in the mere outward lives of the people, are observed; and even of their habits but few can really be properly gleaned by the passing traveller. The self-inflicted melancholy and unfortunate reserve of most English travellers is also a strong barrier against familiar intercourse with foreigners. John Bull has not yet acquired the secret of enjoyable outing, and gets but a poor return for his money. Certainly modern travellers would do well to notice how Dorothy Wordsworth, for instance, and her brother the poet associated with those among whom they travelled; how Dr Johnson would converse as readily with a gillie as he would argue with a Presbyterian minister; how Christopher North made the most of—Streams.

To enjoy to the full a travelling and angling tour, some familiarity with or some power of conversing in foreign languages—French, German, or Italian, all three if possible—is important. Of course, if you are staying at a place like St Moritz in the Engadine, where you find there is trout-fishing, and where English is spoken at all the hotels, you have little need for any language except your native tongue; though even then you are debarred from all conversation with the peasants or the fishermen. But it will also be found that the best angling, the most picturesque scenes, and the most economical inns, are in by-ways away from the main travelling lines; and that the best fishing stations are frequently by the side of some little frequented river, or on the banks of some solitary lake.

The choice of a companion is one of the most difficult matters, when you are projecting a fishing tour. Many an ardent angler is not satisfied unless he is *continually* throwing his fly or trolling his minnow; but as we have already hinted, the genuine travelling angler must have a mind capable of enjoying other things besides fishing. He must also be prepared for disappointments; for it is a different thing to go wandering along the course of say the Salzach or the Inn, to stationing yourself at places such as Glendalough, or Loch Tay, or Loch Leven, where you have only to pay your money and catch or try to catch your fish. Again of two friends, if one possesses the instincts and aspirations of the mountaineer only, and the other those of the fisherman only, it is unlikely that the tour will be a success.

No two persons suit each other better for a foreign piscatorial tour than an artist and an angler; for both find materials for their skill. Where David Cox could find materials for his pencil such as we see in the grand picture of the 'Salmon Trap,' the follower of Izaak Walton will assuredly not be without hope in the exercise of his delicate craft. Nor are ladies, if with proper tastes, unsuitable companions for the angling traveller. Even if they do not actually possess in common some taste such as painting, yet still sketching and fishing, or fishing and walking, or simply fishing and quiet travelling, can well be combined, provided each possesses a fair share of that cardinal virtue of all travellers—forbearance. Thus, with a moderate capability of walking, we see nothing to prevent a brother and a sister, or a husband and a wife, from pleasantly enjoying a tour that shall include angling.

None of the usual guide-books give any information upon the subject of continental fishing; and therefore it must be found out in the first instance whether some village or valley is a likely centre for the angler; and often it proves that some half-way posting inn is the very best station for his purpose. But if some amount of walking is undertaken, and the angler be of an inquiring disposition, there is no fear of overlooking any stream or lake by the wayside.

There is yet another pleasing attraction for the traveller who angles as he goes. This may be termed the natural history attraction; for not only are fresh varieties of fish made familiar to the angler to whom the trout, or grayling, or pike of his home serve as the personification of all fresh-water fish, but even new varieties of these fish are observed under entirely new conditions; and no fisherman of any intelligence who happens to spend a few days among the lakes of the Eastern Alps, will fail to make the acquaintance of that excellent fish, the coregonus. In speaking of this fish, Mr Francis Francis, a well-known writer on angling subjects, tells us that 'where varieties caused by water and locality are as plentiful as the lakes, where the distinctive differences between the fish themselves are but small, and where names are legion, the confusion is so great, that nothing but the utmost patience and perseverance, combined with large opportunities and the staunchest assistance, can ever hope to settle such moot-points as these questions of the identity of some fish with others. The coregoni are therefore as yet very much unexplored and debatable ground with naturalists.' We may add that intelligent and trustworthy observations by anglers are at all times of value, and that in addition to its many other charms, a fishing tour may fairly be said to be a directly instructive and intellectual pleasure, each successive fact that is stored up in the memory opening out yet another to the searching mind, and serving to prevent a captivating amusement from degenerating into a mere pot-hunting pursuit.

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In the more mountainous districts, it is remarkable how many curious and characteristic legends may be found connected with different lakes. In the Tyrol especially, which is the beau-idéal of the angling traveller's holiday-ground, innumerable legends are to be found connected with every dark mountain lake or tarn. There is, for instance, a lake well known to many Swiss travellers who leave the usual route of tourists up or down the Lake of Lucerne, and rest for a while in the village of Seelisberg, situated above the spot where the confederates are supposed to have taken the oath which was the foundation of the Swiss Republic. Above this again, sheltered by the dark precipices of the Niederbauen, is the Seelisberger See, of which there is a legend that in it dwells a monster known as the Elbst. This beast can, Proteus-like, change its form, and the unconfiding swimmer resting, as he supposes, on the floating trunk of a fallen pine, is engulfed for ever in the waters of the lake. Thus, if one is not inattentive to the stories of the mountaineer, the angler may store his mind with much of the picturesque and characteristic folk-lore of the Alps.

Not a little of the charm of a fishing-tour arises, or ought to arise, from its leisurely character. But, as we have already hinted, the feverish anxiety to hurry from place to place which seems to characterise the fashion of travelling nowadays, precludes the traveller from enjoying any one place thoroughly. 'If,' he says to himself, 'I could shoot or fish it might be different.' Therefore it is that we would point to what we might almost term a new continental amusement, whereby the traveller may combine the recreation of good old Izaak Walton with the harder toil of the mountaineer, or the more sober pleasures of the botanist and the artist, to the increase of the enjoyment to be derived from each one of these pastimes.

It would be out of place here to enter into details concerning the equipment of the travelling fisherman. All we would now point out is that those flies which are useful in a Scotch or Welsh stream or on an Irish lake, are, as a rule, equally serviceable in a Swiss river or a Tyrolese lake. And the only important fact to bear in mind is, that the supply of flies should be tolerably large, though not necessarily very varied in kind, for the art of fly-making is not well known on the continent.

To point out localities for the fisherman would necessitate a geographical ramble over Europe; moreover, as it is the object of this paper to shew that fishing can be combined with most of the ordinary amusements of the general traveller, no special district need be sought for. It is sufficient here to mention the rivers of Normandy and Brittany, of the Vosges and the Ardennes for spring fishing; and the waters of Würtemberg, Bavaria, and Austria for sport later in the year. In the mountain district, for example, popularly called the Tyrol, the rivers are full of grayling, so that the autumn, far from being a blank time for the angler, will, even after the trout are becoming somewhat out of season, afford him excellent sport. And in the Tyrol especially are the inhabitants simple and hospitable in the extreme; the scenery of their country is characterised by extremes of wildness and softness, such, for instance, as the bleak grandeur of the distant end of the Königs See, and the softer beauties of the valley of the Alm. Though the ramifications of travel are everywhere spreading, it is never likely that in the lifetime of the present generation at least, the travelling angler, whose ways lie out of the beaten track, will be disturbed by any except a few kindred spirits.

## THE LAST OF THE HADDONS.

### CHAPTER XXX.—MRS TRAFFORD'S HAPPINESS.

ALTHOUGH the precise date for our wedding-day was not as yet decided upon, it was tacitly understood that the orthodox preparations were being carried on for it so far as depended upon milliners and dressmakers. I did not think it necessary to explain to Mrs Tipper and Lilian that the little I had to spend for the purpose was already spent. And indeed I considered that I had a quite sufficient wardrobe for a portionless bride, without trespassing upon their generosity, which I knew would be brought into play by the slightest hint of a want on my part.

We made the most of the departing summer days; Lilian and I sufficiently occupied to satisfy our consciences and add a piquancy to idleness. After our morning rambles, visits to the cottages, and an early dinner, we betook ourselves to the woods, where Philip read to us whilst Lilian and I worked. And sometimes we went farther afield, devoting the day to exploring the adjacent country, picnicing in the most lovely spots, and filling our sketch-books. In the evenings there was music and the frequent visits of Robert, with delightful conversation, in which we all aired our pet theories without any jar in the concord—a quartet in which each played a different part to make a harmonious whole.

Nevertheless our summer sky was not entirely free from clouds. Mr Wyatt—whose attentions to Lilian had latterly been most marked—could not be made to understand that there was no hope for him; whilst Lilian could not be made to believe that her aunt and I were correct in our surmise respecting the cause of his so frequently finding his way in the direction of the cottage. But there came a day when he found courage to challenge fortune and make his hopes known to her. He had joined us in one of our rambles, and I suppose she felt a little hesitation about separating Philip and me, as well as the natural dread which a delicately minded girl feels of appearing to suppose that love-making must necessarily follow being alone with a gentleman for a few minutes, and so gave Mr Wyatt the opportunity he had been seeking.

We lost sight of them for a short time, and I gave Philip a hint of what I suspected to be the cause of Mr Wyatt detaining Lilian.

'Love her!' he ejaculated, stopping short and staring at me in the greatest astonishment. 'But she does not return it—impossible! She is surely not going to throw herself away like that!'

'I do not think there would be any throwing away in the case, Philip. Mr Wyatt is a good

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man, and a gentleman. The real difficulty is that Lilian does not care for him in any other way than as a friend, and she never will.' At which Philip hastened to make the *amende*.

'I ought not to have spoken in that way, Mary. Of course he is a good fellow—for any one else's husband.'

I could not help smilingly agreeing to that. It was ever so much more agreeable to think of Mr Wyatt as the husband of any other than Lilian. When she presently returned alone, looking very grave and regretful, walking silently home with us, we knew that Mr Wyatt had been answered. Fortunately his was a nature not difficult to be consoled; and it so happened that he had a pretty cousin eager to console him. In a very short time, Lilian had the relief and pleasure of knowing that she had done him no permanent harm.

One piece of good fortune came to us, which I had been almost afraid to hope for. The house so beautifully situated, which I had so long coveted for our future home, and which was aptly named Hill Side, was to be sold. We found that the interior arrangements were all that could be desired. In an unpretending way it was the perfection of a house—one we both would choose before all others. Though not numerous, the rooms were mostly large for the size of the house; whilst, as Lilian laughingly said, my pet aversion to square rooms had been duly considered by the builder. A long drawing-room opening to a veranda'd terrace, and commanding one of the finest views in Kent, with dining-room facing in the same direction, and a delightful little morning-room, and library and study at the side; the latter possessing a special little view of its own down what was artistically made to appear a steep declivity, its sides clothed with bushes and hanging plants, and boasting a pretty running brook. You had only to make-believe a little to fancy yourself living in some wild mountainous region, when looking from the oriel window of this charming little room.

Philip was quite as enthusiastic and inclined to ignore disadvantages as were Lilian and I. Climbing the hill! Who minded climbing to reach such a nest as that! Stables for the modest little turn-out we should keep could be had in the village at the foot of the hill; and as to the distance from the railway station, shops, &c., we grandly poohpoohed all that as unimportant to two people who cared for fashion and change as little as we two meant to do. Food was to be got; and that was enough, depending for our supply of books, &c. as we should from London. The best of it was that these little drawbacks told in our favour in the purchase; being considered by most people as great disadvantages, which lowered the value of the property. Consequently Philip was able to gratify our taste at much less cost than he at first anticipated.

He at once set about the necessary negotiations for completing the purchase, planning all kinds of improvements and alterations, Lilian and I being in constant request in the consultations.

Meantime, Mr and Mrs Trafford had returned from their wedding-tour, and we were telling each other that we meant to pay the expected visit of congratulation. But we contented ourselves as long as possible with *meaning* to pay it, being in no haste to make our appearance at Fairview again. There could never be anything stronger than politeness between either Hill Side or the cottage, and Fairview; and we did not wish to pretend that there could. But either the bride became impatient to assure us of her happiness, or she was curious to find out for herself whether the rumour, which had reached her respecting the intentions of the gentleman who visited so regularly at the cottage, was true; for she waived ceremony at last, and came to visit us—she and 'Caroline.'

Philip and Lilian and I were in consultation about the furniture for Hill Side, which we wanted to be artistic and at the same time befitting a cheerful country home. The only room we were inclined to be really extravagant about was the library; and that, I was chiefly answerable for. Philip gravely opined that I must mean to spend a great deal of my time there, and I as gravely allowed that I did. Lilian and I were to be the only ladies admitted there. I reminded him that he did not yet know Mrs Trafford and Mrs Chichester, and that therefore he had better not make his rules too stringent.

We were in the midst of an animated discussion upon the respective merits of light and dark oak, when Philip drew our attention to what he termed an extraordinary collection of finery coming down the lane.

It was Mrs Trafford, her long train sweeping the dust into clouds behind her, accompanied by Mrs Chichester. It would be vain to attempt a description of her appearance, laden as she was with every conceivable folly which French and English *modistes* could invent. Perhaps Philip's comment—'Too much of everything, from the lady herself to her feathers and furbelows'—best expressed the impression her appearance gave. I saw his eyes turn for refreshment upon Lilian's simple holland dress and the delicate colouring and outline of her face. She always looked her best in contrast with Marian; the soft rose of her cheeks, the deep tender blue eyes, and the pale gold hair, in eloquent protest against the other's vivid black and white and red.

Mrs Trafford (how glad I was to be able to discontinue calling her Miss Farrar) had no misgivings. Misgivings! Was not everything she had on in the latest extreme of fashion? She evidently considered that it was for us to have misgivings; though she generously tried to make matters pleasant and set us at our ease by giving us a description of Paris and details of fashionable life there. We had no idea what Paris life was like; no one could without having been there; it was too absolutely delightful, quite too awfully charming. She positively could not exist without going every year to the enchanting place; and so forth, and so forth; all in superlatives.

She made a great point too of telling us how very much 'Dear Arthur' had enjoyed the life there. 'He really was quite too enraptured, and said he had never known what enjoyment was till he had seen Paris.'

Mrs Chichester put in a word to the effect that her brother had frequently visited Paris; and the life there was not new to him. But Marian

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reminded her that he had not before visited it with *her*, which made all the difference.

With lowered eyes, Mrs Chichester softly remarked that it doubtlessly did make a difference.

Of course it did—all the difference! 'And'—turning pleasantly to Lilian once again—'I have brought over a French maid with me: one really cannot expect to look *commy fo* without, don't you know, in these days.'

I tranquilly supposed that they could not; never again would Marian receive a home-thrust from me; though there could not be friendship, there would be no more war between us. I did not even allude to the Pratts.

'You must all come to Fairview to dinner; aunty and all, *ong fam-y* you know; you really must.' And turning to Philip, she graciously expressed a hope that Mr Dallas also would do her the honour.

Mr Dallas gravely replied that he was entirely in our hands and ready to do our bidding. At which she laughingly advised me not to take *all* that for gospel. 'You can't expect it *always* to go on like that, you know, Miss Haddon; though I am sure *I* have no reason to complain. No one could be more thought of than I am. You would say that if you could have seen how patiently Arthur waited for me at the shops—hours and hours, I assure you. The very worst he did was to give a little sigh sometimes, and no one could be offended at that, knowing how some of the husbands go on.—Waiting about in the shops really is a test of a husband's good-nature, Mr Dallas.'

Philip meekly supposed that it really was.

'Is it true that Mr Dallas has become the purchaser of the little place—Hill Side isn't it called?—which you can see from some part of the Fairview grounds, Miss Haddon?'

'Yes,' I replied; Philip had bought it.

'It looks a charming little place. But is it large enough?'

I said that Mr Dallas thought it large enough for his means; at which she was amiably anxious to point out the disadvantages of having a large place and the advantages of having a small one.

'A small house is so—cosy—you know, and so—warm in the winter, and all that. I sometimes almost wish I lived in a small way myself; I really do. No one would believe the expense it is to keep up a large place like Fairview; they really wouldn't. And then the trouble of having a large staff of servants! You have no *idea* what men-servants are in a house—so extravagant and expensive and lazy; it's quite *too* dreadful, my dear!'

'Really, aunt'—turning to the dear little lady placidly eyeing her—'you are the best off after all, if you could only believe it.'

'I do believe it, Mrs Trafford.'

But that was more than Marian could understand. 'It's very good of you to say so, I am sure, aunt; but perhaps, after all, it does seem like old times to you.'

Mrs Chichester flushed up now and then, a little out of humour, I fancied, at seeing herself thus travestied. But she said very little; indeed during the whole visit she seemed to be absorbed in one idea, so lost in astonishment at my good fortune as to be quite unlike her usual self. She was even impolitic enough to give some expression to her astonishment in a little aside to Lilian, who was quite indignant at the implied ill compliment to me.

'You *must* say you will come and dine with us,' repeated Marian, when she at length rose to take her departure. 'You positively must! Arthur will never forgive me if I don't make you promise.—What day have we disengaged next week, Caroline?'

Caroline could not or would not recollect what day they had disengaged; a little angry probably at a smile which I could not suppress; and was chidden by her sister-in-law accordingly.

'But you ought to make a point of remembering such things, you know; and I must beg that you will do so in future,' said Mrs Trafford, with a tone and look which seemed to shew that Mrs Chichester's office was no sinecure. I think she was heartily glad when the visit was over.

'You must come up and see the things I bought in Paris,' whispered Mrs Trafford good-naturedly in a little aside to me. 'It will give you an idea of what is worn. Ask for Céleste, if I do not happen to be in the way, and I will tell her she is to shew you beforehand; for she knows how particular I am. She will put you up to all sorts of things if you make friends with her. You can't conceive how much those French maids know about improving the figure and complexion and all that; though of course *I* do not need anything of the kind.'

I murmured something about being obliged; not to seem ungrateful for what was evidently meant to be a kindness.

'Oh, you are quite welcome.' Then lowering her voice again: 'He *is* a dear! How long have you been engaged?'

'Nearly ten years.'

'Ten years!'

'Mr Dallas has been abroad some years, and has only just returned,' I said, seeing no necessity for making a mystery about it.

'And kept true to you all that time! He *must* be good! So handsome too—so *very* handsome. All the heroes in the books are big, and have broad shoulders *now*;' sentimentally. 'His beard just the right colour too! How you must dote upon him, and how jealous you must be! Between ourselves, I could hardly bear Arthur to be out of my sight before we were married. It's different now, of course; if he does not behave well, I can stop his allowance, you know. That would be only fair.'

This seemed to confirm the rumour which had reached us to the effect that when it came to be a question of settlements, Marian had proved to be sufficiently a woman of business to keep the power in her own hands, notwithstanding the angry remonstrances of her lover and his sister. Perhaps also it was true, as it was said to be, that he would have drawn back at the last moment, but for shame.

I made some indefinite reply about putting off the time for being jealous as long as possible.

'Well, I can only say that it is a good thing I did not see him before I saw Arthur, or else you might have had cause enough to be jealous! But you needn't be afraid now. I am not one of *that* sort!'

And with that parting assurance, Mrs Trafford went her way, talking loudly over her shoulder as

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she walked down the lane, to 'Caroline,' who followed in her wake, about the inconvenience of not being able to get into 'my carriage' at the gate.

We did not laugh over the bride's grandeur as we might have done had she been any one else; the remembrance of all that she had deprived Lilian of was too fresh upon us for that. And Lilian herself was in Marian's society reminded more vividly of the wrong which had been done to her mother.

'You were quite right, Mary,' said Philip to me when we were alone—alluding to the bridegroom. 'The poor wretch is punished enough! It's an *awful* punishment! By-the-bye, what was she whispering to you about all that time?'

'Offering me a view of the latest Paris fashions; and admiring you, ungrateful man that you are!' I smilingly replied. 'She thinks I must be terribly jealous.'

'Jealous;' reddening. 'What did she mean?'

'I suppose she thinks she would be jealous in my place,' I said, a little surprised at his manner.

'In—your place. I do not understand,' he returned, as it seemed to me now, even angrily.

I laid my hand upon his arm. 'Of course I only repeated it because of its absurdity, Philip. Between you and me, it would be "Away at once with either love or jealousy."'

He took my hand in his, lifted it to his lips, and then turned away without a word. Well, I did not object to such silent leave-takings; they were eloquent enough for me. But I must not jest again in that way, I told myself, as I slowly returned to the cottage again. Philip evidently did not like it. Oddly enough, the first thing Lilian said, when I met her at the gate, where she was waiting for me, was upon the same topic. She had, it appeared, heard the one ominous word in Marian's whispered talk to me.

'What was Mrs Trafford saying to you about jealousy, Mary?' she asked, in a low tone and with averted eyes, trifling as she spoke with my watch-chain.

Did she fancy that Marian was still inclined to be jealous of her? I wondered.

'Only some nonsense about my being jealous of Philip, dearie,' I lightly replied.

'Jealous!—jealous of—Philip? What did she mean?' she ejaculated, using the words he had used with the same manner and even more anger.

'She seems to consider it is only natural that I should be jealous of him, since she tells me that his beard is the fashionable colour for heroes this season; but she was good enough to assure me that I need not be afraid of her now; although things might have been different if she had seen him some time ago. So I feel quite safe.'

'O Mary, are you sure, are you sure?'—with a little hysterical laugh.

'Am I sure, Lilian! Do you too require an assurance that I am not likely to become jealous of Mrs Trafford! You are almost as bad as Philip, and that is saying a great deal. Why, Lilian, what *is* the matter?'

She was laughing and crying together, with her arms about me, as different from her usual self as it was possible to be.

'It's the—the heat, I think,' she murmured. 'Do not notice me. I am stupid to-night, Mary.'

'She has deceived herself; her love for Arthur Trafford is not yet dead; and she is suffering the shame which is natural to one of her nature at the discovery,' I thought. Inexpressibly pained, I silently drew her hand under my arm and led her into the cottage.

## LAMPREYS.

Almost every schoolboy knows that King Henry I. died from eating too plentifully of lampreys, a 'food,' says Hume, 'which always agreed better with his palate than his constitution;' and yet, comparatively speaking, how few persons are familiar with the form, habits, and uses of the lamprey itself. It is usually defined as an 'eel-like fish,' and so far the definition is a correct one, seeing that an ordinary observer would conclude that the lamprey and the eel are identical, or at the most, that they are species of the same genus. Such, however, would be an erroneous conclusion. The lamprey undergoes a peculiar change of colour, being at times scarcely visible in the water, with variations from a silvery hue to a dark-brown back and a white belly. The eel has a bony skeleton, but that of the lamprey is soft and imperfect. The former has teeth with which to seize its prey or take a bait; the latter, as its name indicates (*lambere*, to lick, and *petra*, a stone), has a round sucking mouth with which to attach itself to rocks or stones, and though provided with very small teeth, which can pierce the skin of fishes or other soft substances, it may be said to subsist by suction rather than by eating. It has an elongated dorsal fin extending along the posterior half of the body to the tip of the tail, but is destitute of the pectorals with which the eel is furnished. The breathing organs of the lamprey are peculiar. In fishes with a bony skeleton there is usually but a single large orifice on each side of the throat, and in which the gills are covered with a valve-like flap called the operculum. The lamprey has seven external orifices like a row of round button-holes for breathing on each side, and apparently, without any protection. The animal is therefore quite distinct from all the species of eels.

Lampreys are in season from the first of September to the end of February, and during that period they are taken in large quantities in the river Ouse, above its confluence with the Trent. By some persons its flesh is esteemed a great delicacy, either potted or made into pies. However, it must be eaten sparingly, for if indulged in too freely it is apt to induce colic of a serious character. On that account the majority of people do not care to expose themselves to the danger that may ensue. The fishermen, as well as the peasantry in the neighbourhood where the lampreys are taken, rarely use them as an article of food. Still they form an important commodity of traffic to those who are engaged in it. During the last season nearly twenty thousand were secured at Naburn Lock alone, which is situated a few miles below the city of York. There are other stations at which we may conclude that the 'take' is equally good; let us say six: which would make a total of one hundred and twenty thousand fish. The average length of the lamprey is a foot—though it sometimes grows to three feet—and six are reckoned a pound; which, sold at two shillings, will produce a revenue of two thousand pounds sterling.

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When we consider that these fish are taken in the dull portion of the year, when salmon and many other fish are not in season, we may readily understand that the sale of lampreys forms no insignificant supplement to the income of river fishermen, whose works are carried on generally on a somewhat limited scale.

In March these fish go up the stream in order to deposit their spawn in the shallows. In early summer the parent lampreys and their countless fry go down towards the brackish water; and the opinion long prevailed that the elders of the company never returned. That supposition is now disputed by the more observant of the fishermen, who believe in the coming of the old and young together, though no great difference in their size is apparent towards the month of September, when the season for catching them is recommenced. They are taken in wicker traps, which are constructed so as to secure the fish as they are washed in by the force of the current.

In Holland the lamprey is largely used as an article of bait. From a very early period it is said to have been the prime favourite for the purpose, and considerable quantities were brought from the English rivers to Rotterdam. Our informant says that the trade was suddenly brought to an end about a hundred years ago on account of the 'war' (declared by Great Britain against Holland in 1780). For nearly eighty years from that period the lamprey-fishing was almost abandoned, when some Dutchmen, influenced by a tradition which still lingered amongst their people to the effect that excellent bait had formerly been brought from England, made a voyage of discovery to the Ouse, where, after considerable inquiry and search, they discovered what had been described, and thus revived the trade in lampreys, which is now carried on more briskly than ever. They are taken away in barrels partially filled with water, transferred to tanks on board ship, and are thus preserved alive until required on the Dogger Bank or elsewhere.

## THE DUKE'S PIPER:

### A STORY OF THE WEST HIGHLANDS.

#### IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER IV.

For a week Maggie saw nothing and heard nothing of Angus. She became quite pale and worn with anxiety and distress. She hardly spoke to her father; and Janet reported that she was sure 'the mistress' was going into 'a decline,' because she hardly touched her food. To make matters worse, a letter came one day from her lover to say that he too was so miserable that he could bear it no longer; he was going to leave the Duke's yacht and go away—never more to return to Inversnow. Maggie was driven to the brink of despair by this letter—almost the only letter she had ever received in her life, and she forthwith wore it with the lock of his hair she had long treasured, next to her heart.

One afternoon a message came from the kitchen of the castle to ask the piper if he could oblige the cook with a dozen or so new-laid eggs, the cook's store having run short. Maggie took her basket, and went with the eggs to the castle kitchen. She went with a sad heavy heart, and remained as short a time as possible, for her little romance with Angus and its sudden collapse were well known among the servants and, as she knew, discussed. Inversnow Castle stands in the midst of its own lovely park, close by the sea-loch, and girt about by wooded and heather-mantled hills. It was a warm sunny afternoon as Maggie tripped from the castle homeward; she was in no mood to meet any one; and to avoid doing so, she struck off the public path through the woods towards Glen Heath. A robin was piping pathetically among the elms, and the squirrels were gamboling in the sunshine among the branches overhead. As she walked slowly over the turf she drew forth Angus's letter to read once more, and as she read, the tears started afresh to her young eyes, and she sobbed as she went.

Presently she was surprised by a voice, a kind gentle voice, addressing her in a familiar tone: 'Well, Maggie Cameron, what may all these tears be about? You look sadder than a young and bonnie lass like you has any right to be, surely! Are you well enough?'

The girl looked and looked again, and the flush came and went in her cheeks as she became conscious that, stretched at full length on the grass close by, under the shade of an elm, with a book in one hand and a lighted cigar in the other, was—the Duke!

Maggie courtesied low with a natural politeness, and in her confusion dropped her letter, but hardly dared to stoop to pick it up.

'I'm sure, Your Grace, I peg your pardon humbly; it wass a great liberty I will be takin' in coming home this way instead o' the road.'

Maggie hardly knew whether to turn back or to go on; being undecided, she did neither, but stood still in some bewilderment, the letter still lying at her feet.

'But you have not answered my question, I think,' said the Duke encouragingly.

'I peg Your Grace's pardon again,' replied the girl nervously; 'but it wass—it wass—but it wass Angus'—— And there she stopped abruptly, and fairly broke down.

'Come here, my child,' said the Duke, interested in the girl's manifest grief. 'And what about Angus? Tell me all about it. Who knows, I may be able to help you?'

The Highland maid looked into the thoughtful kind face of the Duke, and went a few steps towards him.

'It wass apoot Angus MacTavish, Your Grace, and he wass—— But Your Grace will not know anything at all, at all apoot Angus.'

'Do you mean the game-keeper's son, one of my crew, Maggie?'

'Ay, Your Grace, that same!' said she with delighted eagerness.

'Oh, *he's* at the root of your distress, the rascal, is he?'

'And inteed no, Your Grace; it wass not him at all; he wad not hurt nopody's feelings whatefer; oh, inteed, he's as cood and—and as prave a lad as iss in all the Hielants mirofer; and it iss not him, Your Grace, but my father and his father too had some quarrel; not but that they are cood men, poth cood men neither; but it wass all on account o' a gless o' pad whusky or the like o' that, I think; but—but—oh, Your Grace,

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Angus is going away cass my father has taken a hatred of him, and won't hef a word that iss cood to say to him; and if Angus goes away, it wad preak my heart!'

The Duke rose, leaving his book on the grass, and placing his hand kindly on the maiden's shoulder, said: 'Come, Maggie, this may not be so bad as it seems! We shall see what we can do. Dry your eyes, child. Angus can't go away from my yacht without my consent, and I shall take care that he shall not go away. Take comfort from that. We shall see what can be done.'

'Oh, but my father iss fery obstinate, Your Grace, fery! And he wants me to marry another man that I cannot bear to look at.—But I am troubling Your Grace.'

The Duke's sympathy had wonderfully dispelled Maggie's awe.

'Well, well,' said the kindly nobleman, 'pick up your letter. If the piper won't listen to reason, we must see what can be done without him. But your father is a sensible man, and will no doubt listen to reason. Good-bye! Remember there must be no more crying. And you don't think it will be hard to bring Angus to reason? Well, well, we shall see. But remember, not another tear all the way home!'

Encouraged by the words of the great Highland Chief, Maggie courtesied low again, and sped homeward, with a burden lifted from her heart.

Angus MacTavish astonished the village watchmaker and jeweller by walking into his shop towards gloaming one evening, shutting the door carefully behind him, and even turning the key in the lock when he had satisfied himself there was no one present except the big-browed, humpbacked little watchmaker behind his glass cases.

'And iss it yourself, Angus MacTavish?'

'O ay, it iss me.' Angus was examining, with a deep flush on his face, the case of ornaments in front of him.

'And what iss it that I can pe dooing for ye, Angus, the nicht?'

'Oh, it wass only a'—Angus coughed—'it wass a ring—a gold ring that I wad be wanting ye to shew me mirofer.'

'Oho! that wass it, wass it?' said Mr Steven, winking at Angus, as he took his horn magnifying lens from his eye, and came from his three-legged stool and marvellous assortment of tiny hammers, pincers, and watchmaking gear scattered on the bench before him, to speak with Angus at the counter.

'Wass it a shentleman's ring now, Maister MacTavish, or a ring for the lass?'

'What wad the like o' me pe doing with a shentleman's ring, Mr Steven? Do ye take me for a wheeper-snapper lawyer's clerk, that ye should think o' me in that way?'

'Weel, weel, Angus lad, ye may pe right; but a' the lads wear them nooadays. Nae doot it iss ignorant vanity; but it is cood for trade, and it iss no for me to be finding fault wi' my customers. And it wass a ring for the lass—eh weel, that iss cood too,' said Mr Steven, pulling out a drawer full of subdivisions glistening with Scotch pebbles of many varieties set in gold, and placing them before Angus. 'Noo, there iss one that wad mak' any bonny lassie's mouth watter, and it iss only twelfe-an'-sixpence; and if ye like, I hef got a pair o' ponny ear-rinks to match it—the whole lot for a pound.'

'Na,' said Angus, pushing aside the gaudy stone; 'it iss a plain gold ring I want, wi' no rubbishing stones apoot it.'

'Eh, what, Angus! And iss it a mairriage ring that ye wull pe wanting me to gif you mirofer? Eh weel! but that iss a fery different tale from what I hef peen hearing—and it wass a mairriage ring—eh dear me! But it iss myself that is happy to hear it.'

'Hush-t!' said Angus sharply, reddening. 'A man may want to hef a wedding-ring apoot him—maype for a friend or the like o' that—without his—his'—— Angus coughed a retreat.

'O ay, ay; surely, Angus, surely. Nae doot apoot it; ay, ay, lad—nae doot apoot it!'

Angus left the shop with a circlet of gold in his waistcoat pocket.

Meantime, although almost a fortnight had passed, the piper's lawsuit hung in the wind, despite the fact that his legal adviser felt it to be his duty to hold frequent and prolonged conferences with him at Glen Heath. The lawyer was not such genial company as Angus had been; and though he did his best to be agreeable to Maggie and sociable with her father, even to the extent of trying to learn the bagpipes, he had to lay the unmanageable instrument aside, under the piper's sweeping generalisation, 'that lawyers had no more ear for music than the pigs.' In his heart the piper was not sorry to see that his daughter snubbed Angus's rival in spite of his own strictest commands.

The Highland maid seemed to be bearing her lover's banishment better than was to be expected. More than one attempt had been made by the young sailor to mollify Mr Cameron, without palpable signs of success; and when Maggie renewed her protests, she was met with the announcement that if MacTavish's name was again mentioned to him, she would be sent off to her aunt's in Glasgow for the winter—a threat the full significance of which none knew better than Maggie herself.

Then it was announced that on a certain evening there was to be a supper given by the Duke in the barn of the Home Farm, to which all the servants and many of the tenantry were invited; and to the piper it was intimated that he would be expected to bring his bagpipes with him. Here was quite sufficient reason for Maggie to be wearing her eyes out with the preparation of feminine finery, as the piper observed she had been doing for several days.

Early in the morning after Angus's interview with Mr Steven the watchmaker—and it was a lovely autumn morning—the piper's daughter might have been seen walking briskly, perhaps somewhat paler than usual, through a meadow at the western side of Inversnow, towards the loch. Her heart beat quickly as she went, and there was a touch of anxiety in her face as she glanced back occasionally to the white cottage on the slope at the entrance of Glen Heath, as if she expected to see some one following her. She walked quickly on, brushing aside the dew with her dress as she went, and hardly paused until she reached a sheltered inlet of the loch. At some little distance from the beach, a boat—Maggie's own boat—was resting on the water, and the maiden had barely time to spread her white kerchief to the wind, when the

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oars were swiftly dipped, and almost immediately the bow of the boat ran high on the beach, grating along the pebbles almost to her feet, and Angus leaped out and held her in his arms.

'O Angus, dear, I don't think I can possibly go through with it—I really don't think I can!' she murmured.

'Ye are too late now, my bonny doo' [dove], 'too late now.'

Maggie stepped with Angus's help into the boat, although she did not think she could 'go through with it.'

'But if dad should come back and miss me—O Angus!'

'He will not come back. The Teuk—Cott pless him!—has sent him to the Duaghn ruins with a party from the castle. Look, Maggie! do ye see the flag—the Teuk's flag—on the mainmast o' the yacht?'

Angus rowed swiftly, without swerving, to the yacht. Not another word was said as Maggie ascended the ladder from the boat, accompanied by Angus. She was rosy as she noticed the universal grin that greeted her from the men as she walked along the deck, between the good-natured captain and Angus, straight to the cabin. In the cabin—a room with its gold and crimson, and carved wood-work, its luxurious carpets and pictures, its books and piano, and the sweet glimpse of loch and mountain visible from the wide-open ports, that made Maggie feel as if she had been introduced to a nook in Paradise—she was overwhelmed to find herself again face to face with the Duke! With the Duke was her old friend Mr Fraser, the parish minister of Inversnow, whose presence had a wonderfully inspiring influence as he shook hands with her. Mr Fraser was a little gentleman with the whitest of hair and the sharpest yet the kindest of eyes. 'Are you quite certain, Maggie,' he said, handing his open snuff-box to the Duke, smiling, 'that now at the last moment you do not repent?'

'We can land you again in a twinkling, you know—can't we, Angus?' said the Duke, looking slyly from one to the other. Angus was standing in the background, rather sheepishly, if the truth were told, cap in hand. Maggie had hardly time to assure 'the minister' that she would be the last to disappoint His Grace the Duke, and was quite certain, when a door at the other end of a cabin opened, and the Duke's daughter, Lady Flora, entered; and again the Highland maid courtesied, overwhelmed with blushes as her Ladyship shook hands with her.

'We shall hear by-and-by what the piper has to say to this,' said Lady Flora; 'but you, Maggie, had better come with me for a time, that all may be done in good order.'

And so Maggie was carried off by the Duke's daughter to a second nook of paradise in blue velvet and gold and mirrors, a fairy cabin redolent with the perfume of flowers, and with a glorious peep of loch and mountain from a different point of view. The girl felt as if she were moving and talking in a dream.

When she emerged with Lady Flora she was clad in simple white attire, veiled, and a spray of heather-blossom mingling in her hair. Was it still a dream?—the minister with an open Bible before him, and Angus waiting to take her by the hand!

'Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?' &c.—the magic words that have sent a thrill through the hearts of so many generations, were sounding in their ears too. And as for Angus—well, Angus was conscious, as he placed the ring on Maggie's finger, that he was drifting away into a dreamy world of happiness, far better than he deserved, or ever, in his most ardent moments, dreamed were in store for him!

The piper returned with the party that had been committed to his guidance towards set of sun, and reached Glen Heath hungry as Esau from the field; he was impatient to be at the Home Farm barn, where he and his bagpipes were already due. So hungry and impatient was he that he did not cross-examine Janet with that severity which generally characterised him as she—well primed in her part—explained that Maggie had already started for the ball. No; the piper was speedily girding himself, in the merriest possible frame of mind, in his best, and smiling as he observed that Maggie had for the occasion adorned his bagpipes with new ribbons. The piper was no fop; but it was rumoured that the Duke himself was about to lead off the ball to-night, and that some of the ladies from the castle were to be present; so it behoved him to appear in his best tartan, which he did; and a finer specimen of the clan Cameron, firm on his legs, with a head set strongly on a pair of broad shoulders that proudly bore the bagpipes, never led clan to battle-field.

With all his haste, he was late. Many of the company were already seated at the long tables that extended from one end of the barn to the other. People were shaking hands and chatting freely, and already there was the fragrant odour of cooked meats, tempting the appetites of all and sundry. The room was gaily lit with candles and lamps from the castle. The piper lifted his cap politely in acknowledgment of the applause that greeted him as he entered.

'This is your place, Mr Cameron,' said the Duke's factor, who acted as steward for the occasion, pointing a place near the head of the table, and immediately opposite Mr MacTavish and his wife; the former of whom frowned blackly as the piper looked across at him.

'Na, Mr Reid, na; not just yet,' the piper said rising.

'A tune, Mr Cameron, a tune!' came from several quarters of the room; a request which the piper was pleased and proud to comply with. Nor did the music cease until the door opened, and the Duke walked in, Lady Flora leaning on his arm, and behind him Mr Fraser, leading in the mild-eyed Duchess; and behind these several of the Duke's guests. The bagpipes came to abrupt silence as the company rose to cheer the ducal party. When Mr Fraser had asked a blessing on the mercies which the Duke had provided for them, there came a loud clatter of knives and forks and an assault upon the dishes; and talk and laughter and merry din. The piper forgot the game-keeper in the absorbing fact that he was seated between Lady Flora and Factor Reid, an unusual and unexpected honour; so absorbed, that he hardly noticed that his daughter Maggie had not up to this moment appeared in the room.

When the dishes were cleared away and glasses and decanters stood regiment-wise along the table, the Chief rose and, when silence prevailed, said:

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'My very good friends, before I ask you to fill bumpers for *the* toast of this evening, the nature of which I shall be called upon to explain presently —I wish you all to join with me in a glass to two very worthy friends of mine, and esteemed acquaintances of all of you; whose good qualities are too well known to require any words from me to commend them to your favourable notice— I mean our excellent friend Mr Cameron of Glen Heath, and my no less esteemed friend Mr MacTavish of Glen Ford—and may they never be worse friends than I am sure in their hearts they are to-night!'

There was a general clinking of glasses and nodding of heads towards the piper and the game-keeper: 'Your health, Mr Cameron!' 'I look towarts ye, Mr MacTavish!' 'Your fery cood healths, shentlemen!' &c.

It need hardly be said that Mr Cameron and Mr MacTavish looked extremely foolish as the sounds gradually passed into silence, and all eyes became fixed on them; but neither of them seemed disposed to rise. At length the piper sprang to his feet.

'It wass a great honour that His Grace paid me, and I thank him for it with all my heart. And it wass—well it wass, ladies and shentlemens—well, ye may hef heard mirofer that there wass a small wee bit of a tifference—inteed ye might call it a quarrel between Mister MacTavish and me, and it wass a pity too whatefer—nae doot there might be faults on poth sides—and Your Grace, if ye will allow me to say it—I pear no enmity to no man this nicht, no not to Mister MacTavish, nor to any other shentleman at all, at all.'

'Bravo! bravo!' exclaimed the Duke, looking towards Mr MacTavish. But that worthy had no gift of words, and only signified his emotion by a series of dry-lipped jerks and nods and a waving of the hands in the piper's direction, meant to imply his general assent to the piper's view of the case.

The Duke again rose. 'I now rise to ask you, every one of you, Mr Cameron and Mr MacTavish included, to fill your glasses a good bumper, to drink with me *the* toast of this evening. I drink to the very good health of the bride and bridegroom in whose honour this ball is given to-night.' At the same moment the door opened, and Angus MacTavish entered with Maggie Cameron—no longer Cameron—leaning on his arm. Maggie looked round the room in some bewilderment. When her eye met her father's, her hand dropped from Angus's arm, and with her face all pale, she walked firmly toward him. When she came to him, she stopped.

'Dad!'—with quivering lip and with eyes in which lurked tears—'iss it angry with me ye are then, dad, cass I hef married Angus MacTavish? O dad, ye'll no pe that angry!'

The piper, conscious of the dramatic possibilities of the situation, paused, looked at the Highland Chief, who was still on his feet, and then at Maggie's sweet fresh face, which was turned piteously to him. He looked at the white muslin dress, prettily studded over with satin bows, and from there to the dainty white satin boot that peeped from below the dress, and felt proud to be his daughter's father.

'And iss it merrit ye are then, Maggie, to Angus MacTavish? but it iss—well, it iss a praw lad too, and well deservin' a praw lass for his wife'——

Maggie's arms were immediately thrown about her father's neck, and the welled-up tears found easy channel.

'Gif me your hand, Angus, ye pla-guard!' The hands griped with Celtic impetuosity.

'Excuse me, Mr Cameron,' interrupted the Duke. 'Ladies and gentlemen, we must drink the young couple's health with full Highland honours; and no heel-taps!' The rafters rung with hearty cheers as the men stood with one foot on their seats and the other on the edge of the table, doing honour to the Chief's bidding to youth and beauty.

This ceremony over, the piper rose, walked slowly and solemnly, amidst the silence of the company, to the place where Mr MacTavish sat. Mr MacTavish rose, and the men faced each other.

'Tonald!' said the piper impressively.

'John!' said the game-keeper. A pause.

'It wass an angry man I wass, Tonald!'

'And so wass I neither,' said the game-keeper.

'But we wull droon it all in this, John,' said the piper, filling two glasses with whisky, and handing one to his friend.

'But the oil-cake nefer wass biled!' said Donald solemnly, as he poised his glass between him and the light.

'Teffle take the oil-cake, John!' said the piper impetuously. 'Gif me your hand, man!'

And the reconciliation was complete.

The tables were speedily cleared away, the piper soon discoursing stirring music from his pipes; with the satisfaction of seeing the Duke lead off his beaming child as partner in the first reel. Daylight peeped in before the pipes were quieted, or the noise and merriment of the company were hushed.

And now, before the door of a cottage that has been built within a short distance of the piper's, there are to be seen three fine boys and a 'sonsie' lassie, the eldest rejoicing in having a Duke for godfather; and a proud man is the piper as he teaches Archie the oldest boy how to extract martial music from a sheep's bladder, which the ingenious youth has converted with skill into home-made bagpipes. To this day, the piper, on whom years are beginning to tell their pathetic tale, meets his friend the game-keeper once or twice a week at Mrs MacDonald's clachan among the hills, and the toast which always furnishes an excuse for the one extra glass that the piper thinks needful to send him cheerily on his way home is—'Cott pless the Teuk!'

## THE MONTH:

### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

We often read in the newspapers that a certain ship has been taken out to the 'measured mile' for trial of her speed, which means that, in order to try the steam-engines, they must be put into the ship, and the ship into the water. Like much else in English practice, it is an uncertain way of finding out that which ought to be previously known; for it is a trial of more than the engines, seeing that it includes the merits and defects of the boilers and of the ship, and the behaviour of the steam, which exercise an important influence on the result. If, therefore, the engines only are

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to be tested, the trial might as well be made while the vessel is still in dock; and while still in dock there should be some means for ascertaining and accurately indicating their capabilities. This means has been invented by Mr Froude, F.R.S., who has already done so much for the science of shipbuilding; and his new dynamometer seems likely to fulfil the intended purpose. It combines some of the most recondite principles in mechanical philosophy, but may be roughly described as a turbine with its segmental divisions so constructed that, when set rotating, the water inclosed is urged into a state of resistance. This resistance varies with the speed and power of the engines; and a spring lever, communicating with the interior of the apparatus, indicates the variations on an external scale. The turbine will be temporarily fixed to the end of the screw-shaft, the engines will be set to work, and as the shaft spins round, the power of the engines will be clearly and independently demonstrated, even up to eight thousand horse-power, if required. The capabilities of the engines having been thus accurately ascertained while the ship is still in dock, it will be possible, when trying her over the measured mile, to define how far her speed is affected by other influences, in summing up the result. A working model of this ingenious invention has been exhibited to the Admiralty and at scientific gatherings in London.

Mr Cochot, 34 Avenue Lacuée, Paris, has constructed a small steam-engine of half a horse-power, for use in petty manufactures, which, as he states, will work ten hours at a cost of not more than fourteenpence for coal.

Mr Redier, clockmaker of Paris, has exhibited to the Société d'Encouragement pour l'Industrie Nationale a balance which registers variations of weight. In this ingenious instrument clockwork is so arranged in connection with a copper cylinder, suspended in a vessel of water, as to produce two antagonistic movements, one of which comes into play whenever excited by the action of the other. By this alternate movement the registration proceeds steadily, and is recorded by a pencil on a band of paper. An exceedingly light spring lever is so combined with the clockwork that it will keep a comparatively heavy weight in action; such as holding a barometer free to rise and fall while the column of mercury stands always at the same level. Many applications may be made of this instrument, especially in the sciences of observation. Its sensibility is such that it will register the loss of weight in a spirit-lamp while burning. The physiologist may employ it to ascertain the weight lost by animals during respiration and perspiration, and the botanist to determine the amount of evaporation from the leaves of a plant; and from these examples others may be imagined.

Stock-taking in science is as indispensable as in business, and there is something like stock-taking in the subject for which the University of Oxford proposes to give a ten guinea medal and about five guineas in cash: it is 'The History of the successive Stages of our Knowledge of Nebulæ, Nebulous Stars, and Star Clusters, from the time of Sir William Herschel.'

The Royal Astronomical Society have published an account of observations of Jupiter's satellites made by Mr Todd of the Observatory, Adelaide, under remarkably favourable circumstances. Sometimes the satellite, when on the point of occultation, is seen apparently through the edge of Jupiter, 'as if the planet were surrounded by a transparent atmosphere laden with clouds.' In a subsequent observation, 'the shadow of the third satellite, when in mid-transit along a high northern parallel, appeared to be visibly oval or flattened at the poles.' On several occasions, as Mr Todd states, he has been surprised at ingress of shadow by the marvellous sharpness, the minutest indentation of the limb being at once detected. One night he saw the second satellite, as it emerged from behind the planet, immediately pass into the shadow, then reappear within a few minutes of the reappearance of and close to the first satellite; and the two thus formed 'a pretty coarse double star.' This must have been a very interesting sight. And there were times when the astronomer was much impressed by the sudden and extensive changes in the cloud-belts of the planet, as though some storm were there in progress, changing the form and dimensions of the belts in an hour or two, or even less. After reading this, may we not say that the observer at Adelaide is remarkably fortunate?

The fall of exceedingly minute mineral particles in the snow and rain in regions far away from dust and smoke has been accepted as evidence that a so-called 'cosmic dust' floats in our atmosphere. Some physicists believe that this dust is always falling everywhere, that the bulk of the earth is increased, and that the phenomenon known to astronomers as acceleration of the moon's motion is thereby accounted for. Iron is found among the particles, exceedingly small and globular in form, as if they had been subjected to a high temperature. Recent spectrum analysis has led to the conclusion that the light of the aurora borealis may be due to the presence of these particles of iron in a state of incandescence. In a communication to the Vaudoise Society of Natural Sciences, Mr Yung assumes that this dust, coming to us from celestial space, will be most abundant immediately after the showers of shooting-stars in August and November; and he purposes to collect masses of air on great heights and treat them in such a way as to eliminate all the cosmic dust which they may contain. His experiments lead him to believe that the particles are in much greater quantity than hitherto supposed, and that they play an important part in the physics of the globe and in the dispersion of solar light. Dr Tyndall has shewn that a perfectly pure gas has no dispersive action. The cosmic dust floating in the upper regions of the atmosphere would account for the luminous train of meteors, and for certain phenomena observed by means of the spectroscope. A long time will of course be required for the quantitative experiments, but they will be of great interest to astronomers as well as to physicists generally.

A telephone has been exhibited at some of the

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evening receptions in London, but failed to give satisfactory demonstration of its sound-transmitting powers. In America, on the contrary, the success is so remarkable, that the Society of Telegraph Engineers have sent out a deputation to gather information on the interesting subject. In addition to the instances already given in these pages, we have now to present further particulars on the authority of an American contemporary. In April last, telephonic concerts were held in Washington and Boston, the source of the music being in Philadelphia. At each place (that is, Washington and Boston) the music, though rather feeble in tone, was distinctly heard by the audience in all parts of the hall. The different tunes were recognised and listened to with profound attention, the intonations being so clear and distinct as to excite wonder and applause. We are further informed that 'the music (or electric waves of sound) was also conveyed by induction along other parallel telegraphic wires attached to the same poles; for in a telegraph office in Washington the tunes played at Philadelphia were distinctly heard on a "relay" used in the despatch service, and even at some yards' distance from the instrument.' This is the more remarkable as the relay 'had no connection whatever with the wire attached to the telephone.' Another noteworthy characteristic of the telephone is that it will, as is said, deliver a number of spoken messages at the same time without confusion.

If a 'distinguished architect or man of science of any country can shew that he has designed or executed any building of high merit, or produced a work tending to promote or facilitate the knowledge of architecture, or the various branches of science connected therewith,' the Council of the Royal Institute of British Architects will, if they find him worthy, bestow on him their Royal medal. Such are the conditions announced; but supposing that an *un*distinguished architect should prove himself competent, is it to be understood that he will have no claim to consideration? The Council further announce that they will give their Soane medallion and fifty pounds for the best design for a convalescent hospital for sixty patients: Sir W. Tite's prize, thirty pounds, for the best design in Italian style for the façade of a block of buildings in a principal street: the Grissell medal for the best set of drawings illustrating the design and construction of two bays of a groined cloister of the thirteenth century; and the Institute silver medal for the best essay on the Constructive Uses and Artistic Treatment of Concrete. This last is a practical subject which admits of wide application and development.

A paper by Mr S. Knight, read before the same Institute, 'On the Influence of Business Requirements on Street Architecture,' contains information and suggestions which any one interested in the subject would do well to study. The claims of various styles, the Italian, the Gothic, the Composite, are discussed, with due consideration of the important questions of strength, effect, and light. If the Italian has come to be preferred, a reason why can be given; but Mr Knight is of opinion that Gothic is compatible with business requirements, and he brings forward instances. And he remarks: 'The pointed gable is a mode of finishing a roof towards a street as consistent in construction as it is expressive and picturesque in effect; the open valleys between the gables, where repeated in rows, let in light.' Oriel windows, with a glass roof, are described as the best for admission of light. As connected with styles of architecture, we mention that at a previous meeting of the Institute it was shewn that the 'Queen Anne's' style, if rightly named, would be the Stuart style.

It is computed that five million tons of coal are burnt in London in a year. The President of the Meteorological Society states in his annual address that the heat thereby produced combined with that evolved by the inhabitants, suffices to raise the temperature of the air two degrees immediately above the metropolis. Hence it is that some invalids find it better for their health to reside in London during the winter rather than in the country. But the country benefits also, for the prevailing winds being from the south-west and west, the county of Essex and the valley of the Thames below London profit by the adventitious warmth. On the other hand, it is stated that 'London air even in the suburbs proves, as might be expected, exceedingly impervious to the sun's rays.'

Jute is a low-priced product, and is regarded as fit only for very coarse manufactures; and dishonest rope-makers mix it with the hemp which they twist into ropes and cables. But specimens laid before the Paris Society above mentioned demonstrate that jute has remarkable qualities which may be developed by proper treatment. Everything depends on the amount of care bestowed on the preparation and conversion into yarn or thread; it can then be woven into textures suitable for upholstery decorations, for dress, and for household uses, comparable to those produced from flax and hemp.

From further published statements concerning the eucalyptus we learn that this useful tree has been introduced into Corsica, chiefly through the endeavours of Dr Carlotti, President of the Ajaccio Agricultural Society. More than half a million of the young trees are now growing in the island. And it appears from reports made to the Climatological Society of Algiers that more than a million plants of the eucalyptus are growing in that country; that the trees 'possess sanitary influence; that wherever they have been largely cultivated intermittent fever has decreased in frequency and intensity, and that marshy and uncultivated lands have been improved and rendered healthy.'

In 1850, deep borings were made on the Marquis of Downshire's estate near Carrickfergus to explore for coal beneath the old red sandstone. The greatest depth attained was about fifteen hundred feet; no coal was found; but at about five hundred feet from the surface a bed of rock-salt was discovered, which has been turned to good account. We are informed by the President of the Belfast Natural History and Philosophical Society that the bed of salt in the hills to the north of Carrickfergus is more than a hundred feet thick, that fifty feet are left as a roof, while fifty feet are being excavated, and that the roof is supported by pillars of the rock-salt nearly fifty feet thick left standing.

An anchor of novel construction has been made and patented by Mr G. Tyzack of Stourbridge. The novelty consists in the anchor having *one* arm only, which is reversible and so arranged that whichever way the anchor falls, it finds itself

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at once in a position to 'bite.' There being no projection above the shank, the anchor is less likely to foul than ordinary kinds; it can readily be taken to pieces and compactly stowed; is said to possess unusual strength; and being made without welding, claims to be cheaper than other portable or swivel anchors. This seems worthy the attention of shipowners and yachtsmen.

A meeting was held last year to talk about a Sanitary Institute. A committee was appointed: they have published a Report and list of members, by which we are made aware that the Institute is now at work, and intends 'to devote itself exclusively to the advancement of all subjects bearing upon public health.' Among these subjects we find ascertaining the qualifications of subordinate officers of sanitary districts—matters relating to medicine and to chemistry in connection with public health—and the establishment of an exhibition of sanitary apparatus and appliances. This is a good programme, with the advantage that its objects may be promoted by persons in all parts of the kingdom. The temporary offices of the Institute are at 11 Spring Gardens, London, S.W.

A paper by Mr Neison on the Statistics of the Societies of Odd-Fellows and Foresters is published in the *Journal* of the Statistical Society. It furnishes much useful information concerning those associations generally, and shews in what the elements of their success or failure consist. In some instances there is a great tendency towards large and growing sick-lists, which, as Mr Neison remarks, should be carefully watched. He was acquainted with a society in which the rate of sickness was so remarkable that he could not account for it. 'Not only,' he says, 'nine out of every ten were sick, but sick on an average of thirty weeks out of fifty-two. On inquiry he found that these were agricultural labourers, getting a wage of ten shillings a week, and were insured for a benefit varying from eight shillings to eight-and-sixpence. After being sick for a short time they were entitled to half of the benefit, which would be four shillings. Then they obtained two shillings and sixpence from the parish, together with some loaves of bread, which would amount to about seven shillings a week for doing nothing; and as they only get about nine to ten shillings by labouring, they thought the better way was to stop at home and sham illness.' Facts of this kind are not new to us.

### THE SOLAN GOOSE.

Mr Frank Buckland has been experimenting upon the anatomical construction of the gannet, and says it possesses in its body the most perfect aeronautic machinery that can be conceived. There is a communication between the lungs, the feathers, and the hollow bones of the bird, by means of which it is able to inflate itself like a balloon. The gannet on which Mr Buckland experimented measured nine inches across the chest, but when inflated it measured fourteen inches. By suddenly pressing the inflated body, the dead bird immediately gave out the loud call of the bird when alive, the sound being produced by means of the air passing through the voice-box at the bottom of the windpipe. The gannet can instantaneously extrude all this air from its lungs, bones, and feathers; and this enables it to drop down from a height upon its prey in the sea with amazing force and rapidity. Some years ago one of these birds was flying over Penzance in Cornwall, when seeing some pilchards lying on a fir plank, in a place for curing those fish, it darted itself down with so much violence as to stick its bill quite through an inch and a quarter plank, and kill itself on the spot. The bones of the bird's neck are of amazing strength, and as hard as an iron rod. The head is joined to the atlas by a beautiful ball-and-socket joint.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

### THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Fragrant daughters of the earth,
Love presided at your birth;
Fancy, by your floral aid,
Passion's ardour oft portrayed;
Let me, then, a garland twine
Of varied hues, to picture mine.

Purity, with brow serene,
Needs no costly jewel's sheen;
Cull the Lily's blossom sweet
To strew the path beneath her feet.
In its virgin hue we find
An image of the spotless mind.

Braid the maiden's glossy hair;
Place the verdant Myrtle there;
Love, with roses myrtle blended,
When to earth He first descended;
It will blossom brighter now,
On the fair one's snowy brow.

Shining Laurel, let not Fame
Your leaves, for heroes only, claim;
On blood-stained fields they gain the prize
The Poet wins in peaceful guise;
The poets, then, with heroes share
The right the laurel crown to wear.

Know you the Rose? the garden's queen!
Few months, alas! her bloom is seen;
Breathing incense to the air,
Magic odours hover there.
But near the rose, the thorn is ever;
Who can love from sorrow sever?

Let the Daisy's modest grace
In my garland find a place;
The 'bonnie gem' of Scotia's Bard,
'Mid rarer flowers in garden cared,
Though humbly reared, a part may claim,
In memory of the Poet's fame.

Dusky Cypress, sadness weaves
Wreaths for mourners of thy leaves;
Ever o'er the silent grave
Drooping branches sadly wave.
Ah! how vain the tears we shed
For friends once numbered with the dead!

See! Life's pictures quickly fade,
And the flowers in dust are laid;
But the Spring's awak'ning fire
Love and Life once more inspire:
To mourning hearts a hope is given
That we may meet and love in Heaven!

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## STORY OF THE FAIRBAIRNS.

TOWARDS the end of last century, the family of Andrew Fairbairn resided at the foot of the Wood-market, Kelso. Andrew was a man in humble circumstances, but was intelligent and industrious, and fond of reading. He had spent his early life as a ploughboy, and afterwards as a gardener; by which means, along with the perusal of books, he gained a good knowledge of agriculture. Having in the course of pushing his fortunes gone to reside near a seaport in England, he was, during the exigences of the American war, pressed on board a frigate, from which he was draughted into a ship of the line, and served under Lord Howe at the destruction of the Spanish fleet off Gibraltar. At the close of the war, he happened to be present at Spithead, when the *Royal George* sank, August 29, 1782, and assisted in saving the survivors. Receiving his discharge, he returned to Scotland, and settling in Kelso, married Miss Henderson, daughter of a tradesman in Jedburgh, and in due time had a family of sons and daughters. That may be called the beginning of the Fairbairns.

Andrew did not return to sea-life. He had had enough of naval adventure. Kelso, where he pitched his camp, is a pretty inland town on the north bank of the Tweed, once celebrated for an abbey, of which the ruins still exist, and having in its immediate neighbourhood the palatial mansion of Fleurs, the seat of the Dukes of Roxburghe. All around is a fine fertile country, where there is abundant scope for agricultural pursuits. To these he addicted himself, though taking him six days a week from home, and obliging him to devolve the upbringing of his children in a great measure to his wife, who was eminently suited for this important duty. She was far from robust, and her poor state of health would have offered a good excuse for idleness; but possessing a spirit of indefatigable industry, she toiled in a way that reminds us of the singularly meritorious wife mentioned in Scripture—'She seeketh wool and flax, and worketh willingly with her hands. . . She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. . . Her children arise up, and call her blessed.' The picture is accurate in every detail. According to the economy of the period, when as yet the domestic spinning-wheel was in operation, Mrs Fairbairn bought wool and flax, which she spun into yarn, reeled into hanks, and gave out to a weaver to be manufactured. From the varied materials so produced, she provided shirtings, sheets, and blankets for the family. And not only so, but for some years she made all the coats, trousers, and other garments for her husband and sons, besides all the dresses required for her young daughters.

William Fairbairn, the eldest and most notable of her sons, was born at Kelso, February 19, 1789. There he received a plain elementary education at the parish school, paddled like other boys in the Tweed, and acquired a proficiency in climbing the tall picturesque ruins of the abbey. In 1799, the family were induced to remove to Moy, a farm a few miles from Dingwall in Ross-shire. Here commenced a desperate struggle to wring a subsistance out of a piece of land plentifully dotted over with whins, stones, rocks, and other obstructions. Andrew, the father, had an opportunity of exercising all the agricultural knowledge he possessed. Like many Scotsmen in similar circumstances, he did not despair. To remove the various impediments to the plough, he adopted an ingenious method. Having managed to draw the large stones and rocks into heaps, he laid over them quantities of dried whins, which he set on fire. The stones and rocks became red-hot, and by the pouring on them of cold water from a bottle, were fractured and blown to shivers. By the wondering neighbours, this cheap and ready method of ridding the land of whins and rocks at the same time was considered an extraordinary performance. Next was instituted a system of draining; and in two or three years, splendid crops of turnips and barley were growing on land which had hitherto been little better than a wilderness.

While the family were at Moy, William received no addition to his education, and had to

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occupy much of his time as a nurse to his youngest brother, Peter, then a child of fifteen months old. To relieve himself of the trouble of carrying the child on his back, he fell on the device of making a little wagon with four wheels. It was a somewhat difficult undertaking, for his only tools were a knife, a gimlet, and an old saw. With these and a red-hot poker to burn holes in the wheels for the axles, he was able to knock up a small wagon, which proved quite a success. He dragged Peter about the farm, to the delight of the infant and the satisfaction of his mother. Encouraged by the success of the construction, he began to make small boats and mills with his knife, that were the admiration of neighbouring boys; such performances giving, as is believed, a bent to his mind as regards mechanical construction. Some untoward circumstances led Andrew Fairbairn to quit Moy and to become steward to a Highland laird at Mullochy. In this situation he remained only two years; and now, disgusted with the Highlands, he removed with his family, in 1803, back to Kelso. There he left them while he occupied the position of farm-manager in Yorkshire. This was a dark period in the history of the Fairbairns. The father did his best to supply means by transmitting part of his wages, but the wages were irregularly paid, and sometimes the family were on the brink of want. Being now a tall lad of fourteen, William made an effort to get an employment which would bring in a few shillings a week. He considered himself fortunate in getting work as a mason's labourer at the building of the new bridge across the Tweed at Kelso—one of Rennie's handsome structures. When only a few days at this toilsome employment, William suffered a dire misfortune. By the clumsy management of a companion in carrying a hand-barrow, a heavy stone fell on his leg, inflicting a deep wound, and throwing him off work for nearly three months. When the family were in the depths of penury, the father succeeded in getting an appointment at Percy Main Colliery, near South Shields, as steward of a farm belonging to the coal-owners. There was still the disadvantage of being absent from his family, but the pay regularly administered put him in comfort, and he had an opportunity of getting some employment for his eldest son.

The employment so secured was not much to speak of: it was only that of driving a coal-cart, but nothing better cast up, and was dutifully endured amidst a dissolute and contentious population, until, at the instance of the owners of the colliery, William, in 1804, was bound apprentice for seven years to Mr John Robinson, the enginewright of the establishment. Such was the start in life of William Fairbairn as an engineer. At first, his wages were five, afterwards rising to twelve, shillings a week; but there was extra work paid for separately, by which his small wage was often doubled, and he was able to help his parents, who were struggling with a very limited income.

As we all know, there are two ways of pursuing an industrial occupation in youth. One is to do no more than what is immediately required, caring little for the future; the other is to endeavour, by every available means, to strike out a course of self-improvement, not only for the pleasure of doing so, but it may be in the hope of reaping some future advantage. William Fairbairn adopted the latter method of getting through his apprenticeship. He laid down for himself a programme of self-instruction, while most other lads about him spent all their leisure time in coarse and profitless amusements. His weekly programme is worth the attention of young men placed in similar circumstances. Every day had its assigned work—Monday evenings, the study of arithmetic and mensuration. Tuesday, reading history and poetry. Wednesday, recreation, reading novels and romances. Thursday, mathematics. Friday, Euclid, trigonometry. Saturday, recreation and sundries. Sunday, church, reading Milton, &c. These several exercises were facilitated by books procured from the North-Shields subscription library, for which his father bought for him a ticket. Besides going through a course of reading the best historical and other works, which widened his knowledge and cultivated his feelings, he in a period of three years went through a complete system of mensuration, and as much algebra as enabled him to solve an equation; also a course of trigonometry, navigation, and some other branches of science. At times he devised pieces of machinery, which taught him the necessity of arranging and concentrating his ideas in matters of mechanical ingenuity. Having a taste for music, he made a violin, on which he taught himself to play familiar Scotch airs, though never with any degree of brilliance. His mind leaned towards more solid acquirements. As a kind of promotion, he was removed from the workshop to take charge of the steam-engine and pumps. Now, he was more his own master, and had intervals of time at his disposal. No amount of leisure, however, diverted him from his course of self-culture. His companions spent not a little time and money in beer-drinking, which kept them in poverty, and effectually stood in the way of their advancement. One of his early contemporaries was happily superior to these debasing pursuits. This was George Stephenson, with whom he became acquainted. George had the charge of an engine at Willington Ballast Hill, only a mile or two off, and being recently married, was somewhat pinched in the means of livelihood. To enable him to earn a few shillings, Fairbairn frequently took charge of his engine, while he took a turn at heaving ballast out of the colliery vessels. It is interesting to hear of facts like this of two men who rose to eminence through self-culture and unrelaxing perseverance.

At the close of his apprenticeship, and now twenty-two years of age, William Fairbairn went to London in search of employment as a millwright or working engineer. At this time Rennie was engaged in building Waterloo Bridge, and offered work to William Fairbairn. But—and a sad 'but' it was—the Millwrights' Society, which assumed the right of determining who should be employed, would not allow work to be given to him; and for a time, along with a companion similarly situated, he underwent serious privations. Unless for succour from some hospitable relatives who gave him a dinner on Sunday, he would have been well-nigh starved. A brighter day at length dawned. A number of workmen had the fortitude to resist the monopoly of the Millwrights' Society, and banding together, set up a Society of free and independent

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labourers, under whose auspices Fairbairn got employment at a patent Ropery at Shadwell. Here and elsewhere he wrought as a journeyman two years in the metropolis, all the time realising good wages of from two to three pounds a week, and as formerly occupying his leisure hours mostly in reading. As he lived moderately, he saved some money, with which he hoped to push his way forward. Unluckily, he fell in with a crazy projector, who had devised a plan of delving land by machinery. The thing was ingenious, but not practicable. Induced to make a machine for the inventor, Fairbairn's small savings were swept away. He was more fortunate in his next order. It was to make a machine for chopping meat for sausages, for which he was promised thirty-three pounds by a pork-butcher. The machine, constructed with a fly-wheel and a double crank, with a dozen knives crossing each other, did its work admirably. The pork-butcher was delighted, and paid handsomely for the machine.

Put in pocket by this piece of business, Fairbairn proceeded to Dublin in quest of work, and got employment in constructing nail-making machinery. This lasted during a summer, and back he came to England, the voyage by packet to Liverpool occupying two days. A lucky thought directed him to try Manchester as a field of operations. Here he received employment from Mr Adam Parkinson, for whom he worked two years, and from his earnings was able to save twenty pounds, a sum which he destined to set him up in married life. For several years he had corresponded with Dorothy Mar, daughter of a farmer at Morpeth, and for whom he entertained an ardent affection. Fortune, as he imagined, being now propitious, marriage with Miss Mar could be discreetly contemplated, and the marriage took place June 16, 1816. The young pair commenced housekeeping in a very small and modest domicile at Manchester. William Fairbairn had still to make his way in the world, and blest with this good wife, set about doing it vigorously. For certain spheres of usefulness, Manchester offers better scope than even London. In partnership at first with Mr James Lillie, he began an independent career as a millwright, or in fact, a contractor for any large undertaking from a bridge to a spinning-factory. The two in setting up business had hardly any money, but they had brains, which had been pretty well exercised, and people were disposed to throw work in the way of what seemed to be two eager and clever young men. A large job executed for Mr Murray, a cotton-spinner, put them on their feet. Well-doing needs only a beginning. Almost immediately followed the works on a new cotton-mill for Mr John Kennedy, partner in the firm of Messrs M'Connel and Kennedy, then the largest spinners in the kingdom. The skilful manner in which improvements were introduced into the new mill brought a press of orders. The business prospered so greatly, that at the end of five years the two young men found themselves with a stock and tools worth five thousand pounds. Large and commodious premises were erected, and contracts for gigantic works were undertaken in England, Scotland, and Switzerland.

Fairbairn lived at a time when the world was startled with the marvels of steam-traction on railways, and he fancied that a similar means of propulsion could be adopted on canals. In this, after several costly experiments, he found himself mistaken, and the drainage of money was so great as to lead to a dissolution of his partnership with Mr Lillie. Now (1832), he rested entirely on his own energies and resources; but strong in self-reliance, he had no fears of the result. He turned his attention to a new branch of engineering manufacture, that of iron ship-building. For a time he had two establishments, one in London, the other in Manchester, and collectively employed two thousand hands. In 1835 began his famous investigations into the strength of iron, as regards girders, beams, pillars, and so forth; his experiments being of much scientific and mechanical importance. This, indeed, might be described as the great work of Fairbairn's life; for from his discoveries has sprung that remarkable adaptation of cast-iron in various forms—to house-building, the construction of bridges, and other works. About the same time, owing to a strike of boiler-makers at Manchester, he invented a method of riveting the plates of boilers by machinery, which at once superseded hand-labour. No longer were people assailed with the din of a hundred hammers riveting together iron plates; the machine of Fairbairn's invention substituted a rapid, noiseless, and comparatively cheap method of construction.

Until his fiftieth year, Mr Fairbairn wrote an autobiographical account of his career, and the projects with which he was concerned, which has been incorporated in the recently issued work, *The Life of Sir William Fairbairn, Bart.*, by W. Pole (Longmans, 1877). Mr Pole continues the narrative, but in so fragmentary and meagre a form as to give us little insight into the private life of the person to whom he refers, or of the family to which he belonged. Happily we were honoured with the friendship not only of Sir William, but of his brother, Sir Peter Fairbairn of Leeds—the brother whom when a child he drew about in a little wagon of his own making, long ago in the Highlands. Our last interview with Sir William was shortly before his decease, when on what we believe was his farewell visit to Scotland. From both brothers we learned a variety of details relative to their respective professional pursuits, and on all occasions were struck with the strong practical common-sense and tact which had guided them through life. From the humblest possible circumstances, each in his own way had attained distinction by the exercise of sound judgment and persevering industry connected with the manufacture of machinery. The lesson which their lives afforded was this: that success in life is less generally due to genius than to indomitable diligence along with integrity of character.

Sir William Fairbairn never, as we know, aimed at being a great man. He wanted only to be useful in his day and generation. His habits of industry were extraordinary. Besides devoting himself specially to new mechanical contrivances and scientific researches, he spent much time in his later years in writing papers for the British Association and other public bodies. On one subject he fastened keenly. It was the prevention of smoke from factory chimneys, which he shewed could be effectually done by a more perfect combustion of fuel. The paper appeared in the Transactions of the British Association for 1844. It is

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doubtful if it made many converts. There seems to be a determination among manufacturers to disregard all advice or remonstrance on the subject. For more than thirty years we have used a plan for consuming smoke with perfect success and considerable economy of fuel, but our neighbours for the most part perversely go on polluting the atmosphere as usual.

As is well known, Sir William Fairbairn distinguished himself by his invention of the tubular iron bridge, sustained without stays, and, which adopted by Stephenson, was employed in the construction of the famous tubular iron bridge across the Menai Strait, which is entitled to be called the mechanical wonder of England. We have never been shot along in a railway train through that iron tube, formed by a succession of square cells placed end to end, without thinking of Fairbairn's bold ingenuity. The reputation he acquired by this and other inventions of a useful kind brought him honours from numerous quarters. He had declined to accept a knighthood, and was reserved for the higher dignity of a baronetcy, which was conferred during Mr Gladstone's tenure of office in 1869. Two years previously, he had the misfortune to lose his eldest son, John, a blow which was severely felt by him. Coming from a long-lived family—his father dying in 1844 at the age of eighty-six—and tall, robust, and active, he enjoyed health till nearly the end of his days. He died peacefully August 18, 1874, leaving three sons and a daughter, also a widow, to mourn his loss. He was succeeded in the baronetcy by his son Thomas. Though the family wished the funeral to be private, it was, as a voluntary mark of respect, attended by upwards of fifty thousand persons. Such was the end of one of the greatest engineers of our day. His whole life pointed a valuable moral which it is unnecessary to repeat. His brother, Sir Peter Fairbairn of Leeds, predeceased him, leaving likewise descendants to perpetuate the reputation of the Fairbairns. W. C.

## THE LAST OF THE HADDONS.

### CHAPTER XXXI.—AT THE STILE.

When was I first conscious of it? When was the first faint shadow of it perceived by the others? It would be difficult to say precisely when; but as days went by, some subtle change was taking place and making itself felt amongst us. Gradually an indefinable something was extracting the sunshine out of our lives. None of us admitted so much to each other; indeed I think we were all equally anxious to have it thought that everything was going on in precisely the same way as before. And yet—where was the frank confidence and ease which only a short time previously had so marked our intercourse? It had given place to constraint, and a restless anxiety to appear unconstrained.

I fancied that I could account for Lilian's nervousness and constraint; but Philip's gaiety seemed to be growing less and less spontaneous; and dear old Mrs Tipper looked depressed, not to say unhappy; whilst I myself felt uncomfortable without being able to trace the cause, unless it arose from sympathy with the others. In vain did I try to account for the change. There was certainly no unkindly feeling betwixt us; indeed I think we were each and all more carefully considerate of each other's feelings than we had hitherto been, displaying a great deal more anxiety to prove that the strength of our attachment to each other was as undiminished as ever.

I felt no shade of difference in my own sentiments; I knew that I felt towards them precisely the same as before, although I was gradually adopting their tone. What troubled me most of all was the reserve growing up between Lilian and me. I tried more than once to break through it; but her real distress—her tears, as she clung to me, entreating me to believe in her love, pained without enlightening me. And when I a little impatiently replied that it rather seemed as though she did not believe in *my* love, it only brought more tears and distress.

She now frequently excused herself from accompanying Philip and me in our walks and excursions; and shut herself up in her own room many hours during the day. The explanation that she had taken a fancy for studying French history, was not a satisfactory one to me. True, there was evidence that she was diligently plodding through a certain amount of work; but why should that separate us? The studies she had hitherto undertaken had not shut me out of her confidence. She had often declared that the greater part of the enjoyment of such work was to compare notes with me upon the subjects we were reading; and why should French history be an exception?

I was beginning to lose patience—mystery has ever been and ever will be provoking to me—and one evening, when Robert Wentworth asked me some questions about our work, I irritably replied that he must ask Lilian; I could only answer for myself now.

'I am only doing a little French history,' she faltered, becoming very pale, and presently making an excuse for leaving the room.

'What is it? What has so changed her?' I asked, turning towards him.

'I do not observe any particular change,' he replied, lowering his eyes before mine.

'Pray do not you become as mysterious as the rest,' I said angrily.

But he *was* mysterious. Even Robert Wentworth, who had always been so outspoken and unsparing, was becoming considerate even to politeness. He made no reply, standing before the open window, apparently absorbed in thought. I was about to add some little remark that I had hitherto trusted to his friendship, in a tone meant to be caustic, when I caught sight of his face, and shrank into my shell again. What made him look like that? What did it mean? And why did he so hurriedly take his departure the moment old Mrs Tipper came into the room, in a manner as unlike the Robert Wentworth of the past as it was possible to be?

But it must not be supposed that I was going to succumb to this state of things. Before I succumbed, I must know the reason why. It would take a great deal yet to make me lose hope. I had too much respect for them and belief in the power of my own love, to be without hope of succeeding

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in dissipating the clouds which had gathered about us. The one thing to be done was to find out *what* it was that had come between us. Could I once find out that, I should not despair of the rest. After some anxious reflection, I fancied that I had discovered the cause of the alteration in Lilian's bearing, and took Philip into my confidence.

He listened gravely, I thought even anxiously, and yet he did not appear to think it necessary for me to make any attempt to alter things.

'If—she prefers being more alone, I think—Wouldn't it be best not to interfere, Mary?'—hesitatingly.

'If I did not care for her, perhaps it would be better not to interfere, as you term it,' I hotly rejoined. 'But as it happens, I do care for her, and therefore I cannot see her so changed without making some effort to help her.'

'No one could doubt your love for her, Mary,' he replied in a low voice, laying his hand gently upon mine.

'Then how can I help being anxious, especially when I see that it is not good for her to be moping alone? Any one might see that it is doing her harm. Cannot *you* see the difference in her of late?' He made no reply; and taking his assent for granted, I went on: 'Do you know I am sadly afraid that she is fretting'—— I did not like to say plainly about Arthur Trafford, but added: 'She is beginning to look just as she did in the first shock of finding that she had lost Arthur Trafford!—Ah, spare my roses!'

He was mercilessly, though I think unconsciously, tearing to pieces a beautiful bunch of light and dark roses, which had been given to me by one of the cottagers, scattering the leaves in all directions.

'I—beg your pardon.'

'I really think you ought, sir!' was my playful rejoinder. 'If my path is to be strewed with roses, we need not be so extravagant as that about it. I shall not trust you to carry flowers again.'

He remained so long silent, standing in the same position, that I was about to ask him what he was thinking of, when he impetuously turned towards me, and hurriedly said: 'Why should there be any longer delay, Mary? Why cannot our marriage take place at once—next week? For God's sake, do not let us go on like this!'

'Go on like this!' I repeated, looking up into his face. 'Go on like this, Philip?'

'Say it shall be soon—say when?' catching my hands in both of his with a grip which made me wince, as he hurriedly continued: 'Why do you wish all this delay?'

Had it been spoken in a different tone—had he only *looked* differently! I tried to believe that it was the eagerness of happiness in his face; but alas! it looked terribly like misery! For a moment my heart stood still in an agony of fear; then I put the disloyal doubt aside, telling myself that it was my too exalted notions which had led to disappointment. I had expected so much more than any woman has a right to expect; and so forth. Then after a moment or two, I honestly replied: 'I do *not* wish it, Philip. Of course I will say next week, if you wish it; and'—with a faint little attempt at a jest—'if you do not mind about my having fewer furbelows to pack?'

'I do wish it; and—and—until then I must ask you to excuse my not coming down quite so regularly. So much to arrange, you know,' he hastily continued, 'in case we should take it into our heads to remain abroad some time.'

'Yes; very well,' I murmured, as one in a dream. It was all so different—so terribly different from anything I had expected.

But I soon persuaded myself that the fault, if fault there were, must be mine. How could *he* be changed—or if he were, why should he so eagerly urge me to delay our marriage no longer?

As if to rebuke my doubt, he turned towards me and gently said: 'God grant that I may be worthy of you, Mary! You are a good woman. I must hope in time to be more worthy of you.'

I was conscious that just then I could have better borne a loving jest at my imperfections than this little set speech of praise. I never before cared so little about being a 'good woman' as I did at that moment. But I told myself that I would not be critical—how horribly critical I seemed to be growing! So I looked up into his face with a smile, as I said something about his being perfect enough for me.

'You are good.'

'Oh, please do not say anything more about my goodness!'

There was another pause; and then he said: 'I think you mentioned that you wished it to be a quiet affair, Mary, and at the little church in the vale—St John's, isn't it called?'

'Yes, Philip.'

'And you must let me know what I ought to do besides procuring the ring and license. I am sure you will give me credit for wishing not to be remiss in any way, and will not mind giving me a hint if I appear likely to fall short in any of the —proper observances.'

Proper observances! How coldly the words struck upon me!

'Shall you not come down *once*, Philip?' I murmured.

'Once? O yes, of course; and—you can give me any little commission by letter, you know.'

Then looking at his watch, he found that he might catch the eight o'clock train, and hastily bade me good-night; asking me to excuse him at the cottage, and tell them about our plans.

'Eh bien, Philippe,' I returned, more disappointed than I should have cared to acknowledge at his not asking me to accompany him the remainder of the distance to the stile, to which I always walked with him when Robert Wentworth was not with us. Moreover, I thought that the parting kiss was to be forgotten. I believe that it *was* forgotten for a moment. But he turned back and pressed his lips for a moment upon my brow.

'Good-night, Mary. God grant I may be worthy of you!'

'Good-night, Philip,' I faltered.

As in a dream I walked down the lane, entered the cottage, and turned into the little parlour, not a little relieved to find no one there.

The heat was almost stifling, the swallows flying low beneath the lowering sky, and there was the heavy stillness—the, so to speak, pause in the atmosphere which presages a coming storm. The windows and doors were flung wide open; and I could hear Mrs Tipper and Becky talking to each other in their confidential way, as they bustled in and out the back garden, fetching in the clothes, which the former always put out to 'sweeten,' as

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she termed it, after they were returned from the wash. Lilian was, I suppose, in her own room, as her habit was of late.

Throwing off my hat, I sat down, and with my hands tightly locked upon my lap, I tried to think—to understand my own sensations, asking myself over and over again what was wrong—what made me like this? half conscious all the while of a discussion over a hole in a tablecloth, that ought not to have been allowed to get to such a stage without being darned.

'A stitch in time saves nine, you know, Becky; never you leave a thin place, and you'll never have a hole to mend;' and so on.

Suddenly, as my eyes wandered aimlessly about the room, they fell upon some documents on the table referring to the sale of Hill Side, which Philip had brought down to shew us, and which I knew he had intended to take away. Reflecting that he was very desirous of completing the purchase, that the delay of a post might make a difference, and that I might yet overtake him if I were quick, I hurriedly caught up the papers in my hand and ran down the lane towards the stile. Have I mentioned that there was a sharp curve in the lane before it reached the stile, so that you came close upon the latter before it was in sight? I had just arrived at the curve when the sound of voices reached me; and recollecting that I had not waited to put my hat on, and not wishing to be recognised by any one, I paused a moment to draw the hood of my cloak over my head.

Robert Wentworth and Philip! I had time for a moment's surprise that the former should be there when we had not seen him at the cottage, before Philip's words reached me: 'And you have been waiting here to say this to me. But I am not so base as that, Wentworth! I have just begged her to be my wife at once, and she has consented. She suspects nothing.'

'Thank God for that!' ejaculated Robert Wentworth.

I could not have moved now had my life depended upon it—though my life *did* seem to depend upon it. 'Suspect what? What was there to suspect?' I asked myself in a bewildered kind of way.

'God grant that she may be always spared the knowledge!'

'She shall be, Wentworth, if it be in my power to spare her.'

'Great heavens! that it should be possible to love another woman after knowing her! Man, you never can have known her as she is, or it would be impossible for another woman to come between you. The other is no more to be compared'——

'Respect her, Wentworth; blame me as you will, but respect Lilian.'

'Lilian!' I muttered—'Lilian!'

'She is, I think—I trust, utterly unconscious of my—madness. But if she knew, and if she—cared for me, she would be loyal to the right. You ought to be sure of that, knowing what her love for Mary is, Wentworth.'

'Yes; she is true; she will try to be true. But it is quite time that'——

I knew that the voices sounded fainter and fainter, and that the sense of the words became lost to me, because they were walking on; I knew that they were great drops of rain and *not* tears pattering down upon me where I lay prone upon the ground; and I could recollect that the papers must not be lost; so I had kept my senses.

## THE STORY OF THE QUIGRICH OR STAFF OF ST FILLAN.

The recent acquisition of that curious medieval work of art called the Quigrich or crosier of St Fillan by the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, and its final deposit in their National Museum at Edinburgh, is in itself an incident of more than ordinary interest. Apart from its historical associations, the 'Cogerach,' 'Coygerach,' or 'Quigrich,' as it is variously styled in writings of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, is unsurpassed in interest as a work of art of a class and period of which no other Scottish specimen is now known to exist. Briefly described, it is simply the massive silver head of a pastoral staff of the form peculiar to the Celtic Church in very early times. Its shape resembles that of the bent head of a walking-stick, with a slanting prolongation of the outer end. The lower part of the crook expands into a large bulbous socket, beautifully ornamented with interlaced knot-work. A ridge or crest, pierced with quatrefoils, rises from the socket, and is continued over the back of the crook, terminating in the bust of an ecclesiastic, probably meant for St Fillan. The slanting front of the staff-head is ornamented by a large oval setting of cairngorm, and the terminal plate has an engraved representation of the Crucifixion. The body of the crook is covered with lozenge-shaped plaques of filigree-work in floral scrolls.

What may be termed the private history of the crosier commences in the early part of the eighth century, when as the *baoul* or walking-staff of St Fillan, it accompanied him in his missionary journey to the wilds of Glendochart. The saint came of a royal race. His mother, Kentigerna, was a daughter of the king of Leinster; and both she and her brother St Comgan are enrolled among the saints of Celtic Alba. Placed often in the darkest and wildest districts of the country, solely with the view of reclaiming the people from paganism and diffusing the benefits of Christian civilisation, these monastic churches were truly centres of light and progress. Such was the famous church of Columcille at Hy. Such also was the monastery of St Mund at the Holy Loch, where St Fillan spent part of his days, and in which he succeeded the founder as abbot. Growing weary of its comparatively peaceful life, he sought a desert for himself in the wilds of Glendochart, where he might reclaim a new garden for the church, and close his days among an ecclesiastical family of his own uprearing. As founder and first abbot of Glendochart his memory would be fondly cherished by the community of clerics over whom he had presided. Their veneration would increase with time, as the traditions of his saintly life became fixed by constant repetition; and there

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was no object around which that veneration and these legends could more appropriately cluster than around the staff which was the symbol of his abbatial office, and the lasting memorial of his presence among them.

Not the least interesting of the many picturesque associations which gather round the crosier of St Fillan is that which connects it with Scotland's warrior-king, Robert Bruce, and assigns to it a prominent part in the great struggle for Scottish independence that culminated in the glorious victory of Bannockburn. There is no evidence on record by which we can positively prove the presence of the crosier on the eventful field; but it is the tradition of the Dewars, its hereditary keepers, that it was there; and there is evidence that certain other relics of St Fillan were brought to the battle-field by the abbot of Inchaffray, the ecclesiastical superior of the church of Strathfillan, who was the king's confessor; and that this was done, if not by the king's express desire, at least in the knowledge that it would be consonant with his personal feelings and belief in their efficacy. If the narrative that was written by Boece is to be accepted at all, it must be accepted to the extent of establishing that there *was* a relic of St Fillan at Bannockburn. He calls it the arm-bone of the saint, and tells in his picturesque way that when the king, being sorely troubled in mind on the evening before the battle, had retired into his tent, and was engaged in prayer to God and St Fillan, suddenly the silver case which contained the arm-bone of the saint opened of itself, and shewed him the relic, and then 'clakkit to again.' The priest who had charge of it immediately proclaimed a miracle, declaring that he had brought into the field only the 'tume cais' (empty case), being fearful lest the precious relic should fall into the hands of the English.

If we accept Boece's statement to the extent of believing on the strength of it that any of the relics of St Fillan were brought to the field, we may believe that they were all there, and that they were carried round the army on the morning of the fight, when the abbot of Inchaffray walked barefooted in front of the ranks bearing aloft 'the croce in quhilk the crucifix wes hingin.' That such practices were not uncommon is gleaned from other instances, such as that of the crosier of St Columba—the *Cath Bhuaidh* or 'Battle-Victory'—so named because it used to give the victory to the men of Alba when carried to their battles. If then the crosier of St Fillan was present at the battle of Bannockburn, and the victory was ascribed to the saint's intervention, this may have been the occasion of its being glorified with such a magnificent silver shrine.

But if it had no public history and no picturesque associations, the story of its transmission from age to age, linked as it was with the chequered fortunes of the religious foundation to which it was attached, and of the strange and varied circumstances in which it has been preserved by a succession of hereditary keepers, through failing fortunes and changes of faith, in poverty and exile, is sufficient to invest it with surpassing interest.

Since its arrival at Edinburgh the singular discovery has been made that the gilt silver casing of the crosier had been constructed for the purpose of inclosing an older staff-head of cast bronze. This has been taken out of its concealment, and is now exhibited alongside the silver one. The surface of this older crosier is divided into panels by raised ridges ornamented with niello. These panels correspond in number, shape, and size to the silver plaques now on the external casing, and they are pierced with rivet-holes which also correspond with the position of the pins by which the plaques are fastened. It is thus clear that when the old crosier was incased, it was first stripped of its ornamental plaques of filigree-work, which were again used in making up the external covering so far as they were available. Such of them as had been either entirely absent, or so much worn as to require redecoration, were renewed in a style so different from the original workmanship, as to demonstrate that it is a mere imitation of an art with which the workman was unfamiliar. This establishes two distinct phases in the history of the crosier, and suggests that at some particular period, a special occasion had arisen for thus glorifying the old relic with a costly enshrinement. What that occasion was may be inferred from some considerations connected with its public history.

We know nothing of the history of St Fillan's foundation during the first five centuries, in which the founder's staff passed through the hands of his various successors as the symbol of office of the abbot of Glendochart. But in the time of King William the Lion, we find that the office had become secularised, and the abbot appears as a great lay lord, ranking after the Earl of Athole, and appointed alternatively with him as the holder of the assize, in all cases of stolen cattle in that district of Scotland. Whether he held the crosier in virtue of his office we cannot tell; but the likelihood is that it was when the office was first usurped by a layman, that the crosier was placed by the last of the true successors of St Fillan in the custody of a 'dewar' or hereditary keeper, with the dues and privileges which we afterwards find attached to this office. Such an arrangement was not uncommon in connection with similar relics of the ancient Celtic church. We thus find the dewar of the Cogerach of St Fillan in possession of the lands of Eyich in Glendochart in 1336. In process of time the official title of dewar became the family surname of Dewar; and we have a curious instance of the Celtic form of the patronymic in a charter granted in 1575 by Duncan Campbell of Glenorchy to Donald Mac in Deora vic Cogerach.

The inquiry is naturally suggested why a relic with such associations, intrinsically so valuable, and always so highly venerated, should have been allowed to remain in the possession of laymen, and to be kept in their private dwellings, often no better than turf cottages in the glen. The crosier was splendid enough to have graced the processional ceremonials of the highest dignitary of the Church, and thus to have been a coveted acquisition to the richest monastery in the land. That it was so coveted may be fairly inferred from the fact that on the 22d April 1428, John de Spens of Perth, Bailie of Glendochart, summoned an inquest of the men of Glendochart to hold inquisition regarding the authority and privileges of 'a certain relick of St Felane called the Coygerach.' Of the fifteen summoned, three were Macnabs,

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deriving their origin from the son of a former abbot; three were of the clan Gregor; and one was named Felan, after the saint. Their verdict sets forth that the Coygerach was in the rightful possession of the deoire, because the office of bearing it had been given hereditarily by the successor of St Fillan to a certain progenitor of Finlay, the deoire at the time of the inquest; that the privileges pertaining to the office had been enjoyed and in use since the days of King Robert Bruce; and that when cattle or goods were stolen or taken by force from any inhabitant of the glen, and they were unable to follow them from fear or feud, the dewar was bound to follow the cattle or goods wherever they might be found throughout the kingdom.

We hear no more of the rights of the Cogerach till 1487, when the dewar sought the sanction of the royal prerogative to aid him in holding his charge with all its ancient rights. In that year, King James III. issued letters of confirmation under the Privy Seal, in favour of Malice Doire, who, as the document sets forth, 'has had a relic of St Felan called the Quigrich in keeping of us and our progenitors since the time of King Robert Bruce, and of before, and has made no obedience or answer to any person spiritual or temporal in any thing concerning it, in any other way than is contained in the auld infeftment granted by our progenitors.' The object was to establish the rights of the Crown in the relic, as distinguished from the rights of the Church; and we may presume that the royal infeftment to which it refers may have been granted by Bruce on the occasion when the old crosier was glorified by incasement in a silver shrine, in token of the king's humble gratitude to God and St Fillan for the victory of Bannockburn.

We find traces of the dewars and their lands in charters down to the time of Queen Mary. The Reformation deprived them of their living, and converted the relic, of which they were the keepers, into a 'monument of idolatry,' fit only to be consigned to the crucible. Still they were faithful to their trust, although instead of emolument it could only bring them trouble. In the succeeding centuries their fortunes fell to a low ebb indeed. In 1782 a passing tourist saw the Quigrich in the house of Malice Doire, a day-labourer in Killin. His son, a youth of nineteen, lay in an outer apartment at the last gasp of consumption; and the traveller was so moved by concern for the probable fate of the Quigrich, in the prospect of the speedy death of the heir to this inestimable possession, that he wrote an account of the circumstances, and transmitted it, with a drawing of the crosier, to the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. At that time the Society could not have acquired it; but fortunately their intervention was not necessary for its preservation. On the failure of the older line, by the death of this youth, the relic passed into the hands of a younger brother of Malice Doire's. His son removed to Glenartney, where the Quigrich was again seen by Dr Jamieson, and was described by him in his edition of Barbour's *Bruce*. Archibald Dewar removed from Glenartney to Balquhidder, where he rented a sheep-farm; but having suffered heavy losses at the close of the French war in 1815, he emigrated to Canada, where he died, aged seventy-five.

His son, Alexander Dewar, the last of the hereditary dewars of the Crosier, is a hale old man of eighty-eight, in comfortable circumstances, the patriarch of a new race of Dewars, rejoicing in upwards of thirty grandchildren, and nephews and nieces innumerable. It is in consequence of his desire to see the ancient relic returned to Scotland before he dies, and placed in the National Museum at Edinburgh, 'there to remain in all time coming for the use, benefit, and enjoyment of the Scottish nation,' that the Society of Antiquaries has been enabled, partly by purchase and partly by his donation, to acquire the Quigrich, the most remarkable of all existing relics associated with the early history of the Scottish nation.

It was five centuries old before the light of authentic record reveals it in 1336 in possession of the dewar Cogerach, and since then it can be traced uninterruptedly in the line of the Dewars for five hundred and forty years. 'Its associations with the Scottish monarchy,' says Dr Daniel Wilson, 'are older than the Regalia, so sacredly guarded in the castle of Edinburgh; and its more sacred memories carry back the fancy to the primitive missionaries of the Christian faith, when the son of St Kentigerna, of the royal race of Leinster, withdrew to the wilderness of Glendochart, and there initiated the good work which has ever since made Strathfillan famous in the legendary history of the Scottish Church.'

## COUSIN DICK.

Mr and Mrs Woodford were enjoying a confidential matrimonial chat over their *tête-à-tête* dessert, and discussing at some length the antecedents and probable future of a cousin, Mr Richard Broughton, who had lately dropped down on them, not from the clouds, but from a Liverpool express train. This gentleman had in his youth been 'crossed in love.' Always a musical enthusiast, he had become attached to an amiable girl, a young concert-singer, who was the main stay of her mother—the widow of a captain in the army—and some younger sisters; and having himself not yet made a fair start in life, the elders of both families rose up in arms against the alliance.

Mrs Woodford, of nearly the same age as her Cousin Dick, had been his confidante in their boy and girl days, had sympathised warmly with his disappointment, without very precisely understanding how it had come about, and was now assuring her husband that the attachment had been a far more serious affair than very youthful fancies commonly are. It was true the gentleman had so far consoled himself as to marry another lady; though it was reported he had wedded a shrew, who had not made him supremely happy. But he lost his wife some time before leaving Australia; and now, after a sojourn of nearly twenty years in the colonies, had returned to England with something more than competence.

'But what became of Miss Clifton?' asked Mr Woodford.

'That I do not know,' returned the lady. 'Clifton was only her professional name; her real one I quite forget; therefore if from any circumstances she passed into private life, it would not be easy to track her. Dick only called her Alice to me.'

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'Probably she also married,' said Mr Woodford.

'Possibly,' replied his wife; 'though women are more constant than men; and though she ceased to answer Dick's letters, and really brought him to a state of misery which drove him out of England, I never thought the fault was quite her own.'

While Mrs Woodford was yet speaking, there was a knock at the door, and Mr Broughton was announced.

'Why did you not come to dinner?' cried Mr Woodford, rising to greet the visitor. 'But we can have the lamb brought back,' he added.

'Thanks, thanks,' said Mr Broughton; 'but I dined at the hotel. I am sure I ought to apologise for calling at such a time, and for having brought Dandy with me.'

Dandy was a terrier, and his master's almost inseparable companion.

'Now Dandy, behave!' continued his master; 'and go and beg pardon for both of us. Say we know we are two unmannerly colonial boors, at present unfit for good society.'

Very much as if the sagacious animal understood every word of this address, he approached Mrs Woodford, and sat on his haunches in a begging attitude.

'He means biscuit,' said the lady with a laugh, and suiting the action to the word by giving him one, with a caressing pat into the bargain.

'Seriously, however,' said Mr Broughton, 'I would not have come at such an hour, but I wanted so much to tell you that at last I have found lodgings which I think will just suit me. Or rather I should say that Dandy found them for me.'

'Dandy! Well, he *is* a clever dog! He will talk next, I suppose. But,' continued Mrs Woodford, 'at present his master must explain.'

'It sounds ridiculous perhaps to tell of such trifles,' replied her cousin; 'but for the last three or four days—ever since the hot weather set in, I have felt quite interested in a shop in your neighbourhood—mainly, I think, from the humanity displayed by the owner in setting a large bowl of sparkling water by the door for the convenience of the poor panting dogs, for which Dandy has been grateful more than once. It is a music warehouse on a small scale; but where they also sell fire ornaments and ladies' Berlin work and so on'——

'I know the shop,' interrupted Mrs Woodford: 'it is kept by a widow and her maiden sister, who seem very superior people.'

'Oh, I am glad you know the place,' continued Mr Broughton. 'Well, this afternoon as usual I waited, looking in at the shop window, while Dandy quenched his thirst, and wishing I could decide on something to purchase, by way of liquidating my dog's debt, when I observed a card which intimated there were apartments to let. There were directions to knock at the private door; but seeing me linger on the spot longer than usual, Dandy had entered the shop, and when I followed to look after him, I saw him planted firmly near an inner door, and accepting the caresses of a little girl of about seven years old as if he had known her all his life. I made inquiries about the apartments, and found they consisted of the first floor, a nice bedroom, and pleasant sitting-room; attendance with good cooking guaranteed, and no other lodgers taken. Of course I went upstairs to look at the rooms, Dandy leading the way with the canine gravity which you remarked in him the other day. He jumped on a chair to look out of the window, and then on the sofa, as if to examine the softness of the cushions, and finally gave a little yelp, which was only half a bark, and which seemed to say: "Master, this will do; here we are quite at home." Even the mistress of the house, Mrs Gray, laughed at the evident contentment of the dog. But what charmed me was there was no rebuke for my poor Dandy's jumping on the furniture; and remembering besides the bowl of water, I felt inclined to believe that Dandy would be something more than tolerated in the house. Accordingly it was with a good hope that I intimated that my dog was my constant companion, and that I trusted his presence would not be objectionable.'

'O sir,' said the widow, 'we have only lost a dear old dog within these three months; and for our own poor pet's sake—if for nothing else—we should be kind to a dog. As for my children, I believe they take after their aunt; and my sister dotes upon dogs.'

'Ah, it was the maiden sister, I daresay, who was the mistress of the lamented dog,' exclaimed Mrs Woodford. 'I have some recollection of seeing a very old black retriever in the shop.'

'No doubt it was the same. I understand the sister gives music lessons; though at present she is taking a little holiday, staying at the seaside with friends. There is another advantage in these lodgings,' continued Mr Broughton; 'the house being a music warehouse, and one of the family evidently musical, I am in hopes they will not object to my violin-practising any more than to Dandy for an inmate. What I want now is comfort, to enjoy myself after my own fashion, and opportunity of doing some little good in the world, when what seems to me the fitting occasion offers. Five years more at the Antipodes and I might have come home a richer man; but perhaps in that time health would have been shattered by over-toil, and I should have been less able even than now to turn into new grooves of life and resume habits of culture. As it is, my means are ample for all I am likely to want. With books and music and Dandy, I expect to get on capitally. Besides I mean to come and see you pretty often.'

'Indeed I hope you will,' ejaculated husband and wife together.

'If we come too often, they must turn us out—must they not, Dandy?' said Mr Broughton, speaking to and petting his dog; and then he added, turning to his cousin: 'By-the-bye, I ventured to give you as a reference as to my respectability, responsibility, &c.'

'And I will give you a good character, Dick, I promise you,' replied Mrs Woodford; 'and what is more, I will recommend Dandy to Mrs Gray's special regard. He certainly is the cleverest dog I ever saw. Look at him now, wagging his tail at me, as if he understood every word I was saying!'

'Spoken just like the Cousin Maggie of early days,' said Mr Broughton, with a certain tremor in his voice which proved that his feelings were touched. 'Always full of sympathy and thoughtful kindness. Yet even you can hardly tell what a friend Dandy has been to me through years of loneliness.'

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'Yes, I can, Dick,' said Mrs Woodford; 'if I had not a pack of children to think about, I am quite sure I should want dogs or four-footed pets of some sort.'

Only a fortnight has passed, but 'Cousin Dick' seems as completely installed in his new lodgings as if he had occupied them for months. His most cherished personal belongings were all unpacked and arranged about his rooms according to his own taste and fancy. A few well-worn books which he had taken from England in his youth, still held a place of honour, though they were now flanked by many fresher-looking volumes; and an old and cherished violin rested in one corner, and helped to give the sitting-room its inhabited look, though writing materials near the window and newspapers lying about, contributed to the effect.

Over the mantel-piece in his bedroom he had arranged his store of warlike weapons—a sword, which Richard Broughton had certainly never used, but which he valued as the gift of a dead friend; pistols and revolver which he had looked on as protectors in many a perilous journey, and a boomerang, brought to England as a curiosity.

Mr Broughton had finished his breakfast, and was enjoying his morning newspaper; but he had been to the opera the night before, and the melody of an air which had delighted him still haunted his ear, and even disturbed the rhythm of the very didactic leading article he was reading. He was not much disturbed by Mrs Gray's knocking at the door; she came, as she usually did every morning, to receive his orders for dinner.

'You manage my dinners so nicely for me,' said Mr Broughton in answer to some suggestion of his landlady, 'that I think I cannot do better than leave all arrangements to you. But do sit down; I want to thank you for taking care of my dog last night. I hope he was not troublesome to you?'

'Not in the least,' returned Mrs Gray: 'when once he ascertained that you really were not in the house, he settled down quietly, and played with the children till they went to bed.'

'I am so glad your children are not afraid of him,' observed Mr Broughton.

'Oh, they are too well used to a dog and to pets in general to be afraid of a gentle creature like your Dandy. In fact my difficulty is keeping them out of your rooms. Ally—you remember how Dandy took to her from the very first—Ally wanted to come in and see the dog just now. I daresay she is near the door still.'

'Oh, pray let her in,' said Mr Broughton, himself rising to open the door. 'I will not be jealous because it is my dog she wants to see—not me;' and there was a little laugh at the idea of Dandy being such a favourite.

When the room-door opened, sure enough little Ally was found waiting, but not alone; her brother, a curly-headed urchin two years her junior, had hold of her hand; and both were evidently in expectation of being allowed some little frolic with the dog.

'Come in, my dears—come in,' exclaimed Mr Broughton; 'Dandy will be most happy to see you, and will shew you some of his accomplishments, if you like.'

Though a little shy at first with the 'strange gentleman,' whom they had been taught in a vague sort of way to reverence, and for whose comfort they were told to refrain from noise, the shyness soon wore off, when they found that Dandy's master was as willing to be their playmate as Dandy himself. For their delectation the dog went through his most admired tricks: he jumped over a stick, he allowed of mimic shooting and acted the dead dog, he begged for a piece of bread, but could not be induced to eat it till assured it was paid for. Moreover, he howled a note in unison with one his master played on the violin; but probably without meaning to imply admiration of the latter performance.

A less keen observer than a fond and widowed mother was likely to be, might, if contemplating this little scene, have felt pretty sure that fond as Richard Broughton was of his dog, it had not exhausted *all* his capacity of loving. By people who have never had their hearts thrill to the mystery of canine attachment he had often been ridiculed for the intensity of his affection for Dandy, and when he spoke of a 'dog's love' as being the only ideal of his life that had ever been fully realised, few persons understood him. But Mrs Gray saw at a glance that he had a natural love for children, and probably for all helpless creatures, and considering all the circumstances of her household, she thought herself most fortunate in her lodger.

It is astonishing how soon pleasant habits may be formed. Before the next week had passed it became quite the custom of the children to come into Mr Broughton's rooms at least once a day, ostensibly to play with Dandy; but also they brought their toys to shew to Dandy's master, and chattered away, as bright, eager, fresh-hearted children are pretty sure to do with those whom, by some subtle instinct, they at once recognise as friends. Dandy's canine predecessor in the house, the much lamented Topsy, was a frequent subject of conversation. Her accomplishments were described, though admitted to be fewer than Dandy's, and her death and burial dwelt on with some pathos. And one day little Ally came into the room hugging a thick photographic album in her arms. She had brought it for the express purpose of shewing poor Topsy's likeness.

Topsy had been photographed a number of times: once cosily curled up on a mat; once occupying an easy-chair with something of the dignity of a judge; another time as a conspicuous member of a group; and lastly by the side of a lady who had her hand on its head.

'And who is the lady?' inquired Mr Broughton, trying to speak with a calmness he did not quite feel. 'It does not look like your mother.'

'O no! Why, it is auntie!' exclaimed little Ally in a tone which implied wonder that he could for a moment have taken it for Mrs Gray.

'Then Topsy was fond of auntie, and auntie was fond of Topsy, I suppose?' said Mr Broughton, wishing to discover all he could about this auntie.

The little girl nodded her head by way of reply, and then she said: 'Auntie did cry so much when Topsy died. She was auntie's own doggy.'

'And did *you* cry?' asked Mr Broughton.

Another nod of the head; but the child exclaimed: 'Not so much as auntie—auntie cried till her eyes were quite red.'

'And is this portrait very like auntie?' asked Mr Broughton.

'Yes; but she never wears such sleeves as those

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now. I'll shew you her new photograph;' and the little fingers rapidly turned over leaves and found a likeness taken only the other day. Mr Broughton recognised the same sweet face, though it shewed that seven or eight years had probably passed between the time the one photograph had been taken and the other.

'And what is auntie's name?' inquired Mr Broughton with forced composure.

'Auntie!' said the little girl, as if the word were quite sufficient; but added a moment after, as if the thought of more information being required had just come to her: 'She is Alice, and I am Alice; only they call me Ally. Auntie is so good,' the child continued; 'mother says she is the best auntie that ever lived. And I must try to be good too, because I have got her name.'

'Quite right, my darling,' said Mr Broughton, giving the child a fatherly kiss. 'But run away now, for I have letters to write. Will you leave me the album; I should like to look at Topsy again—though I don't think she was much like Dandy. Do you?'

'Not a bit!' cried the child, tripping off gleefully, and leaving Mr Broughton with his heart stirred in a manner it had not been for many years.

It was true that he had letters to write, but it was half an hour before he took pen in hand. The first thing he did was to draw forth a powerful magnifying glass, and by its means to study the face of the lady with the dog most narrowly. Yes; he had not a shadow of doubt that this dear 'auntie,' the maiden sister of Mrs Gray of whom he had heard, was the love of his youth, the Alice Clifton of the concert-room, the Alice Croft of private life. Photography revealed some lines of care and suffering that had not belonged to the fair young face he so well remembered; but such footmarks of time must be expected in the course of twenty years, even under happier circumstances than had probably befallen the woman in question. That she should have relinquished her professional career without having married, puzzled him. But he had incidentally heard from the children that 'auntie' was coming home to-morrow; and before many days should pass, he would certainly find out a thing or two which must greatly influence his future.

As if to confirm his already strong belief beyond the power of even momentary cavil, the next time he went down-stairs he observed a letter on the hall table, which, on looking if it were intended for himself, he saw was addressed 'Miss Croft.'

The next day Alice Croft returned home; and as Broughton was taking his coffee, he could hear the children's merry shouts of welcome, at which, by-the-bye, Dandy set up a short bark, as if he thought he too had a right to join in the demonstration.

'I will do nothing hurriedly,' thought Mr Broughton to himself; 'after twenty years of separation I can wait for a few days surely. After all, if we meet on the stairs she will not recognise in me the slim smooth-faced boy I believe she remembers.' And thinking thus, he glanced at himself in the chimney-glass, noting the bronzed weather-beaten face and long thick beard streaked with white that it reflected. 'I wonder, though, if my name will strike her?' he continued, pondering. 'Perhaps not; and yet it may.'

Now the fact was, Alice Croft had not as yet heard the new lodger's name; for her sister had at first misunderstood it, and had written it 'Rawton' in communicating the news that the rooms were let. Three or four days passed away before Alice had any inkling of the mistake. Meanwhile Richard Broughton had seen her—unseen himself—more than once; and had even heard her voice speaking caressingly to the children. How it thrilled on his ear and confirmed his resolution!

It was the early twilight of a summer evening. The shop was closed, and Mrs Gray had gone out after seeing the children in bed. Broughton felt that the hour was come, and ringing his bell, asked the servant who answered it if Miss Croft were at home and disengaged.

'Yes, sir,' said the maid; 'she is all alone in the parlour.'

'Then be so good as to give her my card, and ask if I may wait upon her.'

But Mr Broughton followed the servant down-stairs, and was ready to avail himself of the permission given, in a minute.

The servant thinking it her duty, lighted the gas before leaving the room; but she left it burning low, so that the lingering daylight prevailed over it. Though the reception-room was but a little parlour behind a shop, there was an air of refinement about its appointments, and the outlook into a mere yard was masked by a balcony full of blooming and odorous plants. The door which led into the shop remained open, probably for the sake of air; but to such a passionate lover of music as the visiter was, the sight of two or three pianos and a harp and guitar was rather suggestive of delightful ideas than of anything else.

Alice had risen from her chair, and advanced with outstretched hand to meet her guest; but she did not seem able to find a word of greeting.

'Alice!' exclaimed Mr Broughton, 'if I may still call you so, do I seem like one risen from the dead?'

'O no,' she replied; 'I never thought you were dead.' But as she spoke there was a faltering of her voice which shewed that she was agitated.

By this time both were seated, though a little way apart. Mr Broughton drew his chair nearer, and said softly: 'Alice, I come to ask you if it is too late to mend our broken chain?'

'But you are married; I heard that long ago,' exclaimed Alice with dignity. 'You have no right to allude to the past.'

'I have been a widower these two years,' was the rejoinder.

The explanations which followed need not be described in detail.

> Letters kept back, false messages,
> The tale so old and dark,

had separated the lovers; and when Alice Croft believed that she was forsaken, a severe illness ensued; after her recovery from which, it was found that her voice was seriously impaired. Instead of resting it for a time, she was tempted by the exigences of her profession to overstrain it; the result being such a deterioration in its quality that it was no longer powerful and certain enough for the concert-room. Then followed many years of arduous labour as a teacher of music; during which time her mother's death and the death of other members of the family reduced the little

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circle, till at last her youngest and widowed sister Mrs Gray was the only one left.

Six weeks after the reunion just described, a quiet but well-omened wedding took place, in which Richard Broughton and Alice Croft were the principal actors. Meanwhile, the bridegroom and bride elect, living under the same roof, had had abundant opportunities of riveting the 'broken chain' to which allusion has been made; while Dandy, no longer confined to one apartment, now ran about the house, as if perpetually engaged in taking messages from one person to another. Mr and Mrs Woodford, early apprised of all that was going on, had made the acquaintance of Miss Croft and her sister, and being fond of children, had frequently had the little Grays at their house. Mr Woodford even consented to give the bride away, and his two young daughters were the bridesmaids. But as Broughton said, his cousin Maggie was always a 'trump,' and her husband seemed worthy of her.

It was the evening before the wedding. The whole family had been visiting the Woodfords, and it was evident that little Ally had something on her mind to communicate. The young Woodfords as well as their mother constantly called Mr Broughton 'Cousin Dick,' and the term had evidently struck the child much.

'What is it, Ally?' said Mr Broughton, drawing the little girl on to his knee. 'What is it you are wishing to say?'

'I should like to call you "Cousin Dick," like those young ladies. May I? for I love you so much.' And as she spoke, Ally raised her face for a kiss, and put her arms round his neck.

'Will not "Uncle Dick" do as well?' cried Broughton, giving the child a warm hug. 'Don't you understand that I shall be really Uncle Dick to-morrow?'

'Oh, how nice! Uncle Dick, dear Uncle Dick —yes, I like that better.'

*N.B.*—We are commissioned to add that Dandy accompanied the newly married pair on their wedding journey. They considered they owed him so much, that it would not be just to give him the pain of even a temporary separation from his master—and mistress.

## A TRIP ON LAKE NYASSA.

As many of our readers will doubtless recollect, Mr E. D. Young, R.N., left this country in May 1875, with a small party, for the purpose of establishing the Livingstonia mission, and of placing a small steamer on Lake Nyassa, in the interior of Africa; he and his friends being moved thereto by an earnest determination to carry out one of the dearest wishes of the late Dr Livingstone. Mr Young has recently returned home; and on February 26th he delivered, before the Royal Geographical Society, an interesting account of what he did and what he saw on the Lake of Storms, from which we condense the following brief particulars.

We join Mr Young and his party at the Kongoné mouth of the Zambesi, where the sections of the little steamer *Ilala* were screwed together; and although an extraordinary flood, early in 1875, had altered the course of the rivers since her captain's previous visit, nothing materially impeded her passage to the foot of the Shiré cataracts. These falls extend for some seventy-five miles, and are a very formidable obstacle to navigation. In the distance named, the waters of Lake Nyassa leap down a staircase of rocks and boulders for some eighteen hundred feet; and before the traveller can reach the higher ground, he has to traverse a most rugged road. Want of porters, as a rule, is the most grievous obstacle to be overcome; but thanks to the kindly recollection existing among the natives of previous missionaries, Mr Young experienced no difficulty on this score; and in ten days the *Ilala* was taken to pieces, and her sections, boilers, machinery, and stores were conveyed to the upper end of the cataracts. What, however, is thus told in a few brief words, involved very great toil; and Mr Young himself says that the carriage of the steel plates, &c., necessitated some of the most tremendous exertion he ever witnessed, which was much aggravated by the intense heat, in some places reaching one hundred and twenty degrees in the shade. We may certainly admit with him, that the men who did this four days' work for six yards of calico each (say one shilling and sixpence), finding their own food too, without a grumble or a growl, were not to be despised. The work of reconstruction was soon accomplished, and steam was up in a fortnight.

The little steamer entered Lake Nyassa at 7 A.M. on the 12th of October 1875. After examining several beautiful bays and inlets, which did not afford the necessary shelter for the vessel, Mr Young's party resolved to settle, at anyrate temporarily, at Cape Maclear, whither, accordingly, they transported all their stores. On November 19th Mr Young set off on a voyage round the lake, in the course of which he discovered a large extension of its waters, hitherto unknown. Making his way northwards, he came in sight of the grand range which towers over Chiloweela; in places the mountains run sheer down into the lake, and no bottom could be got at one hundred fathoms. After weathering a furious gale which raged for thirteen hours, the *Ilala* pursued her northward voyage, passing the islands of Likomo and Chusamoolo. On his right, Mr Young reports an iron-bound coast stretching everywhere, excepting only when some ravine came down to the shore. In one spot, there were evident signs of a dreadful massacre having taken place—the result of a slave-raid. Mr Young's account of what he saw here is curious and interesting. Hardly any wood, he says, was to be procured, in consequence of the forests being cleared, and the only remnant of a large population was now to be found on rocky patches jutting up from the water of the lake, and on singular 'pile villages.' It was found that the poor creatures had conveyed earth in their canoes to these rocks, and wherever a crevice afforded a hold, there would a little patch of cassava or corn appear, grown with infinite labour.

The platform villages reached by Mr Young were exceedingly interesting; for the most part they are built three or four hundred yards from the shore, and in from eight to twelve feet of water. Poles are driven down in rows, and on the top of

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them a wooden platform is constructed, forming the foundation or floor of the village. To give some idea of the extent of these, it may be mentioned that one of them consisted of about one hundred huts. With an abundance of fish round them, the islanders hold their own against starvation. Shortly after leaving these strange villages, Mr Young met with some scenery, the description of which is worth quoting. 'We were now abreast,' he says, 'of some mountains that amongst the parallel ranges which virtually make a mountain-basin of Lake Nyassa, exceed them all in stupendous grandeur. In no part of the world have I seen anything to equal their peculiar magnificence. With peaks apparently from ten to twelve thousand feet high, they run perpendicularly down into the lake. The rain was pouring upon them, and numberless waterfalls hung like threads of white floss-silk from crevices which ran out upon their sides far up among the clouds. Baffled by the raids of the Ma Viti in 1866, Livingstone could not induce his men to go with him to the north end of Nyassa, and thus he missed seeing that which would have struck him as the most beautiful feature of "his old home," as he called the lake. There was but one name to give to these mountains. At its northern end they stand like portals to the lake, faced by the opposite mountains; and as future travellers look upon the "Livingstone Range," it may aid them to remember the man who during his life, more than any other, added to our knowledge of the hitherto unknown beauties of the earth.'

A violent storm, more like what might be expected on the Atlantic than on an inland sea, prevented Mr Young from doing much in the way of exploring the unknown region at the end of the lake; but he saw there what he believed to be the mouth of a wide river; and this opinion was confirmed by what he learned from the natives when he next landed after the storm referred to. They averred that a River Rovuma or Rooma flows out at the extreme north; and he inclines to believe this to be the case for the following reasons: In the first place, Dr Livingstone heard the same story twenty years ago, when he discovered the lake, and in quite a different quarter. It will be remembered by many how sanguine he was that the Rovuma River, which debouches on the east coast, was identical with the Nyassa River, and that it would prove to be a second outlet. It may yet prove to be so; but the discovery can be of little use, for the Rovuma ceases to be navigable a short distance from the coast. The second reason for believing the native report is, that in the stormy time, when Mr Young was there, it was very easy to see where rivers ran into the lake. A long current of muddy water would trail out on the dark-blue surface; in this case, however, there was nothing of the kind; and it is consequently tolerably clear that no inflow exists.

Cruising southwards along the western shore of the lake, Mr Young observed, instead of the iron-bound coast on the opposite side, exquisite park-like glades between the mountains and the water's edge; the herds of game merely looked up as the steamer passed, just as sheep raise their heads to gaze at a train, and then went on browsing. In one place a remarkable detached perpendicular rock stands four thousand feet high. The top is flat, and the sides give it the appearance of a pyramid from which a large slice of the top has been removed in order to place in position a perfectly square block of a greenish colour. Beneath this singular summit there is a deep horizontal band of white stone or quartz, succeeded by another of clay apparently; and then comes one of intense black, possibly coal, for this mineral is known to all the natives.

Mr Young's story of his cruise furnishes undeniable evidence of the justness of the name Dr Livingstone gave to Nyassa, namely the Lake of Storms, for he has constantly to record meeting with them—one more terrible than the other. The last he mentions must have been fearfully and awfully grand in its wildness. 'At one time,' he says, 'in the middle of a thunder-storm of great fury, no fewer than twelve waterspouts appeared around us, and we had literally to steer hither and thither to avoid them, for had one overtaken us, it would have sent us to the bottom without a doubt.'

Such are the salient features in Mr Young's brief account of the first trip made by a steamer on the stormy bosom of Lake Nyassa. It did not come within the scope of his paper to describe the daily life of the missionary party at Cape Maclear, the insight they got into the native life, the intrigues of the slave-traders, nor the marvellous effect which the presence of Europeans produced on all sides, more especially in attracting to them from the four winds the scattered remnants of villages swept away by slave-raids; but it will be interesting to our readers to state in conclusion, that he hopes to preserve these details for the public in another form, which we feel sure will meet with the welcome it cannot fail to deserve, as the record of the establishment of the first British colony on Lake Nyassa.

## CURIOUS PICK-UPS.

The pick-ups, the findings, from underground or under-sea, or in hidden places above ground, comprise a strange medley of the odd and the choice, appealing to the tastes or the pockets of persons filling widely diverse positions in society.

The drains and sewers, for instance: can a more lowly and uncomfortable treasure-house than these be found? Rat-killing by dogs, in an inclosed space surrounded by the roughest of roughs, is a savage exhibition unfortunately not yet quite died out from amongst us. The exhibiters purchase the live rats at so much per dozen from men who grope along the filthy sewers in search of them; and in Paris especially, dead rats are brought up from the same unseemly regions, and placed in the hands of skinners and tanners, who manage to get out of them strong and good-looking pieces of leather suitable for the manufacture of gloves. The great changes made in recent years in London by the extensive Main Drainage Works have deprived the sewer-grubbers of much of their chance; but in the old sewers the pick-ups were often strange enough. Dead infants, a dead seal, cats and dogs both alive and dead, spoons, tobacco-boxes, children's playthings, bad half-crowns and shillings, sets of false teeth, washing-bowls, mops, human heads and limbs which had been thus

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disposed of by body-snatchers or by anatomical and medical students—all were met with by the sewer-flushers. One party of these strangely employed men came on a certain occasion to a spot where the brickwork between the sewer and a beer-cellar had broken through. What did they do? They helped themselves.

On a former occasion, we presented a few illustrations of the curious operation of the law concerning *Treasure-trove*, the rights and the wrongs of ownership connected with property picked up from the ground or from a small depth below the surface. Among the examples cited was one relating to the finding of treasure near Stanmore in Middlesex, and another connected with the locality of Mountfield in Sussex. Let us present a few jottings of similar pick-ups in more recent years.

A labourer, digging a drain in a farm on the estate of the late Lord Palmerston, found a golden torque or torgue, an ancient British necklace. It was ascertained that the original grant of the estate gave to the grantee, as lord of the manor, a right to all treasure-trove found therein; the veteran statesman established his claim, but took care that the finder should not go unrewarded. A ploughman, working near Horndean in Hants, found more than a hundred old silver coins in an earthen jar under the surface of the ground; the lord of the manor gave to the finder the intrinsic value of the coins as mere silver, and then had to fight a battle with the Crown as to who ought to possess the coins themselves. One find near Highgate was very remarkable, on account of the strange manner in which the veritable owner made his appearance. Labourers, grubbing up a tree in a field, found two jars containing nearly four hundred sovereigns; they divided the money amongst themselves, and were then taken aback by the lord of the manor claiming it. Before this claim could be investigated, a tradesman came forward and stated that one night, under a temporary delusion, he had gone out and buried the money; when he awoke, and for some time afterwards, he tried in vain to recollect the locality he had selected, and only obtained a clue when he heard a rumour of the finding of four hundred sovereigns. He was able to bring forward sufficient evidence in support of his singular story; and his claim was admitted.

On different occasions in 1864 the Crown put in claims for treasure-trove—a gold coin found at Long Crendon in Buckinghamshire; sixty-two gold coins found in an earthen jar in a field at Stockerston, Leicestershire; no less than six thousand silver pennies of the time of Henry III. found at Eccles near Manchester; and seven hundred and sixty silver coins earthed up near Newark. The next following year gave the Crown a claim to a hundred and eighty silver coins of the reigns of Mary, Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I., found at Grantham; and to a gold cross and chain brought to light at Castle Bailey, Clare, in Suffolk. The years 1866 and 1867 were marked, among other instances, by the finding of nearly seven thousand small gold and silver coins at Highbury, near London; eighty guineas concealed in the wall of an old house at East Parley, near Christchurch, Hants; and two hundred and sixty old silver coins in a house at Lichfield. In other years there were nine hundred silver coins found at Cumberford in Staffordshire; and eleven rose nobles found in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey. These several instances of treasure-trove were settled in various ways. Some of the findings were returned by the Crown to the finders; some were sold to the British Museum, in a manner to place an honorarium in the finder's pocket; some were presented to museums, and the money value given to the finders; some are retained by the Crown, as antiquarian curiosities; while one has been handed over to the descendants of a former owner.

Seven or eight years ago two labouring men found a very ancient gold chain, which they sold to a dealer who knew the value better than they did; the unlucky-lucky men fared badly in this instance, seeing that they were punished for selling the 'find' without giving notice to the authorities—rather hard lines for rustics, who are not likely to know much about the law of treasure-trove. In another case a poor man found a pair of ancient Irish silver bracelets; he sold them as old silver to a silversmith, who melted them down at once—to the great regret of an antiquary, who would have given much more than their intrinsic value for such relics of former days. During the multifarious diggings which have been going on for some years in and near Cannon Street and its neighbourhood for the formation of new streets and the construction of large commercial buildings, the workmen lighted upon twenty-nine guineas and twenty shillings nearly two centuries old; the men got into trouble because they did not voluntarily give them up. On one occasion when the fusty and musty contents of a rag-dealer's heap were being overhauled, somewhere in the neighbourhood of Houndsditch, a diamond ring was espied. A contest arose as to who should possess it: a woman engaged in sorting the rags claimed it because she had found it; the rag-dealer disputed her claim; a pawnbroker who said he had advanced money on the ring insisted on his prior right; a dealer in old clothes who had sold a garment for that money, and one or two other persons of somewhat doubtful antecedents—all came forward to shew that, for some reason or other, the diamond ring ought to be considered theirs. Whether the crown waived its claim, we are not certain; but a magistrate eventually gave a decision in favour of the rag-sorter.

Bank-notes, as well as coins, jewellery, and articles in the precious metals, sometimes make their appearance among the findings. A bundle of notes was one day picked up outside the counter of a retail shop: the finder claimed them because he was the finder; while the shopkeeper claimed them because it was on his premises that the notes had been dropped. The real owner, whoever he may have been, did not come forward, and the law decided in favour of the finder. But a much more remarkable case occurred two or

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three years ago. A packet containing no less than ten thousand pounds' worth of bank-notes was picked up from the pavement in one of the busy streets near the Bank of England; ten notes of one thousand pounds each. A young City clerk picked up and pocketed the treasure. A friend advised him, on consultation, to keep the notes until the following day, when a handsome reward would possibly be offered by the luckless person who had inadvertently dropped the notes. A firm of solicitors, in the names of the real owners, speedily offered one hundred pounds to the finder. The judicious friend overshot the mark here; he stipulated that he should have nearly half the sum of one hundred pounds as his reward for the advice given; and at the same time coaxed sixty pounds out of the owners by a fabricated story concerning himself, the finder, and the finding. A sheriff court had to decide the matter, and ordered the 'friend' to return part, at anyrate, of the money he had received.

A queer story has lately found its way into the newspapers, not exactly touching on the discovery of treasure, but on a concealment which might possibly lead to discovery if this or that were to occur. One Adolfo de Garcilano (so runs the story), a prisoner in Madrid, and lately a colonel in the Carlist army, was instructed by Don Carlos to take six million pesetas (about one franc each) in English securities and Spanish notes to London, inclosed in an iron box. This treasure he was to bury in the earth in a particular locality, make a sketch of the exact spot, and return to Spain. He was next captured by the Alfonsists, thrust into prison, and told that he would not be set free except on the payment of a large sum of money by way of ransom. Thereupon he wrote to some one in England or Scotland, asking for the transmission of a sufficient sum of money; this done, the secret of the buried treasure would be communicated to the liberal ransomer, who was to retain one-third of it as a grateful reward. If there had been only one such letter, some person might possibly have been victimised; but there were more than one, to different quarters, each requesting the money to be sent to a third party at an address named. We may hereby form a tolerably true estimate of Don Adolfo de Garcilano.

Undoubtedly the most interesting recent discoveries of small but valuable works in the precious metals are those due to Dr Schliemann. Archæologists have long recognised the probability that buried beneath some of the ancient cities of the world, there are not only architectural and sculptured fragments of much historical importance still remaining to be discovered, but also jewels and other treasures which have not seen the light for decades of centuries. Nineveh, Babylon, Jerusalem, the more ancient parts of Rome, Pompeii, Herculaneum, Egypt, Cyprus, the site of the famous Troy, and those of the once important cities of Asia Minor—all may perchance have something to shew which the present age would be prepared to welcome and appreciate. Concerning Jerusalem, a conjecture has been brought forward of a remarkable kind. After the rebuilding of the second Temple, there were five occasions on which precious metals, treasures, and artistic ornaments might have been concealed by the priests or servitors of the sacred edifice—namely, during the abstraction and sale of the temple furniture by the apostate high-priest Menelaus; at the plunder and defilement of the Temple by Antiochus Epiphanes; during the plunder by Crassus; during that by Sabinus; and at the total destruction by the Romans. On one or more of these occasions, supposing the Jewish priests and servitors should have placed valuables in the Temple, the place of concealment may not have been made known to others, and the secret may have been carried with the priests to the grave. Various facts have been adduced in support of this surmise, sufficient to whet the curiosity of men who would value such treasures, not for their intrinsic worth as precious metals or precious stones, but for their historical and ecclesiastical connection with momentous events nearly two thousand years ago.

Dr Schliemann, whose name we have just mentioned, when making researches among mounds and heaps of rubbish at or near the supposed site of Troy in Asia Minor, has lighted upon the foundations of cities which he supposes to have been more ancient even than the Iliad.

But the discoveries more immediately connected with our present subject are those which Dr Schliemann has since made in Greece. With the permission of the king he made excavations near Mycenæ, on the site of what is believed to be one of the most ancient cities in that classic land—far more ancient than the renowned Athens. In treasuries and tombs, which had not seen the light for an untold number of centuries, he has disinterred beautifully painted vases, whole or in fragments; terra-cotta statuettes and busts of Juno, horses' heads, lions, rams, elephants; knives and keys of iron and bronze; fragments of lyres, flutes, and crystal vases. But most striking of all is the large quantity of gold vessels and ornaments, undoubtedly of precious metal, and in many instances artistically wrought. Sceptres, bracelets, girdles, necklaces, rings, vases, caps, &c. in plenty. One of the Doctor's greatest triumphs was the unearthing of two vases of solid gold, fourteen centimètres (about six inches) high, richly ornamented. Many of these relics, as well as many inscriptions and bas-reliefs on extremely ancient blocks of masonry, have excited the curiosity of classical archæologists in a high degree. Their thoughts go back to the epics and dramas which treat of Agamemnon king of Mycenæ; of the expedition to Troy; of Clytemnestra, Electra, Ægisthus, Orestes; of the stories of some of the Greek plays by Euripides, Sophocles, and Æschylus. They think of these personages and these events; and they lean strongly to the belief that the disinterred ancient city near Mycenæ, and some of the treasures brought to light by Dr Schliemann, may be veritable tokens of the days of Agamemnon. Some of the articles found were in triangular cells, which he thinks may have been treasuries or depositories for treasure and valuables. But his principal 'finds' of wrought gold were in chambers which were probably the tombs of Agamemnon, Cassandra, and Eurymedon. The vases, the cups, the diadems, the signet rings, were mostly found in these tombs (if tombs they were); as likewise were the bones of a man and a woman covered with ornaments of pure gold. In short, the discoveries have been of a most unusual, interesting, and valuable kind, well calculated to attract the attention of the learned in Europe, whether

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learned in classical history or in artistic archæology.

Of discovering or recovering of treasures lying beneath the waves of the ocean, we do not intend to treat here. The reader will find some curious notices on the subject in the article already referred to; also in 'Submarine Treasure Ventures' (May 1, 1869); and in 'The Story of La Lutine' (July 8, 1876).

### RUSTY IRON.

If no difficulty, as yet unforeseen, bars the way, Mr Barff's plan for rendering iron impenetrable by rust promises to be of the highest practical importance. Iron is by far the most useful of metals, but it has an unfortunate propensity when exposed to water or moist air for attracting oxygen, and this oxygen eats into its substance, and forms the familiar compound known as rust. The consequence is that iron when exposed to the air, especially in so damp a climate as ours, has to be coated with paint, varnish, or tin. But even this coating does not afford entire protection; the slightest flaw in the armour lets in the enemy oxygen, who often does his work all the more surely because concealed from view. A vessel made of iron and coated with some other substance, may look sound to the eye, and yet be a mere mass of crumbling rust. Mr Barff's remedy for this state of things seems to be after the doctrine of the homœopathists, that like is cured by like. If a small degree of moisture affects iron with two distinct species of oxide or rust, what will exposure to a very excessive degree of moisture do? Well, it appears that if iron is placed in a hot chamber and exposed to the action of superheated steam, a new kind of oxide, called the magnetic or black oxide, forms on its surface. Not only does this benevolent species of black rust refuse to penetrate any further into the metal, but it forms an impervious coating against all other influences; and articles thus prepared have been exposed out of doors for weeks this winter without a particle of rust appearing on them. If careful experiments shew that iron is lessened neither in strength nor in durability by this process, its use will be greatly increased, as for several purposes it will take the place of other and more costly metals.—*The Graphic.*

## ON A PET DOVE KILLED BY A DOG.

### A GAELIC ELEGY.

THE following touching verses (as nearly as possible a literal translation from the Gaelic) appeared in the *Scotsman* of May 17, and were accompanied by a note, which we have abridged, from the translator Mr Alexander Stewart of Nether Lochaber. He says: 'I beg to send you a translation of a Gaelic Elegy by Alastair MacDonald the celebrated Ardnamurchan bard, on a pet dove of his that was killed by a terrier dog. It is, in my judgment, a composition of singular tenderness, pathos, and beauty. Its quaint conceits and abrupt transitions, which the reader cannot fail to notice, though they may seem odd and out of place at first sight, form, in my estimation, no small part of its merit. My translation is about as literal as I could well make it, and I have endeavoured to imitate, with what success let others judge, the manner and measure, the rhyme and rhythm of the original. The pet dove was a female, and at the time of her death had under her care, as the poet fails not to notice with an exquisite touch of tenderness in the fourth line, the dove's usual brood of downy twins. The reference in the poem to the bird's habitat in a wild state shews that it was of the species known as the blue or rock pigeon, thousands of which inhabit the vast caves and precipitous crags of Ardnamurchan and Moidart.'

Mournful my tale to tell,
Though others heed not my sigh;
My gentle, my beautiful pet dove dead—
Must the callow twins too die?
Alas, for the death of the gentlest dove
That ever in woodland coo'd,
Killed by a dog whose properer foe
Were the otter that fights, and dies so slow
In his cairny solitude.

Of all the birds that cleave the air,
Buoyant on rapid wing,
I mourn thee most, my pet dove fair,
Dear, darling thing!
Noah loved thee, dove, full well,
When a guilty world was drowned;
With thy message of peace thou cam'st to tell
Of solid ground;
He knew thy truth as the waters fell
Slowly around.

The raven and dove good Noah sent
Far over the heaving flood;
The raven wist not the way he went,
Nor back returned, for his strength was spent
In the watery solitude;
But cleaving the air with rapid wing,
The dove returned, and back did bring
His tale of the flood subdued.

At first she found no spot whereon
To rest her from weary flight;
And onward she flew, and on, and on,
Till now at length she gazed upon
The mountain tops in sight;
And the dove returned with her letter—a leaf
(Of mickle meaning, I trow, though brief),
Which Noah read with delight.

Not easy to rob thy nest, thou dove,
By cunning or strength of men;
On a shelf of the beetling crag above
Was thy castle of strength, thy home of love,
Who dare come near thee then?
Harmless and gentle ever wert thou,
Dear, darling dove!
In the ear of thy mate with a coo and a bow
Still whispering love!

Not in silver or gold didst thou delight,
Nor of luxuries ever didst dream;
Pulse and corn was thy sober bite—
Thy drink was the purling stream!
Never, dear dove, didst need to buy
Linen or silk attire;
Nor braided cloth, nor raiment fine
Didst thou require.
Thy coat, dressed neat with thy own sweet bill,
Was of feathers bright green and blue,
And closely fitting, impervious still
To rain or dew!

No creed or paternoster thou
Didst sing or say;
And yet thy soul is in bliss, I trow,
Be't where it may!
That now withouten coffin or shroud
In thy little grave thou dost lie,
Makes me not sad; but oh, I am wae
At the sad death thou didst die.

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## A 'VILLAGE HOME.'

INDUSTRIAL schools, in which poor children, the waifs of the streets, are fed, lodged, and taught some useful employment, have been in existence for more than thirty years, and are on all hands acknowledged to have been successful as a means of preventing—or lessening the amount of—juvenile crime and vagrancy. The weak point in the organisation of these schools is that they rely for support on the voluntary contributions of benevolent individuals, instead of forming part of the poor-law system, and being thereby maintained by the whole taxable community. Some will think there is a more serious drawback in their constitution. By whatever name these schools are known, they are in effect asylums for the grouping of children to the number of several hundreds in a large establishment; and so far are a repetition of the old species of hospitals, which are now generally condemned. On a late occasion we brought under the notice of our readers a method of boarding-out pauper children among the families of rural labourers and small tradesmen in country towns, which has proved eminently successful wherever it has been tried in Scotland. As this method of boarding-out is under the administration of parochial boards relying on rates, it has, with other merits, that of not specially taxing the benevolence of particular individuals.

What we peculiarly admired in the boarding-out system was its conservation of the family-home as a means of juvenile nurture and intellectual and moral culture. We now propose to give some account of a family-home system which has been established in England. It differs materially from that prevalent in Scotland, and further labours under the objection of being a voluntary charity similar to that of the Industrial schools. Though not quite to our mind, it is much better than nothing, and we bespeak for it the kindly attention of the public.

This English 'Village Home' system originated in the efforts of Dr Bernardo, who began with a 'Home' for Arab and gutter boys in London. No sooner was this Home in operation than he set about founding a similar establishment for girls, in which good work he was ably assisted by his wife. 'The Village Home' at Ilford in Essex, for orphan, neglected, and destitute girls is the result.

Little girls up to the age of eleven or twelve are rescued weekly from misery and danger and placed under the care of a Mother. Even babies of only twelve and fifteen months are admitted, in cases where the detective, employed by Dr Bernardo to find out wretched and abandoned children, learns that the child will be brought up by a 'tramp' to a life of infamy. Before a girl thus rescued is permitted to join the family of which she is to become a member, she is carefully tended for several weeks in a Home in London, in order that her freedom from disease and her personal cleanliness may be secure; after which she is sent down to Ilford, and becomes at once a member of a *family*, with a dozen other girls of varying ages for playmates and sisters. The Mother gives her a kiss, and tells her to be a good girl, and they will all love her dearly; and in a few days the forlorn little one is transformed into something human and child-like. In order to become acquainted with the internal organisation of this 'Home' training of large numbers of destitute children gathered together from all parts of London, we recently visited Dr Bernardo's 'Village Home' at Ilford, the third and most recently founded establishment of the kind. Thither we repair, and find that the pretty red cottages which compose the Village form an oblong square, which surrounds a large open space of ground, intended hereafter to inclose a piece of grass of sufficient size for the grazing of a few sheep. A picturesque gateway admits the visitor to the governor's house, which is built in the same style as the cottages. We were met at the entrance by the governor.

'The children are all in school now,' said he; 'what do you say to going there first, and then you will see them all together?'

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During a walk of some five or six minutes, past a dozen cottages and through two or three turnstile gates, we met on our road half-a-dozen happy-faced little children minding babies younger than themselves. The school-rooms occupy a long detached building. We entered one, a large cheerful room furnished with desks and forms, and hung with maps, pictures of animals, and illustrated texts of Scripture and homely proverbs.

The girls regarded us with bright cheerful curiosity. There was no stolid indifference or sullen discontent expressed in any of their faces. They stood up as the governor took off his hat, and each one dropped us a quick little courtesy and smiled pleasantly as we passed by her desk. The ages of the children in this room varied from perhaps ten to fourteen or fifteen; and we observed that their hair was not cropped, that it was braided close to the head, according to the fancy of the owner, where it was long; and that those who had it short wore either a round comb or piece of dark ribbon to keep it from falling over their eyes.

On our remarking to the governor that this in itself was a great improvement on the usual habit of keeping the hair cropped, he replied: 'We do all we can to develop nice womanly habits in the older girls, so we make it a rule *never* to cut their hair, so long as they keep it clean and tidy; and we find the plan succeeds very well, each girl knowing the penalty she will have to pay for slovenliness in this respect; and as you see for yourself, they take care to keep their locks.' The girls are not dressed in uniform, which we consider to be advantageous.

A pleasant-faced schoolmistress presided over this room. The hours perhaps are a little longer than is absolutely necessary; but still, although morning lessons were just over, we searched in vain for one over-tired listless face. All the children looked happy and bright and clean, and most of them were so healthy in appearance that it was a real pleasure to watch them eagerly putting away their slates preparatory to scampering back to their various homes.

The school-room education is sound and practical, and suited to the position the girls will occupy on leaving the Village.

An animated scene met our view as we turned into the square around which stand the various Homes. About a hundred girls, from fourteen years old down to babies only just able to toddle, were laughing and chatting merrily as they hurried along the broad pathway, and gathered in clusters in front of each cottage, glancing shyly at the visitors walking behind ere they disappeared indoors like bees returning to their hives.

We entered the first Home; and as they are all alike in form and arrangement, a description of one will suffice for all. They are of red brick, detached, and of Gothic style, containing day-room kitchen, scullery, and pantry on the ground-floor, besides a tiny private sitting-room for the Mother. The sleeping apartments are up-stairs, five in number; four for the little family, and one small one for the Mother.

From half-past twelve to one is dinner-hour, so we arrived just in time to see the meal served. Each cottage is presided over by a woman carefully selected for the post she has to fill, capable of both firmness and gentleness, of an affectionate disposition, and accustomed to manage children. She is called Mother by the little ones under her care; her will is law; all in her cottage obey it; or if not, are treated as naughty children would be in homes of their own. The various arrangements of the household are made clear to each inmate, and the conscientious carrying out of them is inculcated on each member of the family for the comfort and well-being of all. The cottages are large enough to hold twenty girls, five in each bedroom; but when we were there, none of the cottages contained more than fifteen or sixteen.

The rooms in which the girls sleep are plain and homelike. Small iron bedsteads painted green, and covered with a counterpane bearing the name of the Village, woven in the centre, occupy the corners; a washing-stand with basin and jug and soap-dish of simple ware, is placed on one side, to enable the girls to learn to use and lift such breakable articles without fear or awkwardness; combs and brushes are kept in a drawer, and a square looking-glass hangs on the wall, that there may not be any excuse for untidy appearance.

Nothing is done in the Home by forced routine. The older girls take it in turn to help to cook the dinner, to lay the cloth, to keep the house in order, and to imitate Mother in everything she does. Each small domestic duty is performed over and over again, till each child learns to be quite an adept at cooking potatoes, or cleaning out a room, or washing and dressing a younger one; and takes a pride in her work, so as to be able to do it *as well as Mother*. The child is daily and hourly accustomed to perform small services for the household, to keep down her temper, to give sympathy and willing aid to those who have not been so long in the Home as herself, and to do all she can to help Mother; hence, when she enters service, she has already learnt in her Home to do thoroughly all the commonplace duties which are likely to fall to her lot as a servant. In these Homes every girl has a motive for which to work; she is taught to love truth, to be gentle and modest, and to give and accept the affection to which all have an equal right from Mother down to the youngest in the house. Family interest is encouraged in every cottage; the girls are taught to regard each other as adopted sisters; individuality of character is carefully studied by the head of the household, and as far as lies in her power, is trained into usefulness for the benefit of the whole community.

Every day, in each household one or two stay from school for an hour or so, in order to learn the art of cooking the simple dinner partaken by their sisters when they come home. The table is carefully laid; every article in the kitchen is

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scrupulously cleaned; the rice, if it be rice-day, duly weighed, washed, boiled, and constantly watched by the eager pair of eyes whose duty it is to see that it does not burn; and then, when all, with clean hands and faces, are seated round the table, the little cook of the day has to carry the plates full of rice to Mother, to add the treacle or sugar allowed, according to the wish of each child.

The furniture of the cottage throughout is solid and plain, and of a kind that can be kept clean by scrubbing. The children amuse themselves in the room in which they dine; at one end of which are shelves divided into pigeon-holes, in which each girl may keep her work and small treasures. These pigeon-holes are left unclosed, to teach the children to resist the temptation of touching a sister's things without leave. In this room they play, work, mend their clothes, darn their stockings, and talk to Mother, who sits with them for the greater part of the evening. She has her own private parlour at the side, from whence she can command a view of the kitchen and scullery and see that all goes on well there; and at the same time she can hear, without being seen, the conversation that takes place between her children and any relative who is permitted to visit them; an arrangement which often avoids harm from injudicious influence.

One of the special duties of the Mother is to inculcate habits of domestic comfort in a home on a small scale, and so to cultivate the powers of contrivance of each girl as to obtain the greatest possible amount of household pleasure for all.

Each girl's clothes are kept on a shelf in a press; the elder ones superintend mending operations, and the tidiness of the younger ones. There is *no number* marked on their things, not even on the shoes and boots, which are kept beautifully clean and ready for use in a recess at the foot of the press.

Everything about the cottage bears the stamp of ordinary home-life; nothing is institutionised. Every natural social feeling is fostered and developed in this Home life, so that when the time arrives for a girl to go into service, she carries with her into her new home not only a practical knowledge of the duties expected of her, which fits her to hold her own among her fellow-servants, but the firm conviction that she has only to do well to get on; added to which she wears in her heart the very best preservative against doing badly, the talisman of the love and affection of the family amongst whom she has been reared.

Each cottage is called at Ilford after the name of a flower—Hawthorn, Rose, Forget-me-not, Sweetbrier, and so on; and as far as possible the hats and cloaks for Sunday and holiday-wear are identified, each with its Home; so that the groups belonging to the various Cottages may be distinguished in church by the differing colour of the hat or style of the cape.

A large laundry is attached to the cottages. Here the girls learn laundry-work, from the clean washing and ironing of a coarse towel to the careful goffering and ironing of a lady's ruffle or a gentleman's shirt. They all take their turn in every department of the work, not doing a set piece and then leaving it because the task is done, but taking an interest in the part assigned to them, and each one vying with the other in quickness and thoroughness. The pride with which they exhibited their ironing shewed plainly that it was no forced task, but a labour of genuine pleasure. Bright pleasant-spoken women superintend this part of the Home, inculcating that 'everything that is worth doing at all is worth doing well,' and seeing that nothing is left till it is finished. Although it was the dinner-hour, several of the girls were still busy at the tables.

'It won't take you five minutes to finish that shirt, Lucy,' we heard one of the women say to a rosy-cheeked girl; 'and it would be a pity to leave it; the starch will get so dry.' The girl answered with a smile, and went on ironing cheerfully, quite as anxious that her work should look nice as the Mother was for her. Such training as this cannot fail in its desired effect; and girls taught thus early to take an interest in the labour of their hands, cannot fail to do honour to the Home they have been reared in, and the kind Mother, whose affections they hope to retain to the end of life.

A girl who had been thus trained for two or three years waited on us at lunch at the governor's table. She is about thirteen, and not very big for her age; but she managed not only to supply us with all we required in a handy way, but to carry up to the nursery the babies' dinner. Her movements were quiet, her manners dignified and self-contained, and she kept an eager watch on us, to observe if we had all we needed. She was evidently intent on doing her best, and was ambitious enough to even try and divine if anything was missing. We were informed when this girl left the room that she had been in the Home some time, that she had a fearful temper, but that great hopes were entertained of her turning out at sixteen a good useful servant.

We were all the more impressed with this specimen of the results of the Home training system, as we had only a short while since had in our house a pattern girl from one of the workhouse schools. She was sent to us as *quite* fit to enter service. She was fourteen, a year older than the Ilford little maid, and had been brought up from a baby in the Union. She could read and write perhaps better than most young ladies of her age; she knew a smattering of geography, a jumble of history and poetry, but such an amount of bad language and viciousness that we were horrified at her knowledge. Not one simple piece of household work did she know anything about or cared to learn to do. She was stolid and indifferent if shewn how to clean, insolent if reproved for a fault, and not to be trusted either in what she said or in what she did. She had no standard of morals; stared absently, as if one were addressing her in an unknown tongue, if spoken to about trying to do her best to please her mistress; and when waiting at table or performing personal service, merely acted like a machine; and yet she was naturally a much cleverer girl than the Ilford child; and if she had been subjected to the refining and humanising effects of Home surroundings, might have developed into a thoroughly useful maid.

Dr Bernardo entreats all who can to join him in carrying on the work he has begun of rescuing vagrant girls from destruction. Like many institutions dependent on precarious contributions, it is sadly in need of funds, and will gratefully receive presents either in linen, simple stuffs for girls' frocks, or in money; and we can answer for it, that

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all those who are interested in the Home and would like to see it, will be kindly greeted by the governor if they will take the trouble to visit the pretty little Village at Ilford.

## THE LAST OF THE HADDONS.

### CHAPTER XXXII.—BENT, BUT NOT BROKEN.

An hour later I slipped noiselessly in at the cottage door, which stood hospitably open for me, passed the parlour, where I could hear Mrs Tipper and Lilian talking together, and stole up to my own room. Gusts of wind and rain were beating in at the open window. I afterwards heard that a terrible storm had swept over the country that night, laying waste the crops and spoiling the harvest in all directions; *I* only knew of the storm which had devastated my hopes. I imagined that I had myself sufficiently under control to venture to return—but alas! Another bitter struggle, another wrestle with my weaker self, amidst wild prayers for help—for death.

Then I was on my feet again, telling myself, in a pitiable would-be jaunty strain: 'No; you will never slip out of your misery in *that* way, Mary Haddon, and it is folly to hope it. You are not the kind of person, you know. You could not die of a broken heart if you were to try. Your vocation may be to suffer, but you will not die under it—certainly not without a long preliminary struggle to live. You are not made of the material which fades gracefully away under pressure; and yesterday you would have affirmed that you did not wish to be made of it. You have always scouted the idea of being at the mercy of circumstances; you have been a little hard upon those who succumbed under trial—in your inmost heart, you know that you have not had much patience with weakness; and now has come the opportunity for proving your superiority to ordinary mortals.'

Then my mood changed. I dragged myself towards the dressing-glass, thrust the damp hair from my brow, and stared at my face with miserable mocking eyes, as I reviled it for its want of loveliness, and taunted myself with not being able to keep a good man's love. Then I fell to weeping and pleading again; and thank God, it was this time for help to *live*. Alas, would the victory *ever* come? Do others find as much difficulty as I did in overcoming? Have others as much cause to feel humble in the hour of victory as I had? I know that it is all very pitiful to look back upon; though the consciousness of my weakness under trial did me great service afterwards. Weak and faint, but thank God, not worsted, I at length rose from my knees, bathed my face and hands, and after a while had my feelings sufficiently under control to think over the best way of doing what it was my resolute purpose to do. My power of self-command was very soon put to the test. I was conscious of another sound besides that of the sighing and sobbing of the wind, which like a tired child who has spent its passion, was sinking to rest again. Some one was tapping rather loudly at the door.

Alas! how weak I still was. How could I meet Lilian's eyes? Not yet, I dared not. But whilst I stood with my hands pressed against my throbbing heart gazing at the door, I recognised Becky's voice. What a reprieve! I hastened to admit her, and then locked the door again.

'If you please, Miss, Mrs Tipper was afraid you was out in all this storm, and'—— She stopped; looked at me for a moment with dilating eyes, and then her tears began to flow. 'O Miss Haddon, dear, are you ill? What's the matter?'

'You must not cry, and you must not speak so loud, Becky.'

She saw that I waited until she had ceased, and hastily rubbed the tears out of her eyes.

Then in a low quiet voice, I said: 'A great trial has to be gone through, Becky. It *must* be borne, and I think you can help me to bear it.'

'I knowed it was coming—I knowed it!' said Becky, under her breath.

'What did you know was coming?'

She appeared for a moment to be searching in her mind for the best way of telling me, and at the same time expressing her sympathy; then with lowered eyes replied: 'I loved Tom—I always shall love him—and he can't love me.'

She knew then! Probably every one but myself had seen it!

'In that case, you know that such things are not to be talked about, Becky.'

'Yes, Miss; only'——

'I know that it was your regard for me which made you mention it. But we need all our strength just now—you as well as I—and we must not think or speak of anything that will weaken it. I want your help, and to help me you must be cool and quiet and strong. Will you try to be that?'

'Yes; I will—I will indeed, dear Miss Haddon;' eagerly adding: 'What can I do?'

I stood pressing my two hands upon my temples in anxious thought a few moments, then asked: 'Do I look unlike my usual self, Becky—ill? Tell me exactly how I look to you?' thinking of the effect which the first sight of me had had upon her!

'Yes; you look terrible white, and wild, and trembling; and there's great black rims round your eyes,' gravely and straightforwardly replied Becky.

'As though I had been frightened by the storm. There has been a storm; hasn't there?'

'Yes; there's been a terrible storm, Miss; but'——

'Go on, Becky.'

'You're not the sort to look like that about a storm.'

'I see.'

If that was Becky's opinion, the storm would not do for Lilian and Mrs Tipper, and the alteration in my appearance must be accounted for in some other way. I was seeking about in my mind for a way out of the difficulty, when Becky unconsciously helped me with the exclamation:

'O Miss Haddon, dear, what have you done to your hand?'

Looking down, I saw that there was a slight wound in it—made I suppose when I fell, by a nail or sharp stone—and that it had been bleeding somewhat freely.

'Nothing to hurt, Becky,' I murmured; 'but it will serve my purpose. Give me a handkerchief—quick! and now another!'

She understood me; and when Lilian presently came running up, she found appearances suffi-

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ciently sanguinary—quite enough so, to account for my looking strange and unlike my usual self.

'Dear Mary, what is it? Oh, how have you hurt yourself?'

It was really a very superficial wound; but of course I did not explain that; making a little demonstration about the wrapping up with Becky's assistance.

'It has made you look quite ill, dear!' went on Lilian, kneeling down by my side. 'Let *me* tie that, Becky.'

But Becky would not yield an inch until I had given her a little look of reminder, and then did so very reluctantly.

'And your clothes are quite wet, darling!' ejaculated Lilian. 'You must have been out in all that storm. Fearful, wasn't it? Could not you find any shelter?'

'No; it had to be borne as best it might,' I grimly replied; though I called myself to order at once; a startled look in Lilian's eyes shewing me that I could not talk about storms with impunity as yet.

Then there was dear little Mrs Tipper hurrying in with a concerned face to inquire what had happened, and recommending all sorts of remedies for my hand. Did I not think it better to send Becky into the village for Mr Stone the surgeon? Was I *quite* sure it did not require being strapped up? Had I looked to see if there was anything in the wound? &c.

But I had my hand well muffled up; and assured them, with more truth than they suspected, that it really was not a very serious cut. 'Only I think I will say good-night, and take off these wet things at once, if you will excuse my not coming down again,' I added, with a feverish longing to be alone.

I had nevertheless to submit to mulled wine and a great deal of comforting and petting. And Lilian entreated to be allowed to remain with me during the night. 'Dear Mary, do let me stay; I feel sure that you are not so well as you think you are.'

But I sent her off with a jest; and my first difficulty was overcome. Two hours later, when she had made sure that the others were at rest, Becky stole into my room.

'I will lie on the floor, and I won't speak a word; but don't send me away, please don't send me away,' she whispered.

I was obliged to make the faithful girl share my bed, for I could not prevail upon her to leave me. Probably her presence was some little help to me in the way of preventing any indulgence of sentiment, had I been inclined to yield to it again. When morning came, cool and fresh and sunny after the storm, I was myself again; not my looks—the effects of the storm which had passed over *me* were not to be so easily effaced—but I was nerved in spirit for what was to come. In the early morning—so early that Becky had barely time to slip away—came Lilian in her white wrapper; and then I noticed how fragile she had become. My darling, had I been even for a moment so unjust as to doubt you, I could have doubted you no longer! She was full of loving sympathy about my hand.

'Dear Mary, I could not sleep for thinking of you. Even now you do not look quite yourself.'

'Nevertheless, I am myself.'

She nestled closer to me, looking anxiously and doubtfully up into my face. How thankful I should have been just at that moment if love were as blind as it is sometimes depicted as being!

'No; not quite your old self. Say—do say that you love me, Mary.'

'Is it necessary to say it, Lilian?'

'Yes;' feverishly.

'Then I love you, child.'

'And—and say that you believe my love for you is true—say it!'

'I *know* that your love for me is true, my sister.'

Once more she clung to me trembling in her deep emotion; but silently this time, and believing that she was asking for strength to go on, I waited until she was able to do so. Although I knew now that she loved Philip—it was as plain to me as that he loved her—I thought it better to let her herself lead up to what she wanted to say. It would comfort her by-and-by to remember she had been able to say it. Presently she looked up into my face, a holy light in the sweet eyes as they steadily met mine.

'Mary, you have not told me when your wedding is to take place. Recollect, you must give me at least a week's notice for my dress. I do not choose you to have a shabby bride's-maid. No, indeed; I mean every one to see that—she loves you. Is the time fixed?'

'Philip wished me to decide last night, and—something was said about next week, dearie.'

'I am glad it is settled, Mary;' with grave earnestness, her eyes still fixed upon mine.

'But—I am afraid it will shock you very much to hear it—someway, I do not care to think about it.'

She grew whiter, clinging closer to me as she echoed: 'Not care to think about it!—your marriage?'

I steadied myself. One weak word—a look—and all would be in vain.

'It does seem a little strange even to myself. But to confess the truth' (I could hardly keep back a bitter smile at the thought of the truth helping me *so*), 'I had scarcely promised Philip an hour, before I began to think I would put it off.'

'Why?' she murmured—'why?'

'It is so difficult to explain the workings of one's own mind. I am not sure whether marriage is my vocation. I begin almost to fancy that I must have been intended for an old maid. Would it shock you very much if I were to be one after all?'

'You!—an old maid? How could that be? You are jesting of course.'

'I am not so sure.—But run away and dress, child. If we are late for breakfast, auntie will fancy that all sorts of dreadful things have happened to us.'

She obeyed me, but was, I saw, puzzled, and even a little frightened at my jesting. The only effect of my first attempt had been to make her startled and afraid. Her knowledge of me had not taught her to expect that I should not know my own mind upon so momentous a question as my marriage. My task would be difficult indeed. At breakfast she told Mrs Tipper that my marriage was to take place the following week.

'Next week, dear?' said the thoughtful little

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lady, looking from one to the other of us in a nervous startled way, adding rather confusedly: 'I did not expect—that is, I thought there would be more time for—preparations, you know.'

'I believe it is all Mary's fault; and that she gave us so short a notice on purpose to escape a fuss, as she calls it, auntie. But she will not escape any the more for that, will she? A great deal may be done in a week.'

'Of course we shall do the very best we can do in the time, dear,' returned the little lady, looking the least self-possessed of the three of us, as she went on to ask me in a trembling voice which day in the week was fixed upon.

I said something about its not being decided yet, and tried to force the conversation into other channels. But Lilian would talk about nothing but the wedding and the preparations to be made for it. Her forced gaiety might have deceived me, had I not known.

'You will not require to buy much, auntie; the gray moire and white lace shawl, which you only wore once at the Warmans' *fête*, will do beautifully with a new bonnet. But I of course must be new from head to foot—white and blue—I suppose. The best plan will be to write to Miss Jefferies and give her a *carte blanche* to send everything that is right; for we do not mind a little extra expense for such an occasion; do we, auntie?'

'No, dear, no; of course not. But you have not asked what Mary has chosen.'

'Oh, that will be white of course.—When is your dress coming down, Mary? I must see that it is becomingly made; you know you are so careless about such matters.'

I made some remark to the effect that wedding dresses and wedding paraphernalia in general did not sufficiently interest me to seem worth the time and trouble they cost.

But Lilian was not to be repressed, returning again and again to the one topic.

'And you must not forget that you promised to let auntie and me take the management of Hill Side during your absence, and see that all your plans are being properly carried out. Nancy is to go there at once, I suppose? Philip says that the oak furniture for the library will not be ready for a couple of months, on account of the firm having so many orders for the pattern you chose. And, recollect, Mary, I am to have the pleasure of choosing *everything* for your own little cosy; I know your taste so well that I am sure I shall please you, and you are not to see it until it is finished.'

All I could do was to try to give them the impression, without saying so much in words, that I was not so much interested in the question as might have been expected. I saw that it would not do to venture far, with Mrs Tipper's eyes turned so watchfully and anxiously upon me.

My hardest trial was the unexpected arrival of Philip soon after breakfast was over. Whether he had come down only to fetch the papers, or whether it was in consequence of what had passed between himself and Robert Wentworth, I know not, but he availed himself of the opportunity to tell Mrs Tipper that I had consented that our marriage should take place the following week.

At his first words I took the precaution of seating myself at the piano with my back towards them, running the fingers of my one hand over the notes, with a demonstration of trying the air of a new song which he had added to our collection. Then with my fingers on the keys, I stopped a moment—quite naturally, I flattered myself—to throw him a few words over my shoulder.

'The idea of your taking my words so literally as all that!'

'I not only took your words literally, but mean to make you keep them literally.'

'Oh, nonsense!'

Ah Philip, how surprised you were, as indeed you well might be, at my assumption of flightiness! How more than surprised you were afterwards, when I placed every obstacle I could think of in the way to prevent our being alone together; and how honestly you tried to act the part of a lover in the presence of Mrs Tipper and Lilian, insisting upon my keeping my word, and refusing to accept any excuses for delay, Lilian as honestly taking your side.

Fortunately, my maimed hand, which I kept in a sling and made the most of, sufficed to account for my altered appearance. But for that and my bearing towards Lilian, Philip might have suspected. Then he found me so entirely free from anything like pique or anger towards himself, that he could not imagine the change he observed to be occasioned by any fault of his own. I had indeed nothing to dissemble in the way of anger. In my moments of deepest misery, it was given me to see that there had been no intended disloyalty to me. Philip's love for Lilian and her love for him were simply the natural consequence of two so well fitted for each other being thrown together intimately as they had been. I am writing from a distance of time, and of course in a calmer frame of mind than I was in at the moment of the trial; but I know that my thoughts all tended to exonerate them from the first.

None knew better than did I how completely free Lilian was from anything in the way of trying to attract, even as much as girls may honestly do. Knowing what I did—reading both their hearts—it was very precious to me to see their truth and fealty to the right. I knew that if they once perceived my suffering, nothing would induce them to accept happiness that way. I *must* keep my nerves steady! As much as I was able to compass that first day was to puzzle them all; but even that was a little step—it was something that they could see the change without discovering the cause. Quite enough to begin with.

## TORPEDOES AND INFERNAL MACHINES.

On Easter Monday last, when several thousands of persons were holiday-making in a public garden out north-westward of London, a loud bang startled the inmates of houses many miles from the spot in all directions—louder than any discharge of artillery, and comparable to a blowing-up on a tremendous scale. It proved on investigation to be due to the explosion of a cylinder no more than twenty-five inches in length by two inches in diameter, filled with one or other of those destructive compositions which chemistry has lately presented to us, and to which have been given the mysterious names of dynamite, lithofracteur, gun-cotton, nitro-glycerine, &c. How such a diabolical sausage got into such a place at such a time, and

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what the police authorities have had to say about it, we need not detail here; but the subject sets people thinking ugly thoughts about Torpedoes and Infernal Machines.

The French have had much to do with (so-called) infernal machines, which, under various forms, have been employed to assassinate successive sovereigns, but happily failed in the wicked attempt, though not without inflicting injuries on onlookers. In 1804, when Napoleon thought that he had England pretty nearly in his grasp, a *catamaran* expedition was fitted out by the English to act against him. This catamaran was an oblong water-proof box lined with lead; it contained fifteen hundred pounds of gunpowder, various inflammable substances, clockwork to produce an explosion at a given moment, and ballast to steady it. Being towed towards an enemy's ship and left for the tide to float it onward, it would cling to the ship by means of grappling-irons buoyed up with cork; and in a given number of minutes the clockwork acting on a trigger would explode the combustibles. Such at least was the theory; but the chances of failure were found to be too numerous and varied in practice. Some years after this, Colonel Colt, the inventor of the celebrated revolver, devoted a great deal of time to this subject of infernal machines, making many combinations which were useful as hints to later contrivers.

In 1809, when Lord Cochrane was engaged against the French in the Bay of Biscay, he employed a destroyer most formidable in character. He filled a number of empty puncheons with about fifty thousand pounds of powder; on the tops of these puncheons were placed three hundred and fifty explosive shells, with fuses, and upwards of two thousand hand grenades among and between them. The whole were bound and jammed together with cables, wedges, and sand, on board a small vessel called the *Devastator*. A fifteen minutes' time-fuse being ignited, the crew (Cochrane himself, a lieutenant, and four seamen) rowed away quickly in a boat. The infernal monster did not produce quite the kind of mischief intended; the explosion was one of the most tremendous ever heard; but the enemy's ships were rather too far away to be materially damaged, while Cochrane lost some of his gallant little crew by over-fatigue and drowning by tumultuous waves.

During the short war between England and the United States in 1812–13, many submarine boats were suggested and partially tried, but with no great result.

The Crimean War (1854–56) brought to the Admiralty a deluge of inventors and projectors, each armed with some new scheme of a 'diabolical' kind. The Earl of Dundonald (the Lord Cochrane of 1809) sounded the government concerning a plan which he had matured long before; but there was hesitation in the matter; and the public learned little more than that the scheme related to a kind of fire-ship. Captain Warner's 'long range' was another crotchet, by which an enemy's vessel was to be destroyed at an immense distance by *something* being hurled against it; this something, whatever it may have been, did not find favour with the government. Then there was a talk also about Captain Disney's war-projectile, consisting of a metal cylinder having a bursting charge at one end, and at the other a highly combustible liquid; the liquid, when exposed to the air, set fire to almost everything with which it came in contact. This pleasant kind of plaything was to be propelled against ships, buildings, or masses of troops. Captain Disney had another mode of employing what he frankly called his 'infernal fluid,' which would 'cause blindness for several hours to all troops coming within a quarter of a mile of it.' The real nature of the liquid was his peculiar secret, which, so far as we are aware, the government did not think proper to purchase.

While discoverers and inventors were directing their attention to these intentionally destructive contrivances, the principal governments were cautiously testing some of them as opportunity offered. The Russians studded the Baltic with submerged torpedoes in 1854–55; iron cases containing combustibles, sulphuric acid, and chlorate of potash, so placed that a sudden concussion would make the whole explode. Very few British ships were really hit by them; but a good deal of uneasiness was felt by the crews of Admiral Sir Charles Napier's fleet, who would much rather have encountered an open enemy than a concealed submarine foe, the whereabouts of which could not be determined beforehand. In 1866 the Austrians in their brief war with Italy used torpedoes in which gun-cotton was fired off by an electric current. During the American Civil War, 1861 to 1865, nearly forty vessels were destroyed by torpedoes. (We may here mention that this name, first given to these contrivances by the Americans, was derived from one designation of the torpedo or electrical fish.) Three-fourths of the destruction was wrought by the Confederates against Federal vessels, but the remainder blew up or disabled the Confederates' own ships. The torpedoes employed were of various kinds and sizes, some exploding by mechanical concussion, some by chemical action, some by electric discharge. One of them was a complete submarine boat, which could be lowered to several feet below the surface of the water, and there propelled with hand-paddles at the rate of four miles an hour, by men shut up in a water-tight compartment, and provided with half an hour's compressed fresh air. This submarine boat dragged a floating torpedo, allowed it to come under the bottom of an enemy's ship, paddled away to a safe distance, and then fired the torpedo by an electric fuse. Such at least was the theory; but it proved to be a case of the engineer 'hoist by his own petard;' for although the torpedo really did destroy a Federal ship, the submarine boat and its crew were never afterwards seen or heard of.*

Some of the contrivances to which naval engineers are directing their attention are called *outrigger torpedoes*. A small swift steamer has an outrigger or pole projecting twenty or twenty-five feet from one side; a torpedo case is fastened to the outer end of the pole, and a concussion-fuse is fitted to it, or an electric-wire extends along the pole. When the steamer has cautiously and

* Since writing the above, information has come to hand concerning the real fate of this submarine craft. When the civil war was over, divers were sent down; they fished up the enemy-destroying and self-destroying torpedo-boat, which was found, with its dead crew in it, *underneath* a Federal ship, which it had sunk by bursting a hole in the hull.

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silently brought the torpedo (which may be either a little above or a little below the surface of the water) under the bottom of an enemy's ship, the composition within it is fired by the fuse or current, and the explosion left to do its destructive work. It is supposed and intended that the distance of twenty or twenty-five feet between the steamer and the torpedo will keep the former free from peril. Some torpedoes are self-explosive on touching the enemy's ship. One variety is a hollow iron cone, kept at a certain depth under water by a mooring chain; the cone contains from one to three hundred pounds of powder; above this is an air-space to give buoyancy, over this a small apparatus of chemicals, and at the top of all a projecting rod. If the bottom or lower part of the hull of a passing ship happens to strike against this rod, a kind of trigger explodes the chemicals and then the powder—with what result the evil fates are left to determine. Another kind, not self-explosive, is ignited from the shore. The torpedo-cone is moored as in the former case, and electric wires extend from it to a battery on shore. When an enemy's ship is seen to be passing just over the torpedo, a shock is sent from shore, and the demon of mischief explodes. A self-exploding torpedo has the disadvantage of destroying one's own ships occasionally, by a mishap; while the others are with difficulty coaxed to explode just at the desired instant.

Six or eight years ago, the public were a good deal mystified about Captain Harvey's torpedo, what it was and what it was intended to accomplish. It was described as an oblong box, to be towed beside a steamer by means of a long rope. It was charged with a powerful explosive composition; it had projecting levers at the top, a tube containing a detonating compound, and a bolt that could be pressed down upon the detonator by the levers. Towed out to its place by a steamer of great speed, it is brought close to the side of a hostile ship, the tow-rope is then slightly slackened, the torpedo sinks a little, and as the rope tightens again, it comes with a violent blow against the ship's bottom, exploding and making (theoretically at anyrate) a big hole in the ship's hull: a short process, but by no means a merry one. (The English authorities are said to be manufacturing Harvey's torpedoes at Woolwich Arsenal at the time we write, June 1877.)

Rather more recently, Captain Ericsson's torpedo attracted the attention of the American government. It had one feature of a remarkable character—a hempen cable utilised as a tube or pipe by making the centre hollow. The torpedo, a cylinder of light galvanised iron, was about ten feet long by nineteen inches in diameter, and was charged with nearly four hundred pounds of nitro-glycerine. It was towed by a steamer, with a tubular cable or rope half a mile long. When brought into a desired position, the torpedo was propelled swiftly in any direction by compressed air driven through the tubular rope. The torpedo could be wound in so as to be any less distance than half a mile from the steamer. One rather fails, however, to see how the commander of the steamer is to send the explosive matter against an enemy's ship exactly at the right time and in the right direction.

The Whitehead or fish torpedo, one of the kinds now being experimented upon by the English government, appears to be a very elaborate contrivance. It is a sort of submarine rocket, a cigar-shaped iron case five or six yards long by about half a yard in diameter at the thickest part. At one end is a charge of three or four hundred pounds of dynamite or of compressed gun-cotton, with a pistol or trigger-detonator to ignite it; then a pneumatic chamber for compressed air, with an apparatus for maintaining the torpedo at any predetermined depth below the surface of the water; then an air-chamber, tested to a thousand pounds on the square inch, and containing an air-engine with compressed air; and lastly, a double action screw propeller. So much for the torpedo; but how to make it travel along and then explode? It is either driven into the sea out of an apparatus called an ejector, fitted in the bow of a steamer built for the purpose, or it can be launched from a special carriage placed on deck. The arrangements can be so made that the torpedo will travel along at any depth below the water varying from one foot to thirty feet, for a horizontal distance of a thousand yards, and with a speed of seven miles an hour. A torpedo-vessel called the *Lightning* has just been built by Messrs Thorneycroft and Donaldson for the Admiralty, to contain two or more of these torpedoes, and to eject them one at a time against an enemy's ships. The idea is, to steam to a distance of a few hundred (less than a thousand) yards from the enemy, and eject a torpedo, with its engine, screw, &c. working, in the right direction; the head of the missile, if it dashes under water against an enemy's ship, will explode, and burst a huge hole in the ship's bottom. Or by another adjustment the explosion can be timed to occur in a definite number of minutes after the ejection. A missile of great cost this will be, whether it hits the enemy or not; seeing that the whole of it will be hurled to fragments if it explodes at all; a cost, per missile, of four or five hundred pounds sterling.

A school of torpedo-warfare has been established at Portsmouth; and there can be little doubt that foreign powers are doing the like. Alas for humanity and civilisation! It is contended, however, that all this *diablerie* will lessen slaughter, by deterring armed ships from coming within torpedo-distance; but a great naval war can alone determine the matter.

As to infernal machines, contrivances planned for some dastardly and nefarious purpose, an incident about four years ago gave us a little insight into them. A cargo of highly insured but worthless goods was shipped at a French port in a steamer, and in the midst of the cargo an infernal machine, intended to explode, destroy the ship and cargo, and earn the insurance money for the miscreant conspirators. The machine was a sort of chest, provided with explosive compound, an exploding apparatus, train of clockwork, primed cartridge, trigger or striking needle—the clockwork being timed to produce the explosion in a given number of days after leaving port. An occurrence at Bremerhaven a year or so ago afforded a further illustration of this application of scientific discovery and mechanical invention to purposes at once fraudulent and barbarous. Whether any case is on record of the *coal-torpedo* having been really applied to its Satanic purpose, we do not know; but that such a thing exists is certain. It is a hollow shell of iron, carefully

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moulded from a lump of coal, and blacked to look like coal; an irregular cube of a few inches on each side, and filled with terrible combustibles of the dynamite kind. What does this mean? It means that a steamer laden with almost worthless goods insured at a very high value has a coal-torpedo purposely mixed with the coal in her bunkers, ready to explode whenever thrown into the furnace, or perhaps before! Another infamous contrivance, darkly hinted at, is the *rat*-torpedo, which, placed secretly in the hull of a ship, will after a time explode, and burst a hole in the ship's bottom. Specimens of these two kinds have come into the hands of European and American governments.

The Easter Monday torpedo in a place of public amusement, whatever it may have meant, was only one (the reader will perceive) among many forms of cylindrical, cigar, cubic, and globular missiles, of the 'Infernal Machine' character.

In the war lately commenced between Russia and Turkey, torpedoes are playing a notable part. The Russians, having a weaker navy than their antagonists, supplement the deficiency by employing these subtle agents. One Turkish war-vessel, guarding the passage of the Danube, has unquestionably been blown to pieces by Russian torpedoes, and its crew destroyed. The Russians have shewn much daring in approaching Turkish ships during the dark hours of night, attaching torpedoes to the ships' bottoms, retiring quietly and swiftly, and leaving the explosive monsters to do their fell work. On the other hand, torpedo-defence has been practised with some success by the Turks—preventing the approach of torpedo-vessels, or fishing up the torpedoes themselves before they explode. Torpedo-tactics, in the naval warfare of the future, will evidently embrace the two parts of torpedo-attack and torpedo-defence. Where is it all to end?

## CROSS-PURPOSES.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

'Is it very bad? Do you think it will mark her? How unfortunate I am.'

'Oh, it won't signify—*much*,' says the major, making a feeble attempt at consolation.

The groom is on his knees washing down the mare's leg. As he washes, the red raw patch shews out with ominous distinctness from the glossy dark-brown skin that surrounds it; and Cissy, standing in her riding-habit, whip in hand, regarding the operation, begins to look the very picture of ill-concealed misery.

'How dreadfully bad it looks *now*,' she says fearfully.

'Not at all,' replies the major.

'I cannot imagine how it happened; she is usually such a clean jumper,' goes on Cissy, diligently searching for excuses. 'I never in my life injured a mount before, and I would not have harmed *this* one for all the world. Captain Halkett will be so awfully angry.'

'Nonsense! You don't suppose he will *bite* you, do you? Think of his angelic temper and your privileges as a woman. He daren't blow you up, you know.'

'It is not so much *that*'—with hesitation. 'Of course I know he will *say* nothing, but he will *think* the more; and'——

'Like the parrot,' interrupts the major.

'And he will look so annoyed,' goes on Cissy, torturing herself with immense success. 'I would not for anything it had occurred. I do think I am the unluckiest girl on earth.'

'Are you in love with him?' suddenly asks the major sharply.

'In love with him? What an absurd question! Of course I am not,' says Cissy angrily, while blushing in the most furious and uncalled-for manner. 'What *can* have put such a ridiculous idea into your head?'

'Well' (sulkily), 'you are so afraid of vexing him, for one thing.'

'Not a bit more afraid of him than I would be of you or any other man, under the circumstances,' declares Cissy with exemplary candour. 'But it is not a pleasant thing at any time to injure a favourite hunter; and the mare, for some reason or other, is a special darling with Captain Halkett. Indeed, it was only yesterday I heard him saying he valued her more than any animal he had ever had.'

'Given him by one of the fair sex, most likely,' says the major with vicious intent.

'Very probably,' returns Cissy quietly, who carries a very game little heart beneath her pretty Irish skin, and would have died rather than betray any undue emotion. Nevertheless, it must be confessed her colour faintly wavers and fades away a little, only to return with tenfold brilliance as she sees Captain Halkett pass the stable window.

'Here he is!' she cries hurriedly. 'Now, what *shall* I do?'

'Nothing, if my advice is worth anything,' says the major sententiously.

Captain Halkett coming slowly up the yard, cigar in mouth as usual, and hands thrust deep in the pockets of his shooting-coat, sees Cissy, Major Blake—and the groom on his knees beside the mare. He takes in the whole situation at a glance. Throwing away his cigar, he turns to Cissy, and says pleasantly: 'Good-morning, Miss Mordaunt. Had a good day, I hope?'

'Yes; thanks—very—that is, *no*, not at all,' says Cissy nervously. 'I am afraid you will be horribly angry. But the fact is, as Major Blake and I were coming quietly home—cantering through the Park fields, at the last gap some sharp stone caught the Baby's leg, and has hurt her, as you see. I—I am so *very* sorry about it,' concludes Miss Mordaunt, genuinely vexed for the mishap.

'Don't say that,' entreats Halkett gently; 'and don't vex yourself. I would rather the mare was dead, than that you tormented yourself about her. Besides'—stooping to examine the injury—'from what I can see it is only skin-deep, and won't matter in a day or two; eh, Connor?'

'Yessir; only a scratch, sir. Right as ever in a week, sir.'

These words carry balm to Miss Mordaunt's breast; and presently the bandages being finally adjusted, and the Baby consoled by an additional feed, they leave the stables; and Blake considerately diverging to the right, Miss Mordaunt and Halkett go leisurely towards the house.

As they reach the stone steps leading to the

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Hall door, Cissy pauses. 'You are *sure* you forgive me?' she asks sweetly.

'How can you speak to me like that!' says Halkett, almost angry. 'Did you think I should cut up rough with *you?* What an ill-tempered brute you must consider me; you ought to know me better by this time.'

'I have not known you for so very long,' says Cissy smiling; then impulsively, while her colour once more deepens: 'Why is that horse such a favourite with you?—beyond all others, I mean. Was it a present?'

'Yes,' says Halkett in a low voice.

'From a very dear friend?'

'Very dear; more than a *friend*.'

'From—a gentleman?'

'No. From a lady,' says Halkett shortly, and turns away his head.

On the instant, the words the major had uttered in the stables come back to Miss Mordaunt's mind, and without further comment she sweeps past Halkett into the house, and he sees her no more until dinner-time.

When half-past seven chimes out, and the solemn retainer of the House of Mordaunt announces dinner as being served, both Major Blake and Captain Halkett make a hard fight of it to take Miss Cissy down; but Fate, in the person of Sir Thomas Lobin, interferes, and balks them of their prey. Halkett, however, may be said to have the best of it, as he succeeds in seating himself directly opposite his Irish divinity, and so can watch the changes of her beloved face, and perhaps edge in a word or two, addressed particularly to her, during the repast. All this can be the more readily accomplished, as he has been told off to a young lady who, if not actually insane, is at all events three parts silly, and so does not feel it incumbent upon him to supply her with the orthodox amount of small-talk.

Major Blake falling into line, finds himself presently situated somewhat low down, with Mrs Fairfax on one side of him, and Grace Elton, a cousin of Cissy's, on the other. If it were not that his thoughts are altogether centred on Miss Mordaunt, he might have considered himself in luck, as he is undoubtedly in very good quarters. Grace Elton is as unaffected as she is charming, and extremely pretty into the bargain. But the major will neither acknowledge nor see anything beyond the tip of Cissy's nose, as it shews itself provokingly every now and then from behind the epergne.

On a line with Sir Thomas, and the third from him, sits Mrs Leyton the Indian widow, in a ravishing costume of pearl and blue that speaks alone of worth. She is looking wonderfully handsome to-night, and has a bright adorable spot on each cheek that is *not* born of rouge. She is keeping her hand in by trying a little mild flirtation with the vicar, who occupies her right, and is making very pretty play; while his daughter—who is almost too young for society—watching them from the opposite side, finds her mind much exercised, and wonders in her heart if Mrs Leyton is *really* very fond of papa. Surely she *must* be; else why does she raise her large soft dark eyes so tenderly to his once in every three minutes precisely, by the marble clock on the chimney-piece?

Aunt Isabel, at the head of the table, is radiant as usual, and dispenses roast turkey and smiles with equal alacrity. She is carving with even more than her customary vigour and well-known proficiency, while at the same time she is listening to and adding a word here and there to every topic under discussion. She is, however, particularly attentive to Miss Lobin, who sits beside her, and who is as deaf as a post; though no trouble to any one except herself, poor lady, as she seeks not for conversation, and as long as she gets a bit of everything mentioned in the *menu*, is perfectly content.

There are two or three stray men from the neighbouring barracks scattered up and down; and these, with the three Misses Brighton—who being evidently not cut out by mother Nature for the civil service, have been considered suitable to ask to meet them—make up the party.

'Well, Cis, you had a pleasant day, I hope?' says Uncle Charlie, presently addressing his favourite niece.

'A delicious day, dear uncle; only we wound up with a misfortune. I was stupid enough to hurt Captain Halkett's horse on my way home through the Park; though indeed I scarcely think it was my fault. However, as it *was* to happen, we were lucky in having it occur at the end, instead of the beginning of our day, as we had our ride in spite of it.'

As she makes this little speech, she never once glances at Halkett (indeed she has taken no notice of him since the commencement of dinner), and purposely treats the whole thing as unworthy of regret. Halkett, contrasting her pretty contrition of the morning with this off-hand dismissal of the matter, is, manlike, thoroughly mystified.

'I am sorry to hear of an accident,' says Uncle Charlie, who holds all good animals dear to his heart.—'Nothing serious, I hope, Frank?'

'A mere scratch,' returns Halkett carelessly.

'That is right. It could not have happened through any great desire on the rider's part to reach her home, as she delayed her return so long we all imagined an elopement had taken place. But there was no such excitement in store for us. —I do think, as your guardian and uncle, Cis, I have every right to know what you and the major were talking of all that time.'

'Politics,' says the major lightly; 'we never talk anything but politics.—Do we, Miss Mordaunt?'

Here Blake dodges to one side of the epergne, that he may the more surely get a full view of Miss Mordaunt's face.

'*Never*,' replies Cissy emphatically, dodging the epergne in her turn; and then they both laugh.

Here Halkett mutters something under his breath that is so far audible as to rouse the silly young lady by his side into some kind of life. She sighs and uplifts her head.

'Were you speaking to me?' she asks in a somewhat startled tone.

'No—yes—was I?' stammers Halkett, rather shocked. 'I *ought* to have been, of course; but I have fallen so low as to allow dinner to engross all my attention. Pray, forgive me. It comes entirely of going down to dinner with a middle-aged gourmet.'

'Dear me—I fancied you quite young,' responds his companion with a simper; and lapses again into silence after the effort.

'Politics!' says Uncle Charlie, going back to the subject, after he has desired the butler to take

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several different dishes to Miss Lobin. 'How you must have enjoyed yourselves—especially Cissy. I never met any woman with such keen and comprehensive views on all matters connected with the state. It was only yesterday I asked her opinion of Gladstone, and she told me she always thought he was'——

'*Now*—Uncle Charlie,' interrupts Miss Mordaunt with such indignation, that the old gentleman, though chuckling to himself, audibly refuses all further information.

'May we not hear your opinion of Gladstone?' demands Sir Thomas, who is an old beau, and much addicted to Miss Mordaunt.

'Certainly not. And remember I distinctly forbid you to ask Uncle Charlie any questions when my back is turned; as he is capable of saying *anything* once my eye is off him.'

'Your will is my law,' says the old beau with a bow that would have reflected credit on a Chesterfield; and shortly afterwards, at a signal from Aunt Isabel, the ladies rising, leave the gentlemen to their own devices.

On entering the drawing-room, Mrs Leyton walking with the undulating graceful motion that belongs to her, and that cannot be acquired, goes straight to the fireplace, where she sinks into a lounging-chair, leaving the opposite one for Aunt Isabel, who almost instantly falls into a gentle doze. Little Miss Millar, the vicar's daughter, losing sight of her shyness in her desire to obtain her object, seeks a resting-place that will enable her still to keep a fascinated watch over Mrs Leyton, the widow having cast a glamour over the timid country maiden. The Misses Brighton and Grace Elton keep up a continual chatter, and are evidently enjoying themselves immensely; while Miss Lobin taking the cosy corner of the sofa, emulates her hostess, and letting her face lengthen until it reaches a state of utter imbecility, sweetly snoozes.

Cissy is standing in one of the windows, somewhat apart; she gazes out upon the stilly night, and softly cogitates. She cannot quite make up her mind whether she has been most sinned against or sinning; she cannot wholly approve her conduct at dinner, and finds it impossible to divest herself entirely of the idea that Halkett was looking miserable the entire time. But all men make a point of appearing injured when placed in the wrong position, and of course he had not liked her cross-examination of the morning. Yet again, why should he *not* receive presents from women? What right had she to question act or word of his? No matter what thoughts and hopes she may have encouraged in the secret recesses of her heart, she feels now she has no certain data to go upon to prove that Halkett cares for her beyond all others. Somebody—who was it?—had said he was a flirt. Well, one thing was positive—he should not flirt with *her*.

Here Aunt Isabel, slowly rousing, sneezes, and hems audibly, to let her friends know she has not been sleeping.

'Cissy, child,' she says, 'you will be perished over there. Come to the fire and warm yourself.'

'I *am* warm, thank you, and quite comfortable.'

'My love, I don't believe it' (with extreme mildness); 'it is freezing as hard as it can, and there is always a draught near a window. Come here, when I desire you.'

'Oh, I shall die near that blazing log.'

'And *I* shall die if you remain over there,' says Aunt Isabel; and carries her point.

'Better I than you, Auntie,' says Miss Mordaunt, and coming over, good-humouredly kneels down beside her kinswoman.

'Cold hands—warm heart,' murmurs the old lady, caressing the soft white fingers that lie upon her lap.

'A troublesome possession,' remarks Mrs Leyton with a lazy smile. 'No one is *really* happy in this world except he or she who carries an empty bosom.'

'Are *you* happy?' asks Miss Cissy innocently.

'Almost. The little worn-out article that beats here'—laying her hand over the region of the heart—'has pulsations hardly strong enough to cause me any uneasiness. Now and then I feel a faint pang—not often.'

'I would rather keep my heart, even at the expense of my suffering,' says Cissy warmly. 'She who cannot feel anguish, can know no perfect joy. Without love, life is a mistake, an unutterably stupid gift. That is how *I* think; but then I am Irish, and therefore of course unreasonable.'

'O no,' says Mrs Leyton graciously. 'The Irish are the most charming people in the world—so light-hearted, so quick to sympathise. Though I have been here only two days, and have asked no questions, I knew you to be Irish before you told me. Most of my friends come from your land; even Captain Halkett is half Irish, his mother being from Galway.'

'Yes?' says Cissy. She rather shrinks from mention of Halkett's name, and remembers with a slight pang how friendly have seemed his relations with Mrs Leyton since her arrival. 'Have you known Captain Halkett long?' she cannot help asking.

'All my life. His father and mine were fast friends; our childhood was spent together. Then we separated'—with a sigh, that sounds ominous to Cissy, but in reality is only born of past sorrow, utterly unconnected with him in any way—'to meet again after many years in India, and now—here. One way or another, all through, Frank's life has been mixed up with mine.'

Cissy bites her lip, and asks no more questions; but Mrs Leyton notices the action of the white teeth, and ponders.

'There is a great charm in Frank's manner, I think?' she says interrogatively.

'Is there? Most men nowadays are charming, as acquaintances,' replies Cissy carelessly. 'And Captain Halkett is too universal a favourite to be altogether charming to *one*.'

'Poor Frank!' laughs the widow lightly. 'He is unfortunate; or at least has found some one who cannot appreciate him. Then you mean to say you would find it impossible to care for any man who liked some other woman besides yourself?'

'Well, as you ask me the question, I confess I would,' says Cissy, who is feeling irritated, she scarcely knows why. 'I would divide honours with no one, and I would be winner—or nothing.'

'Then the man you love must be civil to no one else?'—with arched eyebrows indicative of surprise.

'Oh, "*civil*." Let him be as civil as he pleases. If you were talking merely of civility, I altogether misunderstood you. I only meant if I had a lover

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—which at the present moment I certainly have not—I would wish to be first in his eyes. Let him be *civil* to all the world, but let him love *me*.'

'Quite so; that is only fair, I think,' says the widow, but she looks immensely amused; and Cissy seeing her expression, feels her wrath rising. 'I quite thought—judging from appearances—that you and Captain Halkett were very good friends,' goes on Mrs Leyton unwisely, and regrets her speech a moment later.

'I beg you will not judge *me* from appearances,' says Miss Mordaunt haughtily. 'A woman of the world as you are, Mrs Leyton, ought surely to know that people for the most part do not always feel everything they may look. And besides, you must forgive me; but if there is one thing I have a particular objection to, it is being watched and commented upon.'

'You are right,' returns Mrs Leyton with suspicious sweetness; 'I fear I have been very indiscreet; for the future I will not *watch* you and Captain Halkett.'

There is a covert meaning in this speech that is absolutely maddening; but the entrance of the gentlemen puts a stop to Miss Mordaunt's reply. She withdraws slowly, and seats herself upon a distant lounge, where she is immediately joined by Major Blake.

'I hope you have missed me,' he says with a tender glance, pushing aside her trailing skirts that he may gain room for his huge person. 'I assure you the time those men spent over their wine was actionable; while I was tantalised by dreams of fair women the entire two hours.'

'Two hours! What an exaggeration. Why, by Aunt Isabel's watch, that was never known to lose a minute, it was only half an hour.'

'What to me was two hours, to you was but a fourth of the time. How cruel an interpretation may be put upon your words! And I have been buoying myself up with the hope while absent from you, that when we *did* meet again, I should hear something kind from your lips.'

'And so you shall,' says Miss Mordaunt, bestowing upon him a radiant smile, just to let 'that woman' see she is not pining for the recreant Frank. But unfortunately for the success of the thing, Mrs Leyton is looking the other way, and does not see it at all, while Frank Halkett does.

'Must I confess to you? Well, then, my accurate knowledge of the hour arose from my incessant glances at the watch, to see if your delay in coming was really as long as it appeared—to *me*.'

'If I thought you *meant* that'—begins Blake hesitatingly, with a sudden gleam in his eyes (what man but feels more valiant after dinner than before?)—'if I really thought you meant it'——

'Well—"if you *really* thought I meant it"—what would you do then? But no!' she cries hastily, seeing she has gone rather far, and unwilling to bring matters to a climax—'do not tell me; I do not wish to know. My ignorance in this case no doubt is blissful; I prefer to remain in it.—And now to change the subject. Who is Mrs Leyton? and what do you know about her? I am all curiosity where she is concerned.'

'Do you like her?' asks Blake, merely as a precautionary measure.

'I can't say I do—exactly,' replies the Irish girl candidly. 'Now tell me where you first met her.'

'In India. Her husband was alive when I first became acquainted with her. He lived tremendously hard; but he was devoted to her, without doubt, and she to him; and she took his death awfully badly. Never saw a woman so cut up by anything before; they generally take it pretty sensibly after the first shock, but she didn't; and went to a skeleton in less than three months.'

'She is not very thin now.'

'No. I suppose one can't keep on pining for ever, and in course of time good food *will* cover one's bones. But she felt it no end for months, and was altogether down in her luck. You see he got rather a horrible death, as his horse first threw him, and then almost trampled him beyond recognition.'

'How dreadful!' murmurs Miss Mordaunt, with a little shiver; and wonders how Mrs Leyton could ever have smiled afterwards.

'Yes; wasn't it? She took it so much to heart, that for years after she could not bear the sight of a horse, though she had the best seat in the regiment—amongst the women, I mean—and could not be induced to take a ride. Before leaving India, she sold, or gave away, every one of her horses.'

Here Cissy becomes intensely interested. 'To whom did she give them?' she asks indifferently.

'I hardly know; I was up-country at the time, but her most intimate friends, I suppose.—By-the-bye, Halkett was an immense crony of hers.'

'Indeed?'

'Never out of the house,' says the major, thinking it a good opportunity to improve his own chances, though really only giving voice to what had been the common report in that part of India where the catastrophe had occurred. 'After Tom Leyton's death, he would have married her like a shot; but she would not hear of it. She is a very handsome woman, you know, and tremendously admired by some fellows, though for my part I don't altogether see it.'

'Don't you? I think her wonderfully pretty. Perhaps she will relent, and marry him now; who knows? Certainly his constancy deserves some reward. Was it Mrs Leyton gave him the mare?'

'Don't know, I'm sure. But think it very likely, now you mention it, as he sets such uncommon store by her.—How very well Mrs Leyton is looking just now,' says the major, adjusting his eyeglass with much care, and glancing significantly at the other end of the room, where sits the widow in earnest conversation with Frank Halkett. Cissy follows the direction of his gaze, but, conscious of his scrutiny, takes care that not one muscle of her face betrays what she is really feeling.

Yes, very well, very handsome looks Mrs Leyton, as leaning gracefully back in her chair, with one hand toying idly with the rings that cover her fingers, she listens to Captain Halkett's conversation. Now and then she raises large dreamy eyes—half mirthful, half sympathetic—to his face, but scarcely interrupts him. He is talking with much earnestness—is apparently entirely engrossed by his subject—and takes no heed of what is going on around him. Presently he ceases, and evidently seeks an answer from his beautiful companion. She gives him one of her upward glances—all sympathy this time—and says a few words; but they are without doubt the right ones, as Halkett's face brightens, and a smile overspreads it that makes it positively handsome. At the moment he

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raises her hand, and bending over it, seems to examine her rings curiously. To Cissy the action almost bespeaks a betrothal, and renders her half indignant, wholly miserable. Nevertheless, turning to Major Blake, she says with a bright brave smile: 'I think my idea was right, and even now he has received his reward.'

'Looks uncommon like it,' says the major with a sigh of relief.

## NOTES FROM CHINA.

A MEDICAL gentleman at one time resident in China furnishes the following notes of interesting incidents within his knowledge. Though roughly put together, they may amuse our readers and be relied on as true.

In the month of January 1869, at about half-past seven P.M., I was sitting at dinner in my house in Swatow, when a sailor from the small gun-boat at that time in Swatow Harbour came running breathless and hatless, asking me to come down without any delay to the hospital, which I had built in the Chinese town on the side of the river opposite my own house. This man said there were thirteen sailors and the captain of the gun-boat badly wounded by an unprovoked attack of the Chinese. This looked serious indeed; so putting up instruments, lint, &c. I hastened down with the sailor. On reaching the hospital, the unwounded men of the gun-boat were still carrying into the hospital their injured comrades. I never saw a set of men so severely wounded without any being fatally so. I set to work, and extracted fifteen bullets from the men; but some were too deeply imbedded to get at that night. One man had one ear shot off, a second two fingers, a third was hit in the eye, a fourth shot in the breast, and I afterwards extracted the bullet at his back. The captain of the gun-boat had on a very thick shaggy pilot-coat, double on the breast; a bullet had cut right across his chest; and on examination I found the skin just raised where it had passed. A very singular wound was that of a young officer, whose two front teeth were knocked in by a bullet, that then disappeared somewhere in his palate. I never could find this bullet whilst he was under my care; but it seemed not to have done him much harm. He left Swatow; and I saw him three or four years later, and he said the lead had never appeared, and he had suffered no inconvenience from it. I believe it must have worked itself somewhere into the muscles at the back of his neck.

The cause of this raid of the Chinese was this: the captain of the gun-boat had merely taken out twenty-five men to exercise by rowing one of his boats up the river Han, on which Swatow is situated. This river is very wide at the mouth, and abounds in large creeks; on the banks of one of the largest of these, next to Swatow, are built three fortified walled-in villages, or what we should call *towns*, from their large population. The inhabitants of these towns were well known as being particularly lawless, not having paid taxes for many years, and setting the mandarins at defiance. Seeing the foreigners (whom they detest) rowing up the creek, 'the Braves' (as they call themselves) rushed out in hundreds and fired into the gun-boat from each side of the river; and were it not for the nature of their guns, or as the Chinese call them 'gingals,' which are old-fashioned and of short range, none of the boat's crew would have returned alive; as it was, fourteen men were well riddled; and the boat, which I saw afterwards, had as many holes in it as a colander. The sailors rowed away for their lives, and escaped.

Our settlement, on hearing this story, was in great and just alarm. These people detest the foreigners; and having put to flight their supposed enemies in a crippled state, it was very likely they might follow this up by an attack on the settlers; and had they only sufficient courage, their numbers were so great, that our fate would have soon been decided by pillage and murder. The British consul, Mr Alabaster Challoner, saw the danger; and being a man of decided character and great energy, without any delay sent a merchant-ship that was in the harbour under high steam-pressure to Hong-kong to inform the Admiral of what had happened. The reply was prompt and satisfactory; for a few hours brought Admiral Keppel, Lord Charles M. Scott (son of the Duke of Buccleuch), two frigates, and seven gun-boats into Swatow Harbour, to the great satisfaction of the foreign settlers and of Mr Challoner. This gentleman was a small delicate-looking man, whose neck being a little crooked, made him hold his head on one side; but such was his courage, determination, and inflexible sense of justice, that the stoutest Chinese officials trembled at his look; and they all declared they would rather face a tiger than meet the glare of 'His Excellency the Devil's' eyes when displeased. The Admiral immediately told off five hundred marines and blue-jackets, fully armed and supplied with two small cannon, to punish the offenders. The friendly natives of Swatow averred loudly that these men were going to certain destruction; that not one would return, as the tribe in question was invincible; and most of the foreign merchants were sufficiently alarmed by these assertions to send all their most valuable possessions on board the vessels in the harbour. Fortunately the result was not what they dreaded. On approaching the first town, the troops saw 'the Braves' in vast numbers on the walls, shouting, waving flags, jumping up and down, and calling on them to come on and be killed. The tars replied by blowing open the gates with gunpowder, and falling on the heroes, who instantly gave way and fled precipitately. They then set fire to the place, sparing all who did not resist. They treated the other towns similarly, and returned victorious. The excellent effect of this prompt action was to produce a complete tranquillity in the neighbourhood of Swatow, which has remained undisturbed ever since (eight years), and a feeling of security which never before existed; yet the Admiral was reproved by the British government at that time for having acted without 'home orders!'

In the winter of 1873 a very unseaworthy merchant sailing-vessel (a Siamese), the *Tye Wat*, set out from the north of China to Siam with a

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cargo of beancake, &c. The weather became excessively stormy, and at last the old vessel actually went to pieces many miles from land in the Gulf of Pe-che-le. The crew consisted of eight Malays, who worked the ship; the captain, an Englishman; and in addition was one Chinese woman. They had no boats on board, no time to make a raft or means of doing so; and as the vessel was rapidly sinking, the wretched people looked round in despair; when a hope of escape struck one of them as his eye lighted on a very large wooden water-tank which was on deck. This tank was strongly made, about six feet long, five feet across, and five feet high, with a large hole at the top into which a man could squeeze, and a tight-fitting cover. There was not a moment to lose: a hole was bored in the bottom, to let out what water it contained, then quickly plugged; and all ten squeezed themselves in hurriedly, put on the lid, and awaited their fate. In a quarter of an hour after they were thus packed, the ship sunk under them. They first whirled round, and then floated off freely, and felt themselves rolling and tossing about frightfully on a stormy sea. The weather was intensely cold, so much so that icicles had hung from the rigging of the sunken ship the day before; and being so tightly packed, perhaps it was fortunate the weather *was* so cold. In their haste to save life, they had brought only part of a ham which the captain had snatched up, and a bottle of brandy; and thus these poor creatures were tossed about from day to day, hungry and thirsty, jostled like potatoes shaken in a barrel; now and then, when they dared, letting in a little air by raising the lid. Their situation strongly reminds one of Gulliver in his box when the eagle carried him out to sea from the land of the Brobdingnags.

On the fifth day the Malays said they must kill and eat the English captain; but the poor Chinese woman (to the credit of her sex) vehemently opposed them, and succeeded in saving him for that day. On the sixth day the Malays said they *must* eat her; but the captain in turn saved *her* for that day. It is difficult to imagine a more horrible situation than that of this poor Englishman surrounded by eight starving men determined to eat him, which they certainly would have done had not an English vessel rescued them on the seventh day. It happened thus: the captain of that vessel sighted a large box tossing on the waters, and at first never thought of minding it, only supposing it part of some wreck, as the weather was so bad; but as he looked, to his utter surprise a head popped up through the hole in the centre, and then vanished, to be followed by another figure, making frantic gesticulations. With much difficulty this strange box was got alongside, hauled up, and its poor inmates dragged out to light barely alive, and emaciated fearfully, finding the man-hole easier to pass out of than to get into; which was reversing the fable of the weasel who got into the barn. The captain of the rescuing vessel was a kind Englishman, and did all in his power to restore his guests. They were still in the Gulf of Pe-che-le; and did not reach the port of Swatow sooner than six days, where a doctor was called in to visit these liberated 'Jacks-in-a-box.' He said they were a singular proof of how much human beings can endure. All lived, and recovered perfectly. Certainly they were all *young* people. The Malays went home. The English captain went to Singapore, and shewed himself really grateful to the poor Chinese woman who had saved him from the jaws of the Malays.

## UNSUSPECTED WAYS OF EARNING A LIVELIHOOD.

'WHY, sir, we never should wake of our own accord, specially these dark mornings, if we hadn't somebody to knock us up.'

The speaker was a worthy artisan whom I often used to meet at a certain steam-boat pier on the Thames; his after-breakfast labours appearing to begin about the time I usually was in waiting for the boat.

'You see, sir,' he continued in answer to a question I had put to him—'you see, sir, there's about sixty of us hereabouts down by the water-side; and there 's so much that depends upon the tide, that we have to be called at all hours—sometimes two o'clock in the morning, or three or four, just as the case may be.'

'But who is it calls you?' I asked. 'A policeman, I suppose?'

'No; not a policeman,' my companion answered; 'it would take up a deal too much of his time; besides, fresh policemen are always coming on to the beat, and we could not be bothered with constantly having to shew and tell a new man the way.'

'Well, it must be rather an awkward matter,' I observed.

'No; it isn't. We each pay fourpence a week to Phil Larkins; and he wakes us as regular as clockwork.'

'But if sixty people want to be called at all sorts of irregular hours, how does the awakener manage to know his duties?' I asked.

'Oh, we chalk on our doors or shutters the time, and that way he knows. Phil is to be depended upon always. But he very nearly lost the work a year ago, and it was a shame. Some fellow wanted to step into his shoes, and morning after morning went and altered the chalkings, so that we were either called two hours before our time, or overslept ourselves, and so got into trouble. There was no end of quarrels and misunderstandings till the trick was found out. And I think the rascal who did it deserved a ducking—only, you see Phil is such a little fellow he couldn't give it him.'

'It was a dastardly trick!' I exclaimed with indignation, bidding the man good-bye.

Another speaking acquaintance of mine was an old man whose duty consisted in sweeping down the steps which were submerged at high-tide, but quite bare at low-water. I had often seen him at work cleansing from mud and silt step by step as the tide receded; and now it occurred to me that from the nature of his occupation he, of all others, must work at the most irregular hours. It was a dull wintry morning, but the old man was working cheerfully at his accustomed task, which, as the water was getting low, was very nearly completed. He was pale and thin, but had that air of decent respectability which happily is often seen in the very humblest classes.

I opened the conversation in true English

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fashion by a remark on the weather, asking his opinion as to the probability of rain.

'Snow more likely,' he answered laconically, but quite civilly.

'I daresay you are right,' was my reply, 'for I should think you are one of the weather-wise people.'

'Ought to be, if there's anything learned in being always twelve hours in the four-and-twenty out of doors all seasons,' was the rejoinder.

'Rather hard work for you, my man,' I said sympathisingly.

'I don't complain. There's lighter work to be sure, but there's some that's a deal heavier; and after being at it so many years, maybe it comes easier to me than it would to another. I was only fifty-five when I began, and now I'm seventy-three.'

'And is it necessary that you should work all the six hours that the tide is ebbing?' I asked, really desiring the information.

'Quite necessary,' he replied, descending a step, and plying his broom vigorously as he spoke. 'Why, if I did not begin at the beginning and go on regularly, the mud would harden, and I should have to drag up buckets of water to wash the steps with. And gentlefolks want nice clean steps going to the boats.'

'I suppose you are glad when your work does not happen to be in the dead of the night?' I observed.

'I don't know that I care. It is the change in the time that makes the variety in the work. And sometimes on fine nights, when the stars are blinking and winking, or the moon floating in the sky, with the clouds rushing along as if every now and then they were washing her face—I think things and feel things as I don't at other times. I think it's a mistake for people always to sleep of nights, I do.'

'I suppose you depend on some one to call you up at the turn of the tide?' I said inquiringly.

'No; I don't,' replied the old man, with a shake of his head. 'I tried that at first, but it didn't answer. I daresay Larkins might do it; but it was before he took to the business of knocking at doors; and the man I trusted to made mistakes or else forgot, and didn't wake me right, and I very nearly lost the place; and ever since I have trusted to myself.'

'Then how do you manage?' I said.

'That is just what I don't know, except that it seems to me it is managed for me. I only know that if it is high-water in the deadest hour of the night, I always do wake. It is just as if something said: "Look alive; time's up;" and sure enough it always is. I often wonder at it; but I have come to think that wondering is of no more use than wondering at the tides coming up so surely, and the new moons shining just as they are expected, and the stars all keeping their places so safely. O sir, some folks, no doubt, are very learned, but there's a deal more in the world than people can ever make out.'

'Do you know, my friend, that you are speaking the thoughts of one of the greatest of men?' I exclaimed, reflecting on Hamlet's words to Horatio.

'Am I? What did he say?' was the rejoinder.

'He said,' I exclaimed, '"there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy."'

'Well, he was right, whoever he was,' exclaimed the old man, with a sort of innocent satisfaction at his own corroboration of a great man's words. 'And what's more, I think the world would be a worse place than it is if we had nothing left to wonder at.'

'I heartily agree with you,' was my reply.

'And there's more to wonder at than even the stars and the tides,' continued the sweeper, 'and that's the ways of men, the good and the bad that's in the most of us. But then I do think we river-side people see more than others, what with the partings and meetings going on; and now and again the dead bodies that come to shore, and sometimes the miserable despairing people who would drown themselves if they weren't hindered. Well, it's these things that set me wondering and thinking, and that make the working hours pass quickly, especially at night.'

'You seem a bit of a philosopher,' I said admiringly.

'What's that?' cried the old man.

'It means lover of wisdom,' I replied; 'and he is happy who can justly lay claim to the title. My friend, we must have another talk another day.'

'Well, sir, you'll always find me here according to the tide; leastways unless I am ill again, as I was last year.'

'How was that?' I asked.

'Well, I don't quite know myself,' the old man answered, 'for I don't remember much about it. When they found the steps neglected, some of the wharf people came to look after me, and then they took me off to the hospital, where I was for a matter of six weeks. You see, sir, since my poor old missus died I am all alone, for my grandson went to sea; his father is a soldier; and my daughter has been in service these thirty years; so I had no one to go for a doctor or give me a drink of water.'

'Oh, that was very sad,' I exclaimed.

'Well, it was rather hard lines; but you see no one knew how I was taken; and when they found me, folks were mighty good to me, and they gave me back my place when I got well; so I ought not to complain.'

The boat by which I travel was now nearing the pier, and I stepped on board, with a friendly nod to the old man, reflecting with some sympathy on the many such stories which doubtless, if we knew them, would serve to swell

'The short and simple annals of the poor.'

## FROTH.

CHILDREN sometimes ask, and men and women need not be ashamed to ask, why is froth always white or nearly white, whatever may be the colour of the liquid underneath it? To answer the question, we shall have to determine what froth really is in itself, and how it is formed.

Take a filled ale-jug, or the well-known 'pewter' of a tavern or public-house, and pour out gently into a glass: scarcely any froth is produced. Pour out the self-same liquor from the self-same vessel in a stream several inches high, and you produce a foaming 'head,' which to the eye seems to be a substance quite different from ale or beer. Open a bottle of lemonade or ginger-beer, of soda-water

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or seltzer-water, and pour out the contents into a glass; the formation of froth is so rapid and abundant that the glass appears full when it really contains but a small quantity of liquid. Open a bottle of Bass's ale or of Guinness's stout; the froth is still more opaque and pronounced. Look at a cup of tea or coffee soon after the sugar has been added; there will often be seen a small covering of froth on the surface, which froth, if not actually white, is much more so than the liquid beneath. Watch the movements of the paddle-wheels of a steamer; the water thrown back from them is covered with foam of dazzling whiteness, the intensity of the white increasing with the rapidity of the wheel's motion.

In all these cases, and in multitudes of like kind, the froth seems to result from agitation; a quiescent liquid seldom presents symptoms of this nature. But agitation alone would not do it. Supposing it were possible for human beings to live, or for pints of ale to exist, without *air*, there would be no such thing as froth. In pouring out ale or other liquid, the falling stream becomes mingled with a portion of the atmospheric air which surrounds us; and it also buries, as it were, the air contained in the apparently empty glass: the result is, a mixture of ale and air, instead of ale only. Under ordinary circumstances, liquids contain as much air as they are capable of absorbing; the additional quantity is expelled. But how? It cannot rise in a body to the surface, but divides into minute spherical portions or air-bubbles, which ascend to the top of the liquid on account of their levity or comparative lightness.

This, however, is not all; if it were, the bubbles would burst directly they come to the surface, and froth would not have an opportunity of forming. Cohesion comes into action, the cohesion between the particles of every liquid. The bubbles of air, as they rise from the body of the ale, beer, or other liquid, are able to penetrate between the particles; but when they arrive at the surface they encounter a film of liquid cohesive enough to restrain for a time their final escape into the atmosphere. Froth consists of bubbles, each a tiny globular portion of air, bounded on the upper surface by an exceedingly thin film of liquid; the bubbles retain this position and condition until the struggle ends as a victory for one of the belligerents. The ascensive power of the air within the bubble overcomes the cohesive power of the liquid film or covering, and 'the bubble bursts'—our beverage loses its frothy 'head.' The length of time that elapses before the air escapes by the bursting of the bubble depends chiefly on the viscidity of the liquid. If we pour ale into one vessel and water into another, from equal heights, we shall find that the former will present a frothy surface, the latter a more instantaneous sparkling appearance; the power of retention being greater in the former instance than in the latter. In other words, ale having a greater specific gravity than water, and also greater viscidity, the bubble formed has a thicker coating, and requires a longer time for its disrupture. Taking the round of all the 'frothy headings,' we find the same rule prevail. In the spray from the paddle of a steamboat, in the froth on the surface of beverages, in the sparkles on a cup of tea, the air is in the first place entangled among the particles of liquid, and thus forms bubbles in the struggle to escape. Although carbonic acid may, in regard to physical properties, be ranked as a kind of air, the formation of froth in effervescing liquids is slightly different.

But why is froth *white?* Porter, ale, tea, coffee, champagne, water, differ very considerably in colour; yet in all of these, when froth is produced it is white. This appears to be due to the reflection of the light from the outer surface of the several bubbles. When the surface is thus broken up, we have a cluster of little spheres, each of which presents a reflection to the eye from some part of its surface; and as there may be tens of thousands of these in a very small space, the effects become united, and are recognised as a whiteness. It is simply an aggregation of small effects to produce one more conspicuous. If the bubbles are large, then fewer of them can be contained in a given area; consequently the number of convex reflecting surfaces is smaller, and the united effect less brilliant—in other words, less white.

But it may still be asked by some of us, how is it that the froth of a *reddish* liquid, such as beer, is white? The phenomena of reflected light must again be appealed to for the means of solving this problem. The colour of a liquid (not its froth) is determined by the transmitted light, not the reflected. If liquor be contained in a transparent glass vessel held between the eye and the light, and we look *through* it, the eye receives the light transmitted by the liquid, and deems the colour of that light to be the colour of the liquid itself; but if we pour the liquor into an open vessel, and look obliquely at the surface, we shall find that the colour does not deviate much from whiteness, whatever the transmitted colour may be. The liquid, whatever be its body colour, is when agitated broken up into detached portions at its surface by the formation of bubbles, and each bubble reflects to the eye a portion of the light which falls upon it. Consequently, if this reflected light is nearly white in all cases, the resulting assemblage of bubbles, generally known as froth, must always appear white or nearly white. We can easily understand the greater yellowness of the froth on strong Dublin stout than that on pale Burton ale; the more tenacious liquor forms a thicker and consequently less clearly reflecting bubble than that on the more limpid.

## A CITY WEED.

I PASSED a graveyard in a London street,
Where 'stead of songs of birds, the hoarse and cries
Of wretched men echoed from morn to night.
Locked were its gates, and rows of iron bars
Fenced in God's Acre from tired wanderers' feet.
All broken lay the slabs which love had raised;
But on a mound where fell a patch of light,
A Bindweed grew; and on its flowers, with eyes
O'erflowing with a wintry rain of tears,
A pale-faced, miserable woman gazed,
Heart-sick with longings for the nevermore,
And faint with memories of bygone years:
A breezy common with a heaven of stars,
And lovers parting at a cottage door.

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## A CORNISH HAVEN.

COME away with me to the sea! Let us go to Cornwall, where sea and air are of the purest and most exhilarating. Jumping into the train and proceeding westward until we come to Launceston, there we will leave the little quiet old-world town behind. So anxious are we to get to the sea, that we will not even stop to climb the hill and inspect the old castle which frowns down on us; but we will mount to the box-seat of the three-horse coach which stands waiting at the station, and drive away—still westward. Away, over the breezy uplands, where the cattle chew the cud sleepily beneath the August sun, between hedges set with brilliant jewels, which we call flowers, past undulating downs in whose hollows the purple shadows lie dreaming.

We stop presently at a little roadside inn, to give the horses a rest and a feed; and I climb down from my elevated position and partake of a cup of tea in the inn kitchen—a primitive flagged kitchen, with a great high-backed wooden settle by the fire, and pewter bowls and cups shining on the walls. They pour out my bohea from a teapot which a fancier of old china would pronounce to be priceless. Genuine old 'Plymouth' it is, I see, and ask if they would be willing to part with it. But no; 'It was granny's;' and they would rather not sell it; so I turn my covetous eyes away, and clamber back to my seat beside the coachman.

Off we go again, along a fairly level road. The country is but thinly inhabited, and there are long intervals between the houses. By-and-by we begin to descend a hill, and enter a little sleepy town, where at first sight it seems to me that there are an inn and one or two shops, but no inhabitants. Only at first sight; for as we draw up before the *Hotel* (such is the proud boast I see over the doorway), and the driver descends and walks away to deposit a parcel or two and to gossip awhile with his acquaintances, we are delivered over to the tender mercies of the whole juvenile population, who surround the coach, climb on to the wheels, and make audible comments in very broad vernacular on our personal appearance and on our apparel.

This time we move off slowly, for we have a very steep hill to encounter, and the tired horses plod somewhat wearily up it. As we reach the top, and they stop panting to rest, I see far away on the horizon a silver streak, and my heart gives a throb of delight; for I have in its intensest form all an islander's love for the ocean, and I know what that silver streak is on which the sun shines so gaily. On rolls the coach merrily; the horses sniff the air, and seem to know that they are nearing home. Yes; here are the breezes we have come to look for. They peer familiarly under my hat; they blow my veil aside, and rudely kiss my cheeks; and their breath is fresh and salt, and whispers of new strength to the tired mind and body. On we hurry towards the setting sun, who is now mounting the chariot in which he drives away to the other side of the world. We have lost sight of the faint line of silver again, and our view is almost bounded by the dusky hedges. Presently we turn a corner abruptly, and there, apparently at our feet, lies the blue Atlantic, smiling bright welcoming smiles at us in the last rays of departing Sol. The active young breezes, which seem so glad to see us again, revive us with sweet aromatic odours, which they gather from the weed-strewn rocks. They evidently think we are wise people to have left those weak-minded little zephyrs coquetting with the flowers on the lawn at home, and to have followed them to their sporting place beside the restless ever-changing sea.

In another moment we stop, and all the tired travellers dismount and stretch their cramped limbs. I hear many around me inquiring for hotels or lodgings; but we are expected, and here is our landlady's husband come to meet us; so we hand over our luggage to him, and wend our way to Cliff Cottage. Here we find a smiling hostess, who tells us how glad she is to see us; and after we have removed some of the dust of our journey, we sit down to a well-spread tea-table, on which a noble Cornish pasty holds the post of honour. We

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draw the table into the bow-window, which faces not directly seawards, but towards the bay, which has been a haven of safety to so many. But it is growing dark already, and we are weary with our long drive; so, soon we seek our fragrant chamber, in which the lavender scents struggle faintly to overpower the pungent aroma of the sea; and it is not long before we are lulled to sleep by the monotonous thunder of the waves on the rocks below.

In the morning we peep out at the colliers which ride safely in the little sunny bay, at the white houses which are dotted here and there over the cliffs, and at the little village itself lying snugly in the hollow. To right and left, sweeping far away, stand the great eternal sea-walls of sombre iron-stone crags, and the grassy downs rolling away inland, unbroken except by a lonely stone or a patch of golden gorse; and beneath us lie ancient gray boulders and stretches of yellow sand. Away on the hill opposite stands the little church, in whose quiet graveyard rests many a sailor who has found his death in the pitiless sea. Eleven graves mark the resting-place of the crew of one vessel, whose figure-head forms an appropriate headstone to the sad group.

The first thing to be done after breakfast is to bathe. It is not enough to be *by* the sea; we must be *in* it, if we wish to rob it of all the strength and vigour we can; so we start off over the downs to where a sudden depression in the cliff leads to the bathing beach. Here we find old Harriet the bathing-woman, browner than ever, who gives us a cordial welcome. The bathing is primitive in the extreme. Harriet possesses two tents, which she pitches daily on a smooth spot of sand. For the use of one in which to disrobe you pay a ridiculously small sum, which also includes old Harriet's watchful 'surveillance' while you are in the water. As the number of tents is so limited and the bathers many, not a few avail themselves of the shelter of a friendly rock behind which to perform their toilet; but I am squeamish, and wait my turn for the tent. And oh! how reviving the plunge into the surf, which comes rolling in frothing and seething like champagne, and which knocks me over and plays at ball with me as if I were a cork! The cool waves curl and cling round me, and kiss my arms and hands lovingly with their wet lips. I let them break over my bowed head, and clasp them tenderly to my breast; but they slip away from me, and riot and tumble round me with joyous laughter, sprinkling eternal freshness from their bounteous hands. I sniff the keen salt air with delight, and let the foam toss me to and fro at its own sweet will, until Harriet, who watches me anxiously (she thinks me a somewhat rash young person, I know), orders me authoritatively to come in, saying I have had enough of it—for the first time. Very reluctantly I obey; but it would require a braver person than I am to contradict the withered old sea-nymph, and soon I emerge from the tent with streaming locks, feeling like a giant refreshed.

Thank goodness, here are no brass bands, no esplanade; a circulating library of such modest pretensions that it does not circulate, and shops in which it is next to impossible to spend any money! At the chemist's we buy our groceries as well as our drugs, and he is the only wine-merchant the dear primitive little place can boast. But we get mutton which transcends Southdown; capital poultry and vegetables; butter such as I have never tasted before or since; rich cream, which you must call Cornish (not 'Devonshire'), to please the buxom farmer's wife who supplies it to you; and plenty of good fruit. And what do you want more, with such a sky above you, such a glorious sea at your feet, such a wall of ironstone crags behind you? Down on the beach we go, and dawdle away the hot summer afternoon. We stretch ourselves on the tawny sand, where great barriers of rock jut out on each side of us, beneath the shadow of a dreadful scarped cliff, to which no scrap of weed or herbage seems able to cling. We look up at it with a sense of awe. We think of the many ships, nearing home after a weary journey, which have been driven by the storm's pitiless whip straight into its terrible arms, there to meet a dread destruction. We think of the many struggling drowning wretches on whom it has gazed down with its stony eyes during all the ages it has stood there. The great billows in their winter's fury have beaten and lashed it until it is scarred all over; but still it gazes calmly down at them, as if defying their malicious rage. And yet, cruel as it is, how picturesque the colouring as it ranges from the intense purple black of the tide-line, through warm green and brown shadows, to the bright high lights far away above our heads.

Dark rock-pools lie behind us, lined with queer zoophytes and delicate sea-anemones; beside us are the crimson lady's finger and the golden trefoil; the dainty scents of the sea-weed and the fresh wet sand are in the air, and before us is the smiling sea. Yes; he smiles at us to-day, though here——with a restless surf breaking eternally on the beach—he is never calm and rippling, as we see him in more southern climes.

Presently the sun sinks lower in the heavens; a breeze awakes, and the day turns cooler; so we go for a walk along the smooth firm sand, which the ebbing sea has left bare; through a wilderness of weird black cliffs, which, when the tide is high, range far out into the sea in castles and turrets and spires of jagged rock; an iron-bound coast indeed, hopeless to the shipwrecked mariner, save for our friendly little haven. Far away on the warm horizon hangs Lundy Island, like a shapely gray ghost; very faint by day, and at night telling us only by its revolving light where it is. We walk on to a gorge up which we can make our way to the top of the cliff, and homeward over the undulating downs and by the banks of golden broom. We pass through a little village, where the myrtles and fuchsias are all abloom in the cottage-gardens, and where the great yews brood silently over the old gray church. The door stands open, and we go in. What a dear old church, with its quaintly carved oaken pews,

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and tender-hued stained glass windows! Evidently the restoration-fiend has not reached here yet. Let us hope that he will stay away, along with the esplanade and the brass bands.

Sometimes we spend our afternoon or evening out at the end of the breakwater, which forms one side of this little mariner's refuge. It connects a rock which stands right out at sea, with the shore, and occasionally in spring-tides is quite under water. One evening, while standing on the far end watching the glorious setting sun, we forget to look behind us, and turning suddenly, find the breakwater submerged. A man could still cross it perhaps, but a not over-strong woman might easily be carried over and drowned by the on-coming surf. I am not brave enough to face it; so we remain where we are, and enter into conversation with a stalwart Cornishman, who, with the instinct of a true gentleman, volunteers—as the lady seems nervous, and as he knows all about the tides, and exactly how high the sea will rise to-night—to remain with us until we are released by the ebbing waters. I rather resent the imputation of timidity, but am very glad he has imprisoned himself with us, as the night turns darker and darker, and the waves creep higher and higher, and wheel and foam and thunder around, as if in impotent rage at their inability to reach their prey.

Our Cornish hero reassures and consoles me, telling me that they cannot possibly reach to where we sit; and he whiles away the time with stories of wrecks which he has seen, and also of many hair-breadth escapes. He tells us how a ship driving straight on to the cruel rocks, was lifted by one giant wave over the breakwater and 'landed safely in the harbour beyond;' and I steal a glance behind me, and see with thankfulness that the waters are abating. In a little while longer, with the help of our pleasant companion, I am able to get over dry-shod, and it is with a feeling of relief that I find myself once more on mainland.

From this breakwater too, on a stormy day we watch the life-boat go out for practice. How gallantly she breasts the breakers, which seize her and whirl her backwards, as if defying her to leave the shore. The seamen tell us that in the great storms which arise here during the winter she is perfectly useless. No life-boat could live in the seas which beat upon this heartless coast. Often the coast-guardsmen have to creep on hands and knees to their signal-station, as, standing erect, they cannot face the wind. But the rocket apparatus has saved many and many a life; and we also one night see that fiery messenger of life and hope speed away into the darkness over an imaginary wreck; and a fictitious shipwrecked mariner comes on shore in the frail-looking apparatus, which slides along the rope, swaying to and fro in the angry wind, looking like a frail thread, suspended as it is in mid-air over the vexed and tumbling waters below.

Sometimes we make excursions—to Tintagel Castle, where King Arthur dwelt with his knights; or away to wooded Clovelly, where Will Carey lived, and Amyas Leigh suffered, and Rose Salterne loved. Or to Stratton, in the neighbourhood of which a great battle was fought, in 1643, between the Parliamentary and Royalist troops, in which the former, under Waller, were defeated. A cannon found on the field marks the site of the combat; and in the High Street of the town, a slab let into the wall of an old house bears a legend telling how Sir Bevil Grenvil, the victorious general, rested there after the fight.

But we like best to spend our days wandering over the sands and the ancient mussel-clad boulders, or straying across the breezy downs into the rich smiling corn-country beyond, where in the hedges the pale wild roses are transforming themselves into brilliant scarlet hips, and the sun is beginning to dye the blackberries a luscious purple. Then as the day begins to tire, and prepares to go in royal state to her rest, we love to sit out on the rocks listening to the weary surges which sing her a sweet monotonous requiem, and watching the scarlet flames in the west steeping the wet sands in a crimson stain as of blood. A great belt of iron-gray clouds encircles the horizon. Slowly the sun sinks behind it, gilding its edges with a rich luminous glow, which faintly shadows forth the glories the clouds veil from our eyes. Lower and lower he droops his head, heavier and still heavier with sleep, until one brilliant flaming eye is all that we can see. Then the lid drops over that too, and he is gone. Spell-bound, we sit on, listening to the sea's mournful dirges, while night swoops down over earth and ocean with dusky wings. We watch the moon, like a vain lady attiring herself magnificently in the east before she issues forth on her evening pilgrimage. She sends her handmaidens, the stars, before her, and they light up her pathway with their brilliant lamps. Then she comes forth robed in a filmy veil of pearly lace, and mounts silently into the sky, until she sits enthroned far above our heads. She kisses the white crests of the waves, and crowns them with silver, and peers with gentle eyes at the solemn gigantic black cliffs, until they seem to lay aside something of their stony harshness in the light of those poetic orbs. The long oar-weeds waving in the water seem to beckon to her with inky fingers, and a few giddy young stars obey the summons, for some of them have fallen into the quiet rock-pools, and gaze up at us out of their calm depths. The phosphorus awakes and shoots out tongues of lambent flame, as if seeking to outvie the splendour of the queen of night. The waters glow as if they were on fire, and the great dark billows rush in and cast sparkling jewels at our feet.

How shall we resolve to leave all these delights? Wild ocean is so kind to those who love him and do him homage. He gives them back the strength of which the struggle and turmoil of the world have robbed them, and refreshes the weary spirit with his gracious sights and sounds. Nature is no step-mother, and for those who look at her most tenderly and love her best, she paints her fairest pictures and sings her sweetest songs.

But soon, too soon, the day comes when we must bid good-bye to the kindly folks we have grown to love so well; when we rest for the last time in our sea-odoured chamber; when we take our last walk over the downs, and loiter for the last time beneath the shadow of the time-worn cliffs. We leave the dear quiet little place, where we have for a time hidden from the busy world, and rested on our march; we leave it to the winds, which grow ruder and more boisterous day by day, and which soon will drive many a mariner to take

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refuge in its friendly haven. We shall find our own little zephyrs at home quite grown up, and strong enough to give us many a blow during the winter.

But if there be any who, like me, would love to linger on its quiet beach, to make acquaintance with its giant wall of rocks, to drink its keen life-giving breezes, to watch its gorgeous sunsets, or dream beneath its silver stars—then, let them take coach at Launceston, and following the declining sun, drive westward away to—Budehaven.

## THE LAST OF THE HADDONS.

### CHAPTER XXXIII.—'A WOMAN'S ERRAND.'

After making two or three attempts to obtain a private interview with me, and finding that it was not to be, Philip did not stay very long, explaining that he had only come down for the papers, and had business in town for the remainder of the day. Somewhat more gravely and quietly than usual, he shook hands with Mrs Tipper and Lilian; and then, in a matter-of-course way, said: 'Come, Mary.'

I knew that I must not refuse. Murmuring an excuse for a moment, I ran up to my room and fell upon my knees, asking for the strength I so sorely needed for the coming trial; then joined him again, and we went out together. As we walked down the lane, I felt that he too was nerving himself; and presently he asked, in a low grave voice: 'What made you talk in the way you did just now, Mary?'

I was in a difficult position. If I attempted to justify myself, he would take alarm at once, and bind me and himself still closer to our bond. I could only treat it as a jest.

'We all talk nonsense sometimes, Philip.'

'I suppose so; but that is a kind of nonsense you have not taught me to expect from you.'

'I am afraid you expect too much from me.'

'I certainly expect a great deal.'

Fortunately, I had something to say which would keep off love-speeches; and without any attempt to smooth the way, I said it.

'Philip, I want to ask you to give me ten pounds. I have spent all my money.'

Oddly enough, he did not know that I was entirely without money. I had thought it sufficient to tell him only that my dear mother's income died with her, not wishing to pain him with the knowledge that I had been so nearly destitute. I think he imagined that I had a small income of my own, and as I avoided the subject, did not like to appear curious about it. Even now, I believe that he did not suspect me to be entirely penniless, merely supposing that I had spent all that I had in hand. The five-and-twenty pounds had been expended to the last shilling in furbishing up my modest wardrobe, and for small incidental expenses in the way of my share towards the cottages, &c. I had shrunk from the idea of making him acquainted with the state of my finances; knowing how large-hearted he was, and how much would be forced upon me if he once guessed my need. Mrs Tipper was always protesting against the value and number of the offerings which found their way to the cottage, whilst Lilian and I were afraid of expressing a wish in his presence.

It was all very different now. It would cheer and comfort him by-and-by to reflect that I was able to ask a favour of him just at this crisis. Had I not been so sorely pressed as I was, it would still have been as well to ask him.

'Ten pounds!' he ejaculated, stopping short in his walk to gaze at me in the greatest astonishment; asking himself, I think, if *this* was the explanation of the change which he had observed in me. 'I am utterly ashamed of my stupidity in allowing you to name such a thing; though I am sure you will do me the justice to attribute it solely to want of thought!'

'You see I do not mind asking you, Philip.'

'Mind indeed; of course you do not! I will run back at once and write a cheque.'

'No; please do not—not if you have as much as ten pounds with you. Just now, I want only that.'

'Ten pounds! Take what I have about me!' hastily taking out his purse, and putting it into my hand.

'But indeed I could not take all this!' I returned, seeing that the purse contained several notes as well as gold. 'I do not want any more than ten pounds.'

'Nonsense; don't make a fuss over such a trifle.'

But I separated two five-pound notes from the rest, and was very decided about his taking back the purse.

'Then I shall of course send a cheque as soon as I get back. By the way, Mary, I am making arrangements for the settlement of three hundred a year upon you; and of course all is yours, absolutely, in the event of'——

I broke down for a few moments, leaning against the stile where we were standing.

'Nay, Mary'——. Then I think that he saw something more in my face than even the allusion to his death seemed to warrant. He went on with grave anxiety: 'I fear you are not well. Is your hand painful?'

Ah, my hand—how thankful I was for the suggestion! I slipped it under my cloak, dragged away the bandage, which again opened the wound.

'Bleeding afresh! You must really have it seen to, Mary.'

'O no; it is really a very trifling affair.' In my misery and despair, I almost laughed at the idea of being able to feel any physical pain.

He assisted me to tighten the bandage again. But I presently knew that it would not do to have his hands touching me and his face close to mine in this way; so, with a little brusque remark about his want of skill (ah Philip, had you known what it cost me!), I declared that my hand required no more fussing over. I had the parting to go through, and needed all my nerve. First, I must make sure of his not coming down to the cottage for two or three days.

'You said you expect to be very much engaged; and therefore I suppose we shall not see you again until the end of the week—Friday or Saturday, perhaps?'

This was Tuesday, and I wanted to make sure of two clear days.

'I will contrive to run down before that, if you wish it, Mary.'

'No; I too have much to do. Do not come before Friday.'

'Very well. You will tell me then which day you have decided upon, since you will not say now.'

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I had waived the decision as to which day the wedding was to take place; and I did so again, merely repeating 'Friday.'

'All right; take care of yourself; and be sure to have the hand seen to.' He was stooping down to give me the customary kiss before crossing the stile; but I took his two hands in mine, and looked up into his face, I think as calmly and steadily as I had prayed for strength to do.

'God bless you, Philip.' Then I put my arms about his neck, lifted up my face to his, and kissed him. 'Good-bye, dear Philip.'

I saw an expression of surprise, a slight doubt and hesitation in his eyes. He had not found me so demonstrative as this before, and was for the moment puzzled to account for it. But I contrived to get up a smile, which I think satisfied him. Then with a last wrench, I turned away, hearing as though from another world his answering 'Good-bye' as he vaulted the stile.

After that, the rest would be easy. I allowed myself one hour in the woods—not for the indulgence of regret—I knew too well the danger of that—but for recovery, and got back to the cottage in time for our early dinner. Moreover, I forced myself to eat, knowing that I should require all the strength I could get; and delighted dear kind old Mrs Tipper's heart by asking for a glass of wine.

It was a terrible ordeal, sitting there under their tender watchful eyes; but I got through it tolerably I think. Afterwards, I told them that I wanted to catch the three o'clock up-train, adding a purposely indefinite remark about having some arrangements to make in town.

'Is Mr Dallas going to meet you, my dear?' asked Mrs Tipper anxiously.

'No; I am going on a woman's errand,' I replied, with a sad little half-smile at the thought of what their surprise would be if they could know how very literally I was speaking.

'*Must* you go to-day?—may not I go with you, dear Mary?' pleaded Lilian. 'You are looking so pale and unlike yourself; I do not like the idea of your going alone.'

'I should fancy that there was something really the matter with me, if I could not go alone so short a distance as that, dearie,' I lightly replied. 'I think I will allow my age to protect me.'

She drew nearer to me, looking at me in the nervous, half-afraid way she so frequently did of late, as she laid her hand upon my arm.

'I wish you would not talk like that—dear Mary, why do you?'

I was not strong enough to bear much in this way; so replied with an attempt at a jest, which made her shrink away again. I daresay my jests were flavourless enough, and in strange contrast to my looks.

Mrs Tipper's silent, anxious watchfulness was even harder to bear than Lilian's tender love. It was not my journey to town which puzzled them—I saw that they imagined I was intent upon preparing some little pleasant surprise for them at my wedding—but the change they saw in me, which no amount of diplomacy could hide.

How thankful I was, when I at length made my escape to my own room; but I was not allowed to go alone. I had to bear Lilian's loving attendance whilst I was putting on my bonnet and cloak. Indeed, she lingered by my side until I had got half-way down the lane.

'You will not be very late, Mary?'

'No, dearie; I think not—I hope not.'

'We shall be longing to see you back.'

'And you must not be surprised if I return in a very conceited frame of mind, after being made so much of,' I lightly replied.

'Only come back *yourself*,' she murmured, giving me a last kiss as she turned away.

Dear Lilian, did she in truth guess something of what the lightness cost me? I knew that I did not deceive her wholly. Although she might be in some doubt as to the cause, I did not succeed in hiding the effects from her.

I arrived at the London terminus about four o'clock, and took a cab, directing the man to drive to a West-end street facing St James's Park. My errand was to one of the largest mansions there, which at any other time I should have considered it required some nerve to approach in a way so humble. I could quite understand the cabman's hesitating inquiry as to whether I wished to be driven to the principal entrance. Probably I did not appear to him quite up to the standard of the housekeeper's room. Fortunately I was not able to give a thought to my appearance. Had I been visiting the Queen, I should have thought of her only as a fellow-woman, in my deep absorption.

Three hours later I was taken back to the railway station in a luxurious carriage, borne swiftly along by spirited horses; a slight, refined, delicate-looking woman, with earnest thoughtful eyes, and attired almost as simply as myself, was sitting by my side with my hand in hers, as we now and again touched upon the subject which occupied our thoughts.

I had found a friend in my time of need, and such a one as I had not dared to hope for. But this in due time. We parted with just a steady look and grasp of the hand.

'To-morrow?'

'Yes; between six and seven.'

I returned to the cottage, certainly not looking worse than when I had quitted it, and was received with a welcome which made me almost lose courage again. Fortunately it was very nearly our usual time for retiring. Fortunately too I had much to do, and it had to be done in the small-hours of the night, so that I had no time to give to the indulgence of my feelings when I was left alone in my room. First turning out the contents of my drawers and boxes, I separated from them a few things which were absolutely needful for my purpose. One dress and cloak and bonnet were all that I should require, besides a small supply of under-clothing. The latter I put into a small trunk which Becky could easily carry, and then replaced the other things in the drawers again, arranging and ticketing them in orderly methodical fashion as I wished them by-and-by to be distributed. If 'Tom' should in course of time prove more appreciative of Becky—which in consequence of a hint I had received from Lydia, I did not despair of so much as she did—I pleased myself with the idea that the contents of certain drawers would make a very respectable outfit for her. The plain gray silk dress which I had purchased for my own wedding would not be too fine for hers. In a note placed on the top of the things, I begged Mrs Tipper to give them to Becky when the right time came. Afterwards I took out the little collection of my dear mother's jewellery.

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It was really a much better one than I had believed it to be. Indeed I had never before examined the contents of the packet. When it appeared probable that the jewels would have to be sold, I had avoided looking at them; shrinking painfully from the idea of calculating upon the money value of my mother's only legacy to me; and perhaps also in my time of need a little afraid of being tempted by the knowledge of its worth. One diamond ring, a large single stone, which even I could tell was of some value, I put on the finger of my left hand, which would never wear another now. That was all I would keep. I then put aside a pretty ruby brooch for my dear old friend Mrs Tipper; and after some hesitation about making a little offering to Philip, I satisfied myself with selecting a valuable antique ring which had belonged to my father, and writing a line begging Lilian to give it to him with the love of his sister Mary. The rest—I was quite proud of the quantity now—I packed up and addressed to the care of Mrs Tipper—my gift to my dear Lilian on her wedding-day.

## SUBMARINE CABLES.

### WORKING.

THE working and maintenance of the existing telegraph lines employ a vast number of people taken all together; but it is surprising how few hands are necessary for the working of any single line or system. This is especially so in the case of submarine cables, where, when the cable continues sound, it is not necessary to support a staff for surveillance and repairs. Half-a-dozen stations several hundred miles apart, and half-a-dozen men at each, are sufficient to carry the news from one end of a continent to the other.

Without enumerating the telegraph systems that now exist, it may suffice to say that the British Isles are connected by submarine cables with nearly every quarter of the globe, and that their number is still increasing.

A telegraph station abroad, no matter in what Company or country, presents nearly the same characteristics wherever found. The more remote the place, the more primitive may be the arrangements; but the work is the same, the men are about the same, and the instruments almost invariably so. There is the superintendent; and under him the clerk in charge, his right-hand man, who oversees the clerks or operators at their work of sending and receiving messages. Then, besides these, and partly independent of them, there is the electrician, a member of the scientific as distinguished from the operating staff of the Company, whose duties are to take periodical tests of the cable and land-lines, to report on their condition, and to keep the instruments in proper working order. Under all these, there is generally the messenger and battery-man, who may be called the stoker of the electrical engine, and who, besides, does the odd work of the establishment.

The station itself generally consists of the superintendent's office or bureau; the instrument-room, where the messages are sent and received; the battery-room, generally under ground; and the sleeping-quarters of the clerks. Occasionally the electrician and clerk in charge have separate working-rooms; and a smoking-room, with perhaps a billiard-table and home newspapers, are added for the convenience of all. Life passes quietly and uneventfully at these stations, except when something goes wrong with the instruments or the cable, and then the electrician has his period of anxiety and trouble; while the operators, on the other hand, find their occupation at a temporary standstill.

To understand the working of a submarine cable and the actual process of sending a message, it is necessary to figure in imagination the several parts of the electric circuit, made up of the battery, the instruments, the cable, and the *earth* itself; and to remember that for a current of electricity to flow through any part of the circuit it is necessary that the *whole* circuit should be complete. Starting then from the battery, which is the source of the electric current, we have the cable joined to it by means of a key or sending instrument, which by the working of a short up-and-down lever can connect or disconnect the conductor of the cable to a particular pole of the battery, the other pole of the battery being the while connected to the earth. The cable then takes us to the distant station. Here the conductor is connected to the receiving instrument, or instrument for making the signals indicating the message, and through the receiving instrument it is connected to the earth. The electric circuit is thus rendered complete. The current passes from one pole of the battery by means of the key into the cable, through the cable to the instrument at the other end, and thence to the earth; and inasmuch as the other pole of the battery is at the same time connected to the earth at the first station, the conducting circuit is complete, for the earth, no matter what the intervening distance be, acts as an indispensable part of the circuit.

We have thus the two stations connected by a cable. At the station sending the message there is the battery, from which the current proceeds; the sending instrument, for letting the current into the cable, or stopping it; and the 'earth-plate,' or metal connection between one pole of the battery and the earth. At the station receiving the message there is the receiving instrument, and again the earth-plate, connecting the earth into circuit. These separate parts of the circuit, as we have already said, must be 'connected up,' as it is termed, so as to provide a complete conducting channel for the current to flow in from one pole of the battery to the distant place and back again (or virtually so) through the earth. Only at one place can the circuit be interrupted and the current consequently stopped—that is, at the key of the sending instrument. Here then the sending clerk sits, and by manipulating the lever of this key he 'makes and breaks' the circuit at will, and thereby controls the current. The regulated making and breaking of this connection is the basis of telegraphing, whether by submarine cable or by the ordinary land lines. Accordingly as the clerk maintains the circuit for a longer or a shorter time, so will the current give longer or shorter indications on the receiving instrument at the distant station: or again, according as the opposite poles of the battery are applied to the cable by the key, and the direction of the current consequently reversed in the cable, so will the indicated signals on the

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receiving instrument be of opposite kind. From the elementary short and long signals, or right and left signals, so obtained on the receiving instrument, a code of letters and words may be built up, and intelligible messages transmitted. The Morse Code is that universally adopted, and for the further information of our readers we here append it as it is usually written:

| Letter. | Sign. | Letter. | Sign. |
|---|---|---|---|
| A | - — | P | - — — - |
| B | — - - - | Q | — — - — |
| C | — - — - | R | - — - |
| D | — - - | S | - - - |
| E | - | T | — |
| F | - - — - | U | - - — |
| G | — — - | V | - - - — |
| H | - - - - | W | - — — |
| I | - - | X | — - - — |
| J | - — — — | Y | — - — — |
| K | — - — | Z | — — - - |
| L | - — - - | Ch | — — — — |
| M | — — | é (accented) | - - — - - |
| N | — - | Understand | - - - — - |
| O | — — — | Wait | - — - - |

The numerals run:

| Numeral. | Sign. | Numeral. | Sign. |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | - — — — — | 6 | — - - - - |
| 2 | - - — — — | 7 | — — - - - |
| 3 | - - - — — | 8 | — — — - - |
| 4 | - - - - — | 9 | — — — — - |
| 5 | - - - - - | 0 | — — — — — |

For other accented letters, fraction signs, punctuation, and official directions as to the disposal of the message, there are other signs, but the above are the essentials of the Morse Code. The long and short signs represent the long and short signals of the receiving instrument, produced by the long and short contacts of the sending key with the battery. It will be seen that the letter A is rendered by a short signal followed by a long one; the letter B by a long signal followed by three separate short ones; and so on. Hence, in order to telegraph the letter A to his colleague at the distant end of the line, the clerk, by depressing the lever of the sending instrument, makes contact between the cable and the battery, first for a short time, and then for a longer time. The long and short signals are widely employed in overland telegraphy; but in submarine telegraphy a saving of time is effected by signals of *opposite kind*. Thus, if a left deflection, or deflection of the indicator to the left, signifies a 'dot' or short signal, a deflection to the right will signify a 'dash' or long signal. In this case the sending instrument or key has two levers, a right and left one, corresponding to the distinct signal which each produces. By depressing the left lever of the key, a pole of the battery is applied to the cable, which produces a left-hand signal on the receiving instrument at the distant station; and by depressing the right-hand lever, a right-hand signal is produced. Proper rests or intervals are permitted between the separate words, letters, and full stops of a message.

The battery in common use for submarine telegraphy is either the sawdust Daniell or the Leclanché. The Daniell consists of a plate of zinc and a plate of copper brought into contact with each other by sawdust saturated with a solution of sulphate of zinc; and crystals of sulphate of copper (bluestone) are packed round the copper plate, so as to dissolve there in the solution of sulphate of zinc. The zinc plate forms the *negative* pole of the battery, and the copper plate the *positive* pole. When these two poles are connected together by a wire or other conducting circuit, such as that made up of the cable and the earth, a current of electricity—the voltaic current—flows from one to the other, and always in one direction, namely, from the copper or positive pole to the zinc or *negative* pole. Hence it is that by applying the one pole or other to the cable and the other to earth through the earth-plate, the direction of the current in the cable is reversed and opposite signals produced.

The earth-plate is usually a copper plate several feet square, sunk deep into the moist subsoil near the station, so as to make a good conducting contact with the mass of the earth.

The receiving instruments for working a submarine cable are different from those used in working land-lines. Inasmuch as the current travels full strength, like a bullet, through a land-line, and in the form of an undulation or wave through a cable, so is it necessary to have different kinds of receiving instruments for each. In a land-line powerful currents can be used with impunity, and these can be made, by means of electro-magnetism, to move comparatively heavy pieces of mechanism in giving signals. But in a cable the currents are prudently kept as low as possible, in case of damage to the insulator, and the receiving instrument must therefore be delicate. In land-lines the current passes in an instant, leaving the line clear for the next signal, so that the indications of the receiving instrument are abrupt and decided. But in a cable the electric current takes an appreciable time to flow from end to end, so that the separate signals in part coalesce, the beginning of one blending with the end of that preceding it, so that the signals become involved with each other. It is necessary, therefore, that time be allowed for each wave to clear itself of the cable before another wave is sent in, otherwise we would have the cable as it were *choked* with the message. A continuous current of electricity may be said to be flowing through it, and the ripples on the surface are the separate signals of the message. It is to take cognisance of these waves or ripples that the receiving instrument for cable-work must be designed; and as the quicker the message is sent into the cable the smaller these ripples will be, the more delicate should be the instrument.

There are only two instruments in use on long cables, and both are the invention of Sir William Thomson, the distinguished Glasgow physicist and electrician. The mirror galvanometer has been already described in this *Journal* in a paper on the manufacture of submarine cables; and the 'mirror' or 'speaker,' the commonest of these receiving instruments, is but a modified form of the mirror galvanometer. It consists of a hollow coil of silk-covered wire, in the heart of which a tiny mirror, with several small magnets cemented to its back, is suspended by a single thread of floss-silk fibre. A beam of light from a lamp is thrown upon the mirror, and reflected from it on to a white screen, across which a vertical zero-line is drawn. When no current is passing through the coil, the reflected beam of

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light which makes an illuminated spot or gleam on the screen, remains steady at the zero-line. But when a current passes through the coil, the magnets in its heart are moved and the mirror with them, so that the beam of light is thrown off at a different angle, and the spot of light is seen to move from the zero-line along the screen to right or to left of the zero-line according as the current is made or reversed in the coil; so that as the key is manipulated at the sending station, so are right or left signals received by the clerk who sits watching the movements of this spot of light, and interpreting them to his fellow-clerk, who writes them down. In the form of instrument here described, and also in the other receiving instrument for submarine work, the zero is not fixed but movable. The vertical line on the screen is only the nominal zero. The continuous current underlying the ripples which form the message, deflects the spot from the zero-line; but this slow deflection can be disregarded by the clerk, for over and above it there are smaller quicker movements of the spot to right and left corresponding to the ripples, and these are the proper signals of the message. It requires long practice to make a good 'mirror' clerk, one who can follow the gleam with his eye through all its quick and intricate motions, and distinguish between those due to the shifting zero and those due to the various signals sent. Even this compound-ripple difficulty, however, is now got rid of by the use of an apparatus called a 'condenser,' the effects of which are that continuous currents are neutralised, and the pulsations of the signals sent are *alone* seen in the movements of the light upon the scale.

The other instrument is the siphon recorder, which permanently records in ink the signals which the 'mirror' only shews transiently. The principle of the siphon recorder is the converse of that of the mirror. In the mirror there is a large fixed coil and a light suspended magnet. In the siphon recorder there is a large fixed magnet and a light suspended coil. When the current passes through this coil, the latter moves much in the same way as the magnet moves in the 'mirror;' that is, it rocks to right or left according as the current flows. This rocking motion is communicated, by a system of levers and fibres, to a very fine glass capillary siphon, which dips into an ink-bottle and draws off ink upon a strip of running paper. The ink is highly electrified, so as to rush through the siphon and out upon the paper, marking a fine line upon it as it runs. When no current passes in the coil, this zero-line is straight; but when currents are passing, the line becomes zigzag and wavy; and the right and left waves across the paper constitute the message. Both of these instruments are very beautiful and ingenious applications of well-known electric, optical, and mechanical principles. The great merit of the recorder is that if a false signal is accidentally made by the sending clerk, the whole word need not always be lost by the receiving clerk, but may be made out from the rest of the word written down. Thus much repetition of messages is saved. There is some advantage too in having a written message for purposes of after reference.

A singularly ingenious system of telegraphy, termed the *duplex*, has recently been extended to long submarine cables, and is likely to become of general, if not universal application. It is effected by constructing an artificial line, in this case representing an artificial cable, which shall have the same influences on the current that the actual cable has. The signalling current from the battery is then split up at each station between the actual cable and the artificial cable, so that half flows into one and half into the other. And there is placed a receiving instrument in such a way between these two halves of the current that they exactly counterbalance each other's effect upon it; and so long as sending is going on from a station, the receiving instrument at that station is undisturbed. But the sending currents from the other station have the power to disturb this balance and cause signals to be made. Thus then, while the sending at a station does not affect the receiving instrument in connection with the cable there, the currents sent from the distant station cause it to mark the signals. Each station is thus enabled to send a message and receive one at the same time; and this is what is called duplex or double telegraphy.

In ordinary telegraphy, one station is receiving while the other is sending; but in duplex working, both stations are sending together and receiving together, so that there is little or no delay in the traffic, and the carrying power of a busy cable is practically doubled.

In case of accident to the cables each Company maintains a repairing-ship ready to go to sea at shortest notice. Some 'faults' are of a nature not seriously to interfere with the working of a cable; but it cannot be expected that they will remain always in the same comparatively harmless state. When a flaw occurs in the insulator it tends to enlarge itself, and more of the current escapes to the sea, until so much escapes that the current which reaches the distant station is too feeble to work the instruments there. All traffic therefore ceases. The electrician's tests having localised the fault so many miles from shore, the repairing-ship proceeds to the spot. Here she lowers her grapnel a mile or two on one side or other of the supposed line of the cable, and when enough rope has been let out, she steers very slowly under steam, or drifts with the tide across the cable's track. The grapnel is simply a great iron hook, one approved form being like a compound fish-hook, with five or six flukes starting from the shank. A weight of chain drags behind it, to keep it well down on the bottom. The rope, which is generally of wire and yarn, passes under a dynamometer, which indicates its tension, and thence to the steam winch used for hauling in. Often the grapnel catches in rocks, or mud, and gives rise to false hope of the cable having been found. The ship is brought to, and hauling in commences; but soon the obstruction 'gives,' or the grapnel itself breaks, and the true nature of the 'catch' is found out. When the cable is hooked, the greatest skill and care are needed, especially when the ship's head lifts with the waves, to bring up the bight carefully without breaking the cable. When brought to the surface the cable is cut, and each end is brought on board in turn and tested. The fault, as we have previously shewn with the paying-out ship, may prove to be but a few miles distant. The sound end is thereupon buoyed, and the ship proceeds to pick up or haul in the faulty end until it is

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thought the fault must have been picked up. The electrician then cuts off the piece which contains the fault, and then he has only to join on a sound piece of cable in its place, and lay it back to the end that was buoyed, so filling up the gap. But if it should *not* contain the fault, the tests are again applied, until finally the fault is detected and cut out. Repairing is arduous and trying work; now giving rise to hopes, now crushing them, and anon deferring them. A great responsibility rests on those who undertake them, as the gain or loss of a week or two may represent an enormous sum of money to the Company.

## CROSS-PURPOSES.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

HAD Cissy only known it, there was very little in Frank Halkett's words to cause her any uneasiness. On his entering the drawing-room, seeing his place by Cissy's side forestalled by the major, whose person intercepted the beaming smile of welcome she bestowed upon him, he had turned away and thrown himself into the low chair that stood by Mrs Leyton's cosy lounge.

'So you have taken refuge with me,' says that lady with a quiet smile.

'Refuge!' repeats Halkett with an innocently puzzled air. 'No; I have only taken a seat.'

'What's the matter with you, Frank?'

'Nothing. Why? Do I look dyspeptic?'

'You don't look pleasant, certainly, if that has anything to do with it. Come; I am a witch, you know,' says Mrs Leyton, 'and so can tell all your secrets. And just to prove my power, I will tell you something now—you are sulky this evening.'

'Meaning I am stupid, I suppose,' says Halkett; 'but it don't take much witchery to discover that. I have an awful headache.'

'Oh, but I have not half done yet,' exclaims Mrs Leyton. 'Shall I go on? I could tell something very important, but that I am afraid of your heavy displeasure. Will you promise not to be angry?'

'Angry with *you!* Was I ever that?' asks Halkett tenderly. 'I give you full liberty to say anything on earth you like to me.'

'Do you mean that?'

'Certainly I mean it.'

'Very good then,' says the widow with lazy triumph; 'I will continue my sorceries; and first—you are in love.'

'"In love!"' reiterates Halkett, forcing himself heroically to meet her laughing eyes, and reddening very much in the attempt. 'No, no; your witchcraft has played you false this time.'

'It has not. I persist in my declaration. You are in love—hopelessly, irretrievably, desperately in love.'

'Well, perhaps I am,' says Frank, with tranquil resignation. 'Is that strange? Could one be with you, Frances, for so long a time, and not'——

'Nonsense!' interrupts Mrs Leyton. 'Do not trouble yourself to complete that sentence. We are much too old friends for *that*, I take it. And now, Frank, be a good boy; emulate your name, tell me all about it.'

'I really don't know that there is anything much to tell,' says Halkett, smiling. 'But what there is you shall hear. I admire a certain young lady more than is good for me; I fancy, until to-day, she returns my regard. I discover a couple of hours ago that my vanity has misled me. I see her happy in the arms—no, in the society of another—I find myself nowhere, hence my dyspepsia, distraction, and despair.—Don't look so sympathetic, Frances; probably I shall get over it.'

Though he says this with a laughing face, Mrs Leyton's dark eyes can see for themselves he is tremendously hard hit.

'And what is her name?' she asks sweetly.

'O Frances! You laying claim to be a witch, and must even ask *that* question? I decline to answer it. Your fairy lore should enable you to find out that much for yourself.'

'I love my love with a C because she is candid; I hate her with a C because she is capricious,' says Mrs Leyton archly. 'Am I "warm?" or will you still cry "cold?" If you do the latter, I doubt you will be wronging your conscience. Ah, Frank, I think I am one too many for you!'

'You were always that. What one man is equal to any woman? Well, as you have guessed so far, I believe I may as well tell you the rest;' and forthwith he commences to pour forth a tale, the telling of which had caused Cissy such exquisite anguish.

When he has finished, Mrs Leyton says: 'If you will take my advice, you will seek the first opportunity that offers, and ask for an explanation of her coldness.'

'You really think that the best thing to do?' says Halkett, brightening. 'I will act upon your advice then, and try my chance. Now let us forget it for the present. Is that a new ring upon your finger? May I look at it? Does it mark a fresh adorer?'

'No; an old one. Geoffrey Hyde gave it to me last autumn.' She surrenders her hand to him as she speaks; and he bending over it, examines leisurely the cluster of brilliants that scintillate and flash beneath the lamp-light.

'He has been faithful to you for a long time,' says Halkett presently.

'Yes; he is very tormenting. I really believe I shall have to marry him in the long-run, if only to get him out of the way.' She reddens a little as she says this, and laughs rather nervously.

'Are you serious?' asks Halkett with surprise. 'Then you are going to make him a happy man after all?'

'That remains to be proved. Probably I shall make him a wholesome warning to all obstinate men. But I think when last I saw him I made him some foolish promise about marrying him in the spring.'

'I congratulate him with all my heart, and you too,' says Halkett cordially. 'I think he is the only man I know *quite* worthy of you.'

When the hour comes for bedroom candles to be adjusted, Halkett seizes one, lights it, and carries it solemnly to Miss Mordaunt. But quick as he has been, Major Blake reaches her side similarly armed, almost at the same moment.

'Which shall I take?' says Miss Cissy gaily. 'I suppose I can have my choice. I think *this* pleases me most;' and she holds out her hand towards Blake with a pretty smile. 'Thank you,' she continues, slipping her slender fingers into his brown palm; 'and good-night. Don't smoke too much;' and with a little provoking backward nod

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she trips away, without bestowing so much as one poor glance upon Halkett. And so ends his first attempt at an explanation, leaving him so indignant that he almost vows he will not seek another.

All the following day Miss Mordaunt studiously avoids him, giving him no chance of obtaining the tête-à-tête she sees is impending. But Halkett calmly bides his time, knowing it cannot be far distant. As daylight fades, he feels more than ever determined to bring her to book before the dawn of another morning; and in this instance at least the Fates favour him, as there is to be a large dancing-party at the Hall to-night. She cannot well refuse to give him one dance out of the many—such palpable avoidance would be rather *too* marked; and once he has secured her as his partner, she must be at his mercy until the dance comes to an end.

This idea of course has also occurred to Miss Mordaunt, and though dreading the interview, she is still sufficiently indignant to cause her to make up her mind to be as curt and outspoken on the occasion as will be in strict keeping with her dignity. In this frame of mind she goes up-stairs to dress, and being an Irishwoman, it cannot be altogether said but that she sustains a rather pleasurable sensation—albeit one largely mingled with something very much akin to nervousness—as the battle-hour draws nigh.

'What shall I wear, Kennedy?' she asks her maid, sinking languidly into a chair.

'Well, miss, you know you look well in anything,' says Kennedy obligingly; 'there is nothing but what becomes you; but if I might be allowed to suggest, you look lovely entirely in white.'

'I won't wear white; I hate it,' says her mistress pettishly. 'Débutantes, and brides, and corpses wear white; I think—I shall wear—*black* to-night.'

'Black? O Miss Mordaunt!'

'Yes; certainly. Is gay clothing so necessary to me, then?'

'Well, miss, there's no doubt but you look real handsome in black; but the other ladies—they will be so gay—and you'——

'I shall be gayer than any of them, and the greater contrast!' cries Cissy, springing to her feet. 'Come, Kennedy; despatch, despatch; I feel I shall hold my own yet.'

And Kennedy throwing herself heart and mind into her task, soon turns out the most charming picture possible.

As Miss Mordaunt enters the drawing-room she sees Halkett standing on the hearth-rug in earnest conversation with the widow, who, if there is a fire anywhere, is never any great distance from it. He has been telling her of his repulse of the night before, and is looking somewhat dejected.

'Never mind,' says Mrs Leyton kindly; 'get her *alone;* then *you* will have the advantage. I think she must have heard—or fancied—something that wounds her.'

'I do not flatter myself so far; I merely think she prefers Blake, and wishes to get rid of me,' says Halkett gloomily.

'Nonsense! Let nothing induce you to believe that. In the first place, she doesn't even *look* at the man in the right way.'

Halkett laughs in spite of himself, and immediately afterwards becomes if possible even more despondent than before.

'How can she like that fellow Blake?' he says ill-naturedly.

'Oh, I don't see *that*. For my part, I think him absolutely handsome.'

'Of course, that goes without telling. All women have a *tendresse* for those great coarse broad-shouldered men. And what an accent he has!'

'Do you really dislike it? To me, I confess it is rather pleasant; mellow, with just a touch of the brogue. Your Cissy, you must remember, has it too, with perhaps rather more of the mellow and less of the brogue; but then you are prejudiced against this poor Blake.'

'Indeed I am not; you mistake me altogether: I think him a downright good fellow. In fact I have a fancy for all Irishmen; they are so full of go—chic—good-humour, until crossed. And Blake is like all his countrymen, a most enjoyable companion,' says Halkett with suspicious warmth.

'Evidently Miss Mordaunt is of your opinion,' says the widow rather cruelly, pointing to where Cissy is listening with a smiling face to one of the major's good stories.

Meanwhile the guests are arriving; and the fine old room that has been given up to the dancers is rapidly filling with pretty girls and powdered dowagers and men of all ages and degrees. Papas too are numerous; but these instinctively crowd round Uncle Charlie, and by degrees edge towards a more dimly lighted room, where instinct tells them, whist is holding silent sway.

'Will you give me the first dance?' says Halkett to Mrs Leyton, who readily grants her consent. Major Blake has of course secured Cissy; and presently, as ill-luck will have it, they find themselves in the same set, dancing opposite to each other. As Halkett's hand meets Cissy's, he hardly lets his fingers close round hers; and as she is also in a revengeful mood, the ladies' chain almost falls to the ground. Mrs Leyton, in spite of the good-nature that lies somewhere in her composition, nearly chokes with suppressed laughter as she witnesses this little by-play. She twits Halkett about it later on, but he is moody, and doesn't take kindly to her witticisms.

At least half the programme has been gone through before Captain Halkett asks Miss Mordaunt for the pleasure of a dance.

'If I am disengaged,' she says coldly, not looking at him, and searches her card with a languid bored air that tantalises him almost beyond endurance. He is longing to say: 'Never mind it; I wont interfere with your enjoyment this time,' with his sweetest smile, and rage at his heart; but he is too sternly determined to have it out with her to-night, to let his natural feelings win the day.

Cissy examining her card finds she is not engaged for the next dance, very much to her disgust; and is pondering whether she shall tell the lie direct and declare she is, when Halkett, as though he divines her thoughts, says abruptly: 'Not engaged for the next? Then I suppose I may have it?'

'I suppose so,' returns Miss Cissy reluctantly; and instantly turning from him, addresses her partner, as though such a person as Halkett were no longer in existence. Indeed, when after a quarter of an hour, he finds her in the conservatory and claims the fulfilment of her promise, it is with the utmost bad grace she places the very tips of

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her fingers upon his arm, and looks impatiently towards the ball-room.

'I don't mean dancing just yet; I have something particular to say to you first,' says Halkett hastily, and almost commandingly, standing quite still. 'It is hardly private here. Would you find it too cold to come with me into the garden?' glancing at the open door of the conservatory.

Cissy hesitates; then fearful of seeming reluctant, says: 'No. If you will go to the library for my shawl (you will find it on the sofa), I will go with you.'

'You will stay here until I return?' says Halkett, regarding her intently.

Cissy stares in turn. 'Of course I will,' she answers rather haughtily; and he goes.

'Did he imagine I would run away when his back was turned?' she soliloquises angrily. 'Does he suppose I am *afraid?* One would think it was *I* was in the wrong, not he. His conduct altogether is downright mysterious. I cannot understand him;' and for the first time it dawns upon her mind that there may possibly be some flaw in the interpretation she has put upon his conduct.

Returning with the shawl, Halkett places it gently round her shoulders, and they pass into the quiet night.

'What a beautiful moon!' exclaims Cissy presently, hardly knowing what to say.

'Yes;' absently.

'And for this time of year, how wonderfully mild it is—not in the least cold—as one might expect.'

'Yes—no—is it not?'

'I really don't know what *you* think about it,' says Miss Mordaunt impatiently. 'I for my part find it almost warm; but of course I cannot answer for you. Probably all this time you are feeling desperately cold.'

This little petulant outburst rouses Halkett.

'No!' he says with sudden energy and warmth; 'I am *not*. It is not in my nature to be cold in any way. I feel most things keenly: more especially slights from those I love. All ill-concealed disdain, unkind speeches, fickleness, touch me closely.'

'I can sympathise with you,' says Cissy calmly. 'I think nothing can be so bad as inconstancy—except perhaps deceit.'

This retort being as unexpected as it is evidently *meant*, puzzles Halkett to such a degree that he becomes absolutely silent. Miss Mordaunt, with her white shawl drawn closely round her slight black-robed figure, walks quietly beside him with the air of an offended queen, her head held rather higher than usual, a pretty look of scorn upon her lips.

After a while Halkett pulls up abruptly and faces her in the narrow pathway. 'What is the reason of your changed behaviour towards me today and yesterday?' he says shortly. 'I think I have a right to ask that.'

'*Have* I changed?'

'*Have* you? Must you ask the question? The whole world can see it. You treat me with the most studied coldness.'

'I thought I was treating you with as much courtesy as I give to all my uncle's guests.'

'I don't care for courtesy,' says Halkett passionately; 'your hatred would be better than your indifference. Yesterday morning I believed we were friends—nay, *more* than that; yesterday evening you ignored me altogether. It is either heartless coquetry on your part, or else you have a reason for your conduct. Let me hear it.'

'You are forgetting yourself,' says Miss Mordaunt coldly. 'You are the first person who has ever accused me of coquetry; you shall not do it again. I was foolish to come here with you, but—I trusted you. I wish to return to the house.'

'Nay, hear me!' cries Halkett remorsefully, following as she makes a movement to leave him, and catching her hand to detain her. 'Your avoidance has so perplexed and maddened me, that I said more than I meant or intended. Forgive me, and at least let me know how I have offended. Cissy, answer me!'

For a moment Miss Mordaunt hesitates, then endeavouring to speak lightly: 'I did not intend to perplex you,' she says; 'one cannot speak to every one at the same time. I am sorry if I appeared rude or neglectful; but you did not *look* very miserable, and surely Mrs Leyton was an excellent substitute for me.' She smiles as she says this, but pales a little too beneath the brilliant moon that is betraying her.

'Mrs Leyton is my very oldest and dearest friend,' replies Halkett; 'but no one on earth could console me for—your loss. Why will you not confess the truth, Cissy, and'——

'Yet you once loved her, if report speaks truly,' interrupts Miss Mordaunt, still speaking carelessly, though her heart-throbs can almost be counted. 'In India, we hear, there was a time when you would gladly have called her your wife. Is it not so?'

Halkett drops her hand.

'Has that miserable bit of gossip taken root even here?' he says with a faint sneer. 'Has Blake been making his cause good by such rubbishing tales? Frances Leyton and I grew up together. I would as soon think of making love to my nearest of kin as to her. The idea of any romantic attachment existing between us is more than absurd! Besides, she is to be married to Geoffrey Hyde early in the coming spring.'

Miss Mordaunt severs a little twig from one of the shrubs, and takes it to pieces slowly.

'Then *she* did not give you your favourite mare?' she says quietly, detesting herself as she asks the question, yet feeling compelled to solve all her doubts at once.

'No; she did not.' A pause. 'Shall I tell you who gave her to me? It was my only sister, Lady Harley. She loved the Baby dearly, and on her death-bed, told me to take good care of the creature, for her sake.'

The twig falls from Cissy's fingers. Surely, surely it cannot be true! Oh, how he must hate and despise her for all she has said and done! It is too late now to make reparation. She feels she would rather die a thousand deaths than give in, and confess to all the wretched suspicions and jealousies she has been carefully harbouring in her heart during these two past days.

'However, all this is beside the question,' goes on Halkett; 'you have not yet told me what I so much want to know. Has Blake anything to do with your coldness to me? Tell me, Cissy, are you engaged to him?'

Cissy has not expected this, and growing

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suddenly crimson, lets her head droop somewhat suspiciously. Halkett's eyes are on her face.

'No; of course not—I am not indeed.' There is a faint stammer in her speech as she says this, and Halkett's fears become certainties.

'But you *care* for him!' he exclaims vehemently. 'The very mention of his name has brought a flush into your cheeks. You hesitate, and turn your head aside. This then accounts for your sudden change of behaviour towards me! Having gained your point, you found your first victim in the way, and hardly knowing how to get rid of so troublesome an appendage, had recourse to—— Had you told me point-blank my attentions were unwelcome, it would have been more womanly, more just'——

'Pray, do not say another word,' says Miss Mordaunt with dignity, though tears are in her voice and eyes; 'this is the second time to-night you have spoken words difficult to forget. Do not trouble yourself to return with me. I prefer going in alone.'

When Cissy and Halkett appear at breakfast the following morning, they take care to seat themselves as far as possible from each other, and presently it becomes palpable to every one that they are considerably out of sorts. Uncle Charlie suggests that Miss Cissy has over-danced herself, or given the wrong man his *congé;* a remark that has sufficient truth in it to bring the hot blood into her cheeks. While Captain Halkett, having run through his letters, declares he must return to town by the afternoon train; at which Mrs Leyton looks uneasy, and casts a covert glance at Cissy Mordaunt.

That young lady stands fire pretty well, but with all her hardihood cannot keep her under lip from trembling ever so little. This sign of weakness be assured does not escape the widow's tutored eye; and she instantly challenges Major Blake to a game of billiards after breakfast.

'My dear Frank, you can't go to-day,' says Uncle Charlie decidedly. 'To-morrow they have promised us the best run we have had yet. I will not hear of your leaving. Write and tell her you have sprained your ankle, and send her your undying love. She will forgive you when she sees you.'

'I wish I *could* stay,' says Halkett, laughing; 'but unfortunately my recall is from my solicitor, not from my lady-love.'

'I don't believe a word of it!' says Uncle Charlie. 'A sudden recall *always* means a woman. Why, when *I* was a young man, I thought nothing of'——

'My dear!' says Aunt Isabel, with a gentle uplifting of the right hand.

'Quite so, my good Belle,' returns Uncle Charlie, patting the soft white fingers. 'But seriously, Frank, she will do very well without you.'

'I have no doubt of *that*,' says Halkett, and raising his eyes meets Miss Mordaunt's full.

Half an hour later, Cissy, feeling mournful and guilty, steals round to the stables to take a last look at the Baby, as she is afraid to look at the Baby's master. Just as she is patting her and rubbing down the soft velvet muzzle, the door opens, and Halkett enters.

'I am glad to see she is so much better,' says Miss Mordaunt promptly but nervously, pointing to the injured limb. 'If you go to-day, you will not take her with you, I suppose?'

'No; I suppose not.'

'*Must* you go?'

Halkett glances at her reproachfully. 'Yes; of course I must. There is no other course left open to me. After what you told me last night, it would be simple madness to remain.'

'What did I tell you? I don't think I told you anything.'

'Well—what you led me to infer.'

'You should not infer things. *I* never meant you to do so.' As Miss Mordaunt says this in a very low tone, she turns her head aside and recedes a step or two. A dark flush rises to Halkett's brow, colouring all his face, even through the bronze an Indian sun has laid upon it. A sudden gleam of something akin to hope shines in his eyes for an instant, but is as speedily suppressed.

'Do you know what you are doing?' he says in a tone sufficiently unsteady to betray the agitation he is feeling. 'Do you know what your manner, your words seem to me to mean? Do not, I implore you, raise within me again the hope I have surrendered, unless—— O Cissy, *you* will never know how cruel a thing it is to love without return!'

'But—are you sure—*your* love—has gained no return?' demands Miss Cissy in faltering accents, and immediately afterwards feels she has but one desire on earth, and that is for the ground to open and swallow her.

'Cissy, Cissy!' cries Halkett, '*tell* me you do not care for that fellow Blake!'

'Not a bit, not a bit!' says Cissy; and in another moment finds herself in Halkett's arms, her tears running riot over the breast of his coat. 'Oh, say that you forgive me!' she sobs. 'It was most hateful of me—about that bedroom candlestick the other night, and everything. But I misunderstood it all. I thought you loved Mrs Leyton. *Say* that you forgive me!'

'I will not hear a word about forgiveness now,' says Halkett, who has been assiduously employed in kissing her hair, brow, and any other part of her face that is visible. 'It is taking a mean advantage of me; I am so happy this moment, I would forgive my bitterest enemy without hesitation. By-and-by we will discuss the question, and I shall grant you pardon on my own terms.'

Some time before luncheon there comes a knock, low but decided, at Uncle Charlie's library door.

'Come in!' calls out the owner of the apartment; and the door opening admits Frank Halkett and Miss Mordaunt—the latter keeping well behind, and only compelled by the strong clasp of her companion's hand to advance at all.

'I have come, sir,' says Halkett mildly, 'to tell you I have, after all, decided on delaying my departure until next week, as I at first intended—if you do not object.'

'Indeed, indeed; I am glad of that,' says Uncle Charlie, just a wee bit puzzled. 'I need not say how welcome you are.—But what about the business letter, eh, and your hot haste to reach town? What has changed your plans, eh?'

'Miss Mordaunt,' says Halkett, with a mischievous glance at Cissy, who is hopelessly confused and horribly shamefaced, in the background. 'Miss Mordaunt has induced me to alter my mind.'

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'Eh! what, what?' says Uncle Charlie, rising from his chair as the truth dawns upon him, and instantly sinking back into it again. 'You don't *mean* it! And all this time I could have *sworn* it was that fellow Blake!'

And so were made happy a pair who, through a mutual misunderstanding, might have never come together again in this world; who, but for an accidental timely explanation, might have remained through life victims to Cross-purposes. Reader, remember that there are two sides to every story.

## POLAR COLONISATION.

Towards the end of February the Naval Committee of the House of Representatives at Washington reported a Bill authorising the American government to fit out an Arctic Expedition, which would establish a colony on Lady Franklin's Bay, and thence despatch exploring parties to the Pole. To influence congressional action in this matter, two or three pamphlets have been put forth in America, and circulated among the members of both houses. In one of these, Captain Henry W. Howgate, U.S.A., advocates the doctrine, that to reach the Pole with the greatest certainty, and with the least expenditure of time, money, and human life, it is essential that the exploring party be on the ground at the very time when the ice gives way and opens the gateway to the long-sought prize. This, he affirms, can only be done by colonising a few hardy, resolute, and experienced men at some point near the borders of the Polar Sea.

The same idea, in a somewhat different form, is advocated by Mr R. W. D. Bryan, of the United States' Naval Observatory at Washington, who, at Captain Howgate's request, has expounded in a brief pamphlet his views in regard to the best methods of conducting Arctic exploration. Mr Bryan says that he has given the subject much thought for many years, and has carefully examined the rich treasures of Arctic literature. This study, and his own experience and personal observation during the *Polaris* expedition, have suggested to him a plan which seems comprehensive and practicable. He is opposed to all spasmodic efforts to reach the Pole, because the chances of success are not commensurate with the necessary outlay. Let a vessel, he says, be always ready at some advanced post to push forward whenever an opportunity offers, for it is well known to Arctic explorers that Polar ice moves, shifts its position, and breaks up, sometimes slowly, and at other times with great rapidity, and that its position and condition change from year to year; hence in the same place success in one season may follow the defeat of a previous one. If, therefore, a vessel be at hand when the movement carries the ice out of her path, she can advance; and if, unfortunately, she should have no such opportunity, her officers and crew, by their observations and their boat and sledge journeys, would be able to employ their time profitably; the chances, however, would probably be in favour of their finding some season sufficiently open to admit of their forcing the vessel towards the Pole. In connection with the ship which is thus to watch year by year for a friendly ice movement, Mr Bryan would have a station established on the land within easy communicating distance, and yet not so far north as to prevent its being visited at least once in every two or three years by a ship from the parent country. The plan, no doubt, is one which would conduce to eventual success; but we should fancy that even the hardiest enthusiasts would shrink from an undertaking which would involve their spending annually from four to five months in total darkness, even though 'the station should afford warm comfortable quarters for a corps of scientific observers and an active band of explorers.'

We cannot follow Mr Bryan through all the details of his original plan, but it will be interesting to glance briefly at a bolder and more comprehensive one which he develops towards the conclusion of his *brochure*. He says, and with reason, that a greater certainty of speedy success and the collection of scientific data beyond all measure more valuable, would follow the enlargement of the scheme he has propounded. 'Instead of establishing one station, and having but one ship watching tirelessly the mysterious movements of the ice, let there be many stations and many ships placed at intervals along the whole threshold of the unknown region.' To this, of course, the obvious objection arises that the plan would involve the expenditure of a large amount of money; but Mr Bryan is equal to the occasion, and, perhaps taking a hint from the king of the Belgians' proposition with regard to African exploration, he suggests that the enterprise should be an international one, for in that case the burden upon any one nation would be comparatively light. Mr Bryan has gone further, for he has partitioned the work among the nations. Great Britain is to grapple with the difficulties of the Behring Strait route, and in addition, to take a turn at 'the eastern coast of Wrangell's Land or the western coast, or both.' This, we imagine, would keep Sir George Nares occupied for some time. For the United States is claimed the right to consider the Smith's Sound route as peculiarly its own; and the Germans are to undertake 'the eastern coast of Greenland, the route advocated so long and so well by their illustrious geographer Dr Petermann.' The Dutch are to take Spitzbergen for the base of their operations; the Austrians are to follow up Lieutenant Payer's discoveries in Franz Josef Land; and the Russians are to establish stations upon Novaya Zemlya and some of the extreme northern points of their empire. Italy, Norway, and Sweden, France, Spain, and Portugal have minor parts assigned to them; but hardy Denmark, oddly enough, is overlooked.

Mr Bryan thinks that the money laid out on these enterprises would be 'well invested, and would give an ample and speedy return in every department of human industry.'

Since the foregoing was written, intelligence has been received that arrangements are actually in progress for carrying out Captain Howgate's bold plan of prosecuting Polar discovery. The expedition, we hear, will be under the command of Captain Tyson, of *Polaris* fame, and it was intended that it should leave at once for the Arctic regions to select a position for the planting of a colony in 1878. The funds required for this advance voyage (about ten thousand dollars) will be raised by

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subscription in New York; and it is expected that Congress will in autumn appropriate fifty thousand dollars to cover the expenses of despatching the colony.

## A FEW WORDS ABOUT POULTRY.

THERE is no species of live-stock less understood or less cared for than poultry. Almost every farmer and nearly every cottager in the country keeps hens, as well as a great number of people about the suburbs of all large towns; and strange as it may seem, if you ask them as to the profitableness of their stock, you will almost invariably be met with the answer that 'hens don't pay.' Many people of course never take the trouble to find out whether they pay or not, but go on rehearsing the story of others who do take that trouble, and who find it an unprofitable job. With a large number of poultry-keepers this is really the case; and there must therefore be a certain fascination about fowls that induces such people to keep them. The secret probably is that fresh eggs being such an adjunct to the breakfast-table and to the making of savoury omelets and puddings, hens are kept to lay eggs, no matter how few, or at what cost. Some people, however, do make them pay, and pay well too; but it is only by properly directed intelligence being brought to bear on the subject, as well as by the exercise of a good deal of care and attention, that this object is attained. Many an amateur keeper of poultry is able during the spring months to sell as many eggs as he can part with at prices ranging from six shillings to a guinea per dozen—such eggs being the produce of prize poultry, and such prices being given in order to rear chickens from them. It is therefore principally amateurs, fanciers, and people who take delight in and bestow care and attention on their birds, that are able to reap satisfactory results from the rearing and keeping of poultry. If care and attention were not brought to bear on the rearing of horses and cattle, these would not pay either; but hens are, by farmers especially, usually considered too insignificant to bestow much trouble on; therefore they are often allowed to run about starved and ill cared for at one time, and glutted with food at another; while their roosting-houses from want of cleaning become so filthy that it is a wonder the birds so frequently escape the diseases which filth engenders, and to which the feathered tribe are so liable.

It is certainly not creditable to this country that the importation of poultry and eggs is so enormous, and probably few persons are aware of its extent. In 1875, the latest year for which the Board of Trade returns have been completed, no less than seven hundred and forty-one million of eggs were brought into this country; and the returns of the immediately preceding years shew that this importation has been making gigantic strides. Most of these eggs come to us from France; and when we consider that the French themselves are large consumers of both eggs and poultry, it may well be imagined to what an enormous extent our friends across the Channel develop this branch of trade or commerce. The advantage which our continental neighbours derive from it is obvious when we consider that not only eggs but fowls are largely sent over to us; and that about three millions of pounds sterling are now annually paid by Great Britain for these two staple articles of consumption. Farmers and poultry-keepers should lay this well to heart, and endeavour by some means so to increase the production of poultry and eggs, as not only to secure the retention of a large portion of this money in our own country, but to fill their own pockets with a portion of it.

In our observation and experience the point on which most ignorance prevails with regard to poultry is food. No attention or intelligence appears to be directed to the kind, quantity, or time of feeding that is most suitable; and nowhere is this ignorance more noticeable than at farm-steadings. At such places, hens are generally allowed to surfeit themselves with grain at one season, while they are starved at another. Now they do not lay well while they are either in the one condition or the other; for a starved bird has not the wherewithal to produce eggs, while an overfed one gets lazy and accumulates internal fat, to the extinction of egg-production altogether. Hens never lay so well as when they are kept in a state of activity, running after meat that is thrown to them, or searching and scratching for it among earth or rubbish. After moulting-time, or when hens have been as it were resting from laying eggs, one of the first things that to a keen observer heralds a speedy return to that state, is the restless activity with which they scrape and scratch the ground. When their courts or haunts bear evidence of this by the holes which they make, laying is not far off. A happy medium in feeding produces the best results with poultry; and a golden rule is never to give fowls more at a time than they will greedily pick up. Indeed they should always be made to leave off before their appetite is satiated. Their meals should be given regularly, and should be thrown on the ground to them, not left in wooden troughs, which readily sour and taint the meat. But whether given on the ground or otherwise, not a particle should be allowed to lie over, for nothing injures hens more than stale food.

The number of meals in a day may vary according to circumstances, but for adult fowls no more than three should ever be allowed. Where hens have full liberty to roam about a farm-yard or in fields, only two scanty meals should be given both in summer and in winter—one in the morning as early as possible, and the other about an hour before they go to roost in the evening. Birds which are confined to courts or runs should have a more substantial meal—not later than nine o'clock in the morning in winter, and an hour or two earlier in summer, with a pick of something at mid-day, besides their evening feed. Grain of some kind should always be given them at night; wheat, rough barley, or oats, are all good, but ought to be used singly, not mixed; and it is well occasionally to change the variety. Indian corn seems to be more relished than any other grain, but should be sparingly given, and never longer than a very few days at a time, just for a change, as it has a very fattening tendency. The morning meal may consist of table-refuse of any sort mixed to a proper consistency with sharps, middlings, bran, or barley-meal. The mixture should neither be too sloppy nor too hard, but such as if thrown on the ground in a lump will break into bits, not crumble down into a state of powder. Potatoes are bad to use in large quantities, for like Indian corn

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they are too fattening; boiled turnips, however, may be used with advantage for mixing. In winter it is best to give the morning diet warm, with an occasional sprinkling of pepper during very cold or wet weather. A very little salt may likewise be added. The mid-day pick may either consist of the morning's remains or a little grain; but on no account should soft food be given after it has stood for any length of time. It can be mixed up at night, but what is then prepared should all be used up on the following day. Grass or green food of some kind is requisite to keep poultry in good condition; and if the birds have not free access to it, a little cut up and mixed with their food, or a cabbage or lettuce hung up with a string just within reach of the birds, so that they may get at it with a little trouble, is a very valuable accessory to the dietary. It is absolutely necessary that green food be given regularly, if fowls are expected to thrive; but the amount of it need not be great; only if it is left off for a time and then resorted to, or given in too large quantities, it is likely to cause diarrhœa.

It is very difficult to define the exact quantity of food that ought to be given to hens, and it is well to remember that at some seasons they will eat much more than at others; but as a general rule for those in confinement, a ball about the size of a duck's egg in the morning, half of that at mid-day, and an average-sized handful of grain at night, is about the proper quantity for each bird; and less than that of course for those that have fields or farm-yards to roam in. The tendency with most poultry-keepers is to feed too well, and it is generally very difficult to get them convinced of this, for hens will go on eating long after they have had enough; but the consequences are always bad, such as accumulation of internal fat and the laying of soft or shell-less eggs. This latter disease—for so it may be called—is a very common effect of over-feeding young hens, and is sometimes not observed till it has existed for some time, as such eggs are often eaten by the birds as soon as laid, and if they are not caught in the act, those who keep them may be none the wiser. The quickest and most effectual way to cure the effects of over-feeding is to administer a good dose of Epsom salts in their soft food in the morning, and to starve them till the following day. Indeed such treatment to overfed fowls that have gone off laying will often bring them into that condition again at once. Poultry should always have access to plenty of cool fresh water; and if the dish containing it cannot be kept in a cool or shady place, the water should be frequently renewed, especially in warm sunny weather, for nothing is worse for hens than sun-warmed water. It is also important that a handful or two of small stones or gravel be occasionally thrown into their runs, if the ground itself is not gravelly, for hens swallow such stones to assist the gizzard in triturating their food. It is considered that lime or old mortar is necessary for the production of egg-shell, but we cannot speak authoritatively on this point, for we have kept hens for years, and never yet saw them swallow a piece of mortar, although they have access to it; but we are bound to admit that oyster-shells, broken up small, are at certain times swallowed with great avidity, if fowls can obtain them.

Next to the importance of good systematic feeding, if not even before it, ought to come cleanliness. Some people never think of cleaning their hen-houses and hen-runs; but it ought to be carefully and regularly done; and the inside walls and roosting-bars should be whitewashed at least twice every year. In connection with this, it may be mentioned that nothing is worse for a hen-house than a wooden floor, as it soon gets saturated with their droppings, and becomes rotten, when it is impossible to clean it. A stone or cement floor, or even an earthen one, is greatly superior to one made of wood; and if such a floor be kept thickly strewn with fine coal-ashes, sand, or dry earth, this helps to deodorise the dung, and is easily cleaned—besides the whole makes a very valuable manure, which can be used in the garden. The floor or ground of the court or run should be earth, the surface of which can be lifted off occasionally with a spade, and then dug up to freshen it. At such times, the birds will get a feed of worms, which will do them much good.

Fowls clean themselves by means of dust; and if they have not access to it, they readily become infested with a species of small lice. Finely riddled coal-ash or dry earth laid in a sheltered corner of their run will answer the purpose. It should be renewed occasionally, and a little flowers of sulphur or carbolic powder sprinkled on it. It is very amusing to see the birds lying in their baths and shaking the dust all over and through their feathers. They seem to take great delight in this occupation.

The variety to be kept depends on circumstances, that which suits one locality being unsuitable in another. Many people keep what are called barn-door fowls, that is, a cross of all sorts of breeds, but experience shews that such fowls are not profitable either for the table or for laying. Occasionally one hears that there is nothing like them for laying; but those who speak thus have seldom much experience of pure breeds; and because they now and again find cross-bred birds laying remarkably well, they are too apt to sound their praise. A first cross between two pure breeds, such as the 'Dorking' and 'Spanish,' or 'Game' and 'Spanish,' sometimes produces very fine profitable fowls; but if these are again allowed to mate with other crosses, the progeny always degenerates. The Dorking is perhaps the most common and well-known variety in this country, and holds a good reputation for size and quality as a table bird, also for its laying powers. It does not thrive, however, in all localities, requiring a dry soil and extensive range to roam on, and is essentially a farmer's bird. Dorkings make good sitters and mothers. The variety is bred to perfection, principally in the counties of Sussex and Surrey. The general favourites of 'fanciers,' owing to their symmetry of form and beautiful plumage, are the several varieties of Game; but they are somewhat troublesome to keep, owing to their fighting proclivities. Spanish hens are good layers of large eggs, but the breed is a delicate one, difficult to rear, and difficult to keep in health. Cold and damp affect them much; but they sometimes do well in confined runs, if these are dry and sheltered and their houses warm. 'Brahmas' and 'Cochins,' two Asiatic breeds, created quite a sensation on their first being brought to this country about a quarter of a century ago, and large prices were then paid for them. As chickens they take a long

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time to grow, but ultimately attain great size. They are both good layers, especially in winter, when eggs are dear, but are inveterate sitters; and the time lost by this propensity often neutralises the profit which might be made from their egg-producing qualities. 'Hamburgs' lay numerous eggs of a rather small description. The French varieties have been gaining ground in this country for some years back, the 'Houdans' being splendid table fowls, with good white flesh and small bones. They grow very fast as chickens, but do not generally begin to lay till well matured. 'Crève-cœurs' also grow quickly to a good size, but have not much reputation as layers. The latest breed—which, however, has not been known in this country more than a few years—is the 'Leghorn,' for the introduction of which we are indebted to the Americans, who imported the first birds of the kind from Leghorn about twenty years ago, and have since then been improving the variety. It would appear to excel most others for early development and splendid laying powers, and is fast taking a prominent place with poultry-keepers. Prize birds of all distinct varieties are very valuable, sometimes fetching as much as twenty-five pounds for a single bird to shew and breed from.

It is a great mistake with some people to keep too many birds, and we have noticed again and again where a keen amateur has very reluctantly been persuaded to kill off or dispose of a portion of his stock, that instead of his egg-basket suffering owing to the fewer birds kept, it has actually become fuller than before. Only a certain quantity can be kept on a given space, and if more than this is attempted, failure must be the result. The proper number can be arrived at only by experience, but no cottager with limited accommodation should attempt to keep more than about half-a-dozen. The worst layers should be killed after their first season's laying, just before they commence to moult or cast their feathers—say about July or August; for if allowed once to begin this process of renewal, they are useless for the table until the whole of the new feathers grow again; and this sometimes occupies months, during the whole of which time laying is generally suspended. The best, however, should be kept over their second season's laying, and then killed before moulting; and none but the very best should ever be allowed to see a third season, for age is a very unprofitable and increasingly unprofitable possession. From one hundred to two hundred and fifty eggs may be expected from a good bird in the course of a year; and those which lay less than a hundred are not worth keeping. It may be mentioned that the addition of a cock to the run makes no difference in the number of eggs which the hens will lay; it is unnecessary, therefore, to keep a cock unless chickens be desired.

## THE WALMER LIFE-BOAT.

Hark! a distant gun is sounding
O'er the waters, wildly bounding;
Raging waves are fast surrounding
Some wrecked ship to-night.
On the shore the breakers, roaring,
Loud as thunder now are pouring;
Far a signal high is soaring,
Like a phantom light.

Moon and stars their aid denying,
E'en to seek the living—dying—
Who, to prayers and tears replying,
Will the tempest face?
Oh! for some brave ocean-ranger,
Who would, through the cold and danger,
Go to save, perchance, one stranger!
Silence, for a space.

Hark! the Life-boat bell is ringing,
Gallant men are wildly springing,
Life and home—their all—they're flinging,
So the lost they save.
Rockets now are brightly flashing;
Through the shingle sharply crashing,
Off the Life-boat's swiftly dashing.
Heaven guard the brave!

Through the night, that wanes so slowly,
'Little ones,' in accents holy,
Mothers, wives, in dwellings lowly,
Breathe their heartfelt prayer.
When the stormy sea is swelling,
Aching hearts in regal dwelling,
All their pride and power quelling,
Kneel as helpless there.

While the torches, dimly burning,
Shew the tide at last is turning,
Hundreds wait, for tidings yearning,
Watch, with eager eyes:
See! the first faint glimpse of morning
The dim eastern sky adorning;
Hark! the soldiers' bugle, warning
That the sun doth rise.

Then a little speck grows clearer,
Draws—it seems but slowly—nearer,
Seen by those to whom 'tis dearer—
Known by them too well!
Brighter now the morn is growing,
Clearer, still, and clearer, throwing
Light upon the billows, shewing
'Tis no dream we tell.

Fast the fatal sands they're leaving;
Hail! the Life-boat, proudly cleaving,
Where the angry sea is heaving
Mountain-waves of foam.
Onward, homeward, quickly nearing,
'Mid the ringing, deaf'ning cheering,
Loving words of welcome hearing,
Greet the conquerors home.

Far away the wreck is lying;
But they bring, 'neath colours flying,
Five poor Frenchmen, spared from dying,
Safe to England's isle.
English hands they're warmly pressing,
English children they're caressing,
Asking, praying, Heaven's blessing,
With a tear and smile.

Simple words tell acts of daring—
Unknown heroes laurels wearing,
Brother-like all honour sharing,
Now and evermore.
Speed the Life-boat, England's daughters;
Bless her path across the waters;
Tell her gallant deeds of glory;
Spread the truthful, noble story,
Far from England's shore!

AUGUSTA A. L. MAGRA.

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## PETER BOTTE.

IN the island of Mauritius, in the Southern Ocean, stands Pieter Both (or Peter Botte), one of the strangest shaped and most inaccessible mountains in the world. From the sea it is most calculated to impress beholders. Its quaint shape towers above the rugged mountain mass which again dominates over Port-Louis; and its still quainter name dates from so far back as 1616, when Pieter Both d'Amersfort, a Dutch admiral, or General of the Sea, as he is described in the records, happening to be shipwrecked on the island, was perpetuated by name in the mountain which cast its shadow across his drowned body.

The travellers' tales which are heard beyond the seas of the ascents of a mountain, insignificant in size, but by reputation ranking with monarchs of Alpine celebrity, have contributed to lend a grandeur and a mystery to Pieter Both in the imaginations of those who approach him for the first time. Though various ascents have been made from time to time (one of which was described in this *Journal* as far back as 1834), that made in June 1876 by a party of eleven seems to have been of special interest, as the following narrative, from the pen of one of the party, will shew. His story runs as follows:

An Indian, Deebee by name, a carriole driver by calling, by repeated ascents has made himself so much at home on the mountain as to be able to arrange a system of ropes and rough rope-ladders by which any one with a good head and fairly strong muscles can reach the top with comparative ease. Deebee is a short square-built East Indian, with a pock-marked face, whose dress on the last time I saw him was a soldier's old tunic, and a lady's 'cloud,' also old, about his head and chin. This worthy, after the preliminaries are settled with the leader of the expedition, purchases a coil of two and a half inch Manilla rope, arms himself with a wonderfully battered horse-pistol and a broken cutlass, takes into his confidence sundry others of his countrymen, and starts up the mountain the day previous to that on which the ascent is to be attempted. Upon the 'Shoulder,' which I shall presently notice, he has built a small hut, where he and his band sleep; to me, who saw it empty, it seemed just capable of holding half one man, with the contingency that his other half would dangle over a precipice some hundreds of feet high. In the morning the ropes are fixed; the 'Ladder Rock' being ascended by means of a pole; the pistol is used to fire a line over the head, by which the rope is gradually hauled up; the cutlass is for cutting the rounds of the rope-ladders from the bushes; so that if all goes well, when the party gather on the 'Shoulder' they will see above them the whole apparatus, strangely suggestive of the Old Bailey on hanging mornings, with Deebee and his crew clinging thereto—a black Jack Ketch to perfection.

Pieter Both itself is one of a score of peaks situated in the rim of a gigantic crater, which can be traced at the present day from itself on the north to the Black River Mountains on the south, a distance of more than twenty miles. A mountain called 'The Pouce,' so called from the resemblance of its peak to a man's thumb, lies immediately above Port-Louis, and forms a well-known feature in the views of that town. After the Pouce, which is thirty-six feet only lower than Pieter Both, the crater-wall becomes a wall indeed. Its northern face falls down in sheer precipice to Pamplemousses, two thousand feet below its crest; the reverse, no less steep, facing the valley of Moka, green with sugar-canes, and fifteen hundred feet below. This wall is broken into several peaks, of which the last is Pieter Both, having an elevation above sea-level of two thousand six hundred and ninety-eight feet, according to a recent survey made by the colonial surveyor.

At La Laura, a sugar-mill about ten miles from Port-Louis, the final arrangements are made for carrying up the provisions and other impedimenta, including on this occasion a photographic apparatus; and that satisfactorily arranged, comes a trudge of a mile along a gently ascending cane-road.

As the path nears the woods we find their

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margin impervious with the matted undergrowth; the bright green of the wild raspberry, with its hairy fruit, and long straggling branches armed with fearful thorns; the scarlet and orange blossoms of the *Lantana;* while the snowy white and pink blossoms of the many other species of underwood crowd in beneath the shade of the taller trees in a many coloured parterre.

Side by side with many other curious varieties of trees will be noted the fluted stem and broad spreading top of the mighty Sambalacoque, now fast disappearing under the axe. On either side of the road which winds along this forest line are the tall sugar-canes, like walls high above our heads, the silver-gray blossoms waving in the softly blowing trade-wind; the rain-drops hanging from their leaves, falling in showers, and giving a none too welcome hint of slippery work a little higher up. Between Pieter Both and the mountain ridge that joins him with the Pouce is a steep gorge, wide at the base, narrowing gradually till it ends abruptly in a gap some fifteen yards across, and about four hundred feet below the summit. You can climb up to this gap, but it requires to be cautiously approached, for on looking over its edge, sharp and knife-like, you will find yourself looking down a precipice of naked rock some two thousand feet deep. The lookout is grand beyond description, and you will make out Port-Louis harbour, looking about the size of the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens, and Pamplemousses Church a dot immediately below you.

The path ends with the canes; and that which we follow after leaving them we make for ourselves. But upwards is the right way; you can't go wrong, for the ravine is like a funnel cut in half, and the easiest slope lies in its centre, to which we all gravitate by a sort of 'natural selection.' The forest is dense under foot and overhead; perhaps it is as well that it is, for without clinging on to the branches and tree-stems, and swinging bodily by them up bad places, the lower part would be as difficult as the upper. The forest primeval, silent and gloomy, shuts out the light, and the air feels hot and stifling. Dead trunks lie rotting on all sides, mere touchwood many of them, resenting our footsteps by a cloud of dust; giving homes to a variety of lovely ferns, including the harts-tongue, which grows in tufts on the dead-wood wherever its roots can penetrate. Everywhere strange forms meet the eye, as if Nature in a frolic had run wild to form them. From the branches depend long trails of 'lianes,' ropes that twist and twine and squeeze the life out of the trees they fasten on. Orchids are here also, fleshy leaved, with no apparent roots; and black shapeless masses perched in the higher tree forks, the nests of the destructive white ant. Mosses clothe the ground with an emerald tapestry, beautiful to the eye, but treacherous and squelching full of water under foot. Everywhere is a rank garden of luxuriant dripping vegetation, which, speaking as to comfort, we could have done without.

After a stiff climb, the funnel narrows visibly, and we get into the central watercourse, where there is free space to breathe and less vegetation. The path is rough, macadamised by gigantic boulders, moss-grown and slippery, standing at incalculable angles, very tedious to clamber over, amongst which a sharp lookout has to be kept to preserve our poor dear shins. Gradually the trees, hitherto a green arcade overhead, thin away, and the watercourse emerges into a steep grassy slope, growing steeper at every step. Above, facing us, is the gap spoken of already; on the left is the mountain ridge; on the right rises old Pieter Both, cold, gray, and menacing—and a long way up. The ravine has narrowed to some fifteen yards; here and there is a scrubby bush. The water-course is now the only way possible to climb by, and in two places there are in it rocks twelve feet high standing straight up, which have to be clambered over somehow.

Above, on the right, is the 'Shoulder,' a narrow projection about twenty yards long, and two or three wide, on which breakfast is to be eaten and preparations made for the final climb. To reach this 'Shoulder' appears a sufficient task from where we are; beyond it rises a smooth perpendicular cone, without flaw or crack, mid air, apparently impossible. Yet as we bend back our heads and say so, out of one side far up, springs a small figure; and the word 'impossible' is wiped out of our dictionaries when we behold that a 'black man and a brother' has essayed the task. Up to the 'Shoulder' it is all hands and feet; beyond that there is nothing for it but rope. Viewed from a distance, the 'Shoulder' forms the knees of the sitting figure which the mountain is said to resemble. From many points the resemblance to the statue of Her Majesty at the London Royal Exchange is ludicrously exact.

When the top of the grass slope is reached, there is a narrow band of turf, dotted with half-a-dozen scrub bushes of a foot or little more high. This band leads off horizontally to the right, and is the only possible way to the 'Shoulder.' A very bad way indeed it is. From below it looks nothing but a strip of green ribbon stretched across the middle of a rocky face, black and green and slimy as ever earth, air, and water put together have concocted to puzzle mountaineers. In truth it is little better than it looks. There are toe-holes to stick your boots into as you walk with your face to the wall; and here and there a shrub to let you feel something between your fingers, besides a bunch of dead damp grass to save you from eternity. The whole passage is oozing with sludge and water, very slippery, and the grass looks utterly rotten and unreliable.

This track, which is about one hundred yards in length, lands you a little below the 'Shoulder;' then a dozen yards' stiff steep climb and you stand upon it—perhaps sit at first—for a yard farther on across it is space, sheer awful space, which to look down till you have got your breath is neither wise nor pleasant. You soon get used to the feeling; but it is a little startling just at first to find that this promised landing-place where breakfast is to

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be served ends in nothing, just three feet beyond the baskets that contain the provender. When you have got your breath, the first thing to look at is the great bare cone immediately above and the dangling rope up which your road must lie. Your eye takes it all in at a glance, and that first glance is not promising. But breakfast puts a better construction on the onward journey; and by the time we have made acquaintance with the Oxford sausages and Australian sheep's tongues, we begin to scramble about quite merrily, and doff boots, coats, and hats for the task with as jaunty a grace as did my Lord Russell on Tower Hill.

The summit of Pieter Both is a cone of sugar-loaf form, compressed at the sides, that nearest the 'Shoulder' having a slight bulge, without which the ascent would be certainly impracticable. From the 'Shoulder,' which is covered with short grass and wind-scarred scrub, a ridge some three yards wide runs up to the foot of the 'Ladder Rock.' This ridge, which narrows as it goes up, is composed of rock-fractures firmly cemented together, and is to all appearance a great buttress supporting the cone. Up this you climb, hands and knees, without requiring a rope. The buttress comes to an abrupt end at the foot of a huge cube of rock, flat-sided and perpendicular, which stands bolt upright, and bars all further climbing without mechanical aid.

This is the 'Ladder Rock,' and is between fifty and sixty feet in absolute perpendicular height, its breadth being less than twenty feet. Running down its centre is a crack, without which the difficulty of climbing it would have been greatly aggravated, if not insurmountable. Against the face of the 'Ladder Rock' hangs a rope, the end disappearing over the upper edge where it has been made fast; the climb up it being made easier by a rough rope-ladder, which takes you up some dozen feet, to where the crack is sufficiently wide to admit your toes; that reached, grasping the rope with every one of your ten fingers, and squeezing as many of your toes into the crevice as you can, you must trust to your muscles and swing yourself up. The top of this rock reached, you are glad to sit or lie down upon a second ridge like the lower one, but much steeper and narrower; so narrow that in climbing up it, still with the rope tightly grasped, you sit astride it, your legs dangling over the sides, where it is better not to let your eyes follow unless the head that owns them is of the steadiest. This ridge has been christened 'The Saddle,' and is made up of broken rock cemented together with lava. Here and there are tufts of grass, with bosses of the silver-leaved 'everlastings,' wind-torn and ragged, and other plants. The 'everlastings' shew brightly against the cold gray rocks, and tempt many of the party to pluck them to adorn their hats when they get them; which just now is somewhat doubtful, as the slightest slip may be fatal. This dreadful 'Saddle' is said to have once vanquished two aspirants; one of them, conscious that he had 'lost his head,' lay flat along the ridge, allowing the man who came to his rescue to climb over his body, a ticklish bit of mid-aërial gymnastics, which happily came off successfully.

The 'Saddle' rises at a steep angle, say the steep roof of a house, and ends at another 'facer;' a huge rounded rock perhaps ten feet high standing straight up across the way, the way now having narrowed to a blunt-knife edge. This is the 'Saddle Rock,' and is the nastiest-looking and most dangerous place in the ascent. The 'Saddle Rock' must either be swarmed up or circumvented by stretching round its left side; for both experiments a rope is needed, and both are a trifle delicate. This time the rope went round; and the thread which disappeared past the smooth slippery face, out over the ghastly precipice, that fell down sheer into Pamplemousses, was not inviting. To get round you have to sidle up to the base of the rock, holding the tightly stretched rope level with your head, and push on your feet inch by inch till your toes rest on the outermost knob of rock. You must be quite sure that their hold is good before you slip your hands round the corner, letting your head and shoulders follow until you can make out a little branch as thick as your umbrella, and four inches long, which sticks out of a cranny, and is within reach of a long straddle. The awkward part of this is that in looking for the branch you are obliged to look *down*. It is the first look-down absolutely necessary, and it is one not easily forgotten. To the writer it had a strange fascination. The actual peril of the position; the necessity of coolness in head and eye; the uncertainty how far this could be relied upon, was so startling, so vivid when the actual time came, as to force a feeling of absolute security upon the mind! Never did he feel more certain of his own powers than when hanging like a spread-eagle against the face of that rock twenty-six hundred feet above the plains.

It is a good stretch, but does not require very long legs to do it. One toe, no more, the right one on a knob of rock; the other foot feeling for those four inches of scrub wood; both hands overhead grasping the rope; and the strangest bird's-eye view between one's legs that featherless biped could wish for. It did not do to look too long. Another pull up is in front, along a ridge like the previous two, but narrower again, which runs up to the Neck, the rope your companion all the way; and then you can at last sit down in perfect safety. This is the 'Neck,' which the aneroid gave as three hundred and forty feet above the 'Shoulder.' It forms an irregular plateau partly round the 'Head,' some six or eight feet broad, and quite flat. On it is a carpet of rough grass and 'everlastings,' protected from the wind and rain by the overhanging mass of rock, which is the 'Head,' formed of irregularly shaped rock, forty feet in height, nearly round, and which contains what there is of the brains of Pieter Both.

A notch in one side allows the rope which has been already passed over, to rest without fear of slipping; and depending from this is a short rope-ladder, hanging quite clear of everything over the rim of the Neck. Its half-dozen rounds put the rope between your fingers; and in less time than it takes to write it you are on the old fellow's brain-pan, the keen air racing past, with no more harm done than a few 'barked' knuckles, and a queer growing feeling in one's head of utter loneliness. Nothing but space all round; blue sky; white scudding clouds quite close, which turn one giddy; for it seems to be that we on our little plateau are racing past the clouds, borne noiselessly, interminably; flung on some tiny planet whirling around an endless orbit. There was another feeling to confess to, suggested by that thin white rope creeping and disappearing over the bare edge—suppose it

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broke, or was cut or frayed through! It was our sole connecting link with home and life and dinner. How hungry we should be if anything were to happen to that rope! how thirsty! how cold in the chill night! how wet in the company of those drifting clouds! Insensibly one fell to calculating which was the fattest for to-morrow's meal.

From our airy resting-place, the whole circumference of Mauritius, with a small exception, can be traced. From its height everything below is strangely dwarfed. Port-Louis as a town is barely visible; the harbour, which is nearly two miles in length, is a mere strip of water; moving objects are as much obliterated as if the land below was a printed map; sounds there are none, absolute silence, broken only by the whistle of the wind. In Mauritius, there is a paucity of animal life even in the valleys; it is possible to walk for miles without hearing a bird's note. On Pieter Both are no birds—even the lizards don't attempt him. Now and again a tropic bird, the *Paille en queue* of the French, sails past, screaming his news from the sea beyond. One by one our party gained the top, each one as he pulled himself over the edge lying down for breath. Our feet, innocent of shoe-leather, had lost some of their own, and more than one pair shewed signs of rough usage. But what were a few scars to the triumph of sitting perched on Pieter Both—the dear old Peter Botte of childhood's picture-book.

As the party met and got their breath, tongues were unloosed, and the serious concentrated look that had sat on most faces hitherto, melted under the influence of mutual congratulations. Eleven in all, without counting Deebee and an assistant Indian, were gathered on the 'Head;' sitting, standing, lying on that patch of black soil which Claude Penthé spoke of for the first time nearly ninety years ago. The sheet of lead for inscribing the names of the 'visitors' was there, but of a tin box which was known to have been left, not a trace remains; some passing hurricane has probably spirited it away. The descent was safely made, though it is perhaps more awkward than the going up. Some photographs were taken from the 'Shoulder,' on so narrow a shelf that it was necessary to place a man at each leg of the tripod to prevent the camera toppling over; a final glass drained to the health of the old gray rock; and about four o'clock in the afternoon, La Laura and the pleasant sugar-cane fields were reached without a single mishap.

It may be thought worthy to record the names of this the largest party that ever made the ascent of Pieter Both. He is not likely to be visited again for some time to come, and long before this account appears, the whole eleven will be scattered far and wide—miles distant from that strange, eerie trysting-place. They are: Lieutenants MacIlwaine, Creswell, Bayly, and Midshipman Elwes of H.M.S. *Undaunted*. Major Anderson, Captain Bond, Lieutenants Phillipps, Hammans, Sillery, and Saunders of H.M. 32d Regiment; and Captain Montague, Brigade Major. A pole was rigged up, and the Union-Jack hoisted and left flying, as a remembrance of the day, and as a sign to the many watchers in town that the ascent had been successful. These told us afterwards that through a telescope our movements had been perfectly traced; the passage of the 'Saddle Rock,' where the rope stretches round the face of the mountain opposite Port-Louis, having caused the strongest sensation, as our bodies, dwarfed to the size of spiders, came out against the sky. W. E. M.

## THE LAST OF THE HADDONS.

### CHAPTER XXXIV.—TWO LETTERS.

After arranging everything else, I sat down to write my farewell letters, commencing with one to Philip, and being very careful to allow no tears to fall upon the paper.

'Dear Philip—I ought to have told you what I am about to write, when I bade you farewell this morning; but I wanted our parting to be, as it was, a happy one. Had I had the courage to tell you, instead of writing, I know you would not have yielded to me; perhaps you would not even have listened. When you read this, your blame cannot reach me; and until you can forgive me, we shall not meet again. Dear Philip, I cannot be your wife. I must bear all the blame of not making it known to you until now, as best I may; but I cannot marry you. The conviction has only become absolutely clear to me since you so much pressed me to make no longer delay.'

'Ah Philip, may you never suspect *how* it was made clear to me!' I mentally ejaculated, breaking down for a few moments in an agony of suffering. But I sternly called myself to order, and was presently bending to my task again.

'I have chosen a different life, and only delay explaining what that life is, and why it now seems more congenial to me than being a wife' (to the man who loves another woman, was in my thoughts), 'until you have quite forgiven me. Indeed, it is the belief that that time will come, which gives me the courage to act as I am doing. But there is one way, and only one, by which you can prove that your forgiveness is sincere, and give me the comfort of believing that I have not shadowed your life. If I hear that you are able, by-and-by, to find some other woman more appreciative than I'——

I dropped the pen, and bowed my face upon my hands again in the bitterness of grief. 'More appreciative than I!' But I forced myself to my task again, and left the words as they were. If he once suspected that it was a sacrifice, would he accept it, however willingly it were offered? Loved he not honour more? Besides, this must be a letter which he could shew to Lilian; at anyrate by-and-by, and no suspicion of the truth must reach her.

'If that time comes, and I earnestly desire that it may, I shall be able perhaps to justify myself to my own conscience. I know only one whom I should consider worthy of you, one not to be easily won, but worth the labour of a lifetime to win. I dare not name her—I am almost afraid to write of her. But, dear Philip, if it could be—if she whom I love above all other women could be in time won to make up to you for the loss of me, I shall have

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nothing to regret. I can only repeat that nothing but the knowledge of your happiness will give me the courage to hope for your forgiveness and to meet you again. Meantime, I can only beg you to try to believe in your loving sister MARY.'

I read the letter through with not a little dissatisfaction, though I could not see how to amend it. It had been so difficult to say sufficient to serve the purpose without giving some clue to the truth. I could not help a little bitter smile at the reflection how very different would his judgment of that letter have been if he loved me! How scornfully would such excuses have been swept away if I had been the woman he loved! How angrily he would have taunted me for being what in fact I should have been had I deliberately wronged him! Alas! I was writing to a man whose love for me was dead, and who yet desired to act honourably towards me. He would not be inclined to be unkindly critical about my *manner* of setting him free, if I could only contrive to make him believe that I wished to do so.

To Lilian I wrote in a somewhat more jaunty strain. Better that my letter should seem to be written even flightily than sadly. But I had been so little accustomed to this kind of diplomacy, that I was astonished as well as saddened to find how close one might keep to the truth in the letter, whilst departing so far from it in the spirit. Neither to Philip nor to Lilian did I dare to tell the truth, and yet I could write all this without appearing to depart from it! Fortunately this kind of diplomacy blinds none who are not inclined to be blinded.

MY DEAR SISTER—You must try not to be very angry with me for running away without bidding you farewell in some better fashion than this. But by acting as I am doing, I avoid your scoldings, or perhaps I had better say pleadings. It is really no use arguing with a person like me, as I think you have discovered before now. And as I have very deliberately made up my mind, there really is nothing to be done. You have, I know, been a great deal puzzled of late to account for the change which you have perceived in me, and as I could not explain it without shocking you, I have waited to get out of the way first. Dear Lilian, I was not in jest when I told you I had begun to suspect that marriage is not my vocation; and I have at length come to the conclusion to obey my instincts, which tend in another direction. I believe that you will in time agree with me in thinking that I have done for the best; though I fear you will be very angry with me at first, not being able to see all my motives. Please get dear Mrs Tipper to ask Philip to come down sometimes, and try what you both can do to cheer and comfort him. He knows so few people, and he will be so terribly lonely. I must trust that in time he will come to acknowledge that I may not be altogether so selfish and inconsiderate as I must appear to be to him and to all of you in the first moments of disappointment. I will say this much to you, dear sister—I feel, and the feeling is not altogether of sudden growth, that I am too old for Philip; or perhaps I ought rather to say he is too young for me. At anyrate I have chosen a different life, and only wait until I feel sure that you have all forgiven me, to prove to you that I am happy in it. Say all that is kind to dear Mrs Tipper for me. I must hope to be able to prove my gratitude to her by-and-by. Ah Lilian, my sister, if I dared to write about my hopes! I can only say that if Philip is in time fortunate enough to find some good woman willing to make up for the past to him, my gratitude towards her will be very great. I am going away because I think it is best for us all that I should go, and because the persuasions which your love might prompt you to use would not induce me to alter my decision. I have begged Philip to try to believe in a sister's love, and I ask you too, dear Lilian, to believe in the love of your sister MARY.'

Little as I was satisfied with these two letters, I knew that I should not be able to improve upon them, however much I might try to do so. The fault was that I could not be explicit; and that would be apparent to myself if not to the others, however elegantly my sentences might be turned.

I put the letters aside until they should be required, and then lay down for a few hours' rest. Thank God it *was* rest! I fell into a deep dreamless sleep, and only awoke when Becky came to call me in the morning. There was still the same expression in her face, half sorrow, half pity, as though she saw cause for both as she looked at me.

'Now, Becky, you must not look at me in that way, to begin with. I am going to depend a great deal upon you, and it will not do to let your face tell all you are thinking about, as it is doing now.'

'I can't help it shewing, because—— O Miss Haddon, dear, I know you are not so happy as you pretend to be—I know it! And it 's ever so much worse to see you look like that, than as if you were crying and sobbing!'

I saw that it was no use trying to throw dust into Becky's eyes.

'Well, suppose I am not very happy, Becky, and suppose I have some good reason for pretending, as you call it, to be so. Suppose that I do not wish to grieve your dear old mistress and Miss Lilian by allowing them to see that I am unhappy. It is of great importance that I should appear cheerful to-day; and I want you to help me as much as possible to make them think that I am, for—Becky, I am going away, and they must not know I am going.'

Becky threw up her hands. 'Going away!'

'Hush! No one but you must know that I am going.'

She was on the carpet clinging to my feet. 'Take me with you; do, pray, take me, Miss Haddon, dear; no one will ever love you better, and I can't stay without you!'

I made her get up; and taking her two hands in mine, murmured in a broken voice: 'Try to trust me, Becky. If I could take you with me, it would be very selfish of me to do so. It is your duty to stay here, as it is my duty to go. But I shall not be so far away as I wish them to believe I am—recollect, as I *wish* them to believe; and I may be able to see you frequently, if I find that I can trust you to keep my secret.'

'You may trust me, Miss.'

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'I am sure I can, or I would not ask you to help me. I must not break down this last day, Becky; for the sake of others as well as myself, I *must* not.'

She dried her eyes; and presently the expression I wanted came into her face.

'Please forgive me; I won't shew it any more; and I will do anything you tell me.'

'First, and above all, you must earnestly do what you can to assist me to make it appear that I am feeling neither sorrow nor anger to-day, Becky.'

'I will,' she replied, simply and honestly.

'And next, I want you to contrive to carry that small portmanteau into the wood for me at dusk this evening, when some one will meet you, and bring it to me. You must contrive it so that no one will know that you have helped me. The best time for you to take it will be whilst the ladies are at tea. If you take in tea at the usual time, precisely at seven, you would have a spare half hour, which would be time enough. Slip out the back way, and carry it anyway. I cannot take it myself, as there must be no good-bye.'

'Very well, Miss. This one?'

'Yes. It is not too heavy for you, I hope?'

'O no, Miss; it is not that;' lugubriously.

'Now, Becky, please do not forget. *That* is not looking cheerful, you know.'

'No, Miss Haddon, dear; I won't forget, when I'm down-stairs.'

Fortunately, she helped me to get up a smile, to begin with, at the breakfast-table. How shall I describe the expression of Becky's face when she came in with the coffee, &c. Her mouth was distended with a grin, which was in strange contrast with the sadness in her eyes, and her whole face reminding one, as Lilian said, of an india-rubber one pulled out of shape!

Whenever she entered the room there was the same grin on her face. In fact, in her anxiety to be loyal to me, she was overacting her part, and it culminated, when, after looking at her in some astonishment, Lilian inquired if she had received any good news.

'Yes—no. It's only because I'm so happy to-day, Miss,' returned Becky, with a still more alarming distension of her mouth.

I think Mrs Tipper had occasion afterwards to congratulate herself upon Becky's 'happy days' not coming very frequently.

'She has broken two plates and a cup already, my dears,' anxiously said the little lady to Lilian and me. 'And I can't find in my heart to be angry with her about it, when she says it's through being so happy; but really, you know, it is a most unfortunate way of shewing her happiness.'

Lilian and I made a merry little jest at it, advising her to look sharply after such household treasures as Windsor Castle, &c.

'I wouldn't let her dust them to-day for the world, my dears!' ejaculated the little lady, hastily trotting off to the kitchen again.

I did not allow Lilian to make her escape afterwards. I smilingly decided that there was to be no French history to-day, and that she and I were to spend the morning together in the old delightful fashion of the past. Philip was not coming for a day or two; and we would go over some of the old work, which had been somewhat neglected of late, with the exception of music and singing. A little steady work, and the consultations over it, was bracing for us both, and set us at our ease as personal talk would certainly not have done. We were not, either of us, strong enough just then to talk about ourselves. Moreover, I begged Mrs Tipper to make it a fête-day, and treat us to one of her famous lemon puddings; and she was enjoying herself to her heart's content in the kitchen, only too delighted to be asked to treat us, and bent upon shewing that a lemon pudding was not enough to constitute a feast in her estimation. The only disturbing influence was poor Becky's hilarity.

'My dears, it really is not natural,' the little lady confided to us at dinner. 'No more like smiling than a baby in convulsions. I was almost frightened at the strange faces she made just now in the kitchen; and if it goes on, I must make her take some medicine.'

I begged Becky off that infliction, persuading her anxious mistress to wait a few hours.

Kind Becky! she would very soon be able to look as she felt. There would be nothing unnatural in her regret at my departure, after having known me so long a time. On the whole, I was more successful than I had dared to hope for in the way of leaving a pleasant impression upon the minds of Mrs Tipper and Lilian—just the impression I wished to give them.

They believed that I was happier than I had been for some time previously, and I know now that they attributed my happiness to the fact of the date being at length fixed for my wedding to take place. They had seen just enough to perceive that some disturbing influence was at work with me; and the sudden change in my bearing seemed to them to imply that my doubts and fears were now set at rest. It did me real good to witness the unfeigned relief in Lilian's face; the unselfishness which could rejoice in my happiness though her own might be wrecked. I know now how much she had suffered from shame and dread—how terribly afraid she had been lest I should divine any part of the truth; lamenting over what she considered to be her disloyalty to me, and blaming herself as she certainly did not deserve to be blamed.

'Dear Mary, it seems quite like old times again; does it not?' she said, looking up into my face with the nearest approach to happiness in her own which I had seen there for some time, as I bent over her with a playful criticism upon a bit of foliage she was doing.

'It has been a pleasant day, has it not, dearie?' I returned. 'All the pleasanter for French history being kept out of the programme, I think. You know I never did take kindly to that.'

She flushed up, nestling closer to my side. 'There shall be no more of it, Mary,' she whispered.

I replied with a tender kiss; then lightly said: 'I really feel quite kissably inclined this afternoon!' turning to my dear old friend, and giving her two or three hearty good-bye kisses, then back again to Lilian with a last hug.

'And now, I must run off again;' adding as I reached the door: 'Do not wait tea for me. I shall not be able to get back by then.'

'To town! Mary?' asked Lilian. 'And I am not to be permitted to accompany you again. I feel sure there must be something very mysterious going on!'

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But she was smiling, and I believe that both she and her aunt were now quite at ease about it, having made up their minds that their first surmise—that I was preparing some pretty surprise for them—was a correct one.

I ran up to my room, hastily indicated to Becky where she was to find the two letters in a couple of hours' time, put on my bonnet and cloak, gave a quiet embrace and warning look to the faithful girl, sobbing under her breath, then went downstairs again. I dared not venture to go into the little parlour for a last word, lest some tender speech of Lilian's should cause me to break down; so little would do it just now, when every nerve was stretched to its utmost tension.

I passed swiftly out, and down the garden path, only venturing to give one look back to nod and kiss my hand, when I reached the gate, and then sped on as fast as my feet would carry me. I was just turning into the lane which led towards the stile, when suddenly I found myself face to face with Robert Wentworth.

'Where are you going to at that rate, Mary?'

I shrank back, for a moment incapable of uttering a word; eyeing him desperately, almost defiantly, for I felt in my misery as though he had suddenly presented himself in my path to bar my escape—a new power to strive against, when my strength was almost spent. He could always see deeper than any one else; and he had come upon me when I was so unprepared. I had just dropped the smiling mask which I had found it so difficult to wear all day, and was beginning to feel sufficiently secure from observation to be less careful as to what my face might tell. I caught in my breath, shrinking farther away, but facing him like an animal at bay. For a few moments he stood gazing at me, apparently as much at a loss for words as I was myself, then his eyes fell upon my muffled hand, and he asked: 'Have you hurt your hand, Mary?'

'Yes.'

'Not seriously, I hope? How did it happen?'

I looked down at my hand in a dazed kind of way, trying to recollect what had happened to it. 'I don't know. Good-bye.'

'Mary! is there anything to be done which a brother might do for you?' he asked in a low troubled voice.

I tried to think what brothers could do, and what there was to be done for me, then shook my head.

'For old friendship's sake, *do* treat me as a brother now, Mary!'

His very evident perturbation had the good effect of making me rally my scattered wits, and I was so far like myself again as to reply: 'The only—only way in which you can help me just now is to let me go without any further questioning.'

He stood aside at once without a word, and I passed on. But I had no sooner done so than my conscience smote me. Was *this* the way to part from him—the one above all others so true to me? I turned back to where he remained standing, laid my hand for a moment upon his arm, and said: 'Please forgive my rudeness, Robert; and believe that if there were anything for a brother to do, I would ask you to do it. And perhaps you *will* be able to help me presently in trying to convince them that, however blamable I may at first appear, I have acted, as I believe, for the best;' thinking that they might possibly turn to him for advice and assistance. Then offering my hand, I added tremulously: 'Good-bye, Robert.'

'God keep you, Mary!'

*(To be concluded next month.)*

## CURIOSITIES OF THE VOICE.

Some years ago, a delightfully interesting book was written by Sir Charles Bell on the human Hand. There might be fully as interesting a work written on the mechanism of the human voice, in which would be equally demonstrated the power, wisdom, and goodness of the Creator. We offer a few observations on the subject. Until recently, there were mysteries difficult to explain concerning the wonderful inflections in the voice. Now, it is thoroughly understood how words are produced, and how the throat is able to send forth a wide variety of charming notes in singing. We begin by mentioning that Dr Mandl has devoted himself to the study of the organs of speech, and from his work on the *Larynx* we give some interesting particulars. Investigators have long been occupied with researches; but until they had seen the larynx of a living being one thing only was proved, that the voice was formed in the glottis. For fifty years of this century they were trying by mirrors and other appliances to examine the interior of this organ, but without results. Suddenly an inspiration came into the head of a celebrated singer, whose name awakens charming remembrances among old amateurs. This was M. Manuel Garcia. Ignorant of all the trouble which surgeons had taken in order to observe the movements of the throat in the act of singing, he conceived the idea of looking at himself. By the help of two mirrors, the one reflecting the image on to the other, he saw the whole of his larynx depicted. In ecstasy before the glass, he determined to pursue the accidental discovery which had been so long dreamed of. But the autumn had set in, and the sun's rays, which were necessary to success, did not lend their aid. London with its fogs forced him to try artificial light, the results of which were unsuccessful, and therefore he could only profit by fine days; yet he soon recognised how isolated sounds were produced. In 1855 the Royal Society received some communications from him on these curious studies.

The subject was at once taken up with great activity, especially in Vienna, where success was far from equalling the hopes of the doctors. The caprices of solar light and the defects of artificial threw them into a state of despair. By all means they must improve their mirrors. Czermak, the Professor of Physiology at Pesth, taking an example from the instrument used in examining the eye, the ophthalmoscope, had recourse to a concave mirror which concentrated the light. From this time there was no difficulty but to perfect the lenses. Czermak having acquired great skill in the use of his laryngoscope, visited the principal cities of Germany, where his demonstrations deeply interested surgeons and physiologists. He was warmly received in Paris in 1860, where he shewed not only the whole length of his larynx, but also the interior of the trachea or windpipe as far as its bifurcation; a spectacle truly astonishing to those who witness it for the first time. It is not possible to examine the organ of the voice

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with the same facility in all; a man must have had some experience before he can do it.

A slight sketch of this organ will perhaps make the subject clearer. From the breast there rises to the middle of the neck the passage for the air between the lungs and the mouth; at one end it is divided into numerous branches, called the bronchial tubes; at the upper end, like the capital of a column, is seen the larynx, resembling an angular box; strong cartilages make it very resistent; and the interior is lined with a mucous membrane forming folds, named the vocal lips. These separate, lengthen, or shorten in the formation of various sounds. The largest of the four cartilages rises in an annular form, and protects the whole structure. It is but slightly shewn in the neck of the female, but strongly marked in the man, and is popularly called Adam's-apple. Like everything else, the larynx presents individual differences. A fine development is an indication of a powerful voice. As the child grows up, there is a sudden alteration and increase of size; but it always remains smaller in the woman than in the man; the angles are less sharp, the muscles weaker, the cartilages thinner and more supple, which accounts for the sharp treble notes in their voices.

Singing demands a different kind of activity in the organs from speaking. In society, where education requires a submission to rule, singing belongs to the domain of art; but in a primitive state all nations have their songs. Musical rhythm drives away weariness, lessens fatigue, detaches the mind from the painful realities of life, and braces up the courage to meet danger. Soldiers march to their war-songs; the labourer rests, listening to a joyous carol. In the solitary chamber, the needlewoman accompanies her work with some love-ditty; and in divine worship the heart is raised above earthly things by the solemn chant.

A strong physical constitution and a perfect regularity in the functions of the organs used in singing, are inappreciable advantages. They should be capable of rendering an inspiration short and easy, the expiration slow and prolonged; there is a struggle between retaining and releasing the air, and with the well-endowed artiste the larynx preserves its position, notwithstanding the great variety of sounds which it emits. But the evolutions of the parts are multiplied, the vocal lips vibrate, and the configuration of the cavity modifies the sounds which are formed in the glottis, and determine the tone of the voice. The most energetic efforts of the will cannot change this tone in any sensible manner. Professors injure their pupils by prescribing the position of the mouth, from which perhaps they themselves derive an advantage.

It is interesting to watch the play of the organs by the help of the laryngoscope, and see the changes which succeed one another in the low and high notes. At the moment when the sound issues, the glottis is exactly closed; then the orifice becomes a very long figure, pointed at the two extremities. As the sound rises, the vocal lips approach each other, and seem to divide the orifice into two parts; then as the highest notes are sounded, there is but a slit the width of a line. The vocal lips change like the glottis; they stretch out, harden, thicken, and vibrate more and more as the voice rises. Women, who have a smaller larynx and shorter vocal lips, can sing higher notes than men, with a tone less powerful, but sweeter, more uniform, and melodious.

The ordinary limits of the voice comprehend about two octaves of the musical scale: it can easily be increased to two and a half; but some reach the very exceptional range of three, and three and a half. Thus at the commencement of this century, Catalani astonished every one who heard her, as a sort of prodigy. Suppleness and intensity may be acquired by practice, as has been proved in the case of many singers: the voice of Marie Garcia was harsh, but it became at last the delicious one of Madame Malibran. In general, the natural gift is manifested without culture; the child endowed with this great charm warbles like a bird for amusement; a lover of art passes by, listens with surprise, and promises glory and fortune to the rival of the lark. Thus the famous Rubini won his triumphs. Occasionally the singer has in a moment lost all power, and an enchanting voice will disappear never to return; such a misfortune befell Cornelia Falcon.

Those who have watched the formation of vowels and consonants can describe very precisely the positions which the lips, tongue, and palate take in articulation. Yet almost identical sounds can be produced with different positions. As we all know, the teeth are a great help to pronunciation, but a person who has lost all his teeth can modify the play of the lips and tongue and express himself intelligibly. Actors imitate the voice of public characters so as to make the illusion complete. The ventriloquist can make his voice issue as if from a cavern. When misfortune has deprived a man of the whole or part of his tongue, he can still hold a conversation, though the sounds are never particularly agreeable. All this shews that there is nothing absolute in the actions which form words, though in general the same organs play similar parts. Those who were born deaf have ceased to be dumb by interpreting the movements of the mouth with wonderful certainty: they guess the words of the speaker instead of hearing them, and so learn to speak by imitation, their speaking, however, being seldom well modulated. There are now several institutions where the poor creatures who have been deprived of one of their senses can acquire a means of communicating with their companions without the tedious intervention of writing. The master indicates to the child how he must open his mouth, place his tongue and lips; he then draws the pupil's hand over his own larynx, so that he may feel the movement. Those who, like the writer, have seen this reading from the lips, will be struck with the surprising delicacy of the impressions made on the eye which has been thus cultivated.

In comparison with the human voice, that of animals seems poor indeed. The barking of the dog, the mewing of the cat, the bleating of sheep, cannot be called language, in the proper sense. Yet the larynx of these creatures is on the same plan as that of man. Among monkeys the resemblance is perfect. To all appearance the impossibility of speaking is due to the formation of the lips and tongue. In 1715 Leibnitz announced to the French Academy that he had met with a common peasant's dog that could repeat thirty words after its master. In spite of such an authority, we must always say when we most admire the intelligence of this faithful companion: 'He only wants words.'

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So well endowed with memory, affection, and intelligence, he can only express his joy by sharp, short expirations of air through the glottis. Howling is a prolonged note in the pharynx, excited by deep grief or pain. Yet they in common with many other animals can communicate with each other in a marvellous manner when they wish to organise an expedition. A dead bullock was lying in a waste far from all habitations, when a solitary dog, attracted by the smell, came and fed upon it; immediately he returned to the village and called together his acquaintances. In less than an hour the bones were picked clean by the troop.

Opportunities for studying the language of wild animals are rare: they fly from man, and when in captivity they become nearly silent, only uttering a few cries or murmurs. Travellers have sometimes been able to watch the graceful movements of the smaller African apes. Living in the branches of trees, they descend with great prudence. An old male, who is the chief, climbs to the top and looks all around; if satisfied, he utters guttural sounds to tranquillise his band; but if he perceive danger, there is a special cry, an advertisement which does not deceive, and immediately they all disperse. On one occasion a naturalist watched a solitary monkey as he discovered an orange-tree laden with fruit. Without returning, he uttered short cries; his companions understood the signal, and in a moment they were collected under the tree, only too happy to share its beautiful fruit. Some kinds possess a curious appendage, a sort of aërial pouch, which opens into the interior of the larynx and makes a tremendous sound. These howling apes, also called Stentors, inhabit the deepest forests of the New World; and their cries, according to Humboldt, may be heard at the distance of one or two miles.

If it be ever possible to observe the play of the larynx of animals during the emission of sounds, the subject will be a very curious one. The difficulty seems almost insurmountable, as their goodwill must be enlisted; yet M. Mandl, full of confidence in his use of the laryngoscope, does not despair. After man, among animated nature, the birds occupy the highest rank in nature's concerts; they make the woods, the gardens, and the fields resound with their merry warbles. Cuvier discovered the exact place from which their note issues. They possess a double larynx, the one creating the sounds, the other resounding them: naturalists call the apparatus a drum. Thus two lips form the vocal cords, which are stretched or relaxed by a very complicated action of the muscles. This accounts for the immense variety of sounds among birds, replying to the diversity in the structure of the larynx.

The greater number of small birds have cries of joy or fear, appeals for help, cries of war. All these explosions of voice borrow the sounds of vowels and consonants, and shew how easy and natural is articulation among them. Those species which are distinguished as song-birds have a very complicated vocal apparatus. For the quality of tone, power, brilliancy, and sweetness, the nightingale stands unrivalled; yet it does not acquire this talent without long practice, the young ones being generally mediocre. The parrots which live in large numbers under the brightest suns, have a love for chattering which captivity does not lessen. Attentive to every voice and noise, they imitate them with extraordinary facility; and the phenomenon of their articulating words is still unexplained. It is supposed that there is a peculiar activity in the upper larynx. As a rule, they attach no meaning to what they say; but there are exceptions. When very intelligent and well instructed, these birds —such as Mr Truefitt's late parrot, an account of which appeared in this *Journal* in 1874—can give a suitable answer to certain questions.

Our notes on this interesting study come to a close. Man is well served by his voice; words are the necessity of every-day life; singing is its pleasure and recreation, whether the performers are human beings or birds.

## FOX-HUNTING ON THE MOUNTAINS OF SCOTLAND.

The light of an almost full moon was struggling with the first faint glimmer of dawn one morning late in February as I sprang out of bed and looked through my window. I could see a few fleecy clouds racing across that luminary; and away in the north-east lay a dark bank, speaking of the direction taken by the storm which I had heard at intervals during the night; but otherwise the sky was clear and gave promise of at least a few hours' respite from the almost ceaseless rain of the previous two months. Such being the case, I lost no time in dressing and in calling my companion; and before another day had fairly begun, we were passing through the fresh clear air on our way to the hill, accompanied by two couple of fox-hounds, while an irrepressible terrier who would not be denied found its way to its owner's heels before we had gone many hundred yards.

Foxes in the Highlands are held in very different estimation from the same animal farther south. Death, meted out with all weapons and under all circumstances, is their lot whenever found; and few acts are considered more meritorious or more deserving of public thanks than the destruction of a vixen and her cubs. Little fault can be found with such a state of affairs when it is remembered that hunting is impossible, and that otherwise foxes would increase to such an extent as not only to do great damage to game, but to become a serious tax upon the sheep-farmer, especially during the spring, when quantities of lambs fall victims even under present circumstances. The great extent of many Highland properties and the small number of keepers employed, render it impossible for them to keep the foxes under without assistance; and the result has been the installation of a regular district fox-hunter, whose one employment is to go about from farm to farm accompanied by his hounds and terriers, and kill foxes, on consideration of receiving a toll of so much per score of sheep, as well as free quarters for as long as he chooses to stay.

Such was my companion on this occasion. He deserves, however, a more than general notice. To watch him as he sat over-night by the kitchen-fire, his chin almost resting on his knees, no one would guess, from his bent and stiffened appearance and long white hair, that they were looking at the best hill-man within a radius of fifty miles; a man who on three different occasions had ventured alone on the outlying heights during the worst

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of a wild snow-storm in search of missing shepherds, and who had succeeded in bringing two of them home alive, despite having to carry one for nearly five miles through drifts out of which no other man in the glen would have had a chance of extricating himself. Although now near sixty years of age, time did not seem to have had any effect upon his physical powers; and while he grumbled and declared himself worn out and unfit for his position, entailing as it did an immense amount of fatigue and hardship, it was well known that the man who could live alongside of old Ian Cameron when once his hounds had settled down to a fox, must not only be of sound wind and limb, but more active than nine-tenths of the young Highlanders in the district.

The hounds also deserve some notice before I enter upon the doings of the day. They were small, very powerfully built animals, with heads and frames much resembling the old Southern hound; and possessing a grand bell-like note; but far too slow to come up to the modern idea of a fox-hound. Indeed, except on some very rare occasions, when a fox had been caught unawares or, as it is usually termed, 'chopped,' neither they nor their immediate ancestors had ever killed one without assistance. Ian had, he told me, first got the strain from the late Lord Eglinton nearly fifty years ago, and had kept it pure from that day to this. It was, however, in terriers that the old man excelled. Talk of the prize-winners of the so-called Skye breed at the dog-shows of the present day! I very much doubt if Ian would have accepted one of them as a gift, while his specimens would no doubt have been contemptuously ignored by any well-regulated judging mind. Long-bodied, short-legged, powerful little animals they were, with rough coarse coats of the thickest of thick hair, each of them able and willing to bolt or half kill a fox single-handed. Their ancestors had originally been brought from the island of Barra, where, in common with all the western islands, the breed supposed to be confined to Skye is found of the utmost purity; and they were as perfect representatives of their class as it would be possible to find anywhere.

Their owner had arrived two days previously at the house of a large sheep-farmer with whom I was staying; and as I knew there were several foxes frequenting the cairns among the high hills, I had arranged to accompany him on this and on subsequent occasions; and I may add, that for those who both can and will run for miles over the wild tops of our Highland hills, and who care for hunting and seeing hounds working when separated from the excitement of hard riding, there are tamer amusements than accompanying a professional fox-hunter on his rounds. On this occasion we had some miles to go before there was much chance of falling in with the object of our search. The wily tods rarely came down to the low ground, where the house and arable portion of the farm were situated, preferring to keep among the almost inaccessible boulders and rocks which strew the surface of many acres on the hill-tops, from whence during the breeding season they made nightly raids against the lambs for miles around. In winter, however, the snow drove them down somewhat, and they took up their quarters in such low-lying cairns as contained rabbits, which, with an occasional white hare, seem to form their principal food, until the advent of spring brings them more easily captured and more toothsome victims. They by no means, however, confined themselves to any one spot, but moved about from cairn to cairn; and it was in the hope of getting on the line of some such prowler and marking him to ground that we were making our present expedition. A finer morning for hunting of any kind it would have been impossible to conceive: a warm south-westerly breeze was blowing, and the air felt more like May than February, while the few remaining clouds were rapidly disappearing, and the newly-risen sun, as yet concealed from us by the intervening mountains, was sparkling on the snow-covered summits of the hills, or pouring down through the glens in long rays of golden light on to the many lochs and woods which, intermingled with cultivated fields, formed a belt of lowlands at our feet stretching to the Western Ocean.

For nearly two hours we pursued our way, mounting higher and higher, until we reached a broad glen, shut in by very high hills, on which were some cairns much affected by the foxes. During this time the old fox-hunter had kept up a continuous stream of talk, quite regardless of the severity of the ascent, which was such in places as to render me glad of the excuse afforded by the glorious view below, for a momentary rest. His theme was foxes, and it may be imagined that after an experience of nearly fifty years he had a good deal to say worth listening to on the subject. One anecdote of a cub I remember. He had been asked by some southern laird to preserve any cubs he could catch, and to send them south to him for turning out; and one spring he succeeded in getting three. They were too young at the time of capture to bear the long journey; but after two months he put the three into a wooden box, nailed it down, and took it in a cart to the pier, some twelve miles distant, where the steamer by which he was going to send them called. A gentleman he met there told him that unless he wished the cubs to die of suffocation he had better take the top of the box off and bore breathing-holes in it; and while doing so one of them made its escape. It was dark at the time; and after a short pursuit he had to give it up as hopeless, and returned home next morning after sending off the remaining two. To his astonishment he found the missing cub comfortably ensconced in its accustomed corner, and was told by his wife that at eleven the previous evening, just three hours after the little animal had made its escape, she had heard something scratching at the door, and on opening it found the cub, much travel-stained and wet, and evidently very tired, but delighted at reaching home again. How it managed to find its way on a dark wet night over a road it had never seen, and had only once traversed shut up in a box at the bottom of a cart, is one of the mysteries of instinct; a faculty which ought rather to be ranked with reason.

On entering the glen Ian commenced to cast his hounds, which had hitherto kept to heel, from side to side; and we had hardly gone a hundred yards before they began to get busy, and in a few minutes it was evident they had got on the line of a fox. Knowing the ground well, we watched them without moving for a little while, until indeed we felt

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no doubt as to the particular cairn their quarry had been making for, and then, as his line had by no means been a direct one, we had ample time to get above the hounds and, while making our own way as direct as possible, watch them as they followed him along the mountain-side. It was pleasant to see them all working together, making a cast here or a turn there, as they puzzled out the cold scent, their rich full note every now and again reaching us as one or other of them was able to 'speak' to it. Winding in and out among the small corries, but ever rising higher and higher, the tiny pack at last headed direct for the cairn, close to which we had arrived several minutes before; and whether the scent was fresher, or they were encouraged by again seeing us, every hound joined in the musical chorus.

We were standing on a small eminence close by, and as the rich bell-like notes sounded through the clear air of the mountain-tops, an old dog-fox with a white-tipped brush stole out, and before Ian could get his gun up, was well under weigh. I am glad to say that shooting straight did not form one of the old man's accomplishments, and I saw his slugs flatten themselves into great white blotches on the face of a big black rock a couple of yards behind the tod. At the same instant, with a yell which brought the hounds to my heels, I rushed after it, and only waiting long enough to see them racing away in full view, I made for the top of the hill, now not many yards distant. Ian, notwithstanding old age and white hairs, was already before me, and I had to run hard before I could get on level terms with him. The chase was for the time out of sight though not out of hearing; but after a smart run of half an hour's duration we came to a jutting perpendicular precipice, forming the angle where a smaller glen joined the main one, and far below us we could see the hounds racing without a check, while a careful search of the probable line of the tod revealed him making the best of his way to a very strong cairn on the hill exactly opposite to us. Feeling pretty certain that as he had got his mark in that direction, he would make it his point, we sat down on the brink of the precipice and watched both pursuers and pursued. The latter was evidently gaining ground, and seemed to be aware of the fact, as he was certainly not distressing himself; but the hounds were running so that literally a sheet would have covered them, and were hunting his line without even a momentary divergence; so that, however well this strong hill-fox might have proved, he would have found it no easy matter to run them out of scent. Five minutes across the glen, and another five up the opposite hill, sufficed, however, to bring him close to his stronghold; and secure in the prospect of immediate safety, he had the coolness to turn round and watch his pursuers as they toiled up behind him; disappearing from our view the moment after behind the great rock and boulders which everywhere lay scattered around.

As soon as he did so, we got up and made the best of our way across, finding the hounds mounting guard on the rock under which he had disappeared. The cairn he had taken refuge in was the strongest and largest on the property. A chaotic mass of loose boulders were strewed one above another among enormous masses of rock over an extent of some four acres; and so rough was the walking that it was exceedingly difficult if not absolutely dangerous to attempt to cross it. Rabbits inhabited it by the thousand, and the whole mass was connected more or less by passages beneath the surface. Indeed there was nothing to prevent a fox from taking the ground on one side and bolting perhaps two hundred yards off on the other; and Ian's first care on arriving was to take his hounds round outside, to make sure that it had not done so. Satisfied on this point, he chose a position on one of the biggest rocks, and after putting his terrier in he retired there, in readiness to fire if the fox bolted. I remained down below, to follow as far as practicable the progress of the terrier. The little animal well knew its work, and plunged in under the rock with the utmost keenness. A second after, a yelp or two told that it could feel the hot scent, if it had not reached the fox; but the yelps grew fainter and fainter, and at last died away. I kept moving about among the boulders, listening at the rabbit-burrows and crevices of the rocks, and at last I distinguished the snarl of the terrier, followed at intervals by distant sounds of tearing and scratching. The combat, however, if combat it was, was taking place very deep down, and it was impossible to distinguish what was going on. By degrees also, even these sounds ceased; and as, after waiting for more than half an hour, they were not renewed, Ian joined me, and ineffectually called and whistled for his dog.

After persevering in trying to make out its position for some time, we at length desisted; and as it was necessary for one of us to go for assistance in the shape of other terriers and more men, I volunteered to undertake the task, leaving Ian to guard the cairn during my absence. A sharp run of an hour took me to the farmhouse, where the news of our having got a fox in the Gray Rock Cairn soon spread; and by the time I had bolted a few mouthfuls of breakfast, and got some grub put up for Ian, I found half-a-dozen men and three times that number of terriers and collies in readiness to accompany me back. A little over two hours saw us at the scene of action; and we heard that nothing had occurred during my absence, except that Ian felt pretty confident that he had once distinguished the sound of his terrier scraping. We had brought four others of his up with us, and these he at once turned in; while every one who owned a dog of the breed put it into some part of the cairn, and then awaited the result; the collies meanwhile contemplating the proceedings, sitting on their haunches with their ears half cocked and their heads a little on one side; pictures of canine wisdom. The terriers had not been in many minutes before a regular chorus of yelping commenced, followed by the appearance of one or two of the less courageous with their tails well tucked in between their legs, only to receive execrations in guttural Gaelic from their owners. We now set to work to move some of the smaller boulders; and at the end of about an hour's hard work, we reached the scene of the conflict, and found the fox which we had marked to ground, and another, quite dead.

Great were the rejoicings over the death of these two of the shepherds' enemies, and loud the praises each man bestowed on his own terrier, if he was fortunate enough to possess one. In real truth, however, it was those belonging to Ian which had done the work, as they were put in

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first, and not more than three could have reached the fox at one time.

On several other occasions I was out on such-like expeditions from dawn to an hour or two after dark, during which time we killed six foxes, one falling a victim to Ian's gun, and the rest meeting their death in fair fight with one or two terriers; as except on the occasion I have just related, I do not remember more than the latter number being turned in at once. We also had some capital runs with the hounds; and whatever may be the opinion of the legitimate fox-hunter, I can assure him he may have worse sport than a day on foot among our Highland hills.

W. H. D.

## SMUGGLING IN ITS DROLL ASPECTS.

THE Custom-house, London, although it figures in almanacs in the list of 'places of public amusement,' is by no means a cheerful building. Situated in the extremely busy and dirty thoroughfare called Lower Thames Street, next door to Billingsgate Market, far-famed for good fish and choice language, it has few attractions for those who are not compelled by business needs to enter its portal. Here is nothing but noisy activity. Merchants' clerks, porters, car-men, and the numberless beings who form the rank and file of a vast commercial centre, elbow each other as they push through the ever swinging doors in their anxiety to get their business transacted.

Occasionally a knot of country people may be met with in the 'Long-room' staring about them in the fruitless search after anything in the shape of entertainment; but with these exceptions the place is given up to business. If these visitors were able to find their way to the Museum, they would there see much to both interest and astonish them; but this part of the building is perhaps necessarily withheld from the general public, for there seems in the busy hive so much for everybody to do, that drones in the shape of sight-seers would hardly be welcome.

Yet, the Custom-house contains a museum of real curiosities—memorials of attempts at smuggling. Various causes have contributed to the decline of contrabandism as a means of livelihood, chief among which are the necessary reductions and alterations in the Customs tariff since the adoption in this country of free-trade principles. When such valuable and portable articles as watches and lace were heavily taxed, the temptation to secrete them was naturally very common. At the same period too the duty on spirits was about five times as much as its intrinsic worth, and therefore this class of goods afforded a rich harvest to the successful smuggler. Things are changed now, for lace and watches are duty free, and the tax upon spirits has been reduced considerably more than one half. Tobacco and spirits, owing perhaps to the universal demand for them, have always, above other things, met with the smuggler's particular regard; and such cases as now come before our police magistrates are generally confined to these two articles. A matter-of-fact heavy fine and confiscation of the surreptitious goods, is the usual result of conviction; and the smuggler—which our childhood's fancy painted as a brave hero fighting the myrmidons of an oppressive government in some wild cave on the sea-shore—is quietly walked off to prison until he can pay the forfeit. 'The Smuggler's Cave' still remains; for with that clinging fondness for the traditions of past times, it is the fashion to dignify any natural crevice in our cliffs with that title; but now the modern policeman steps upon the scene, and poetical ideas vanish with the sound of his creaking contract boots.

The chief evidence of smuggling as it has existed within the present century is furnished by certain articles which have been seized from time to time, and which are now lodged in the Custom-house Museum. It is to this Museum that we now intend to direct our readers' attention, and more especially to a certain large cabinet in the corner of the room, the contents of which supply a title to this paper. The first thing which is pointed out to us is a ship's 'fender,' which we may remind our readers is a block of wood with a rope attached slung over the bows to prevent the abrasion which might be caused by contact with another vessel. This particular fender was found to be hollow, and to contain several pounds of compressed tobacco. The officer who thought of looking for the soothing weed in such a receptacle must have been an extremely 'cute individual. But here is a still more extraordinary hiding-place, and one which must have involved a journey aloft for its detection—a ship's block, the sheave or wheel of which is actually made of solid tobacco. Here is an ornamental pedestal which once adorned the corner of a captain's cabin, and would perhaps adorn it still, had it not been found gorged with contraband cigars. Another commander appears to have been a more moderate smoker, for he was content with only two pounds of cheroots, which were found inside a sham loaf on his breakfast table. Here we have a number of cigars knotted singly on a string, like the tail of a kite; these were dropped between the inner and outer timbers of a ship's side; whilst holes drilled in the ends of an egg-box furnish lodging for several more.

A broomstick does not seem at first sight to offer much room for concealment, but here is one which, accidentally broken, revealed a core of that rope-like commodity known to those who chew the weed, as 'pigtail.' Cakes of tobacco formed to fit into the sole of a boot shew another ingenious mode of disposal. But the prize for inventive talent must certainly be awarded to the clever rascal who compressed snuff into slabs, and stamped them to exactly imitate the oil-cakes on which cattle are fattened. Whether the discovery of the deception was owing to moral objections on the part of some experienced cow to chew anything stronger than cud does not transpire; but the real nature of the food was somehow ascertained, and what might have proved the staple of a lucrative trade, was transformed into the original dust from which it sprung.

The stewardess of a Jersey steamer is the next delinquent who comes before our notice. On various occasions the petticoat has been found to be a useful auxiliary to the smuggler, and the one which was taken from this lady sufficiently proves the truth of our remark, for twenty-seven pounds of tobacco were hidden in its folds. Two more garments of the same nature contained respectively eighteen and twenty pounds of cigars; whilst another, with the help of a number of fish-bladders hanging from the waistband, was charged

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with several gallons of brandy. Bladders of cognac have also been found attached to a ship's keel several feet under water. It is to be presumed that the discovery of these last was not made in the Thames, the water of that river not being celebrated for its transparency. Artificial lobster-pots thrown overboard with corks attached, also afford favourite receptacles for various articles. Another stewardess, in this case belonging to a Rotterdam boat, did a little ostensible trading in pigeons. Here is the box in which they were caged, constructed with a false bottom, below which were hidden a few pounds of Cavendish. It is a question whether birds ever before so well deserved to be called *carrier* pigeons. The journey to Rotterdam is but a short one, so that although this lady did not indulge in such wholesale doings as her sister of Jersey, she worked on the principle that 'many a little makes a mickle.' Here is an apparently well-bound volume which a studious individual carried under his arm during the transaction of his daily business at one of the docks. It was found to be made of glass, moulded into the form of a book, and covered with leather. That it was a work of much spirit was proved from the fact that it was full of *eau de vie*. Another book is exhibited, the leaves of which are punched through with round holes from cover to cover, for the reception of watches.

We are told that the detection of most of these contrivances for concealing goods about the person has been due to the nervous trepidation of the delinquents themselves; an apt illustration of Hamlet's words: 'Thus conscience does make cowards of us all.' It would seem an almost impossible task to secrete one hundred and forty-seven watches in a single garment, but nevertheless one individual succeeded in doing so. Unfortunately he found a difficulty in sitting down, and the continued fatigue of keeping his feet during a long voyage so told upon his nerves, that fancying he was detected and watched, he gave himself up to justice, literally clothed in his own confusion. Here we have four tin boxes about an inch in depth and about two feet square, having a capacity of four and a half gallons, which, filled with spirit, were found hidden below the clothing in a passenger's boxes. But the latest contribution to the Museum is a small quantity of treacle-like fluid labelled 'Nicotine Poison.' This is a sample of a consignment lately received from Hamburg, and politely returned to the port of shipment, by order of the Customs Board. It is imagined that some enterprising genius had it in his mind to convert by its aid the refuse leaves of the British cabbage into Havana cigars. We have already had experience of Hamburg sherry and Hamburg butter, and doubtless the Customs Commissioners had these commodities in view when they rejected the persuasive overtures of the narcotic in question.

Besides the things which we have enumerated, there are various articles of interest in this Museum. Several curious old prints, shewing what the Custom-house was like in the days when the London suburbs were little villages, separated from the city by some miles of meadow-land. It was then the practice of the Commissioners to ride or drive to their duties, and stable accommodation was therefore a necessary adjunct of the premises. Here too are shewn the dies used when each outport had its own particular seal—this was years ago, before the telegraphs and railways had so effectually lessened their distance from London. 'Leverpoole' was then a creek attached to the port of Chester; on the other hand, many towns which have now sunk into comparative insignificance, were then flourishing sea-ports of great commercial activity. Some curious records relative to the payment of officers are also well worth attention. Here we learn, by marginal notes, that certain unfortunate beings are to be deprived of their salaries, 'they being Papists;' whilst one is mulcted of his due because 'his wife is now or was lately a Papist.' These notes were written in the year previous to that which saw the landing of the Prince of Orange, and they form a singularly terse comment upon the state of public feeling which led to that event. The world is now nearly two hundred years older, and has grown more tolerant. We cannot say that it has become honest; but for the reasons already given, it is not likely that many additions will be made to the curiosities of Smuggling.

## THE MONTH:

### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE Royal Agricultural Society's *Journal*, No. 25, recently published, abounds with information likely to interest other persons as well as farmers. There is a good account of the implements exhibited at the Philadelphia Centennial Show, in which many clever contrivances are described, among them not a few shewing that Canada is by no means deficient in inventive ingenuity. Dr Voelcker in his experiments on roots explains that swedes when allowed to sprout a second time transfer two-thirds of their solid substance to their tops or leaves; and he calls attention to a series of experiments carried on in France which lead to the conclusion that 'roots mature more readily when planted closer, and often yield a heavier crop per acre, than when they are planted too widely apart.' In his chemical report the doctor exposes the trickery used in the manufacture of oil-cake, and says that he has 'considered it his duty to refer to these matters because he knows that mal-practices of cake crushers and dealers are again gradually extending all over England.' Then comes an article on the use and value of straw as food, which will surprise most readers; and next we find a Report on analysis of butter drawn up for the Board of Inland Revenue, in which the reporters state that the more butter is washed and kneaded to expel the curd the better will it be; and that 'while some of the finest and best prepared butters undergo little or no change, there is in others a gradual disappearance of the characteristic principles of butter, and a consequent assimilation to the constitution of an ordinary animal fat. This change, which appears to be due to an incipient fermentation, and is generally accompanied by the development of fungi, is probably caused either by the use of sour cream or by insufficient care in making the butter.' We only add the remark that the souring of butter is more frequently caused by

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negligence in washing out the milk properly than anything else.

This seems the place to mention that a reward of three hundred marks has been offered by the Pharmaceutical Union of Leipzig for the discovery of a sure and practical method for the detection of the adulteration of butter by other fatty substances. The competing descriptions are to be sent in before September 30 of the present year.

Another article in the *Journal*, by the Rev. Canon Brereton, sets forth the advantages offered by Cavendish College, Cambridge, as bearing on the education of agriculturists. 'The time and the cost,' he says, 'of a three years' residence in College, after the school course is finished, have been considered incompatible with the obligations both of learning and earning, in the business of a farm.' But the reform of schools and the establishment of local examinations have 'not only made the general school preparation itself much more effective for after-life, but have admitted the possibility of adding to the school the further advantage of a college course, and this within the university, and in permanent connection, therefore, with the highest education of the country. In short, many a lad of fifteen or sixteen who has been taught in a good school has it quite in his reach to take a university degree at eighteen or nineteen, and then enter on his professional studies and duties with all the advantages of a completed education. To secure practically this important result, and to offer to such lads the best university instruction, with suitable protection and associates, and at a very moderate cost, the new Cavendish College is now being founded in Cambridge.'

In a recent *Month* (*ante* 270) we mentioned an exhaust nozzle for quieting the noise of safety-valves and escape-pipes. This nozzle has since been described in the *Journal of the Franklin Institute* (Philadelphia). It consists of a spiral coil of wire so compressed as to leave a slight space between the individual turns of the coil. This when properly adjusted is fitted into the end of the escape-pipe: the steam rushes out; but instead of communicating its vibrations to the air, communicates them to the coil. 'As, however, the individual turns of the coil cannot vibrate to any considerable extent without coming in contact with the adjacent ones, interference occurs to such an extent that the vibrations are *not* transmitted to the air.'

This useful invention (Shaw's Spiral Exhaust Nozzle) has been reported on by a Committee of the Institute, who in concluding their very favourable Report, recommend the grant of a premium and a medal to the inventor, and remark: 'In view of the annoyance, fright, and danger arising from the roar of escaping steam, and of the completeness with which the nozzle destroys this roar, we are of the opinion that Mr Shaw has done a great service to the community, and particularly to the transportation interests, in overcoming an obnoxious and dangerous feature in the use of steam.' The nozzle, we are informed, has already been largely adopted in America. Shall we have long to wait for its introduction here? People who dwell in the neighbourhood of factories and thousands of travellers, are ready to give it a welcome.

Steam-power for tramways instead of horse-power continues to be a subject of experiment, with a view to prevent noise and escape of steam, so that passengers may not be deafened nor horses frightened. It was stated at a meeting of the Institution of Civil Engineers, that the best form of tramway is that which has the rails laid on continuous wooden sleepers, and that there will not be so great a saving as is commonly supposed by using steam instead of horses, for the repairs of the engines will be a heavy item of expense, and the engine-fitters and drivers will require high wages. Some inventors dispense with steam and make use of compressed air; and mention was made of 'a pneumatic car designed by Mr Scott Moncrieff which had been at work on the Vale of Clyde tramways. It carries one hundred cubic feet of air at a pressure of three hundred and fifty pounds on the square inch; and considering that everything about it was of a rough and temporary character, the success obtained was encouraging.' As regards capability, we are told that 'on the level, and on gradients up to one in thirty, engines can do all that is necessary. But the engine has yet to be designed which will stop and start again, with a heavy car behind it, on any steeper inclination without trouble and delay.'

On the other side of the Atlantic, a different conclusion has been arrived at, for, as stated in the *Journal of the Franklin Institute*, a steam tramway engine has been tried in Baltimore which, with a load of a hundred passengers, can be easily stopped and started on a gradient of seven feet in the hundred, or nearly three hundred and *seventy* feet per mile. It drew the same load through snow and slush ten inches deep, when four horses were required to draw an ordinary car. This engine weighs sixteen thousand pounds. On suburban roads it travels at from twelve to eighteen miles an hour. Compared with a two-horse car, it shews, in its working expenses, a saving of five hundred and fifty-eight dollars in a year. The power of traction is, however, of less importance than the absence of smoke and of noise from the steam that is employed. Several good specimens of smokeless and noiseless tramway engines have been shewn in this country.

A horseshoe which is described as 'partaking of the moccasin and also of the sandal' has been brought into use at Philadelphia for street traffic, with, as is said, satisfactory results. It is hollow on the under side, and the hollow is filled by a piece of tarred rope, which by deadening concussion, lessens the severity of the horse's labour and the wear of the paving-stones. This shoe is put on cold, and requires not more than six nails to hold it in place. Something has been heard too of a shoe made of compressed sole leather chemically treated, which is lighter and more lasting than iron shoes; but of this we have as yet no particulars. Lightness should be a recommendation; for if a set of shoes weigh two pounds and a horse trots one step every second, he will lift one hundred and twenty pounds in a minute; from which the sum-total of weight lifted in a day's work may be calculated. When farriers and all people who keep horses shall have some real knowledge of a horse's foot, then proper horse-shoes may be expected to come into general use.

Mr Outerbridge of Philadelphia has succeeded in producing by precipitation gold-leaf so thin that with a single grain he can cover nearly four feet of surface. Nearly three million of such films would

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be required to make an inch in thickness. The films are not, as might be supposed, patchy, but are perfectly whole and continuous: they are also transparent, and serve to illustrate the green appearance of gold under transmitted light.

A good example of the economy of fuel effected by the use of compound cylinders is to be seen in Cherry's Compound Steam-pumping Engine, which has been recently exhibited at Birmingham and at Falmouth. With four pounds of coal hourly for each horse-power, this engine, when fixed in a mine, will force water from a depth of more than a thousand feet; and it is of course applicable to overground work as well as underground work. The characteristics, as described in the Report of the Royal Cornwall Polytechnic Society, are 'extreme simplicity, the reduction of friction to a minimum, thorough efficiency of expansion;' and the entire cost of the engine will be less than the cost of the foundations for an ordinary pumping-engine.—With this may be noticed Stevens' patent underground Hauling Engine, which is so compact that it may be placed almost anywhere in a mine, requires no foundation, may be spiked to a piece of timber or wedged to the roof, and is not affected by the moving of the floor, which is not unfrequent in mines. Another advantage is, that it requires but a few hours to get it into working order, and may be driven by steam or compressed air at pleasure.

A common objection to ordinary fireplaces is too much of the heat wasted up the chimney, and various contrivances have been tried to prevent this waste, one of which was an iron plate instead of bars for the bottom of the grate. An improvement on this is Wavish's patent Coal Economiser, which has a hollow-pierced cylinder rising from the middle of the plate. The air entering the cylinder from below the grate is thus conveyed at once into the centre of the fire, and the heat, instead of rushing up the chimney in undue quantity, is diffused into the room, and coal is economised. The perfection of combustion is achieved when, instead of feeding the cylinder with the vitiated air of the room, it is fed by a pipe communicating with the external air. And further, we are informed that 'if a bag of camphor or other disinfectant is hung on the cylinder, the scent is driven into the apartment;' and thus any room in a house may be perfumed, disinfected, or ventilated by this contrivance, when properly fitted.

Among recent patents is one granted to Professor Sir William Thomson for 'improvements in navigational deep-sea soundings.' With this apparatus a sounding can be taken without stopping the progress of the vessel, which is in itself an important advantage. The depth is indicated by appearances in a glass tube, which shew what portion has been occupied by air while under pressure beneath the water. A Frenchman has invented a sounding apparatus which consists of an india-rubber bag filled with mercury communicating with a valved metallic chamber. The pressure of the water forces the mercury into the chamber, and the quantity therein denotes the depth.

Hitherto the electric light, though a brilliant and powerful substitute for sunshine, has resisted the attempts made to bring it into general use. Clockwork has been required to keep the carbon points always the same distance apart, and as carbon wastes by burning, there was too often failure on the part of the wheels. But now Mr Jablochkoff, a Russian military officer, has discovered a way of overcoming the difficulty. His source of light being a magneto-electric machine, strong enough to produce, say, twenty minor lights, he connects the points where these are to be placed with the principal machine by means of wires. At each of those points he fixes an 'electric candle,' composed of two strips of carbon, and a central strip of a fusible and insulating substance described as kaolin. The current flowing from the machine passes up one of the carbon strips of the first candle, appears as a steady light at top, passes down the other strip, and so on to each candle in succession, and returns to the machine from the last of the series. The candles burn about an hour; but as four are fitted to each lamp, and take light one after the other, an uninterrupted illumination of four hours is thus provided for.

This method has been tried with approbation in Paris, and in London at the West India Docks. Gas appeared dull and feeble by contrast, and the onlookers came to the conclusion that by aid of the electric light the loading or unloading of ships could be readily carried on at night. A further advantage is, that the light is portable, and can be taken without danger into the hold of a vessel. Thus by subdividing a single current and leading each division to a 'candle,' it seems that the question of utilising the electric light is likely to be solved.

Mr C. Meldrum, F.R.S., Director of the Observatory at Mauritius, devotes much time to observation and discussion of sun-spots, rainfall, and cyclones. After carefully considering and comparing observations made in all parts of the world, he finds them corroborated by those of his own locality, and that there is a decided and apparently persistent difference between the rainfall of the period of most sun-spots and of fewest sun-spots: the law being, the more spots the more rain. He finds further, that the increase and decrease have recurrent periods, that there are cycles of rainfall, of sun-spots, and of cyclones; and he remarks: 'Although the question has been brought forward simply by way of hypothesis, yet it appears to me that, on the whole, the evidence in favour of a connection between sun-spots, cyclones, and rainfall, is so strong that any doubts or uncertainty that may now exist will soon be dispelled. . . The hypothesis does not require that the years of fewest spots must necessarily be years of drought, and those of most spots necessarily years of torrential rains over the whole earth. It merely requires that the rainfall of the globe should be subject to a variation having a period of the same length as the sun-spot period. Observation shews, however, that the years of fewest sun-spots are those in which severe droughts are most to be feared.'

'It would be a hopeless task,' continues Mr Meldrum, 'to try to convince those who judge of the matter only by their sensations, that less rain falls over the globe in some years than in others. Great floods and great droughts, especially floods, make deep impressions on the mind, particularly on the minds of those who may have suffered from them. If in a certain year a man was ruined by

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a succession of floods, and in another by a succession of droughts, it might be hard to persuade him that, generally, the former was a remarkably dry year, and the latter a remarkably wet one. The opinions of people who trust to their sensations in a question of this kind, are swayed from side to side by every change of weather. It is only by taking annual averages for many places and many years that the truth comes out.'

Papers bearing on this question were read during the past session at the Royal Society, shewing that by careful observation of the periodical phenomena above mentioned, it would be possible to foretell and provide against the calamitous seasons of famine which occur in India. This would indeed be a beneficent application of physical science; but the results of observation are not yet sufficiently definite. General Strachey, F.R.S., read a paper to prove, by a negative process, that 'there has been no sufficient evidence adduced of any periodicity at all.' Thus the question remains open to further observation and argument, of which there will be no lack; but we may anticipate that a profitable direction will be given to both by the new Council appointed by the Treasury to govern the Meteorological Office. This Council comprises the Hydrographer of the Admiralty, and five Fellows of the Royal Society eminently qualified to deal with scientific questions and direct the work of the Office.

## A FIJIAN TRAGEDY.

THE following sad story is correct in its details; it occurred within the writer's ken, and may serve to illustrate how English civilisation and laws affect the Fijian mind and mode of thought. About four years ago Ravuso Ioni was the principal chief of Waia, one of a group of islands the most westerly in Fiji, called the Yasawas. About that time the parvenu Fijian government had just been formed; and we planters and natives were blessed with a travesty of English laws and institutions down in the Yasawas: one of our planters was made a warden, a court-house was established, and a posse of native police sent down. It need hardly be said that these proceedings were a mystery to the natives; and even close to Levuka, the more enlightened of them could at first hardly be brought to understand the idea of any government. At all events, Ravuso troubled himself very little about the new *nata-ni-tu*, as the government was called by the natives, but carried on in the old Fijian style of his fathers. Now there was a young man in Waia who made love to all the young girls; and not content with that, he also paid his attentions to the married women. The Fijians are a jealous lot; and by-and-by a mob of angry husbands complained of this young fellow to their chief Ravuso, who, with the advice of the old men in full council, decided that this gay lover was to be buturaka-ed, or turkey tramped as we whites call it. This buturaka-ing is an institution peculiar to Fiji. The unfortunate is knocked down; and the natives dance and jump on him until he is insensible and nearly dead. A man seldom recovers thoroughly from a good, or rather a bad, buturaka-ing.

Some, doubtless, of the jealous husbands or their friends were among the party that buturaka-ed the gay deceiver, because they carried out their orders so well that in three weeks after the young fellow died from the effects.

In the old times, most of us whites and natives would have said: 'Serve him right,' and the matter would have ended. But now there was law in the land; our warden was just appointed, and, new-broomish-like, ordered the arrest of Ravuso. After some trouble, he was coaxed to surrender, and was confined at Somo-Somo, awaiting trial. Nothing so puzzles a Fijian as the slow procedure of our English law; and poor Ravuso pined in prison. So one day he asked his *Ban* (jailers) to be allowed a walk: they accompanied him; and all sat down under a large ivi tree. After a time the chief proposed to get some ivis, and climbed the tree for the purpose. When he got to the top, he called out to his astonished guards that he was going to throw himself down headlong. 'Tell your white judge,' said he, 'that I am a chief and the son of a chief; that I can't survive the disgrace of being imprisoned like a felon; that the punishment given to the man of mine was just—he was a bad man; that I am a chief, and had a right to punish him vaka-viti' (after the manner of Fiji). So saying, he threw himself down, broke his back, and died shortly afterwards.

In a day or two the news of the chief's death reached Waia, and a wail went up from each little village embowered in its cocoa-nut grove, for the death of their 'Turaga,' as they call their chiefs. His wife, Lau Wai (to strike water as in fishing), and young daughter (fifteen years only) made up their minds that their chief should not go unaccompanied to Hades, but have some one to cook and look after him there. So one night they tied a rope between two trees, twisted it round their necks, and so strangled themselves after the old Fijian fashion. These people had been Christians ten years, but evidently believed in their old traditions still. Our warden was not a bad fellow, and I believe the unfortunate result of his first attempt at enforcing English law among the natives caused him many a pang.

And now the sad tale of the death of this unfortunate Waia chief and his family is told in many a Fijian hamlet, in the cool evenings, as the sun goes down under the shade of the lofty ivis and cocoa-nut trees; and the women and children hear with a thrill of the power of that mysterious mata-ni-tu whose action hurled a Fijian chief from his high estate, and sent him and his devoted wife and daughter prematurely before the face of their Maker.

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# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

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## PREDOMINANT DELUSIONS.

SEEING is believing! Such is an old saw, not usually called in question, and yet it is exceedingly fallacious. A great many phenomena seemingly true by the eyesight are not true at all. Ignorance and prejudice have led to very extraordinary mistakes. We speak of the sun rising and setting, because it appears to do so, but it neither sets nor rises. The earth turns in front of it like a roast turning before a fire. A conjurer will clearly shew you that he will bring any number of eggs out of an empty hat. He only brings them out of his sleeve, where they were cunningly concealed. And so on with a great many other illusions, all seemingly fair and above board, but in which we are imposed on either by our senses, or by some fallacy in reasoning. Less than two hundred years ago, courts of justice were hanging and burning thousands of old women for being witches—all on a sort of evidence which in the present day would only be laughed at. The world now knows better than believe such trash, but it took a long time to learn; and even yet this highly experienced and much complimented world occasionally falls into the most absurd crazes; or perhaps we should more correctly say, there are large numbers of tolerably educated but credulous people who with a taste for the wonderful are ever ready to believe in any kind of nonsense that turns up. These worthy individuals are, of course, not without excuse. Starting with the principle that there may be forces in nature which science has as yet failed to disclose, we should be cautious in asserting that any particular phenomenon that seems incomprehensible is a result of mere illusion or imposture. Let every mysterious demonstration, they say, be impartially inquired into. Quite correct. The misfortune, however, is, that before the matters in question have been examined impartially by the light of science, the craze gets ahead, and many persons weakly allowing themselves to be carried away by their feelings, get painfully compromised, and are by the more cool and cautious part of mankind set down as little better than—fools. Very hard! But the warning offered is useful. If people of good standing will believe in absurdities without proper examination, they must take the consequences.

We have been led to make these remarks by a perusal of the lately issued work, *Mesmerism, Spiritualism, &c., Historically and Scientifically considered*, by Dr W. B. Carpenter. In this ably written and eminently readable small volume, the author brings to bear a long experience in scientific inquiry into the popular crazes and impostures of the last forty years, beginning with Mesmerism and Table-turning, and ending with Spiritualism in the several shapes it has assumed. We commend the book to the serious consideration of the credulous. Tracing the history of marvels of different kinds, Dr Carpenter states that the whole has been 'a long succession of epidemic delusions, the form of which has changed from time to time, whilst their essential nature has remained the same throughout; and that the condition which underlies them all is *the subjection of the mind to a dominant idea*. There is a constitutional tendency in many minds to be seized by some strange notion which takes entire possession of them; so that all the actions of the individual "thus possessed" are results of its operation.' Placed on this footing, the Predominant Delusion, be it a belief in witchcraft, mesmerism, or spiritualism, is a kind of monomaniacal frenzy. An absurd idea has got possession of the individual, and no reasoning with him to the contrary will have any effect in driving it out. He will absolutely get out of temper if his fanciful notions are so much as questioned. Usually the monomania spreads; and the more who suffer themselves to be affected, the keener and more demonstrative does the delusion become. Certain frantic religious ferments in past and recent times have been due to nothing else than strange contagious influences, of which, after a time, when passion has subsided, all are pretty well ashamed, and fain to stifle out of disagreeable remembrance. We happen to have seen several of these prevalent crazes, droll in some respects, but very pitiable. After such mental disturbances, things, happily,

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shake themselves right at last, and all goes on as usual. The fever has subsided.

Often, able and estimable men suffer themselves to be affected by the prevailing craze, and lead on others as imitators. It is now about forty years since, when by invitation to a friend's house, we were present at an evening séance in which an eminent professor at one of our universities entertained the company with what he confidently believed to be mesmeric experiments, such as sending persons to sleep, or rendering them temporarily mute by bidding them 'tie their tongue.' Here was a man skilled in a branch of physical science, but of eager temperament and with a rage for novelty, lending himself indiscreetly to certain popular delusions which had originated in the crazed fancy of a charlatan. Mesmeric experiments of this sort were for a time a favourite amusement. They reminded us of the superstition in the old legends, in which 'glamour' is said to have been cast over weak-minded individuals. This ancient glamour consisted in producing by looks and gestures a negation of self-assertion. The operator threw the patient into a kind of spell-bound or dreamy condition without any power of correct reasoning. It was the conquest of the strong and resolute will over the weak and irresolute, through the effects of a kind of jugglery.

Mesmeric sleep, as it is called, is ordinarily produced by seemingly mystic passes of the hands, and an intense concentration of looks on the eyes of the person operated upon. In it there is nothing marvellous. Dr Carpenter explains that it 'corresponds precisely in character with what is known in medicine as "hysteric coma;" the insensibility being as profound while it lasts as in the coma of narcotic poisoning or pressure on the brain; but coming on and passing off with such suddenness as to shew that it is dependent upon some transient condition of the sensorium, which, with our present knowledge, we can pretty certainly assign to a reduction in the supply of blood caused by a sort of spasmodic contraction of the blood-vessels.' This explanation, on a physiological basis, considerably reduces the mystic character of those mesmeric marvels in which the late Dr Elliotson indulged at his public séances in Conduit Street. It does not, however, as we imagine, detract from the medical value that may be attached to the calming of the nervous system by what is spoken of as mesmeric sleep. Mr Braid, a practising surgeon in Manchester, ingeniously fell on the device of producing a profound mesmeric slumber by simply causing individuals to fix their gaze determinedly at a cork stuck at the top of their nose. It was not surprising that people should have been lulled by being subjected to this species of Hypnotism. Ordinary sleep may in most instances be induced by keeping the lower extremities perfectly still, and determinedly fixing attention on the act of breathing through the nostrils. Speaking from experience, we offer this as a hint to the habitually sleepless.

In the amusing book before us, the author shews how clairvoyants have imposed on public assemblies by tricks, which could be seen through by sceptical observers. Miss Martineau, as is well known, had a profound belief in the marvels of mesmerism. This lady had a servant, J., to whom was imputed wonderful powers of clairvoyance. On one occasion, while in the mesmeric sleep, she gave 'the particulars of the wreck of a vessel, of which her cousin was one of the crew; as also of the previous loss of a boy overboard; with which particulars, it was positively affirmed by Miss Martineau, and believed by many on her authority, that the girl could not have been previously informed, as her aunt had only brought the account to the house when the séance was nearly terminated. On being asked, says Miss M., two evenings afterwards, when again in sleep, "whether she knew what she related by hearing her aunt telling the people below," J. replied: "No; I saw the place and the people themselves—like a vision." And Miss Martineau believed her.' After all, the girl was proved to be an impostor. A medical friend, on making a rigorous investigation, discovered 'unequivocally that J.'s aunt had told the whole story to her sister, in whose house Miss M. was residing, about *three hours before the séance;* and that though J. was not then in the room, the circumstances were fully discussed in her presence before she was summoned to the mesmeric performance. Thus not only was J. completely discredited as a seer, but the value of *all* testimony to such marvels was seriously lowered, when so intelligent a witness as Harriet Martineau could be so completely led astray by her prepossessions as to put forth statements as facts, which were at once upset by the careful inquiry which she ought to have made before committing herself to them.'

A preconceived determination or proneness to believe in the reality of any seeming marvel without any other evidence than the senses, goes a great way to explain the stories that are fondly cherished by the dupes of spiritualism. The error lies in taking things for granted. At one time people were all agog as to the wonders of table-turning, and it is amusing to remember how the wonder was speedily exploded by the appliances suggested by Faraday. He conclusively shewed that the operators, however honest, unconsciously exerted a muscular action, causing the table to turn in the direction previously conceived. The whole thing was a curious piece of self-deception. Dupes of spiritualistic manipulators are similarly self-deceived. They go to séances in the fond hope of seeing incomprehensible marvels by 'mediums' and table-rappers, and come away believing that all has been real, instead of being only tricks worthy or unworthy of a conjurer. Certainly, at no séance of spiritualists have the performances excelled the wonders effected by those adepts in conjuring, Maskelyne and Cooke.

Although exploded and discredited, table-turning has latterly come up in the new form of planchette, a fashionable toy alleged to be endowed with singularly mystic qualities. Consisting of a small and easily moved board, in which a pencil is stuck with the point downwards on paper or slate laid on a table, the machine is said to be

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capable of answering questions put to the operator who presses on the board with his hands. No doubt, the pencil will write answers as required, but it does so only by the conscious or unconscious muscular action of the hands on the board. This weak device of pretending to get answers to questions by the agency of an inanimate piece of wood and a pencil, has been resorted to by real or sham believers in spiritualism; and we are presented with the melancholy spectacle of decent-looking ladies and gentlemen sitting gravely round a table affecting to hold a conversation with beings in the unseen world.

Just as mesmerism lost its reputation as a branch of psychology, so has spiritualism begun to be estimated at its true value. It was always very much against it, that its professors held their séances in darkened apartments, and that for the most part they took money for the display of their wonders. The thing became a trade, and so it would have continued but for the prosecution and conviction of persons who stood guilty of imposture, and of taking money under false pretences. To add to the discomfiture of trading spiritualists, their tricks have been exposed in the book, *Lights and Shadows of Spiritualism*, by D. D. Home, who, however, lets it be known that he is among the few genuine professors of the art whose operations are alleged to be beyond suspicion! As shewn by Dr Carpenter, deception is not confined to those who practise for gain. He speaks of young ladies who take pleasure in imposing on elderly persons by tricks of an ingenious kind. 'I could tell,' says he, 'the particulars, in my possession, of the detection of the imposture practised by one of the most noteworthy of these lady-mediums, in the distribution of flowers which she averred to be brought in by the "spirits" in a dark séance, fresh from the garden and wet with the dew of heaven; these flowers having really been previously collected in a basin up-stairs, and watered out of a decanter standing by—as was proved by the fact, that an inquisitive sceptic having furtively introduced into the water of the decanter a small quantity of a nearly colourless salt (ferrocyanide of potassium), its presence in the dew of the flowers was afterwards recognised by the appropriate chemical test (a per-salt of iron), which brought out "Prussian-blue."'

Other instances are presented of deceptions practised in private séances; but for these and much that illustrates the whole tenor of the delusion, we must refer to the work itself. We restrict ourselves to quoting only one, but a very pertinent remark: 'It is affirmed, such exposures *prove* nothing against the genuineness of any new manifestation. But I affirm that to any one accustomed to weigh the value of evidence, the fact that the testimony in favour of a whole series of antecedent claims has been completely upset, seriously invalidates (as I have shewn in regard to mesmeric *clairvoyance*) the trustworthiness of the testimony in favour of any new claimant to "occult" powers. Why should I believe the testimony of any believer in the genuineness of D's performances, when he has been obliged to admit that he has been egregiously deceived in the cases of A, B, and C?'

For this instructive and admirably written work, offering a lucid philosophical explanation of the source of Predominant Delusions, which are apt to be turned to a bad account by the designing, and are in every sense mischievous, as conveying erroneous notions of natural phenomena, the learned author deserves the hearty thanks of the community.

W. C.

## THE LAST OF THE HADDONS.

### CHAPTER XXXV.—A TWELVEMONTH AFTER.

A GLORIOUS morning in early August. I was standing in a large cheerful room, from the windows of which was an extensive view of beautiful country, hill and dale, clothed with the rich ripe fullness of fruit-time, while to ear was borne 'the distant cries of reapers in the corn—all the live murmur of a summer day.'

I was attiring myself—or I ought rather to say being attired—for a wedding, attended right royally, no less than twenty handmaidens hovering about me, each eager to do something towards my adornment; and each as desirous that I should look my very best as I was myself, which is saying a great deal. Never was slave of fashion more anxious to make an effective appearance than was I on this bright August morning. But even I began to be satisfied as the process of adornment went on, and I was gradually transformed from a sober brown chrysalis into a brilliant butterfly. A bright blue silk dress, an elegant lace cloak, white bonnet with blush roses, &c. &c. Everything, be it understood, of the very best that money could buy, and made in the latest mode, there not being a sombre colour or faded shred about me. 'All new and fresh and bright, as befits a butterfly!' I ejaculated, contemplating myself with a glad smile.

And then there was the one thing—ah, I knew it now; my prayers *had* been answered! Even allowing for the flush of excitement, this was not the face of a twelvemonth ago smiling gaily back at me from the dressing-glass. The eyes had lost their mournfulness, the mouth had become used to smile, and the whole face was full of life and colour. 'Yes; it all matches beautifully,' I acknowledged, in smiling assent to the exclamations of my attendants. 'But I require care, you know,' as they all pressed about me; 'not a rose must be crushed. And it is to be hoped that I shall not forget that I wear a train, and spoil the effect by falling over it;' which raised a laugh amongst my handmaidens, as royal wit should. Then being pronounced 'finished,' I went out into the gallery, and descended the broad staircase (my home was one of the finest old mansions in Kent) with my train about me. In the long room I was met by Jane Osborne, who, after examining me very critically from head to foot, was graciously pleased to add her testimony to that of the rest, and pronounce that I should do. I was nevertheless obliged to call her to order in a little aside for a certain trembling of the voice and moisture in the eyes—a weakness not to be looked over in Jane Osborne.

'God bless you, Mary! By five o'clock, remember.'

I just touched her lips, since she would have it so, notwithstanding my pointing it out to her that it was not a time for sentiment; and then with her hand in mine and attended by my train, I went into the court-yard, where my carriage awaited me.

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'It couldn't have been grander if it had been created out of a pumpkin!' I whispered to Jane.

She looked uneasily at me. 'Do not try to jest, Mary,' she replied anxiously.

'Why not? if I feel equal to it, you foolish person!'

'*Are* you equal to it, Mary?'

'*Quite.* If I had doubted it before, I knew when I saw myself in the glass this morning. You ought to be able to see the difference.'

'Yes,' she murmured, 'there is a difference. —You will find the flowers in the carriage, Mary.'

I stepped in, and was swiftly borne away, amidst—I had almost written a flourish of trumpets, so very loud and shrill were some of the voices shouting all sorts of good wishes after me.

I flattered myself that the effect was very telling indeed, when my equipage, with its spirited horses and coachman and footman wearing large breast-plates of flowers, drew up before the porch of the pretty little ivy-covered vale church. I was received by the beadle and pew-opener with due respect, and found that I was in very good time. The gentlemen and some of the guests were already in the vestry, said the pew-opener; and in the porch were waiting two pretty young bride's-maids, who eyed me rather curiously. They had just time to remind me that my place was with the guests inside the church, and I to reply that I preferred waiting there, when a carriage of much more modest pretensions than mine drew up, and the two I waited for stepped out.

'Mary, Mary!' ejaculated Lilian, springing towards me with outstretched arms, forgetful, as I even then had the nerve to remind her, of our finery. What would become of me if I gave way now? 'Mary, Mary!'

And no sooner had I released myself from Lilian than there was my dear old Mrs Tipper giving me a good honest hug, utterly regardless of appearances. And as to finery! she had long ceased to allow that to interfere with her love, and was not to be daunted by any such consideration now.

The little bride's-maids, who were very carefully guarding their laces and muslins, reserving themselves for the right moment, looked with much disfavour at an ebullition of feeling at the wrong point in the ceremony; and now reminded us that it was half-past eleven, and that the clergyman and the other guests had been waiting some time. At which, with a meaning look at me, Mrs Tipper put Lilian's hand into mine, and we two passed up the aisle together, whilst the dear little woman walked after us with the bride's-maids, notwithstanding their whispered protestations that it was 'wrong—altogether wrong —and the effect was *quite* spoiled!'

As Philip turned to meet us, I put his bride's hand into his with a smile which appeared to satisfy even him. Moreover, Robert Wentworth's face brightened, and Robert Wentworth's critical observance had been anticipated with some little anxiety.

Lilian's uncle, the father of the bride's-maids, was to 'give her away;' he looked not a little curiously at the person whose appearance seemed to cause so much sensation; but his curiosity did not affect me.

At the words, 'Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?' Major Maitland gave the necessary response; but both bride and bridegroom turned their eyes upon me, as though the gift were mine.

As soon as the ceremony was over, Philip and Lilian turned towards me; and for a few moments we three gave no thought to the *convenances*, as we clasped hands and murmured a few words meant only for each other. Then the rest of the party gathered about the bride and bridegroom, and I became conscious of the presence of others that were known to me: Philip's brother Mr Dallas, and his wife, and Mrs Trafford and her sister-in-law Mrs Chichester. Marian Trafford was gorgeously attired in what no doubt was the latest Paris fashion; although I think that even she was conscious that her splendour did not eclipse mine. They had not evidently expected to see me there, and both, I felt, watched very curiously for any slight giving-way upon my part. But if I could calmly meet Philip's eyes, it may be imagined that I was proof against the scrutiny of either Marian Trafford or her sister-in-law. And Mrs Chichester's softly spoken little aside: 'Did not I think that the bride and bridegroom were an admirably matched couple, even to age—eighteen and thirty was just as it should be; was it not?' was assented to with a cheerfulness which did not seem to gratify her as a looker-on might have expected it to do.

There was only one shadow on the bride's lovely face, and that came when she signed her name; and perhaps it was natural enough that Major Maitland should frown at the remembrance of the wrong done to his sister. But it was the last time Lilian would be so pained, and she was not allowed time to dwell upon it now.

When we stood aside for her and Philip to pass out, she caught my hand and drew me with them, and in that very unorthodox fashion we left the church and entered the carriage—'Mary's carriage, as Lilian termed it. There not being room enough at the cottage, the breakfast was to take place at Hill Side, and we were driven there—so far as a carriage could convey us—for we had to alight at the foot of the hill and walk the remainder of the distance.

As soon as we reached the plantations, Lilian took my face between her hands and gazed at me with anxious tender eyes. Then, with a deep-drawn sigh of relief and a radiant smile she murmured: 'It was true, Philip; she *is* happy!'

'Yes; thank God!' he ejaculated.

I made it the occasion for a little jest about my truth having been doubted; and by that time some of the others had come up with us, when the bride naturally absorbed all the attention, and the rest was easy. It was the first wedding-breakfast at which I had been a guest, and therefore I was not *au fait* in such matters. I can only say that if there were any little divergences from the etiquette proper upon such occasions, they were unobserved by me. I knew that the two I most cared for in the world were made happy, and that all the rest of us were pleasant with each other, as befitted wedding-guests. I was afterwards told that the bride's-maids thought that they had not been sufficiently considered in being only provided with one gentleman, and he so grave a one as Robert Wentworth. And Philip's brother and his wife were

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said to be very stiff with us all; whilst Major Maitland was more anxious than it was polite to be to catch an early return train, reminding his daughters that *they* must not be the cause of his losing it, and so forth. But I looked through rose-coloured spectacles, and it seemed all flowers and sunshine to me.

Dear old Mrs Tipper and I sat together; and it did me not a little good to feel the eloquent pressure of her hand, which she now and again slipped into mine as the breakfast went on. I am, to this day, not quite sure how much Mrs Tipper knew of the truth; but I saw that she at anyrate guessed something of it, when, in a tremulous voice, she whispered a few words about my having given happiness to her child.

I tried a little jest about still having enough and to spare.

'Yes, my dear; that is the best of it; you really are happy. Thank God, you are reaping'——

I hurriedly commenced asking questions about Becky, who, as I had so much hoped she would, was about to become the wife of Tom. He was engaged for the garden at Hill Side, and it was arranged that he should live with his wife at the cottage. Mrs Tipper elected to continue her cottage life; and as she had become very much attached to Becky, she was very glad to adopt my suggestion, that the married couple should live with her.

It must not be supposed that I was ignorant of anything which had transpired during my absence. I had regularly corresponded with Lilian, although I held firm to my first resolution, not to return amongst them again until Philip and she were married, and so brought about the event at an earlier date than it might otherwise have taken place. I need not say that Becky proved a firm ally, and faithfully kept my secret. Faithful Becky! how difficult it was for some time to get her to talk about her happiness to me! This first day of my reappearance, I inquired in vain for Becky; she was not to be found. I only caught sight of her once when I was leaving Hill Side, watching me from the back staircase, her eyes and nose bearing eloquent witness to violent emotion; but when I turned to speak to her, she sped away as fast as her feet would carry her.

As soon as might be, the bride slipped away with Mrs Tipper and me, to the increased disapprobation of the bride's-maids, who prided themselves upon being acquainted with all the proprieties for such occasions. But it was not to be expected that we could allow two comparative strangers to act as tire-women to our Lilian; and we carried her off, regardless of the murmurs about its being 'all wrong—quite wrong!' and so forth.

Once alone together, we three behaved—well, I will say as any other three women who love each other and are not above having feelings might be expected to behave under such circumstances. I contrived to satisfy Lilian, as I had satisfied her aunt, that I was no unhappy martyr, as she asked me question after question, eyeing me with wistful loving eyes.

'And you will not desert us again, Mary?'

'No; I will not desert you again, Lilian.'

'It is quite delightful to see her like this—quite a grand personage, with a fine carriage and livery servants and all the rest of it; isn't it, auntie? I may now confess, Mary, that I have been the least bit afraid that your talking about living in a grand old house with a number of attendants to do your bidding, was'——

'Was what, goosy?'

'Too much like a fairy tale; and you know you used to talk like that sometimes, when you—when I have fancied that you were not quite happy.'

'Are you satisfied at last, dearie?'

'Yes, I am—yes, quite. You look really happy.' I mentally offered up a thanksgiving, as she went on: 'But of course I am longing to know how it all came about. Recollect, you have promised to explain everything very exactly in your first letter. Recollect too that I leave dear auntie to your care; and of course we shall expect to find our sister here on our return.'

I promised; and when we presently conducted the bride in her travelling-dress to the drawing-room, she was looking happy enough to satisfy Philip, who, I noticed, glanced anxiously from me to her as we entered.

We all went down the winding path with them to the carriage waiting in the road below; and sent them off with all sorts of merry speeches and good wishes and the orthodox accompaniment of old slippers.

## THE LAND OF THE PHARAOHS.

The past lends to Egypt a charm more entrancing than its cloudless skies and delicious climate. Go where you will, antiquity meets you at every turn. Around you lie the ruins of cities whose very names have been obliterated in the silent march of the ages. Before you flows the sacred river upon whose waves floated centuries ago the little ark of the outcast Hebrew infant, and the golden barge of the gorgeous daughter of the Ptolemies. Time was when this old Nile was the highway down which many successive nations rushed to conquest: for the Ethiopian, the Assyrian, the Persian, the Roman, and the Saracen have all lorded it in turn in this ancient realm of the Pharaohs. Now vexed no longer with the fleets of rival monarchs, the mighty river rocks with slumberous swell the lotus lilies on its tranquil breast; and on its lonely banks, which have rung so often in days gone by to the shrill pæans of triumph, the palms in the sultry noontide throw their long shadows athwart ruined temples and colossal statues, grand in execution and faultless in detail, which reveal in every outline the perfection to which the arts of architecture and sculpture were carried in this their earliest cradle. The soil is strewed with fragments of broken columns and defaced colossi. Buried beneath the drifting sand of the Desert lie the glorious and yet grotesque masterpieces of the Egyptian chisel. Serene, grave, majestic, inundated with a flood of harmonious light, the calm features of the once inscrutable Sphinx look down upon us, as many centuries ago they looked down in their grand repose upon the wondering Father of History. Time has pressed lightly on these Titanic temples and vast tomb palaces, but from their shadowy portals the worshippers have gone for ever. Desolate and state-fallen, they open now only to admit the curious stranger.

In *A Thousand Miles up the Nile*, by Miss Edwards, we have a lively gossiping description of the Egypt of to-day with its wasted temples and ruined palaces. Cairo—where Miss Edwards tells

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us she arrived in the end of November 1873, with a party of friends in pursuit of dry weather—is a picturesque city. Seen from a distance embowered in gardens of the richest green, it looks like a forest of minarets and domes intermingled with palm-trees and acacia groves. The streets, as is always the case in eastern cities, are narrow and intricate; but their gloom is enlivened by a series of gorgeous bazaars, where the little pigeon-holes of shops are bright with many-hued carpets, and gay with delicately tinted silks, and glittering tissues of gold and silver. Here you can buy precious stones of varied value, and bracelets and collars of intricate and complex designs, such as were the fashion thousands of years ago at the court of the Pharaohs; or invest, if you choose, in a variety of warlike weapons, inlaid with gold and silver, and damascened with exquisite arabesque patterns.

The busy crowd passing and repassing the while, presents to the stranger a series of intensely interesting *tableaux vivants*. There, with ample turban and flowing beard and long robes of striped silk, stalks the stately Turk, followed by a scantily clad Fellahin. Next comes some Light of the Harem, some Fatima or Emineh, mounted on a carefully painted donkey led by an armed slave. On the street this fair enchantress is but a shroud-like mass of drapery, through which the curious gazer can sometimes discern the outline of a delicately oval face and the flash of a black liquid eye. Behind her, in thin clinging robes of dark but vivid blue, with graceful form and carelessly veiled melancholy face, a Niobe in bronze, glides an Abyssinian slave-girl. By her side a swarthy Bedouin sheik reins in an Arab steed, whose prancings and curvetings somewhat disturb the gravity of the tiny donkey upon which that Englishman is mounted; while over all streams the sunshine of an Egyptian noon, flooding with light the unfamiliar draperies, the strange Saracenic architecture, and the varying features and costumes of each commingling race.

While conducting the important operation of bargaining for a dahabeeyah (a Nile-boat), Miss Edwards and her party went to interview the Great Pyramid. She had fancied that the Pyramids looked small and unimpressive when she first caught a glimpse of them from the railway carriage; but once at the base of this gigantic tomb, she realised, with a sense of awe and wonder, how mighty it was. As she lingered, loath to leave the scene, the sun set in crimson glory behind the sands of the Libyan Desert, and the shadow flung by this immense mass of masonry stretched full three-quarters of a mile over the plain below. 'It was,' she says, 'with a thrill of something like awe that I remembered that this self-same shadow had gone on registering not only the height of the most stupendous gnomon ever set up by human hands, but the slow passage, day by day, of more than sixty centuries of the world's history.

Before starting up the Nile, Miss Edwards witnessed two of the characteristic sights of Cairo—a performance of howling dervishes, and the departure of a caravan of pilgrims for Mecca. She found the convent of the howling dervishes situated in a picturesque nook beyond the walls. The gateway and courtyard beyond were shaded by a great sycamore tree, through whose branches the glowing sunshine broke in vivid flecks and bars of gold. About seventy dervishes were present; and with the aid of eight musicians, and to the chant of 'Allah! Allah!' they danced round in a circle until they had worked themselves up into a state of convulsive frenzy. Gradually their dance became a series of mad leaps, performed with incredible rapidity, their chant swelled into a hoarse scream, and at last one of the devotees fell writhing and shrieking to the ground. This ended the first performance; and the English ladies did not wait for a second.

Having made choice of a dahabeeyah yclept the *Philæ*, Miss Edwards and her party started with a fair breeze for their voyage up the Nile. This once sacred historic river is, as every one knows, all in all to the Egyptian. His harvests depend upon its beneficent inundations, its waves form his highway to the sea, he eats of its fish, he drinks of its waters, and finds them still, as his ancestors found them of old, delicious as the nectar of the gods. Egypt, baked and shrivelled by the glowing sun into one immense brick, annually sinks beneath the waters of the life-giving river, and emerges from the flood, fresh, radiant, shining, like an emerald, flower-crowned like Ceres of old, and holding in her full hands an ample promise of fruit and sheaf. A Nile voyage in favourable weather is about the pleasantest of all pleasant things. The large sails of the dahabeeyah swell out to the breeze like the wide snowy wings of a sea-bird, and fleet as that bird, she cleaves her way past water-palaces and suburban gardens. The minarets and domes of Cairo are left behind; the Pyramids, towering over the groves of palm, stand clearly out against the cloudless sky; and the distant ridges of the Arabian hills glow with softened shades of tawny purple. As evening falls, every charm of the landscape is subdued into a more tender repose; the night-breeze balmy and cool sweeps up the river; darkness follows, and your boat is moored for the night at Bedreshayn.

Morning on the Nile is inexpressibly fresh and beautiful. At the first faint streak of dawn the light mist clears away, and Aurora spreads for the sun a rosy chariot of clouds, into which he steps at once, flushing the stately palm-groves, and the gleaming river, and the picturesque water-wheels, and the swarthy crew, with a flood of golden radiance. There was, however, little time for sentimental feeling, our author's whole attention being claimed by a horrible clamour which arose outside, caused by the arrival of a regiment of donkeys attended by a phalanx of men and boys.

Mounted upon eight of these asinine martyrs, Miss Edwards and her party proceeded to Sakkarah and Memphis, riding through a country which would have been monotonous but for the subtle beauty of its colouring. Tender tints of rose, and warm tones of russet gold, pale opalescent blues and grays and dusky purples, were all blended by Nature's cunning brush, shading into the nearer green of the dusky palm forests, until they formed one inimitable whole. Sakkarah is a vast necropolis, whose more distinguished tombs are pyramids. The soil around is full of fragments of broken pottery, mummy gods, bones, shreds of linen, and lumps of a strange brown substance like dried sponge. Tread lightly, O Northern stranger! around you are the mighty dead; that brown spongy mass was once warm human flesh, instinct with power and passion;

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that skull perchance once held the scheming brain of a Pharaoh, who reared for himself one of these vast sepulchres, little dreaming of this all too ignoble resurrection. Of Memphis, the ancient city of the Egyptian kings, only a few mounds remain embowered in vast palm-forests, through whose fan-like foliage the brilliant sunshine falls aslant upon a muddy pool, where, face downwards, lies the far-famed Colossus of Rameses the Great, which, like Cleopatra's Needle, belongs to the British nation. This, with a few battered sphinxes, is all that is left of one of the earliest cities of the world.

On their way to Minieh, a Moslem saint of peculiar sanctity, yclept holy St Cotton, swam out to them, and having hallowed by a touch the tiller-ropes and yards of the *Philæ*, dropped into the water again, and swam back to the shore. It happened to be market-day when they arrived at Minieh, and having stores to buy, they proceeded to it, and found almost everything exceedingly cheap. How it would rejoice the heart of a thrifty housewife here at home to be able to buy a hundred eggs for fourteenpence, or a couple of chickens for tenpence, not to speak of fine geese at two shillings a head! Large and very good turkeys may be bought for three-and-sixpence, a lamb for seven shillings, and a sheep for sixteen shillings or a pound, fruit and vegetables being proportionably moderate.

In Egypt, little children have very hard lines of it. It makes one's heart ache to read of the disease and suffering induced by the barbarous ignorance of their parents. Miss Edwards says: 'To brush away the flies that beset the eyes of young children is impious; hence ophthalmia and various kinds of blindness. I have seen infants lying in their mother's arms with six or eight flies in each eye; I have seen the little helpless hands put down reprovingly if they approached the seat of annoyance. I have seen children of four or five years old with the surface of one or both eyes eaten away, and others with a large fleshy lump growing out where the pupil had been destroyed.'

As a consequence of this horrible cruelty three children out of every five die in Egypt; and in certain districts every twentieth person is either wholly or partially blind.

On Christmas-day Miss Edwards entertained some friends, who were in a dahabeeyah behind them, to dinner. The guests consisted of a bride and bridegroom and a painter. The scene around their floating dining-room was lovely; the placid river flowed tranquilly through broad green savannahs, and breezes redolent of perfume fanned the lotus lilies beneath their prow. It required all the conventional sentiment which attaches to a blazing plum-pudding to convince them that it was really Christmas.

At Siout, the capital of Middle Egypt, they inspected the celebrated Stabl d'Antar. It is a splendid tomb temple hewn out of the rock. The roofs of its lofty chambers are painted in fresh and vivid colours, and the walls are covered with bas-reliefs and hieroglyphics.

En route to Denderah, at a part of the river where the banks were flat and bare, they saw on the western shore what seemed to be a large grizzled ape perched upon a dust-heap, and learned with intense surprise that it was Sheik Seleem, a sort of Moslem St Simon Stylites. There he sat in the gathering night, as he had sat for fifty years from darkness to dawn, and from dawn to darkness, amid inconceivable filth and squalor, not even moving to feed himself. The sailors shouted to him as they passed, loudly imploring his blessing; but he made no sign of response. Motionless as a huge frog, he squatted on his dust-throne, inflated with spiritual pride or madness, or both.

About ten miles below Denderah thousands of Fellahin were at enforced work on the embankment of a new canal. These canals are the life of Egypt; by them the supply of the precious water is regulated and its outlay economised. Without canals and the ever-recurring water-wheels, the fresh green beauty of the river-plains would soon disappear, and famine, gaunt and hollow-eyed, stalk upon the scene, with disease and death in its train.

At Denderah, among other interesting remains, they found a splendid temple in an almost perfect condition, with a finely executed bas-relief of Cleopatra. This queen of beauty, whose slaves were the masters of the world, is fair enough in this mask of stone to recall to Miss Edwards something of that loveliness which conquered Cæsar. 'Mannerism apart,' she says, 'the face wants for neither individuality nor beauty. Cover the mouth, and you have an almost faultless profile. The chin and throat are also quite lovely; while the whole face, suggestive of cruelty, subtlety, and voluptuousness, carries with it an indefinable expression, not only of portraiture but of likeness.'

On the third day after leaving Denderah, they saw in the faint light of the early morning the gigantic propylons of Karnak towering vast and gray against the horizon. The warm flush of the dawn bathed with rosy light the range of precipitous hills, which are honeycombed with the tombs of the kings, and kissed into tender beauty the time-worn columns of Luxor, the ancient Woolwich of the Pharaohs. At Karnak, the ruins are stupendous; the eye loses itself in a waste of giant propylons, columns towering to the clouds, colossal figures in black granite, partially buried in the sand; and a little apart, in solitary grandeur, an immense obelisk, seventy-five feet high, covered with hieroglyphics and bas-reliefs, depicting scenes in the life of Rameses the Great. In the temple at Karnak, the great hall of pillars, roofless and vast, presents to the eye of the curious gazer forests of colonnades, aisles of pillars, huge pylons, towering like giants to the sky, half-hiding, half-revealing weird fantastic bas-reliefs of the gods, who glare, superb in ruin, over their desolated shrines. The sunlight streaming through the open portal shines on avenues of sphinxes, battered colossi, vast lengths of splendid bas-reliefs, glowing with a depth and freshness of colour which Time has had no power to fade; labyrinths of headless statues, prostrate obelisks, shattered images, all in such numbers that they produce a bewildering effect upon the mind.

At Esneh, their next halting-place, there was also a very beautiful temple, dedicated to Kneph. Assouan and Elephantiné (the Isle of Flowers) came next. At Assouan, Egypt proper ceases, and Nubia begins. Here the traveller enters upon the region of the Cataracts, a succession of rapids extending almost all the way to Philæ. The Nile at this point is singularly picturesque. First narrowed between

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banks of dark red cliffs, it suddenly expands almost to the breadth of a lake, and presents a broad expanse bristling with rocks and covered with innumerable islets, round which the water rushes in swirling eddies of foam. The navigation among these islets is difficult and dangerous; the boat half buried in spray, struggles gallantly forward, making a succession of rapid rushes, as if she were about to dive headlong over the fall; but it is too much for her; she recoils, quivers, turns round, and seems to be driving right upon a huge mass of black granite, when the Sheik of the Cataracts comes to her aid. This tutelary genius of the Nile dahabeeyahs has few of the external attributes of a hero. He is a little fat ugly man; but what of that? he knows his work, and can do it. A moment more, and the dahabeeyah and its inmates will be ingulfed in the foaming abyss; but before that moment comes, he springs up, plunges into the torrent, pushes off the boat by sheer force of muscle; and then he and his tawny assistants drag her up the rapid.

It is a lengthy operation; and while it was in progress, Miss Edwards and her party made a pilgrimage to Philæ. Beautiful Philæ, the fabled tomb of Osiris, the Holy Island whose very soil was sacred, still preserves almost uninjured the beautiful temples and gorgeous tomb-palaces which were the master-pieces of the later style of Egyptian art. The vastness, the gigantic proportions of Thebes and Karnak, are not aimed at here; on the contrary, there is an inimitable grace, an airy lightness about cloister and colonnade, which are half Greek. And what Art has so nobly accomplished, Nature has not been slow to assist. The cloudless sky, the graceful palms, the majestic carob trees, enwrap with greenness and beauty all the wealth of colouring, of sculpture, and of architecture which the past has bequeathed to this spot, once so hallowed, now so lonely. Lingering tenderly reminiscent on the pearly strand of this voluptuous Egyptian Iona, one half expects to see the white-robed priests of Isis wind again in long procession out of the shadow into the sunshine, solemn and stern, vainly questioning of the forgotten ages—What meaneth this?

Leaving Philæ, ever lessening in the distance, the travellers glide away into Nubia, and are quickly conscious of a perceptible change, first in the river scenery, which becomes wilder and more grand, and then in the character of the inhabitants, who become more savage, and at the same time more truthful and honest. The climate becomes warmer, and with the accession of heat, turbans disappear, and the only headgear is that furnished by Nature, consisting of profuse thickly matted hair, plentifully anointed with castor-oil, a species of pomade which frizzling in a tropical sun makes a Nubian beau or belle an exceedingly savoury individual. Very little clothing is worn; the young of both sexes are content with a slight covering round the waist, and the matrons with a single long loose garment of blue. The Nubian women are often beautiful, with lustrous gentle eyes, and grand majestic figures like Junos in bronze. If their wardrobes are slender, their jewel caskets seem well supplied, for they almost invariably wear a profusion of gold and silver ornaments.

Nubia, like Egypt, abounds in temples. At Aboo-Simbel there are two excavated out of the sandstone rock. On the façade of the great temple there is a wonderful row of colossal figures, portraits of Rameses the Great and some of his more immediate successors. This Rameses is believed with good reason to have been the Pharaoh who oppressed the Israelites. Many hieroglyphic records of his reign have been discovered, some of which when deciphered run thus: 'I, the scribe, have obeyed the orders of my master, and served out rations to the Hebrews, who quarry stone for the palaces of King Rameses, Mer Ammon.' This monarch, whose passion it was to build, has left a more ineradicable impress of his personality upon the scenes of his former glory, than any of his predecessors or successors have done. His face, preserved for us by an Aboo-Simbel Michael Angelo, still frowns in lonely majesty across the desert sands, handsome, placid, sternly implacable, precisely the man who would account the tears and anguish of helpless thousands as less than nothing when weighed against a pet project.

Shortly after leaving Aboo-Simbel, Miss Edwards had a pleasure which she had almost despaired of—she saw a crocodile. The creature was asleep upon a sandbank, and was to all appearance so exactly like a log of drift-wood, that our author refused to believe it was a veritable crocodile until, aroused by the approach of the dahabeeyah, it cocked up its tail, wriggled off the bank, and splashed into the water with amazing rapidity.

They were now on their return journey, and the wind was against them, necessitating frequent and vexatious delays.

At a place called Ayserat they paid a visit to a native gentleman, Ratab Agha, and before leaving were conducted to his harem. He had two wives: the principal wife was very beautiful, with auburn hair, soft brown eyes, and lovely complexion; her rival was plain; and both were magnificently dressed in black robes embroidered with silver, full pink Turkish trousers, and silver bracelets and anklets. They wore their hair cut straight across the brow and plaited behind into an infinitude of small tails studded with coins.

A parting visit to the Pyramids followed; and with an inspection of these colossal monuments, which remain an imperishable testimony to the vigour of the world's dawn, they bade adieu to what was once the mighty temple-crowned empire of Rameses the Great.

## A QUEER CLUE.

### IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

As an ex-detective, I am often asked to relate my adventures, and at one time I was ready enough to do so; but I soon found that my tales were looked upon as dull prosy things, and not at all like what detectives ought to have to say for themselves. Everybody seemed to think that detectives ought to find things out by a sort of magical divination; but I was reckoned a pretty good one, and I have known some of our greatest celebrities; and the only way any of us ever found anything out was by inquiring of everybody who was likely to know a little, keeping our eyes on any probable party, holding our tongues, and putting all the scraps together. Now and then we are befriended by a lucky chance; and when this happens, we get a

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hundred times more praise than when we puzzle out the darkest and toughest case. The last affair I was ever engaged in was of this kind. I was first concerned in it two years before I left the police, after, by-the-bye, I had quite given up the detective branch; and I resumed it three years afterwards, that is three years after I had left the police; and this is how it occurred. I must first say, however, that I don't at all regard this as one of the dull prosy cases I referred to; in fact, it was the most exciting business I was ever engaged in.

I had left the detective work, as I said, and indeed had left London, for when I grew a little tired of the business, I was recommended to the authorities at Combestead, a thriving market-town in one of the home counties; and I had a very comfortable situation there, having little to do, very good pay, and being head of the borough police. Of course there is a great deal of difference between life in the country and life in town, and from a policeman's view it perhaps appears greater than it does to anybody else; and whereas I had often wondered how anybody could be detected in London, I was equally surprised to think how anybody could hope to escape in the country; for, excepting when strangers came down on some carefully planned burglary, we could nearly always tell where to look for our men if anything went wrong; in short, I knew everybody. As a matter of course, everybody knew me.

There was a middle-aged party lived in a quiet row of houses in Orchard Street—which ran parallel with our High Street—a Miss Parkway, who was reputed to be pretty well off, although not extremely rich, and reputed also to be rather eccentric. She lived by herself, in the sense of having none of her relatives with her; but there were other persons, although not many, in the large house where she lodged. I had my attention drawn to her by seeing her walking repeatedly in company with a young man of no very good character, who was fully twenty years her junior; and at last I heard she was going to be married to him. All the town professed to be surprised and shocked at this, but I wasn't. Whether detectives get hard of heart in such things or not, I can't say, but nothing in the way of a woman of five-and-forty marrying a man of five-and-twenty would ever surprise me; nor should I be surprised at the man marrying the woman if she had money, as in this case. After all, although I have said John Lytherly—that was his name—was of no very good character, yet there was nothing serious against him. He was a good-tempered, good-looking, easy sort of fellow, with a lot of cleverness about him too, that always shewed itself when it wasn't wanted; and never shewed itself when it might be of service. He now called himself a photographer; but had been a solicitor's clerk, an actor, a traveller for a wine-merchant, a barman, and had once, before his mother died, been bought out of the Lancers. However, it was now pretty well known that John was going to marry Miss Parkway, and half the young chaps in Combestead ridiculed and envied him by turns.

Matters progressed so far that it was known the lady had given orders to Bunnyman and Company, our chief bankers, to call in a thousand pounds of her money which was out on mortgage; and it was said she intended to buy one of the houses in the High Street and fit it up as a photographer's. It was also reported that old Mr Bunnyman said: 'I hope, Miss Parkway, that whatever you do with your money, you will do nothing that you have not well considered.' And it was also said that Miss Parkway replied: 'If I wanted to be preached to, Mr Bunnyman, I should go to your brother the Ranter;'—perhaps because Mr Bunnyman had a brother who preached, though he wasn't a Ranter at all. However, as these two were by themselves, I don't see how any one could have known what passed; and these confidential conversations in books and histories are certainly things I don't believe in.

It was known for certain, however, that she had not only given notice, but had actually withdrawn the money; and among other things it was said that she had admitted to her landlady Mrs Ambliss, that the match with Lytherly would break off all intimacy with her friends. She only had one relative who came to see her, and that was a gentleman living some forty miles away, but he had not been to Combestead lately. Whether he was offended or not, neither the landlady nor lodger could say; but the latter feared he was, as she had written and told him exactly how affairs stood and what steps she had taken, but had received no reply to her letter. Lytherly seemed, very naturally, to be brightening up, and took our jocular congratulations—for I had my say as well as the others—in a good-tempered although rather a conceited style. One annoyance he felt, which was, that everybody to whom he owed money—which was every one who would trust him—was anxious to be the first paid; and thinking that a little gentle pressure might help them, two or three of the tradesmen took out county court summonses against him; and this, as he said, was very hard on him and very selfish. However, there seemed a little chance that they would defeat themselves, for, harassed and worried by these doings, he was forced to ask Miss Parkway for an advance of money, being the first time he had ever done so. He had received money from her; but she had always offered it, and pressed it upon him when he made a show, if he was not actually in earnest, of wishing to refuse it. Whether she was in a bad temper at the time, or whether she was hurt at his making such a request, Lytherly could not say, but she refused to make the advance, and they parted worse friends than they had been for some time.

All this the young fellow let out at the *Bell* on the Saturday, as the refusal happened on the Friday. A great part of it in my hearing, for I generally took my pipe and glass at the *Bell*, and I saw that he was well on for tipsy. He had indeed been drinking there some hours, and would perhaps have stopped longer, but that the landlord persuaded him to go home. He was hardly able to walk, and as I did not wish him to get into any trouble, which might mean also trouble to me, I followed him to the door, determined I would see him to his lodgings if necessary; but just then his landlady's son happened to come by. The poor chap, as I well remember, had been to the dentist's to have a tooth drawn; but his face was so swollen that Mr Clawes would not attempt to draw it till daylight, and the poor fellow was half distracted with pain. He offered to see Lytherly home; and as he lived in the same house and slept in the same room of course he was the fittest party

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to do so; and so off they went together, and in due course of time I went home too.

Next day was Sunday, and a quiet day enough it always was in Combestead. Younger men might have thought it dull, but it suited me. I had lived fifty years in London, and did not object to the steady-going ways of the little town; in fact I took to going to church, and all sorts of things. Well, the day passed by without anything particular; and I was really thinking of going to bed, although it was only half-past nine, for I felt sleepy and tired, when I heard somebody run hurriedly up our front garden, and then followed a very loud double-knock at the door. I lived, I should mention, at a nice house in Church Street, which was a turning that led from the High Street into Orchard Street, where, as I have said, Miss Parkway lived. I was just about to drink a glass of egghot, which is a thing I am very partial to when I have a cold, and this was winter-time; but I put the tumbler down to listen, for when such a hurried step and knock came, it was nearly always for me; and sure enough, in another half-minute the door was opened, and I heard a voice ask if the superintendent was in; then without any tapping or waiting, my door was thrown open, and I saw a young woman, whom I knew as servant to Mrs Ambliss. The moment I saw her, I knew something serious was the matter; long experience enabled me to decide when anything really serious was coming.

'Now, Jane,' I said, 'what is it?'

'Oh, Mr Robinson!' she exclaimed (I forget whether I have mentioned before that my name is Robinson, but such is the fact), 'come round at once to missus's, for we have found poor Miss Parkway stone-dead and murdered in her room.'

And with that, as is a matter of course with such people, off she went into strong hysterics. I couldn't stop with her; so I opened my door, and equally, as a matter of course, there I found the landlady and her servant listening. 'Go in and take care of that girl,' I said; 'and one of you bring her round to Orchard Street as soon as she can walk.' I didn't stop to blow them up, and they were too glad to escape, to say a word; so off I went, and found a little cluster of people already gathered round the gate of the house I wanted. 'Here is the superintendent!' I heard them say as they made way for me. I hurried through, but had no occasion to knock at the door, for they were on the watch for me. Mr and Mrs Ambliss were in the passage, and a neighbour from next door; all looked as pale and flurried as people do under the circumstances.

'This is a most terrible affair, sir,' says poor old Ambliss, who was a feeble superannuated bank clerk. 'We have sent for you, sir, and the doctor, as being the best we could do. But perhaps you would like to go into her room at once?'

I said I should, as a matter of course; and they led me to her room. There was a light there, and they brought more up, so that everything was plainly visible. The people had not liked, or had been afraid to disturb anything, so the room was in the same state as when they had entered it. It appeared they had not been surprised at Miss Parkway not coming down in the morning, for this was not uncommon with her; but when the afternoon and evening passed away and she did not appear, and no answer was returned to their rapping at her door, they grew alarmed, and at last forced an entrance, when they found the furniture in confusion, as though a struggle had taken place, and poor Miss Parkway in her night-dress lying on her face quite dead. They had lifted her on to the bed, and from the marks on her throat had judged she died by strangulation. As I could do no good to her, I noticed as closely as I was able the appearance of the room, and especially looked for any fragments of cloth torn from an assailant's clothes, which often remain after a struggle; or a dropped weapon, or any unusual marks. But I could see nothing. There was no difficulty in deciding how the assassin had entered the apartment, and how he had left it, for the room was on the ground-floor, and the lower sash of one of the windows was thrown up, although the blind was drawn fully down. The furniture was knocked over and upset; the washstand, which was a large and somewhat peculiar one, of a clumsy and old-fashioned description, had been overthrown, and had fallen into the fireplace, where it lay resting on the bars in a very curious manner; while the jug had fallen into the grate, deluging the fireplace with water, but, extraordinary to relate, without being broken; not broken to pieces at anyrate, although badly cracked. A great deal of noise had probably been made, and cries for help probably uttered; but Ambliss and his wife were both deaf, and they and the servant all slept at the top of the big house in the front; while poor Miss Parkway slept at the bottom at the back, and in a room which was built out from the house itself.

I had time to hear and notice all this before the doctor came; and his attendance was of course a mere matter of form. No one could help or harm the poor woman now; so, with the information I had gained, I went to the house of the nearest magistrate, a very active gentleman and a solicitor. I ought to have mentioned that the drawers in which Miss Parkway kept her money and jewellery were forced open and every valuable abstracted; the only trace of them being a few links of a slight chain of a very unusual pattern, which, with a curious stone, the lady generally wore round her neck. This chain had evidently been broken by the violence used, and parts of it scattered about; the stone was gone.

Information was of course sent to Miss Parkway's relative who came sometimes to visit her. And the result of all the inquiries made was to make things look so very suspicious against young Lytherly, and so much stress was laid upon his quarrel with Miss Parkway on her refusal to lend him money—which seemed known to everybody—that I was obliged to apprehend him. I didn't want to hurt his feelings; so I went myself with a fly, although his lodgings were not half a mile from the town-hall, so as to spare him from walking in custody through the streets. I found him at home, looking very miserable, and when he saw me he said: 'I have been expecting you all the morning, Mr Robinson; I am very glad you have come.'

'Well, I'm sorry,' I answered. 'But you may as well remember that the least said is soonest mended, Mr Lytherly.'

'Thanks for your caution, old friend,' he says with a very sickly smile; 'but I shan't hurt myself, and I feel sure no one else can do so. Why

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I said I was glad you had come, was because from Sunday night, when the murder was found out, until now, middle day on Tuesday, everybody has shunned me and avoided me as if I had the plague. I know why, and now it will be over.'

I didn't put handcuffs on him or anything of that; and when we got into the street he saw the fly, round which there had already gathered at least a score of boys and girls, who had, I suppose, seen me go in. He looked round, and said: 'This was very thoughtful of you, Mr Robinson; I shall not forget it.' We drove off, and spoke no more until we arrived at the town-hall. Here the magistrates were sitting; and here I found a tall, dark, grave-looking gentleman talking very earnestly to Mr Wingrave, our chief solicitor. I soon found this was Mr Parkway, the cousin of the murdered lady. He was giving instructions to the lawyer to spare no expense; to offer a reward if he thought it necessary; to have detectives down from London, and goodness knows what. Mr Wingrave introduced me, and was kind enough to say that there was no necessity for detectives to be brought, as they had so eminent a functionary as myself in the town.

It was supposed that this would be merely a preliminary examination, but it turned out differently. A few of Lytherly's companions—although, as it transpired afterwards, they fully believed him guilty—were yet determined he should have a chance, and so subscribed a guinea for old Jemmy Crotton, the most disreputable old fellow in the town, but a very clever lawyer for all that; and Jemmy soon came bustling in. He had a few minutes' conversation with Lytherly, and then asked that the hearing might be put off for an hour. This was of course granted; and by the end of that time he had overwhelming evidence to prove an alibi; for the landlady's son hadn't slept a wink for his toothache, and he was with Lytherly until dinner-time on Sunday; and then the accused went for a walk with a couple of friends, and did not return until after dark, having spent two or three hours at a public-house some miles off, as the landlord, who happened to be in the town, it being market-day, helped to prove; the rest of the time he was in the *Bell*, as was usual, poor fellow.

There was no getting over this. There was not a shadow of pretence for remanding him, and so—much to Mr Parkway's evident annoyance—Lytherly was discharged. He became more popular than ever among his associates—although the respectable people of the town looked down upon him—and they had a supper in his honour that night, at which old Jemmy Crotton presided. In default of Lytherly, no clue could be found. Not a shilling of Miss Parkway's money was ever discovered in her apartments; so her murderer had got clear away with his booty. Many wiseacres said we should hear of Lytherly quietly disappearing after things had settled down.

Some little excitement was created by Lytherly attempting to get into the sole funeral carriage that attended the hearse; but Mr Parkway would not permit such a thing, and was himself the only follower. It was very clear that the stranger, in common with many others, was not half satisfied with the explanation which had secured Lytherly's escape; and as I was on the ground at the funeral, I saw, as did everybody else who was there, the frown he turned on the young man, who, in spite of his rebuff, had gone on foot to the churchyard.

Mr Parkway left that evening, having placed his business in the hands of Mr Wingrave; for as there was no will, he was the heir-at-law. Now this was a very curious affair about the will, because Miss Parkway had told her landlady not many days before, that she *had* made her will, and in fact had shewn her the document as it lay, neatly tied up, in her desk. However, it was gone now; and she had either destroyed it, or the person who had killed her had taken that as well as the money; and even if the latter was the case, it was hardly likely to turn up again. So, as I have said, Mr Parkway went home. The solicitor realised the poor lady's property; and all our efforts were in vain to discover the slightest clue to the guilty party. As for Lytherly, he soon found it was of no use to think of remaining in Combestead, for guilty or not, no one of any respectability cared to associate with him; and, as he owned to me, the worst part of it all was that old Crotton the lawyer, whenever they met at any tavern, would laugh and wink and clap him on the shoulder, and call upon every one present to remember how poor old Jemmy Crotton got his young friend off so cleverly, how they 'flummoxed' the magistrates and jockeyed the peelers, when it was any odds against his young friend.

So he went; and a good many declared he had gone off to enjoy his ill-gotten gains; but I never thought so; and one of our men going to Chatham to identify a prisoner, saw Lytherly in the uniform of the Royal Engineers, and in fact had a glass of ale with him. The young fellow said it was his only resource; dig he could not, and to beg where he was known would be in vain. He sent his respects to me; and that was the last we heard for a long time of the Combestead murder.

## A CURIOUS PICTURE-BOOK.

We have before us one of the most singular picture-books that can well be imagined; singular because unexpected in its character. It is a book containing the trade-marks of several thousand merchants, manufacturers, and shopkeepers; each device printed, in the proper size, from a block or cast of the original; and the whole collection likely to be very formidable in dimensions by-and-by. The system has sprung out of the passing of a particular Act of Parliament two years ago; and we shall best facilitate a comprehension of its nature and purport by glancing at that which preceded it.

A trade-mark and an armorial bearing have much the same meaning, however different in splendour and dignity. Each is a token to distinguish certain persons from others. In the middle ages distinguished families and famous old commercial companies had their marks; so had monasteries, abbeys, and convents; so had municipal towns and chartered guilds; so had merchants and shipowners. By degrees the mark became embodied as a trade-mark in some instances, as an heraldic shield or crest or coat-armour in others. Some noble families at the present day can shew coats of arms including (in the device) trade-marks once belonging to the founder of the family when a trader.

As a feature in legitimate commerce, it is fair

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and right for a man to affix to his wares some mark or symbol to distinguish them from the wares of other traders. The mark may have a significant or symbolical meaning, or it may be wholly fanciful; no matter which, provided it be his and his only. The range to choose from is so wide as to be practically limitless; for the mark may be a name, initial, signature, word, letter, device, emblem, figure, sign, seal, stamp, or diagram; and it may be impressed upon or otherwise attached to a cask, bottle, vessel, canister, case, cover, envelope, wrapper, bar, plate, ingot, sheet, bale, packet, band, reel, cork, stopper, label, or ticket. He must indeed be a difficult man to please who cannot select out of all these. A quadruped, bird, or fish; a sun, moon, star, or comet; a triangle, diamond, square, oval, or hexagon; a crescent, a castle, a ship; a portrait, medallion, or profile; a view of a warehouse or of a plantation —anything will do, if it suffices to imply 'This is mine: you must not imitate or forge it.'

No one can glance through the daily papers, in the columns relating to actions at law, without seeing evidence how jealously the privileges of trade-marks are watched by the owners; nor is it difficult to see why this jealousy is exhibited. If A possess something which has a money-value to him, B would like to possess it also if honestly obtainable, or something sufficiently like it to be equally advantageous. Unfortunately men do not always wait to consider how far honesty should actuate them. There is a vast amount of shabby peculation on the part of men who avail themselves, directly or indirectly, of other men's trade-marks, in order to obtain a share of custom which does not fairly belong to them. A belief or hope is entertained that if the public do not know exactly which is the real Simon Pure, a sham Simon may perchance come in for some of the pickings.

Suppose, for instance, there is a Macassar oil which has brought a fortune to a particular firm; another concocter of toilet 'requisites' may be tempted to adopt the same title, in the hope that the originator may fail to shew that the Straits of Macassar have really anything to do with the matter. If a compounder of pills and ointments (say Mr Jones) is driving a flourishing trade at a particular shop, and if another person (also named Jones) opens a shop close by, and sells similarly curative pills and ointments, he may hope to trade partly on the good-luck of the other, and may defy any one to prove that the surname has been falsely assumed. If a trader be making a good thing out of baking powder, and another man wraps up another (perhaps an inferior) kind of baking powder in packets printed almost exactly in the same style and wording, he trusts to an unwary public being deceived in the matter. No small difficulty has been felt at times, by judges and jurors, in determining whether a particular designation or inscription really deserves the rank of a trade-mark, and ought to be protected as such. If a man's name be combined with the name of the article sold, this would in most cases be a good trade-mark: such as Day and Martin's blacking, Delarue's playing-cards, Elkington's electro-plate, Rimmel's perfumed valentines, Reid's stout, Beaufoy's vinegar, Fortnum and Mason's hampers, Crosse and Blackwell's pickles, and the like. But if there happen to be two men of the same name in the same trade, then there may possibly be materials for wrangling, should the men be disposed to wrangle. It is for this reason that Dent's watches, Mappin's cutlery, Clarke's coals, Smith's gin, &c. would not be alone sufficient as trade-mark designations; because there are two persons or two firms entitled to use it, something additional would be needed.

The imitation of a label is one of the most prevalent modes of displaying the shabby dishonesty of those who disregard the rights conferred by a trade-mark; but brands and painted marks are imitated with equal boldness, if not so frequently. Soda-water bottles which have in the making been stamped with the name of a particular firm have, in like manner, got into the hands of persons who fill them with soda-water of an obscure and unrenowned quality. Wine-casks and cigar-boxes, branded with well-known names, have similarly been utilised by the sellers of inferior commodities. As to two Howqua's mixtures, it was shewn that there was no such person as Howqua concerned in the matter. Is it true that Birmingham manufacturers often receive orders from merchants to make certain goods, and to stamp on them certain trade-marks belonging to third parties; and that the manufacturers do this as a matter of course, 'all in the way of business?' Is it true that, in obedience to orders from wholesale houses in the Manchester goods-trade, manufacturers will sometimes put two hundred yards of sewing-thread on a reel, and paste on it a label denoting three hundred yards? If so, 'pity 'tis 'tis true.' The latter of these two ifs does not relate to a trade-mark piracy, but it is equally indicative of a shameful disregard of the principles of *meum* and *tuum*.

Foreigners have had in past years much reason to complain of English imitations of labels, inscriptions, signatures, and trade-marks. Among metal goods there was one American Company famed for the really good edge-tools manufactured by them; they were imitated at Birmingham, so far as regards a similar mark stamped on each article, or a similar label attached; of course the tools, whether good, middling, or bad, were not what they professed to be; they were worth less in the market, but were nevertheless sent forth as if made by the original Company—a bit of sharp practice very little creditable to the parties concerned.

Most amply have foreigners taken their revenge; indeed it is not improbable that they first began this game; seeing that they had more to gain from a great manufacturing nation than we had to gain from them in this way. Sheffield has been despoiled by them in a notable degree. Knives, files, fish-hooks, needles, &c. made very cheaply of inferior steel, receive in the German workshops (more perhaps than in those of France or Belgium) brands, marks, wrappers, and labels so closely resembling those of eminent Sheffield firms, as to deceive all but the most wary. In some instances, the foreigners have given the go-by to us with an almost superb audacity: imitating the very notification on English wrappers that to imitate that particular trade-mark is felony! Print what they may, stamp what they may, English manufacturers of high-class goods find that they cannot ward off this kind of cheatery—cheatery, not of money direct, but of the good reputation which possesses

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money's worth. However, international trade-mark laws are doing something to lessen this unfairness—of English towards foreigners as well as of foreigners towards English. Some further illustrations of these matters will be found in the volume of this *Journal* for 1859.

Now for our picture-book.

An Act of Parliament passed two years ago ordained that from and after a specified date all new trade-marks must consist of the printed or impressed or woven name of a particular firm or individual; or a copy of the written signature of the party concerned; or distinctive devices, designs, marks, headings, labels, or tickets. The scope is sufficiently wide to give an ample choice; but it must not extend to representations of the Queen, the royal family, or foreign sovereigns; nor to royal or national arms, crests, or mottoes; nor to the arms of cities, boroughs, countries, or families; nor to representations of prize or exhibition medals; nor to the use of the words 'trade-mark,' 'patent,' 'warranted,' or 'guaranteed.' No such restrictions, however, are placed upon any trade-marks that were in use before the passing of the recent Act. The Lord Chancellor and the Commissioners of Patents divide between them the carrying into effect of the new statute. A new office has been established for the registry of trade-marks, with a registrar at its head. The Lord Chancellor has framed rules and regulations, with a tariff of fees approved by the Treasury. The registry, when once granted for a trade-mark, holds good for fourteen years, and is renewable for equal periods of fourteen years on the payment of additional fees. There is so much to pay on application for registry; then so much for any and every extension to other classes of goods; then so much if there be two or more marks for the same article; then so much on actual registration; then so much for every change of name or of address; and then so much for a certificate. The outlay amounts to a good many pounds altogether, but not approaching the cost of a patent. The registrar has a certain time allowed to him between the application and the registration to make the necessary scrutiny, &c. Every application for registry, accompanied by a drawing or engraving, must give an accurate description of the trade-mark, specifying any words, &c. to which the applicant attaches special value—of course within the limits permitted by the rules.

As one registration of any trade-mark is valid only for one class of goods, a careful classification becomes necessary; and this has proved to be one of the most remarkable features in the system. Some one's brains, or the brains of more than one, must have been a good deal exercised in dividing the whole range of human industry into fifty classes, and in assigning the contents of each class. For instance, the first three classes comprise chemical substances and preparations used in manufactures, agriculture, and medicine; the fourth resins, oils, and gums. Then follow three great classes to include metals, machines, and engines; four more for instruments and tools of various kinds; and two for cutlery and edge-tools. Without specifying each individually, it will suffice to say that two classes are occupied with works in the precious metals and jewellery; two with glass and china; two with building and engineering materials and appliances; two with arms, ammunition, and explosives; one for naval equipments and appliances; and one for land vehicles of all kinds. The textile branches of industry make a large demand for classification, in regard to raw materials, yarns, thread, and piece-goods: three for cotton, three for flax and hemp, one for jute, three for silk, three for wool and worsted, and one for carpeting and rugs. Saddlery and harness require one class to themselves, so does made-up clothing, so do india-rubber and gutta-percha goods. Paper, printing, and bookbinding; furniture and upholstery; food and ingredients for food; fermented and distilled liquors; aërated and mineralised beverages; tobacco, snuff, and cigars; agricultural and horticultural seeds; candles, matches, lamp-fuel, and laundry substances; perfumery and toilet requisites; games and toys of all kinds—claim each its own class. Lastly comes class fifty, a refuge for the destitute, comprising everything 'miscellaneous,' everything for which room cannot well be found in any of the other classes. The registrar has sometimes a little difficulty in deciding to which class a particular trade-mark properly belongs.

As one of the consequences of the new Act of Parliament, a *Trade-mark Journal* has been established by the Commissioners; and this is our picture-book. It appears once, twice, or thrice a week, according to the requirements of the subject, and (at the time we are now writing) has reached about its seventieth number, and contains something like four thousand pictures or representations of trade-marks. To what extent the collection will increase by-and-by, no one can form even a guess. The illustrations relate to the trade-marks applied for under the new Act; and the Journal also gives the name and calling of each applicant, a description of the goods, and a statement of the length of time during which the mark has been used. The Journal thus affords all persons interested in trade-marks authoritative information as to the nature of the marks used in the respective trades. A wood-cut block or an electrotype must be forwarded to the office, representing the particular trade-mark applied for, if it is to appear in the Journal; and each quarto page is made up by printing from several such blocks or casts. Even if the mark consists only of names and words, still a block or plate must be sent representing it.

The Master, Warden, Searchers, and Assistants of the Cutlers' Company at Sheffield possess, in virtue of ancient charters, very special privileges, which the new registrar of trade-marks is not allowed to contravene. He works in harmony with the Company; and every trade-mark recognised by the latter may claim of right admission into the register. To facilitate the granting of trade-marks for cotton goods, an office has been established at Manchester for the exhibition of all marks, devices, headings, labels, tickets, letters, &c. used in the cotton trade, and locally designated 'cotton-marks;' and a committee of experienced Manchester men decide which among these symbols or hieroglyphics deserve to be regarded as trade-marks for registration.

Who can count the varieties of fanciful devices that make their appearance in our picture-book? Analogy between the device and the goods is sometimes attended to; but more frequently it is thrown overboard altogether. Do we require portraits of individuals, celebrated or otherwise? Here is a sarsaparilla man, here one renowned for cod-liver

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oil, and anon a hero of sewing-machines; Sir Walter Raleigh is brought into requisition by a tobacco manufacturer; while a cigar-maker, taking advantage of the recent excitement connected with a famous picture, adopts a wood-cut copy of Gainsborough's 'Duchess of Devonshire.' Or are we likely to be smitten with views and landscapes? We can choose between the Egyptian pyramids lighted up with an orient sun; a view of Keswick (near which most of our black-lead for pencils is obtained); a view of a paper manufactory. In some sense apposite are a baby in a cradle, for needle-making; a broken willow-pattern plate, for a newly warranted cement; the Colossus of Rhodes [roads], for railway signals; Cupid sharpening his arrows, for emery-grinding wheels; a smart man measuring round a smart forehead, for hat-making; the sun eclipsing nearly everything, for the eclipse sauce; a dog's head, for fibrine dog-cake; four nigger plantation minstrels, for cigars; and 'No place like home' as a trade-mark motto for fenders and fire-irons.

To account for others, the fancy must make wide excursions indeed. A maker of edge-tools adopts stars and crowns, a monkey eating an apple, an elephant's head, oxen and lions with initials on their flanks, a negro's head, a cassowary, a boot, a sledge; and the head of an Aztec accompanied by the inscription: 'Look for this stamp on each tool, if you want a genuine article made from electro-boracic cast-steel.' A locomotive does not seem specially suitable as a trade-mark for silk goods; nor a rearing and roaring white lion for Portland cement; nor a feudal castle for good hosiery; nor a crowing cock for artificial manure; nor a helmsman at the wheel for aërated waters; nor a tearing ranting buffalo for floor-cloth.

## POPPET'S PRANKS.

Poppet, the subject of the following sketch, was a little brown monkey, who was for several years a member of our family. She had no hair on her face or the palms of her hands—I say *hands*, as they were beautifully formed, with long filbert nails, very pretty although black, except the thumb, which certainly was not aristocratic, being as broad as long. Her feet were like her hands, but longer, and she could use them with equal facility. Her eyes were really beautiful, of a clear golden brown; the nose certainly rather flattened; and the mouth large, but displaying a set of beautiful little pearly teeth that many a belle might have envied. Altogether Poppet was a very pretty little thing; and when arrayed in a little tartan dress with white tucker, her hair brushed neatly, and an amiable expression on her face, looked very winsome and coaxing; but that expression could vanish with the swiftness of lightning, and one the reverse of prepossessing take its place.

How we lived for the first three months after her arrival, when she roamed the house at her own sweet will, has been a source of wonder ever since; certainly it was in much discomfort; when working, sitting with our scissors and thread in our pockets, for if they were placed on the table, in an instant they were carried to the top of the window cornice, Poppet's favourite retreat. Sometimes, if coaxed by an apple, she would drop them; at other times no blandishments would prevail, and she would sit drawing her sharp little teeth over the thread, cutting through every row. If she captured a paper of pins or needles, she delighted to climb to the top of a tall plum-tree, where, free from molestation and deaf to entreaties, she amused herself by dropping them one by one. One day my mother entered the bath-room just in time to see Poppet dart out of the window to a large tree, which unfortunately grew close by, with a quart bottle of magnesia in her hand, which she proceeded to shower down, much amused at the miniature snow-storm, and not leaving a grain in the bottle. The meals at that time were most uncomfortable. When there were eggs for breakfast, we had to pocket or hide those not in immediate use, or Poppet would snatch them up and be out of reach in a moment. As a general rule, when food is fairly in the mouth, it may be considered safe; but I have often seen Poppet perch on some one's shoulder, open the mouth by a sudden jerk of one hand on the nose, and another on the chin; then the little brown hand would dive in, and the contents be transferred to her pouches; all being done with such extreme rapidity that strangers used to think it little short of magic.

It was always a terrible business to get Poppet to bed, having to coax her down by placing an apple or piece of cake on the table, and then try to seize her when she approached the decoy; but her movements were so rapid that this had often to be repeated several times. At last patience failed, and it was resolved she should be put to bed at six o'clock, when she had her last meal, being quite sure of her then, as she always had a 'goodie,' which she was allowed to take herself from a bottle of mixed fruit-drops, kept for her especial delectation. Poppet evidently regarded the production of this bottle as the event of the day, but never learnt by experience that the bottle neck was too narrow to draw back her hand when quite full, and that it could only be done if one or two goodies were seized. Each night she would sit with her little brown face puckered up into an expression of intense anxiety as she clutched as large a handful as possible. After trying ineffectually, she would draw out two with a sudden dash, and endeavour to get her hand in again before the stopper was put on; and her movements were so quick that she often succeeded!

Everything she stole was transferred to her pouches. Anything soft, as mashed potato or rice pudding, she would eagerly cram there, until her cheeks were quite distended, when she had a most comical appearance, her face being far broader than long. When anything small was lost, the first places examined were Poppet's pouches. I remember once when she had been found in my father's dressing-room, they contained a most wonderful collection, consisting of two pair of gold studs, half-a-dozen buttons, a clock-hand much twisted, several large needles and pins, a piece of toffy, and a small piece of carrot. Verily, as we used to think, those same pouches must have been lined with leather. Poppet had a great objection to a cuckoo clock we had, and her first performance was to open the little door at the side, thrust in her arm, drag out

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the poor cuckoo and bite off its head; and it was a frequent exploit (having broken the glass by dragging the clock several times off the mantelpiece on to the floor) to twist up the hands like cork-screws, giving the poor clock the most demented expression. Of course it didn't go well. Who could expect it, after such repeated shocks to its constitution!

Poppet's bedroom was in a little cupboard under a washstand; the hot-water pipe passed through it and made a kind of curve. On this a cushion was placed; and her ladyship being clothed in a garment soft and warm, was popped in, shut up with extreme rapidity, and came out in the morning, as nurse used to say, 'as warm as a little toast.' When we first got her, everybody said we should not keep her over the first winter; but we took such good care of her that she lived over several winters. Some of the family, I may observe, did secretly wish she were not so tenacious of life, or the winters more severe. Words would fail to mention the mischief she wrought; the vases and crockery she smashed; the treasured articles (still retaining marks of her teeth) she spoiled during her life of three years with us. She seemed to have the power of elongating her limbs or throwing out an extra one in the most mysterious way. If, for instance, you left her chained to the fender and returned in about a minute, you were certain to find Poppet playing with something from the far end of the room.

She was so immensely strong she frequently dragged a heavy iron fender across the room and into the passage; and so cunning, that no knot, however complicated, could hold her long. Those cunning little fingers could have unravelled the Gordian knot itself. If she found she was watched, she dropped her hands so as to cover what she was doing, and assumed a vacant expression. She, however, never could repress a scream of triumph as she broke loose. Then she would dash round, knocking over vases and inkpots, and tipping over glasses generally full of something that would stain; doing as much mischief in five minutes as the most terrible child could in a day. Then ensued a chase, greatly enjoyed on one side, though not on the other; Poppet springing from picture to picture, making the cords creak with the sudden jerk, her chain rapping on the glass of bookcases and mirrors as she flew along their tops; at last taking refuge on the cornice, leaving every one panting and exhausted from the chase and fright. She was a great source of terror to nervous visitors, nor was this always unfounded, as on one occasion, when a lady was leaving the house congratulating herself that the visit was safely over, Poppet suddenly made her appearance, and nearly dragged the bonnet from her head. Another time, when my mother entered the drawing-room she found a friend lifting the cloth, and looking under the table. She explained her peculiar action by saying she was afraid that dreadful monkey might be there. I once had a friend Miss G., staying at the house who took a great dislike to Poppet, and was always making disparaging remarks anent her little ladyship. She was always very quick in perceiving who liked her and who didn't; so this disapproval she returned with interest. She would creep along the floor dragging the fender until she could get hold of Miss G.'s foot, when she would scold at her in the angriest manner, her eyes glowing with indignation; and when loose, try to get at her with great fierceness.

On one occasion Poppet chased Miss G. up-stairs into her room, and then perched herself on a large wardrobe close to the door, evidently waiting for her to come out. Hearing my screams of laughter—for Poppet's anger and the lady's fright were most comical—she opened the door an inch or two and was beginning: 'Has that little wretch gone? I wonder you can keep such an abominable little brute in'—— when she caught sight of Poppet's wicked grinning little face, just going to launch herself at the open door, which was closed with a hasty slam; nor would she venture out until after repeated assurances that Poppet was safe in her cage, for we had at last really been obliged to get her one, and a very strong one too. When she was first put into it every bar was shaken with all her force; and not until by frequent trials did she become convinced that they were beyond her strength.

One of my sisters constituted herself Poppet's dressmaker. She wore brown holland dresses, bound with scarlet in summer, and plaid or dark-warm cloth in winter. One day, however, Maggie's enthusiasm always to have Poppet well dressed received a sudden check. She had just completed a new tartan, when turning away for a moment, she perceived a strong smell of burning; and found Poppet had ungratefully consigned the pretty new dress to the flames. Another time, when we were removing to a different part of the country, Poppet was so upset by the noise and confusion, that in sheer wantonness she laid a pair of boots in the blazing grate; fortunately they were rescued before they were much injured.

We shall never forget the consternation that prevailed when the well-known cry, 'Poppet's loose!' echoed through the house. Every one flew to their bedroom to close the window, as, the house being covered with ivy and surrounded by trees, the monkey could make exit by any that happened to be open.

Frequently she did mischievous things in the most ingenious way. One day, finding a hair frisette on the stairs, my mother took it to her room; her sudden entrance startled Poppet, who bolted out of the window into a cherry-tree, knocking over and breaking a large mirror, also leaving three bottles that were on the mantelpiece pouring their several contents of oil, glycerine, and Eau de Cologne on to the carpet. Although Poppet screamed loudly when angry or excited, she bore pain wonderfully, and never cried out. Once when she was being chased for stealing some cough-drops, one of her fingers was put out of joint in the scrimmage. I rolled her up in a shawl and took her to the doctor. He must have put her to considerable pain in putting it in; but except by frowning very ominously, the creature made no sign. As soon, however, as I got outside the door, she turned round and nearly made her teeth meet in my thumb, evidently thinking: 'There! That's to pay you out for the pain you have made me suffer.' And once when, with her on my knee, I was using a pair of very sharp scissors, she inserted her finger between the blades, which nearly divided it; however, she never cried out, but actually bit at the wound till it bled terribly. She once startled us by making her appearance in the drawing-room with face, hands, and feet dyed a brilliant purple. We found she had upset a bottle of violet ink in

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one of the bedrooms, and had then paddled about on the white quilt and toilet-cover. The ink being 'permanent,' caused the occupant of that room to regard the little brown offender with righteous indignation for some time.

Poppet was extremely conceited, and fond of 'shewing off.' The children of the village school used regularly to stop before the house to see the monkey, when she would dance up and down the boughs of the trees overhanging the lane, making an occasional wicked dash at the nearest little one, when the circle would break with a scamper and scream. She was very jealous of any child that came to the house, and once when a baby was the object of general admiration, managed to pinch its cheek. All the animals seemed to like her: the cat was her special friend; but when Pussy had four kittens, Poppet would turn the poor mother out of her bed, and nurse the babies herself; and very nicely she did it, sitting up holding them properly, giving a funny little giggle when the little furry things tickled her. I am sorry to say she was not always so gentle, as she was met dragging a kitten down-stairs by the tip of its tail, thumping its little head on every step. The old mother came regularly to say good-morning to Poppet, making that caressing tone in which a cat speaks to its kittens. Poppet usually returned the attention by dragging open Pussy's mouth to see what she had had for breakfast. When she had finished her own morning meal, she would sit in the saucer and rock it up and down; or placing the saucer on her head, look like a little heathen Chinee.

At last Poppet got to be too expensive a luxury. In one week she broke an unusual number of valuable things. She began the campaign by dragging the breakfast-room clock and two large old china bowls off the chimney-piece; of course the china was smashed to atoms, and the clock so injured, that ever since its voice has been most painfully cracked. The next exploit was to send a large globe spinning down from a high bookcase, thereby breaking the stand to fragments. Then in a dance along the hall, she sprang on to one tip of a pair of immense horns, bringing them down, and causing them to snap on each side of the mounting.

Every one's patience was now exhausted, and 'Poppet must be got rid of!' was the universal cry. A visit was paid to a celebrated menagerie then in the town; but the monkeys' quarters were found so cold and dirty, and their little faces looked so sad and anxious compared to Poppet's contented well-fed look, that we decided it was impossible to send her there. It was useless to offer her to our friends; her fame had blown far and wide, and how we could keep 'such a tiresome mischievous creature' was the wonder of all who knew us. At last it was decided it would be more merciful to poison her than to give her where she would be ill-used or ill-fed. It was a cruel resolve, but what were we to do? The error had consisted in our ever trying to domesticate such an untamable creature. Poppet must die, and in as simple a way as possible. Prussic acid being said to be instantaneous, was to be the agent of destruction; and as I was supposed to have the most nerve in the family, notwithstanding my objections it was unanimously resolved I should administer it. The poison remained under lock and key for some time; at last, worked up by several dreadful breakages, I gave it in some grapes, and retired from the room feeling like a murderer, leaving poor Poppet extended insensible on the rug. In about half an hour I returned, expecting to find her quite dead; but no; there she was, sitting on the fender, scratching her legs, and looking only a little languid. The revulsion of feeling was so great, and her invalid airs so comical and coaxing, that we felt rather ashamed of having attempted the life of so winning a creature. I may observe, however, that that feeling died away as she recovered and the old amount of mischief went on; and all looked very blue when some one read 'that monkeys frequently lived to be a hundred years old;' there seemed nothing for it but that Poppet should go as a family heirloom to the only son. Then it began to be whispered I might try another dose, but I steadily refused; till at the end of one hot summer afternoon which I had spent in my room, I went down-stairs, to find my mother looking very white, and hear her say: 'If I had known you were in the house I wouldn't have done it;' and to find that poor Poppet had been very effectually 'done for' at last; that for the first time in her little tricksy roguish life she was really quiet. She was buried in the garden, and a headstone with a suitable inscription erected to her memory.

Now that the anguish for the loss of old friends (in glass and china) has been blunted by time, as we sit round the fire 'between the lights,' the recital of Poppet's pranks is listened to with rapt attention by the children; and I often think, with Frank Buckland, that many a more valuable friend may be less missed and less sincerely mourned than a pet monkey.

## MY BABY.

They made a little crown in heaven
When she was born—
Only the breath of angels on it;
Neither flower nor leaf upon it;
Never a single thorn.

Slowly it grew in form and beauty
As the days passed on—
Tinged her eyes with love-light's dawning;
Ruby lips to love-words forming;
Lisping future song.

Brighter still the crown was budding
As the year grew old;
And my simple heart beguiling,
Angels shewed it to me smiling:
So the days grew cold.

'Look! O mother! look upon it!'
(Baby lay asleep);
'In the heavens' sunny bowers
Twine we everlasting flowers;
Think upon it in the hours
When you will weep!'

'Look! O mother! fair we 've made it
For an angel's head!'
There was something strange and wild
Struck my heart—the angels smiled:
I turned to look upon my child—
And she was dead.

F. Rochat.

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## CHARLES KINGSLEY AT HOME.

ALL who had the pleasure of knowing the Rev. Charles Kingsley, author of *Hypatia*, *Westward Ho*, and *Alton Locke*, will acknowledge that however great he was as a parish clergyman, poet, novelist, naturalist, sportsman, he was greater still at home. And how was this greatness shewn? By his self-denying efforts to give joy to his wife and children, and chivalrously to take away from them whatever was painful. No man ever excelled him in the quality of being 'thoroughly domesticated.' In actual life we fear this is a rare attainment, for it is nothing less than the flower that indicates perfectly developed manhood or womanhood. This flower beautified and sweetened Canon Kingsley's life. He *was* a hero to those who had greater opportunities of knowing him than have most valets. Whatever unheroic cynics may say of the disenchanting power of intimacy, there was an exception in his case. How much such an example should teach us all! Not one in ten thousand can hope to become the many-sided man Kingsley was, but none of us need despair of making that little corner of the world called 'home' brighter and happier, as he made Eversley Rectory. We can all make our homes sweet if, when company-clothes are doffed, we clothe the most ordinary and commonplace duties of home-life with good temper and cheerfulness.

Because the Rectory-house was on low ground, the rector of Eversley, who considered violation of the divine laws of health a sort of acted blasphemy, built his children an outdoor nursery on the 'Mount,' where they kept books, toys, and tea-things, spending long happy days on the highest and loveliest point of moorland in the glebe; and there he would join them when his parish work was done, bringing them some fresh treasure picked up in his walk, a choice wild-flower or fern or rare beetle, sometimes a lizard or a field-mouse; ever waking up their sense of wonder, calling out their powers of observation, and teaching them lessons out of God's great green book, *without their knowing* they were learning. Out-of-doors and indoors, the Sundays were the happiest days of the week to the children, though to their father the hardest. When his day's work was done, there was always the Sunday walk, in which each bird and plant and brook was pointed out to the children, as preaching sermons to Eyes, such as were not even dreamt of by people of the No-eyes species. Indoors the Sunday picture-books were brought out, and each child chose its subject for the father to draw, either some Bible story, or bird or beast or flower. In all ways he fostered in his children a love of animals. They were taught to handle without disgust toads, frogs, beetles, as works from the hand of a living God. His guests were surprised one morning at breakfast when his little girl ran up to the open window of the dining-room holding a long repulsive-looking worm in her hand: 'O daddy, look at this *delightful* worm!'

Kingsley had a horror of corporal punishment, not merely because it tends to produce antagonism between parent and child, but because he considered more than half the lying of children to be the result of fear of punishment. 'Do not train a child,' he said, 'as men train a horse, by letting anger and punishment be the *first* announcement of his having sinned. If you do, you induce two bad habits: first, the boy regards his parent with a kind of blind dread, as a being who may be offended by actions which to *him* are innocent, and whose wrath he expects to fall upon him at any moment in his most pure and unselfish happiness. Next, and worst still, the boy learns not to fear sin, but the punishment of it, and thus he learns to lie.' He was careful too not to confuse his children by a multiplicity of small rules. 'It is difficult enough to keep the Ten Commandments,' he would say, 'without making an eleventh in every direction.' He had no 'moods' with his family, for he cultivated, by strict self-discipline in the midst of worries and pressing business, a disengaged temper, that always enabled him to enter into other people's interests, and especially into children's playfulness. 'I wonder,' he would say, 'if there is so much laughing in any other home in

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England as in ours.' He became a light-hearted boy in the presence of his children, or when exerting himself to cheer up his aged mother who lived with him. When nursery griefs and broken toys were taken to his study, he was never too busy to mend the toy and dry the tears. He held with Jean Paul Richter, that children have their 'days and hours of rain,' which parents should not take much notice of, either for anxiety or sermons, but should lightly pass over, except when they are symptoms of coming illness. And his knowledge of physiology enabled him to detect such symptoms. He recognised the fact, that weariness at lessons and sudden fits of obstinacy are not hastily to be treated as moral delinquencies, springing as they so often do from physical causes, which are best counteracted by cessation from work and change of scene.

How blessed is the son who can speak of his father as Charles Kingsley's eldest son does. '"Perfect love casteth out fear," was the motto,' he says, 'on which my father based his theory of bringing up children. From this and from the interest he took in their pursuits, their pleasures, trials, and even the petty details of their everyday life, there sprang up a friendship between father and children, that increased in intensity and depth with years. To speak for myself, he was the best friend—the only true friend I ever had. At once he was the most fatherly and the most unfatherly of fathers—fatherly in that he was our intimate friend and our self-constituted adviser; unfatherly in that our feeling for him lacked that fear and restraint that make boys call their father "the governor." Ours was the only household I ever saw in which there was no favouritism. It seemed as if in each of our different characters he took an equal pride, while he fully recognised their different traits of good or evil; for instead of having one code of social, moral, and physical laws laid down for one and all of us, each child became a separate study for him; and its little "diseases au moral," as he called them, were treated differently according to each different temperament. . . . Perhaps the brightest picture of the past that I look back to now is the drawing-room at Eversley in the evenings, when we were all at home and by ourselves. There he sat, with one hand in mother's, forgetting his own hard work in leading our fun and frolic, with a kindly smile on his lips, and a loving light in that bright gray eye, that made us feel that, in the broadest sense of the word, he was our father.'

Of this son, when he was an undergraduate at Cambridge, his father (then Professor of History) writes: 'Ah! what a blessing to be able to help him at last by teaching him something one's-self.' And to a learned 'F.G.S.' he says very seriously: 'My eldest son is just going off to try his manhood in Colorado, United States. You will understand, therefore, that it is somewhat important to me just now whether the world be ruled by a just and wise God or by 0. It is also important to me with regard to my own boy's future, whether what is said to have happened to-morrow (Good Friday) be true or false.' In this way Kingsley educated his heart and became truly wise. For no matter how extensive may be our stock of information, we cannot be called wise unless heart become to head a helpmate.

And how well he used his matrimony—a state that should be to all the means of highest culture, or 'grace.' Sympathising with a husband's anxiety, he once wrote to a friend: 'I believe one never understands the blessed mystery of marriage till one has nursed a sick wife, nor understands either what treasures women are.' He believed in the eternity of marriage. 'So well and really married on earth' did he think himself, that in one of his letters he writes: 'If I do not love my wife body and soul as well there as I do here, then there is neither resurrection of my body nor of my soul, but of some other, and I shall not be I.' And again in another letter: 'If immortality is to include in my case identity of person, I shall feel to her for ever what I feel now. That feeling may be developed in ways which I do not expect; it may have provided for it forms of expression very different from any which are among the holiest sacraments of life. . . . Will not one of the properties of the spiritual body be, that it will be able to express that which the natural body only tries to express?'

Kingsley and his future wife met for the first time when he was only twenty years of age in Oxfordshire, where he was spending his college vacation. 'That was my real wedding-day,' he used always to say. The Cambridge undergraduate was at the time going through the crisis in a young man's life that may be called without irreverence 'moral measles.' He was then full of religious doubts; and his face, with its unsatisfied hungering look, bore witness to the state of his mind. He told her his doubts, and she told him her faith; and the positive, being stronger than the negative, so prevailed that he was no longer faithless but believing. Hitherto his peculiar character had not been understood, and his heart had been half asleep. It woke up now, and never slept again. For the first time he could speak with perfect freedom, and be met with answering sympathy. And gradually, as the new friendship deepened into intimacy, every doubt, every thought, every failing, every sin was laid bare. Counsel was asked and given; and as new hopes dawned, the look of hard defiance gave way to a wonderful humility and tenderness, which were his characteristics, with those who understood him, to his dying day. 'My memory often runs back,' writes an early friend of his, 'to the days when I used to meet dear Kingsley in his little curate rooms; when he told me of his attachment to one whom he feared he should never be able to marry.' But things turning out brighter than he expected, the same friend records how, calling at his cottage one morning, 'I found him almost beside himself, stamping his things into a portmanteau. "What is the matter, dear Kingsley?"—"I am engaged. I am going to see her *now*—to-day."'

His chivalrous idea of wedlock was only natural, for he always attributed to Mrs Kingsley's sympathy and influence his success, saying that never but for her would he have become a writer. Writing to a friend on the subject of marriage, he says that it is his duty to hold the highest and most spiritual views, 'for God has shewed me these things in an eventful and blissful marriage history, and woe to me if I preach them not.'

Writing to his wife from the sea-side, where he had gone in search of health, he says: 'This place is perfect; but it seems a dream and imperfect without you. Kiss the darling ducks of children for me. How I long after them and their

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prattle. I delight in all the little ones in the street, for their sake, and continually I start and fancy I hear their voices outside. You do not know how I love them; nor did I hardly till I came here. Absence quickens love into consciousness.'—'Blessed be God for the rest, though I never before felt the loneliness of being without the beloved being whose every look, and word, and motion are the key-notes of my life. People talk of love ending at the altar. . . . Fools! I lay at the window all morning, thinking of nothing but home; how I long for it!'—'Tell Rose and Maurice that I have got two pair of bucks' horns—one for each of them, huge old fellows, almost as big as baby.'

Writing from France to 'my dear little man,' as he calls his youngest son (for whom he wrote the *Water Babies*), he says: 'There is a little Egyptian vulture here in the inn; ask mother to shew you his picture in the beginning of the Bird book.' When smarting from severe attacks on his historical teaching at Cambridge, he could write to his wife: 'I have been very unhappy about your unhappiness about me, and cannot bear to think of your having a pang on my account.' From America he writes: 'My digestion is perfect, and I am in high spirits. But I am home-sick at times, and would give a finger to be one hour with you and G. and M.'

From such things, which, though they may appear little, are really the great things of life, or at least its *heart's ease*, Canon Kingsley got power to do and to suffer.

Coming out from service in Westminster Abbey, he caught a cold; but he made light of it, for he could think of nothing but the joy of returning with his wife to Eversley for Christmas and the quiet winter's work. No sooner had they returned home than Mrs Kingsley became seriously ill. On being told that her life was in the greatest danger, Kingsley said: 'My own death-warrant was signed with those words.' His ministrations in his wife's sick-room shewed the intensity of his faith, as he strengthened the weak, encouraged the fearful speaking of an eternal reunion, of the indestructibility of that married love, which if genuine on earth, could only, he thought, be severed for a brief moment.

At this time Kingsley was himself ill, and on the 28th December he had to take to his bed, for symptoms of pneumonia came on rapidly. The weather was bitter, and he had been warned that his recovery depended on the same temperature being kept up in his bedroom and on his never leaving it; but one day he indiscreetly leaped out of bed, came into his wife's room for a few moments, and taking her hand in his, he said: 'This is heaven; don't speak;' but after a short silence, a severe fit of coughing came on, he could say nothing more, and they never met again. For a few days the sick husband and wife wrote to each other in pencil, but it then became 'too painful, too tantalising,' and the letters ceased. A few days after this, the preacher, poet, novelist, naturalist died, January 23, 1875, and was universally lamented, for England had lost one of her most estimable men—not great, in the ordinary sense of the word, for Kingsley could lay no claim to be a profound thinker. His philanthropy confused his perceptions, as when in his writings he denounced large towns and mill-owners, and proposed to restore the population to the land. Such 'socialism' as this would throw us back into ignorance and poverty, instead of solving the difficult modern problem of rich and poor. Kingsley was great only as regards the feelings. There he may be said to have made his mark.

How many of Charles Kingsley's works will last? Some (with whom he himself would probably have agreed) think that *Hypatia* and a few songs, such as the *Sands of Dee* and *Three Fishers*, are his only contributions to English literature likely to endure. It may be that he had too many irons in the fire for any of them to become white-hot. We prefer to think of him as a minister of the Gospel, who not only preached piety but shewed it at home, by being a dutiful son, a wise father, and a husband whose love during thirty-six years 'never stooped from its lofty level to a hasty word, an impatient gesture, or a selfish act, in sickness or in health, in sunshine or in storm, by day or by night.'

'He was a true and perfect knight,' is our verdict, on rising from the perusal of his biography. It is surely a great encouragement to think that all who cultivate their hearts may, without his genius, hope to imitate the home-virtues of one who, however great in other respects, was, in our opinion, greater at home.

## THE LAST OF THE HADDONS.

### CHAPTER XXXVI.—WAGER.

AFTER the bride and bridegroom were gone, occurred the first slip in my behaviour. The rest of the company had returned to the house, and I suppose I must have stood in the road—gazing in the direction the carriage had taken, the sound of the distant bells floating faintly towards me in the summer air—so long as to be unconscious of the lapse of time, when gently and lightly a hand was laid upon mine, and it was drawn under Robert Wentworth's arm.

'You are wanted up there, Mary,' he said cheerfully. 'Mrs Tipper does not, I think, find herself quite equal to Mrs Dallas and Mrs Trafford; to say nothing of two discontented bride's-maids, and a father who came here under protest, and was only allowed to perform half the duty he came to perform. You took that out of his hands, you know; the giving away was virtually yours.' Going on to talk amusingly of the incongruous materials which went to make up the wedding-party, and so giving me time to recover my self-command. It was very soon put to the test. There was, to begin with, some pretty banter from Mrs Chichester to parry, when we reached the green terrace, where the guests were sitting, to enjoy the air and lovely view, and from which I suddenly remembered they could see the part of the road where I had been standing.

'We began to fear you must be ill, Miss Haddon, seeing you stand so long motionless in the road. It was quite a relief to see you move at last when Mr Wentworth joined you—it really was!'

Probably Robert Wentworth considered that this kind of thing was what I required, for he left me

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to it, and devoted himself to the not very easy task of trying to reconcile the two pretty bride's-maids; gravely listening to their assurances that the whole affair had been shockingly mismanaged from first to last! I soon had enough to do to reply to the patter of questions with which I was assailed from Marian and Mrs Chichester.

Where in the world had I been hiding myself all these months? Had I really come into a large fortune, and turned Mr Dallas off, as people said; or was it the other thing? As I did not know what 'the other thing' was, I could not answer for that; but acknowledged to having been fortunate; smiling to myself as I wondered what they would think of my idea of good fortune. Of course they would know what my real position was in time; but for the present I was mischievous enough to let them imagine any improbable thing they pleased. But there was one thing which they must not be allowed to have any doubt about, and that was my regard for Philip and Lilian, and hearty concurrence in the marriage.

'I am *so* glad—so very glad; because we can now speak very decidedly upon the point. People are so terribly unkind and censorious; are they not, Miss Haddon?'

'Some are, Mrs Chichester; yet I think, on the whole, censorious people do a great deal less mischief than they are supposed to do. My experience is happily small in such matters; but I believe that censorious people are generally well known to be so, and therefore they are not capable of doing much harm.'

'Then it was *not* true, Miss Haddon; I am so very pleased to be able to say so!'

'What was not true, Mrs Chichester?'

'Oh, I would rather not repeat, really.'

'Well, I only know Caroline says she 's heard it said over and over again that you ran away in despair, because you found that Mr Dallas and Lilian were untrue to you,' said Marian, less scrupulous about repeating than the other.

'That is really too ridiculous!' I ejaculated.—'But you will be able to tell your friend or friends that you did not see a love-lorn damsel to-day, Mrs Chichester;' gazing at her with steady calm eyes.

'You certainly don't look a bit love-lorn,' candidly said Marian.

'O no,' chimed in Mrs Chichester. 'If you will pardon the jest, I might say you looked a great deal more as though you had *found* a lover, than lost one!' with a meaning glance in Robert Wentworth's direction.

'Will you excuse my asking if you had that dress direct from Paris, Miss Haddon?' inquired Marian.

'Paris? No; it came from Madame Michaux,' I replied, happily recollecting that Jane had mentioned that name.

'Oh, that is the same thing; isn't it? She charges enormously; but one is quite sure of having just the right thing from her. I suppose you have all your dresses from her now?'

'No; not all,' I said, smiling at the remembrance of my every-day attire.

'They say brown is to be the new colour: the Duchess of Meck—Meck—— (What 's her name, Caroline? those German names are *so* absurd)—is wearing nothing else but brown at Homburg.'

'I have been wearing brown some time,' I replied, almost laughing outright.

'Some people always contrive to be in advance of the fashions,' she said a little disconcertedly.—'Are they going away already, Caroline; just inquire if the carriage is there, will you?—I see you have drab liveries, Miss Haddon; ours is changed to claret; the Marchioness of'—— Breaking off to make a reply to a few words from the little bride's-maids, who with their father were taking themselves off from the uncongenial atmosphere. 'O yes; went off very nicely indeed; did it not? I wanted them to have the breakfast at Fairview, or at anyrate to have two or three of the men-servants to wait. But the party is small certainly, and everything has been very well contrived. No one is inclined to be very critical at such times. I hope you will be able to come down to Fairview before you return to Cornwall; any time which may suit you best. You need not write; we are always prepared for visitors.'

Both sisters hurriedly explained that their stay in town would be very short, and that there was not the *slightest* chance of their having a spare day.

Then there was one other little trial of my nerves—the few words which had to be spoken to Mr and Mrs Dallas; but pride came to my assistance, and I got through it pretty well, bearing their curious looks and gracious speeches with at anyrate apparent stoicism. Under other circumstances, I might have been somewhat amused by Mr Dallas's remark, that for his part he wished I had not thrown Philip over; accompanied as it was by a comprehensive glance at 'my carriage' waiting in the road below.

As soon as they left, I felt at liberty to whisper a loving good-bye to dear old Mrs Tipper, with a promise to see her and clear up all mysteries on the morrow, and take my departure. In a matter-of-course way, Robert Wentworth walked with me down the path, talking in the old pleasant easy fashion until he had put me into the carriage. Then just as I was bending forward to say the one word 'Home,' he gave the order 'Greybrook Hall.'

'Wait, John.'

The man stood aside; and I added to Robert Wentworth: 'You know then?'

'Of course I know,' he replied with a quiet smile.

I shrank back. He made a gesture to the footman, gave me the orthodox bow, and I was driven away.

Not a little agitated, I asked myself how much more did he know—all? If he recognised me that night in the wood, he did know not only what I had done, but what it had cost me to do it! I was no heroine; I have shewn myself as I was on Philip's wedding-day; but I had not won my peace without many a weary struggle for it. Once—three months after my departure from the cottage—I had stolen down in the darkness of evening to watch the shadows on the blinds, and perhaps catch the sound of a voice still so terribly dear to me. I saw Philip and Lilian together, and recognised that they were lovers, and then I knew that the victory was not yet won.

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An hour later some one stooped over me as I lay crouched in the woods. 'Are you ill? What is the matter with you, good woman?' said the familiar voice of Robert Wentworth, as he laid his hand upon my shoulder. 'It is bad for you to be lying here this damp night.'

I shrank away, drawing the hood of my cloak more closely round my face, which I kept turned away. He stood still a few moments, and then without another word passed on. I had hitherto always persuaded myself that he had not recognised me; but now my cheeks grew uncomfortably hot with the suspicion that he did know me, and that the passing silently on was the very thing which a delicate consideration for me would prompt him to do. I was only surprised that it had not occurred to me before. I never had succeeded in throwing dust into Robert Wentworth's eyes when I had tried so to do. I knew now that it was to him Jane Osborne had alluded when she jested about a certain friend of hers who was so interested in all that concerned me, and whom I was to know more about by-and-by. I had sometimes a little murmured in my heart at having to give up Robert Wentworth's friendship with other things, knowing the worth of it, and he had been watching over me all the time! He had traced me at once; but respecting my desire to be lost to them all for a time, he had not obtruded himself upon me, contenting himself with obtaining an introduction to Jane Osborne and making friends with her.

That I had been watched over, had been shewn to me in more ways than one. I could almost smile now, holding the key, as I recollected many a little speech from Jane Osborne which seemed to breathe some stronger spirit than her own. Tenderly anxious about me, and inclined to pet me as she was, she would now and again spur me on to my work with a few words, which puzzled me extremely from her lips, but which I now could see she had been instigated to speak by one who knew me better than she did. But I had not much time for reflection; the drive was only three miles, and the ground very quickly got over by a couple of spirited horses. It seemed but a few moments after I had left Robert Wentworth in the road before I was at home.

It is now time to explain what has doubtlessly suggested itself to the reader, that I had been acting as superintendent of the Home for the last twelve months. Nancy had given me a hint that Mrs Gower had sent in her resignation of the office, having amassed a comfortable independence. My visit to town the day before I left the cottage had been for the purpose of seeing Mrs Osborne, the foundress of the Home, and I had the good fortune to find favour in her sight. She saw that it was a crisis in my life, and was inclined to be my friend had we two not needed each other. I went to stay with her a couple of days until Mrs Gower's departure, and then was duly installed in the latter's place.

As I expected that Lilian would hope to trace me through Nancy, the latter was drafted into Jane Osborne's establishment for a few weeks. Consequently, when Lilian made her appearance at the gates, she was informed that Nancy had gone to some lady whose address the portress for the nonce was not acquainted with. As I hoped she would, Lilian jumped to the conclusion that *I* was the lady alluded to, and was thus thrown off the scent as to my whereabouts.

What shall I say—what ought I to say about *my* management of the Home? I think as little as possible. But I will say that my success has been greater than I dared to hope for, although I have had a great deal to unlearn as well as learn. All sorts of objections were in the outset made to what were termed my innovations, and perhaps they were rather daring; but I was beginning to be able to reply to objectors by more cogent means than words.

As to myself—could anything have been more delightfully refreshing to a wearied spirit than was the greeting which I received on entering the long room on my return that afternoon, a welcome from twenty smiling faces! It is the long room to which the reader has been previously introduced, with a difference; the high brick wall before the windows is gone, and a light palisading marks the boundary of the grounds, without obstructing the view, a very fine one, of the most beautiful part of Kent. Moreover, the room was to-day *en fête;* decorated with flowers and evergreens, and with a feast, almost as grand as that I had just been a guest at, spread upon the long tables in honour of my sister's wedding-day. I do not like to write the kind words of 'Welcome home' pattered out around me. Jane Osborne and I went to my room; and whilst I threw off my finery and slipped on my brown dress (the only badge of distinction between me and my protégées on ordinary days was my mother's ring), I set her mind at rest as to the state of mind in which I had returned.

After tea we had a reading. Reading aloud or music on certain evenings of the week, whilst the inmates worked, was another of my innovations. That night too we had a new arrival. As I afterwards learned, she had been sought out specially to be brought down there, and a new-comer was always under my particular care, and slept in the place of honour—a little room adjoining my own. Not a little astonished seemed the poor waif when ushered into our gaily bedecked room, and received as a welcome guest to our evening's entertainment. Perhaps my few words to that poor girl when I bade her good-night was as good a termination to Philip's wedding-day as could be desired for me.

## A VISIT TO AMAZONIA.

THE Amazon, as is pretty well known, is a river of great length and more wonderful for its breadth in South America, entering the Atlantic between Brazil and Guiana. I am going to speak of Pará, a Brazilian port not far from the sea, to which I paid a visit, by what is known as the Pará estuary. The blue ocean had been left the day before. Passing some islands bearing clumps of palms, anchor was dropped in front of the city of Pará, a gun fired from the bridge, and immediately a fleet of shore-boats came off, keeping at a respectable distance, however, until the board of health, customs, and other formalities usual upon entering a Brazilian port had been observed; but no sooner had permission been given, than the deck was swarming with men seeking fares.

'You wan a boat go ashore, sir?' inquired a demure swarthy man about fifty, who stood twirling

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his cap in hand; 'cos I take you for five shillins, carry what you got to hotel; an if you like to give me anything afterwards, much obliged.'

'That will do!' I returned. And in a few minutes we were speeding towards the landing-place—a flight of wooden steps, crowded with men and boys, anxious to know the latest home prices of india-rubber and other products. The heat was excessive. Not a breath of air stirred on shore; and although longing to ramble through the town, I felt it advisable to rest a while first; so we went direct to the Hotel de Commercio in the Rua da Industria, kept by M. Leduc, an enterprising Frenchman. Here, single rooms with food run from ten to fifteen shillings per diem. The food is excellent, everything considered; but the rooms are dirty and unfurnished, having each but one chair—invariably broken—a hammock slung in a corner, and a hard bed and straw bolster covered with but one sheet. The sanitary arrangements too are far from perfect.

Most places are celebrated for something; Pará is celebrated amongst other things for its bats. Enormous specimens, a foot or two across the wings, may be seen banging to and fro about the veranda and bedrooms; beetles and cockroaches abound too; but there are places up the river where these are an infinitely greater plague.

The town of Pará is situated about seventy miles from the Atlantic. It has several spacious squares, such as the Praças do Cuartel, marine arsenal, government palace, and Mercado. If clangour of bells and cracking of rockets above steeples at high mass are indicative of religious enthusiasm, the Paraenses ought to be very devout. They certainly are not badly off for churches, of which I counted a considerable number.

The streets in this Brazilian town are laid out at right angles, upon the American block plan; half-a-dozen are paved with limestone from Lisbon—brought as ballast, which is cheaper than getting it from Rio Janeiro; and facing the river are a number of houses three stories high, some with staffs from upper balconies, from which droop consular flags. Elsewhere, dwelling-houses are usually one and two stories only. The favourite colour of Brazilians is green, and doors and windows, in fact every kind of wood-work, are as verdant as the forests that surround the town. Few shops boast of glass windows, on account of the deteriorative action of the sun upon goods exposed; but some wholesale firms exhibit a considerable variety of merchandise in their tunnel-shaped stores, where clerks are seen poring over ledgers in their shirt-sleeves. A sea-wall running the whole length of the river-frontage is in course of construction; and when finished, and the intervening space between it and the shore is filled up and built upon or paved, the appearance of the city will be decidedly enhanced, and its sanitary condition improved; for until recently, every kind of filth and rubbish was shot into the river, where at low-tide it generated a miasma enough to breed a pestilence.

Brazilians of social position rarely bring up their sons to trade, but strive to gain them government employ or entrance into one of the learned professions. It happens, however, that a university career is essential for the acquisition of a diploma; and as a large percentage of Brazilian youth entertain a hearty detestation for books, indulgent parents openly resort to influence, patronage, and intrigue, to enable their high-spirited though wonderfully delicate sons to live on the imperial exchequer. Paraense tradesmen are chiefly Portuguese; and it really is astonishing how rapidly one of these worthies gets on after his arrival in Pará; for he usually leaves the steerage of an English vessel with nothing but the clothes on his back, a strong constitution, and a bag of consecrated charms suspended from a string round his neck. Accustomed to hard work and poor fare at home, he considers himself well off with two mil reis or four shillings per diem; and as shibé or farinha and water is very filling, and goes down with a gusto if seasoned with an onion, he soon saves enough to purchase a horse and cart, or maybe send to Lisbon for a stout boat painted green and red. By thrift and economy his pile of mil rei notes steadily increases in dimensions; and one fine morning he opens a provision store and taberna, and begins to see his way to fortune. How complacently he smiles as he pours out vintems-worth of cashaça to negro labourers! How carefully he weighs bacalhão and farinha for stout Cafuza women (half Indian and negro), who balance basins upon the head, smoke short wooden-stemmed black-bowled pipes, and walk about bare-footed with light print skirts and no body! He knows the reckless native has no thought for the morrow, but spends his money as fast as it is received.

Shortly after my arrival in Pará I was invited by Mr Henderson, a Scotch merchant, to take up my quarters in his charming roçinha at the outskirts of Nazaré, where I remained a little over three months. Our house was large and roomy, with immense wooden window-shutters, which were kept open from early morning till we retired at night, so as to admit as much fresh air as possible. The rainy season had set in, and every day we were favoured with a tropical thunderstorm of more or less violence. I often watched the approach of these storms from the dining-room balconies of Leduc's hotel, which command a splendid view of the river. Distant peals of thunder herald the coming storm, and gusts of wind that rattle shrunken doors and whistle through crazy windows, impart a welcome freshness to the sweltering stagnant air. Steamships at anchor have their funnels covered with snowy conical caps, to keep out the deluge; barges taking in or giving out cargo are hastily covered with tarpaulin; streets become deserted, except by vehicles drawn by miserable horses, that firmly compose themselves for a doze till the down-pour passes over; while clouds of vultures fly against the gale, to inhale as much fresh air as possible after their ghastly repast. A steady approaching line of dense gray clouds with a ragged blue fringe diminishes the horizon; thunder-claps grow louder and more frequent; big drops patter upon the red-tiled roofs; and then falls a deluge upon house-tops, that rolls into the streets below in a perfect cascade. Anything beyond ejaculatory conversation is quite out of the question, for the noise is simply deafening; and although, from the vivid flashes of lightning, we know it is thundering big-guns, we hear nothing beyond the crash of rain.

While the tempest lasts we tumble into our hammocks and endeavour to escape drops that trickle between the tiles; and in half an hour

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proceed to the balcony to see how matters look outside. The storm has passed over, and the horizon grows clearer; the islands in front are lit up with rays of golden sunshine, that stream through rifts in the leaden clouds upon the emerald expanse of forest; sleepy horses are awoke by drivers, who hit them over the nose with a stick and inquire what is ailing; foot-passengers with coloured umbrellas pick their way tiptoe amid miniature lakes, seas, and channels that flood the road; steamboats are the cleaner for their washing; vultures stand upon houses, palacios, and churches, with wings outstretched to dry; and by-and-by in the azure heavens float mountains of fleecy clouds that playfully emit flashes of lightning as they collide, until night draws near; and as the sun sinks beneath the western forests, pale stars peep forth, proclaiming the close of another day.

Mr Henderson's house was so far distant from Pará that no noise reached us from the city excepting the occasional crack of a rocket, a faint bugle-call, or gun-fire of a boat announcing the arrival of a foreign mail. The noise of insect life, especially during the middle watches of the night, imparted a sense of loneliness, of being shut out from the world. There was an incessant hum, chirp, burr, and whir, and every now and then a bull-frog would 'Woof, woof!' smaller frogs shout 'Hoy, hoy, hoy!' night-birds fly over the roof, emitting weird shrill cries; and what with the kissing conversation of bats, bites of sanguinary carpanás or mosquitoes, the tickling sensation of jiggers in my toes, and the fear of being wound up by a scorpion, centipede, tarantula, or maybe poisonous snake, I frequently kept awake till towards morning, when thoroughly overcome with watching and fatigue, I would fall into a profound and refreshing sleep.

At daybreak we always had a cup of delicious fragrant black coffee; and while the heavy dew spangled every leaf and blade of grass, I frequently went for a walk down the newly cut roads into the forest, when I would be sure to be overtaken by the early train going out with female slaves and batches of children of all shades of black, white, and copper colour, to breathe the cooler air of the forest glades. In anticipation of the probable extension of the city, an immense area of forest has been divided into blocks by spacious parallel avenues, to be intersected by streets at equidistant right angles. The open spaces are covered with short capim or grass; but however much one may delight to stroll about in the shade, he is sure to have his legs covered with an almost invisible mite called moquim, that causes an itch almost enough to drive one frantic, especially at night; and very likely a number of carrapatos into the bargain. It is dangerous to scratch where moquim have settled, for running sores difficult to heal usually follow. I have seen Europeans and North Americans from the States with legs in a frightful condition, in fact lamed through scratching the skin till sore. An immediate, agreeable, and effectual remedy against moquim, though they be ever so numerous, is to sponge the body with cashaça, the common white rum of the country. Carrapatos differ in size. These tiny pests are about as large as a pin's head; and the horse tick about three or four times larger still. Both settle upon the clothes, or crawl up the legs, laying hold of the flesh with serrated fangs, and adhering so tenaciously that it is impossible to remove them entire; and to leave a portion sticking to the skin is certain to produce an ugly sore. The best way to get rid of this loathsome acaride is to sponge it well with spirits of any kind, when it will soon drop off; a hint which may be useful to Europeans who are pestered with harvest-bugs.

The forest round Pará naturally strikes a European as superlatively grand. It is only, however, upon interior high lands that vegetation attains the height, dimensions, and luxuriance that captivate and bewilder the senses. It wholly differs from anything found in temperate climes; and the stranger never tires of new forms of life and beauty that momentarily meet his gaze, and indicate an exuberance and prodigality surpassing his grandest ideal home conceptions. Accustomed only to individual forms as seen in home conservatories, the mind becomes bewildered when countless specimens of equatorial growth are massed together. Instead of gnarled and knotted oaks whose venerable appearance denote centuries of battle against fierce autumn storms and icy northern blasts, there is a lithe youthfulness even about veritable giants; and though a tree may be dead and hollow within, luxuriance of verdant parasitical plants lends a charming illusion, and hides the fact from view. Light, heat, air, and moisture are essential for the proper development of the richer forms of parasitical life; hence on water frontage and in some of the quiet avenues where I loved to stroll, I observed exhibitions of lavish profusion which rather resembled the dreams of fairy-land than the realities of actual life. In one spot, a compact mass of tiny foliage would drape a number of lofty trees to the ground; in another, eccentrically arranged festoons and garlands sprinkled with occasional scarlet and violet passion-flowers decorated some hundreds of feet without a single break; while further on, endless picturesque, artistic, and graceful combinations ravished the sight, and awoke reverential and exquisitely happy emotions.

On both sides of avenues near the trees the ground is closely covered with beautiful lycopodium moss. Its favourite place of growth is on shady clearings, though it seems to grow best where timber has been burned on the ground. A foreigner desirous of learning how to take forest bearings without a compass cannot do better than cut his way into one of the furthest blocks in the district beyond Nazaré. He knows he cannot be lost, from the fact of roads existing on every side; hence he may go to work deliberately, and be under no apprehension as to result. In these spots where undergrowth has not been touched will be found solitary specimens of the curuá, a pretty ground-palm that shoots a number of long fronds from the centre, in which stands a smooth slender spathe, employed in thatching. The broken stems of slim palms shew where young assaís have been cut down for the sake of bunches of cherry-looking fruit employed in the manufacture of a refresco. Assaí is drunk by everybody in Amazonia when they can get it, at all hours of the day and before and after meals. Five or six gallons of the fruit, each about the size of a marble, are usually piled in a large iron basin containing a requisite proportion of water; the mass is then worked over and over till the outer pulpy skin is worked off; the bare kernels

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are taken out, and at the bottom remains a rich violet-coloured liquid, that may be imbibed *ad lib.* It is best mixed with farinha seca and sugar, and eaten with a spoon. A liking for it is soon acquired, and it is not considered good taste to refuse a cuya or calabash of assaí when offered by a lady.

Every shrub, plant, and tree, and almost every blade and leaf of grass, is covered with insect life. Ants are the most common, and meet the eye everywhere. It is impossible to go far without coming across tumuli of hard mud four feet high; and huge coffee-coloured excrescences standing out upon the trunks of trees indicate where copim or white ants have taken up their abode. A few days after my arrival at Mr Henderson's, I noticed the front of our house was covered with what appeared to me to be streaks of mud; and feeling convinced they had not been there the day before, I proceeded to examine them, and found the lines were neatly constructed covered-ways. Myriads of white ants were travelling backwards and forwards; and no doubt a colony had made up its mind to devour as much of the wood-work as possible, and by way of change, shew students how to rapidly get through and digest good books. I saw two volumes of *Chambers's Information* which had been drilled by these indefatigable workers as neatly as though the holes had been punched by an awl. The covered-way hides the workers from quick-sighted insectivorous birds, especially woodpeckers. Domestic fowls, lizards, toads, armadillos, and tamanduas destroy vast numbers. The largest and most numerous ants I have seen were in the Campos between the Xingú and Tapajóz. Near the hill-slopes a few miles from Santarem, it is simply impossible to preserve a house from attack, and very frequently a huge nest actually hangs from the ridge-pole. The ant, however, which attracts most attention is the saúba. It marches in columns, each member carrying a triangular or circular section of a leaf larger than itself. The only way to turn them from a garden is by sweeping the track with a flaming branch for a distance of forty or fifty yards; but as new excursions will probably be made during the night, one often finds that they have paid a visit and departed, leaving perhaps a favourite orange tree entirely denuded of foliage. A big ant called the tucandera is very common just outside Pará; indeed it is hardly possible to walk many yards in the forest without meeting it: the bite inflicts excruciating agony. I have never been stung by a scorpion or bitten by a centipede; but I have been nipped by a tucandera, and can quite believe that the pain inflicted is more severe than that of either of the two former.

What with the uproar of çicadas, chirping of grasshoppers, screaming of parrots, cawing of aráras or macaws (the cry of this splendidly plumaged bird closely resembles ára, arára, hence its name), plaintive notes of japím and toucans, and numerous other indescribable sounds, the attention of the new-comer is kept continually upon the *qui vive* until eleven o'clock, when the intense oven-like heat warns him it is time to return. Emerging from the forest into one of the avenues the sun will be found nearly overhead; lizards of all sizes—that is to say from three inches to four feet in length—dart across the path and scuttle into the bush; and here and there a snake has to be guarded against, and if need be killed, with the short sapling which every pedestrian ought to carry. Upon reaching home I usually took a bath, had a substantial breakfast, and rested till the unfailing thunderstorm cooled the atmosphere.

## A QUEER CLUE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

I HAD left the police altogether, and was living very comfortably, my good lady and I, up at Islington, in the same street with my married daughter, who was doing very comfortably too, her husband having a good berth in the City. I had always been of a saving turn, and had bought two or three houses; so with a tidy pension, which I had earned by thirty years' service, I could afford to go about a bit and enjoy myself. Of course in all that time I had made the acquaintance of a good many professional people; and there were very few theatres or exhibitions that I couldn't get admission to. We—my wife and I, I mean—made it a rule to go everywhere that we could get tickets for; and whether it was the launch of a ship, the charity children at St Paul's, or Sam Cowell at the Canterbury Hall, it didn't matter to us; we went. And it was at the Canterbury I first had the Combestead murder more particularly recalled to my mind.

I was there by myself, the old lady not being willing to leave my married daughter—because, well, it was in consequence of her being a married daughter—so I went by myself. There was a young woman who sang a comic version of *There's a good Time coming* splendidly; and as I was always of a chatty turn, I couldn't help remarking to the person that was sitting next to me how first-class she did it, when he exclaimed: 'Hollo! why, never! Superintendent Robinson?' And then he held out his hand.

It was young Lytherly, but so stout, and brown, and whiskery—if I may say so—that I didn't know him.

'Mr Lytherly!' I exclaimed, 'I didn't expect to see *you;* and you're right as to my being Robinson, although police officer no longer. Why, I thought you were in the army.'

'So I was,' he returned; 'but I'm out of it now; and I'll tell you how it was.'

It seems he had been to India, and got some promotion after three years' service; and had the good fortune to save his colonel from drowning, or what was more likely in those parts, being taken down by a crocodile, under circumstances of extraordinary bravery. He did not tell me this last bit, but I heard so afterwards. Lytherly was always a wonderful swimmer, and I remembered his taking a prize at London. The exertion or the wetting brought on a fever, and he was recommended for his discharge. The colonel behaved most liberally. But what was the best of all, the old fellow who kept the canteen at the station died about this time, and Lytherly had been courting his daughter for a good bit, more to the girl's satisfaction than that of her father; so then they got married, and came home to England, and he was tolerably well off. He naturally talked about the Combestead murder, and said frankly enough, that—except the people with whom he lodged, and *they* were suspected, he said, of perjury—he thought I was the

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only person in the town who did not believe him guilty of the murder.

'But murder will out, Mr Robinson,' he said; 'and you will see this will be found out some day.'

'Well, I am sure I hope it will, Mr Lytherly,' I answered him. 'But as for "murder will out" and all that, I don't think you will find any policeman or magistrate who will agree with you there; and there was less to help us when you had got out of the scrape in this Combestead business, than any affair I was ever concerned in.'

'I don't care,' he says; 'it will come out, Mr Robinson. I dream of it almost every night; and my wife consulted some of the best fortune-tellers in India, and they all told her it would be discovered.'

'Hum!' I said; 'we don't think much of fortune-tellers here, you know.'

'I'm perfectly aware of that,' he says; 'and I shouldn't give them in as evidence; but if you had lived three years in India with people who knew the native ways, you might alter your mind about fortune-tellers. Anyway, you will remember, when it's found out, that I told you how it would be.'

I laughed, and said I should; and after we had had another glass together, and he had given me his address and made me promise to call on him, we parted.

I told my wife all about it; and it is very curious to see how women are all alike in curiosity and superstition and all that; for although my wife had been married to me for thirty years, and so had every opportunity of learning better, yet she caught at what young Lytherly—not so very young now, by-the-by—had said about these fortune-tellers, and was quite ready to believe and swear that the murder would be found out. It's no use arguing with a party like that; so I merely smiled at her, and passed it off.

It was the very next day that Mrs Robinson and myself had agreed to go and see a new exhibition of paintings which some one was starting in London, and tickets were pretty freely given away for it; but the same reason which stopped my wife from going to the Canterbury, stopped her from going to the exhibition. I went, of course, because *I* couldn't be of any use, under the circumstances, to my married daughter; and a very good exhibition it was too. There were plenty of paintings, and I had gone through all the rooms and entered the last one. There were very few persons, I was sorry to see, in the place, so that you could have an uninterrupted view of any picture you pleased. After glancing carelessly round the room, for one gets a kind of surfeited with pictures after a bit, I was struck by a gloomy-looking painting to the left of the doorway, and which I had not noticed on my first entry. When I came to look closer into it, I was more than struck—I was astounded. It was a picture representing the finding of old Trapbois the miser, in the *Fortunes of Nigel*. The heavy dull room was lighted only by the candle which the young nobleman held above his head; and it appeared to be excellently painted. But what drew my attention was that, as a part of the confusion in which the struggle between the old man and his murderers had placed the room, the washstand had been upset, had fallen into the fireplace, and the ewer had rolled into the grate, where it was shewn as unbroken, although the water was flooding the boards—all exactly as I had seen the same things five years before—so exactly, that I was perfectly sure no chance coincidence had produced the resemblance, but that whoever had painted this picture had seen the room where Miss Parkway was murdered, and had had the features of the scene stamped on his memory. Who so likely to have the scene so stamped, I instantly thought, as the murderer himself? As this rushed on my mind, I could not repress an exclamation, although pretty well guarded as a rule. The only other person in the room heard me, and came to see what had excited me so strongly. Apparently, he was disappointed, for he looked from the picture to his catalogue, then to the picture again, then at me, back to his catalogue, and then went away with a discontented grunt. I did not move, however, but remained quite absorbed in the study of this mysterious painting; and the more I looked, the more convinced I became that it was copied from the scene of Miss Parkway's murder. There were several little points which I had not at first noticed, and in fact had quite forgotten; such as the position of the fire-irons, the direction in which the water had run, and so forth, which were all faithfully shewn in the picture. To be brief, I had made up my mind before I left the room that I had at last found the real clue to the Combestead murder.

The artist's name was Wyndham; and I determined that I would very soon, as a natural beginning, make some inquiries about this Mr Wyndham; and indeed I began before I left the exhibition. I engaged the hall-keeper to have a glass with me at the nearest tavern, and when I got fairly into conversation with him, asked carelessly where Mr Wyndham lived, as I thought I had known him many years ago, giving a description of some entirely imaginary person. The hall-keeper said: 'No—that was not the sort of man at all. Mr Wyndham was' (here he described him); 'and he doesn't live at the west-end of London, as you said, sir, but at a place in Essex, not very far from Colchester.' He knew where he lived, because he had several times posted letters to him at 'The Mount.' This was about all I got from the hall-keeper, but it was as much as I wanted.

I am not greatly in the habit of taking other people into my confidence, but this was altogether an exceptional case; so, after a little reflection, I went straight to the address John Lytherly had given me, and told him what I had seen. He of course introduced me to his wife, a very pretty dark-eyed young woman; and when I had told all, they exchanged looks less of surprise than triumph. 'Oh, it is coming all right!' he exclaimed. 'I knew the murder would cry out some day. And now you will have a little more respect for Indian fortune-tellers.'

'I am not quite sure about that,' I said. 'But don't you go making so certain that we are going to find out anything, Mr Lytherly: this may be only an accidental resemblance.' Because, as you may suppose, I had not told them how confident I felt in my own mind.

'Accidental! Nonsense!' was all he said to that; and then he asked me what was the first step I proposed to take. I told him that I thought we ought to go down to this village and see if we could learn anything suspicious about Mr Wyndham; and by my old detective habits, and the way in which the officers about would be

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sure to help me, I thought we might reckon on finding out what was wanted. He was delighted, and asked when we should start, and when I said that very night, he was more delighted still.

It is always my rule to strike the iron while it's hot, and nothing could possibly be got by waiting now; so I had made up my mind just to run home, get a few things in my bag, and go down by the ten o'clock train. My wife, you may be sure, was very much astonished; but, as I expected she would be, was just as confident in the murder being found out as young Lytherly himself. Of course the latter was ready. And we were put down at our destination about twelve o'clock; too late for anything that night, but still we were on the spot to begin the first thing in the morning. And accordingly directly after breakfast we began. John Lytherly would have begun before breakfast, but as an old hand I knew better than that; because the party we were after, allowing he was the right party, after a five years' rest, wasn't going to bolt now; so it was no case for hurrying and driving. Well, soon after breakfast, I sauntered into the bar, and began talking with the landlord, who was an elderly sort of party about my own age, and who bragged—as if it was a thing to be proud of—before we had talked three minutes, that he had lived, man and boy, in Chumpley, which was the name of the lively place, for more than fifty years.

'Then you're just the fellow for me,' I thought; and then began talking of an old master of mine who was now living somewhere down in this neighbourhood, by the name of Wyndham.

'Wyndham? Let me see; Wyndham?' says the landlord, putting on his wisest look. 'No; I can't remember any party of that name. There's Wilkinson, and Wiggins; perhaps it's one of them.'

I told him they would not do; and then added, that the party I meant was something of an artist, painted pictures partly for pleasure and partly for profit. This was only a guess of mine, but it was a pretty safe one.

'Oh! there's lots of *them* about here!' exclaims the old boy, grinning very much, as if it was a capital idea. 'There's Mr De Lancy Chorkle, Miss Belvidera Smith, Mrs Galloon Whyte, Mr Hardy Canute, and a lot more; but I don't think there's a Wyndham.'

'Ah, well, it don't matter,' I said, very carelessly still; 'I may be mistaken. I heard, however, he lived down here at a place called the Mount. Is there such a place?'

'Is there such a place!' says the landlord, with as much contempt in his voice as if I ought to be ashamed of myself for not knowing. 'Yes, there is; and a first-rate gentleman artist lives there too; but his name ain't Wyndham; his name happens to be Parkway, sir, Mr Philip Parkway; though I have heard that he is too proud to paint under his own name.'

'I think, landlord,' I said, 'that I'll have just three-penn'orth of brandy, cold;' which I took, and left him without another word, for when I heard this name, I felt struck all of a heap, because it made a guess into a certainty, though in a way I had never dreamt of. I couldn't even go back to Lytherly for a little while; it was all so wonderful; and I was so angry with myself for never having thought at the time that the man who, of all others in the world, had the most to gain by the poor woman's death, might have been the one who killed her. In the bitterness of my feeling I could not help saying that any one but a detective would have pounced upon this fellow at the first. However, I got over the vexation, and went back to Lytherly to tell him my news. We were each very confident that we had the right scent now; but yet it was not easy to see what we were to do. I could not very well apply for a warrant against a man because he had painted a picture; and so we walked and talked until we could think of nothing better than going down to Combestead, and with our fresh information to help us, seeing if we could not rake up something there.

We came to this resolution just as we reached a toll-gate, close by which stood a little house, which appeared to be the beer-shop, baker's, post-office, and grocer's for the neighbourhood. Not much of a neighbourhood, by-the-by, for, excepting a few gentlemen's seats, there was hardly another house within sight. One small but comfortable-looking residence, we were informed by the chatty old lady who owned the 'store,' was the Mount, where Mr Parkway lived. He was a very retired, silent sort of a gentleman, she said, and people thought his wife didn't have the happiest of lives with him. He had been married for a few years, the old lady went on; soon after a relation had died, and left him a good bit of money. Before that he only rented apartments in the village; but then he married Miss Dellar, who was an orphan, with a good bit of money too, but quite a girl to him, and they went to live at the Mount. At this point the old lady broke suddenly off, and said: 'Here they are!' going to the door immediately, and dropping her very best courtesy. We followed her into the little porch; and there, sure enough, was a low carriage, drawn by one horse, and in it sat a gloomy dark man, whom I had no difficulty in recognising, and by his side a slight, very pretty, but careworn-looking young woman. Mr Parkway looked coolly enough at us, and we as carelessly returned his glance, for we were both so much changed since the Combestead days, that there was little fear of his remembering us.

It seemed they had called about a servant which the post-office keeper was to have recommended, and Mrs Parkway alighted from the carriage to write some memorandum on the business. Parkway had never spoken, and I thought I could see in his harsh features traces of anxiety and remorse. Lytherly had followed Mrs Parkway into the shop, and, as I could see from where I stood, on the lady asking for a pen, he drew his gold pencil-case from his pocket, and offered it, as probably containing a better implement than any the post-office could afford. The lady stared, looked a little startled, but after a moment's hesitation accepted it with a very sweet smile. While Mrs Parkway was engaged in writing her letter, Lytherly stood by her side, and sauntered out after her. I had been waiting in the porch, watching her husband, whose face was so familiar to me that I half expected to see a look of recognition come into his eyes; but nothing of the sort happened. Lytherly watched them drive off, then turning suddenly round, exclaimed: 'It's as good as over, Robinson! We've got them!'

'Why, what is there afresh?' I asked.

'Just sufficient to hang the scoundrel,' said Lytherly. 'You remember, of course, that among

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other things which were stolen on the night of the murder was a curious locket which poor Miss Parkway used to wear, and that some fragments of the chain were afterwards found.'

I remembered this very well, and told him so.

'Very good,' he continued. 'I gave that locket and chain to the poor old girl: it was the only valuable I possessed in the world; and Mrs Parkway has the central carbuncle in her brooch now.'

'Nonsense!' I exclaimed, not knowing exactly what I did say at the moment.

'It is a fact,' he said; 'and I can swear to it. What is more to the point, perhaps, is, that although the stone is in a strange setting, and no one but myself, probably, could recognise it, yet I can identify it. On the side are my initials cut in almost microscopical characters. If they are there, that settles it; if they are not, put me down as an impostor, and fix the murder on me if you like.'

There was a good deal more said after this, but the upshot of it was that we went over to Colchester, and laid the matter before the authorities; when after a little hesitation, a warrant was granted for the apprehension of Mr Philip Parkway; and two officers, accompanied by Lytherly and myself, went over to execute it.

It was after nightfall when we arrived at the Mount; and on knocking at the door, we found that Mr Parkway was in; but his wife was out, having gone up (so the elderly woman that was called by the footboy informed us), to play the harmonium at the weekly rehearsal of the village choir. 'About the only amusement she has, poor thing,' the woman muttered, and she seemed in a very bad temper about something. We said we wanted to see her master, and that she need not announce us. And, as I live, I believe that woman guessed directly who we were, and what we had come for. At anyrate, quite a glow of triumph came into her face, and she pointed to a door nearly opposite to where we stood. We opened it, and found ourselves in a sort of large study, where, seated at a table, reading, was the man we wanted. He looked up in surprise as we entered, and the light falling strongly on his face, while all the rest of the room was in darkness, I thought I saw a paleness come and go on his gloomy features; but that might have been fancy.

'What is your business?' he began; but Mr Banes the chief constable cut him short.

'I am sorry to inform you, Mr Parkway,' he said, 'that I hold a warrant for your arrest, and you must consider yourself in custody.'

Parkway stared at him, mechanically closed the book he was reading, and said: 'On what charge, sir?'

'For murder,' says Banes; and then I was sure Parkway did turn very white. 'For the murder of Miss Parkway, at Combestead, in 186–.'

Parkway looked from one to the other of us for a few seconds without speaking; at last his eyes settled for an instant on Lytherly; then turning to Banes, he said, pointing straight at Lytherly: 'It was that man, I have no doubt, who set you on.'

'You had better not say anything, sir,' said the chief constable, 'but just give your servants what orders you wish, and come with us, as we cannot stop.'

'I daresay it was he,' continued Parkway, not answering Mr Banes, but seeming to go with his own thoughts. 'I fancied he was dead, for what I took to be his ghost has been in my room every night for this month past.—Where is my wife?'

We told him she was not at home, and that we were anxious to spare her as far as possible; but he gave such a bitter smile, and said: 'She will certainly be vexed to have had a husband that was hanged; but she will be glad to be a widow on any terms.'

We didn't want to hear any more of this, so got him away; not without some little trouble though; and if there had not been so many of us, we should have had a scene; as it was, we were obliged to handcuff him.

The servants, four of them, were naturally alarmed, and were in the hall when we went out. Mr Parkway gave a very few directions, and the elderly woman grinned quite spitefully at him.

'Don't insult the man, now he's down,' I said in a whisper, while Parkway and the two officers got into the fly. Lytherly and I were to ride outside and drive.

'Insult *him*! the wretch!' she said. 'You don't mean to suppose *he* has any feelings to hurt. He has been trying to drive my poor young mistress —that I nursed when a baby—into her grave, and he would have done it, if I had not been here. The only excuse is, he is, and always has been, a dangerous lunatic.'

We drove off, and I saw no more of her, and never heard how Mrs Parkway took the intelligence.

The lady was present at the preliminary examination; and to her great surprise her carbuncle brooch was taken from her and used against her husband. This examination was on the next morning, and we obtained more evidence than we had at first expected. Not only was the carbuncle marked as Lytherly had said it would be, but I had been up at the station, being unable to shake off old habits, and had made some inquiries there. Strangely enough, the man who was head-porter now had been head-porter there five years ago (it is a very sensible way railways have of keeping a good man in the same position always; promotion generally upsets and confuses things); and he was able, by secondary facts, to fix the dates and to shew that not only did Mr Parkway go to Combestead for the funeral, but that he went to London and back just before; from London, of course, he could easily get to Combestead, and his absence left him about time to do so. We proposed then to have a remand and get evidence from Combestead; but it was never needed.

Parkway had been expecting this blow for years, and always kept some deadly poison concealed in the hollow of his watch-seal. This he took, on the night after his examination, and was found dead in his cell by the officer who went the rounds. He first wrote a very long and minute confession, or rather justification, shewing that his motive had been to prevent his cousin's marriage with Lytherly, whom he seemed to hate very much, although the young man had never harmed him. He said he went expressly to Combestead to get possession of the money his misguided relative had drawn, and to kill her. He felt that if he left her alive, she would carry out her scandalous plan, and therefore it was his duty to kill her; so in doing this he felt he had committed no crime, but had only been an instrument of justice. So

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I suppose he was, as the housekeeper declared, a dangerous lunatic.

However, the reward of one hundred pounds had never been withdrawn, and I got it; it was paid out of Parkway's estate too, which was about the strangest go I ever heard of. Lytherly and his wife are great friends with Mrs Robinson and myself; indeed we have usually one of their young ones staying with us, when we haven't one or two from my married daughter. Mrs Parkway, I heard, sold off at the Mount, and went away; and some time after I saw by the papers that she was married to some one else. I hope she made a better match the second time.

On the whole, on looking back I am inclined to think that of all the clues by which I ever found anybody out, this was really the queerest.

## THE MONGOOSE.

We some time ago published an account of that deadly snake the Cobra, from the pen of a now well-known writer on Indian sports. In that paper it was given as the opinion of Dr Fayrer, author of a splendid work on Indian poisonous serpents, that a human being if bitten by a cobra in full vigour, was entirely beyond the reach of any known antidote; death was certain. In the following paper, which is from the pen of the author of the article above mentioned, some curious facts are adduced relative to the mongoose or ichneumon, an animal which is credited in many parts of India with being proof against snake-bite! With these few words of introduction, we leave our sporting friend to describe the little creature.

In countries where snakes and other noxious reptiles abound, nature, as a means of checking the excessive increase of such plagues, has provided certain animals, both biped and quadruped, which, by continually preying upon and destroying snakes of all kinds, both large and small, fulfil a most useful office, and confer an inestimable benefit on man. The peccary of South America, a small but fearless species of the hog-tribe, will not flinch from an encounter with such a terrible foe as the deadly rattlesnake; but encased in a hide of extreme toughness, quickly despatches and devours his scaly antagonist. The Secretary bird of Southern Africa, belonging to the falcon tribe, habitually subsists on reptiles of all kinds. In Europe the stork acts a similar part; and many other useful birds and beasts, performing the same good work, might be mentioned.

In India, where serpents are specially common and destructive to human life, we have various kinds of snake-devourers, such as storks and cranes and the well-known adjutant. Peafowl are especially active in destroying small descriptions of snakes; and others of the feathered race assist in the work. But in general, animals of all kinds have a natural dread, and carefully avoid permitting themselves to come in contact with, or even close proximity to a member of the snake-tribe, instinctively aware of the danger of meddling with such creatures.

The little ichneumon (a Greek word signifying a follower of the tracks or footsteps) or mongoose of India, is, however, a bright exception to this rule, for not only will he, when so disposed, without fear of consequences readily enter into mortal combat with the most venomous descriptions of snakes, but will even seek them out, attack, slay, and devour them, their young, or eggs, in their various strongholds and hiding-places.

The common gray mongoose (*Herpestes griseus*), called by the natives of Northern India 'Néwelá,' is exceedingly abundant everywhere. In general shape and contour, though not in colour, it is much like a ferret, and in many other ways resembles one of the weasel tribe. In size it is considerably larger than a ferret; and the hair which covers the body, instead of lying smooth and feeling soft to the touch, as that of the ferret, is coarse and bristly. The colour, which varies much in different parts of the country and according to the season of the year, is generally of a reddish brown, speckled over with gray. Its length from tip of nose to tip of tail is about two feet. The snout is sharply pointed, ears short and round, eyes small and piercing; the jaws are armed with a formidable set of teeth, the canines being especially sharp and long.

The mongoose frequents gardens, thick hedgerows, and scrub jungle; and if left unmolested, and not hunted by dogs, will often take up its abode in some burrow or hole in a bank in close proximity to inhabited buildings. Though in general nocturnal in habits, yet it may often be seen crossing a road or footpath during the day, usually pausing a moment to look around and make sure that the coast is clear of dogs and such-like enemies before venturing to cross open ground. It possesses in common with the weasel tribe the habit of constantly sitting up on its hind legs to listen or obtain a better view around. I never, however, have observed it *feeding* in this position, like a squirrel, as has been stated to be the case. The mongoose has not the wandering propensities of the weasel tribe, one day here, the next miles away, but takes up its residence and remains in one particular spot, to which it returns, after roaming through the country around in search of food. A single animal, sometimes a pair, is usually seen at a time, seldom more; and I have never myself beheld, or heard of, large numbers travelling together, as we know stoats and weasels not unfrequently do. Though seldom if ever known to ascend trees, even when pursued by an enemy, the little creature may frequently be seen hunting about on the roofs of outhouses or deserted buildings of no great height, to which it has ascended probably by means of holes in the walls; but strictly speaking, the mongoose is not a climber, like the squirrel and marten.

Our little friend has been described as an excellent swimmer; but I imagine that it does not readily take to water, for I have never seen it swimming across streams or pools, though the banks of rivers, especially when honeycombed with

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rat-holes, and affording cover to the animal's usual prey, are much frequented by it. It is an exceedingly courageous creature, and capable of inflicting severe punishment on animals far larger than itself, with its formidable teeth. A full-grown and powerful Tom-cat belonging to my regiment, the terror of all the squirrels in the neighbourhood, was worsted and most severely mauled in an encounter of his own seeking with a harmless mongoose. The latter surprised in the first instance and hard pressed by his opponent, turned on his assailant, and bit him through the face, inflicting so severe a wound, extending as it did from the corner of the eye to the mouth, that the aggressor was compelled to beat a retreat, having caught a regular Tartar. For many weeks we all thought that the sight of the injured optic was destroyed, though eventually the contrary proved to be the case; but puss for ever after carefully avoided seeking a quarrel with such an undaunted little champion.

The mongoose at times is mischievous; and not unfrequently during the night invades the poultry-yard; and when intent on making an entrance into a hen-roost, is a difficult thief to keep out, for the creature manages to creep through very small openings and crevices. Having once succeeded in forcing its way in, the mongoose, like many others of its tribe, not content with obtaining a single fowl sufficient to furnish a hearty meal, is given to the bad habit of slaying half a dozen or more unfortunates, which it never attempts to carry off, but leaves scattered about the floor.

In spite, however, of such small 'peccadillos' and insignificant petty thefts, which I believe are the sum-total of crimes which can be with justice laid to the charge of the little animal, the mongoose, on account of its many admirable qualities and the exceedingly useful office it fulfils, should ever be encouraged and protected by man. Not only does it continually hunt for and prey upon reptiles of various kinds, devouring their young and eggs alike, but cobras and other venomous snakes on becoming aware of such an active and dreaded little adversary being in their midst, speedily leave such a neighbourhood, and betake themselves to other and safer quarters; and as we know that the smell of a cat suffices to keep away rats and mice from our dwellings, so in like manner will a mongoose, by continually prowling about a house, in a great measure free the premises from snakes, rats, mice, and such vermin.

The mongoose in its wild state, if kindly treated, fed with milk, and made a welcome visitant, speedily loses its natural fear of human beings, and not only will pass along the veranda of a house, but if unmolested, soon learns to cross from one room to another by an open door or window. When captured young, it is very easily reared and domesticated, and soon becomes familiarised with the loss of liberty. It is cleanly in its habits, and has no offensive odour pertaining to it, like many of its tribe. It will trot about after its owner like a dog or cat, and even permit children to handle or play with it, without attempting to bite or scratch them. I have seen one curled up asleep in a lady's lap. They are special favourites of the British soldiers in the barracks, and dozens of such pets may be seen in a single building.

Being, as I have already stated, a deadly foe to the cobra, battles between that formidable reptile and the mongoose are of constant occurrence; but I never have had the good fortune to witness a combat between the two animals in *their wild state*, though I have several times seen large and formidable snakes despatched within a few minutes of the commencement of the fight, by tame ichneumons; and I imagine that the tactics employed on both sides are much the same whether the champions have casually met in the jungle, or the duel has been arranged for them by human beings.

In the various encounters which I have personally witnessed between mongoose and cobra, the former invariably came off the victor, and that without apparently receiving a wound. The little animal always adopted the same tactics, vigorously attacking the snake by circling round it and springing at its throat or head, but at the same time with wonderful skill and quickness avoiding the counter-strokes of its dangerous enemy; till at length waiting for a favourable opportunity—when the snake had become to a certain extent exhausted by its exertions—the nimble little quadruped would suddenly dart forward, and, so to speak, getting under its opponent's guard, end the fight by delivering a crunching bite through the cobra's skull.

In none of the half-dozen battles which I have witnessed has there been an attempt on the part of the mongoose to 'extract the serpent's fangs' (as some recent writers have described); though more than once, after gaining the victory, the animal has commenced to ravenously devour its late opponent. Possibly these poor creatures, that shewed so inordinate a desire for food, had been intentionally starved for the occasion by their owners, to make them the more eager to engage and overcome the cobra so soon as let loose, and thus without fail or delay to insure a pitched battle for the benefit of the spectators.

As the reader is probably aware, these combats between mongoose and cobra have given rise to many differences of opinion and disputes among naturalists; though I think that the careful inquiries and numberless experiments made by scientific men in late years have done much to clear up these old points of contention, and at the same time have put to flight many delusions no longer tenable. For instance, a common belief formerly prevailed 'that a mongoose, when bitten in an engagement with a cobra or other venomous snake, was in the habit of eating some kind of plant or root, which altogether nullified the effects of the poison.' This extraordinary idea yet prevails in some parts of India among certain classes of natives, who to this day maintain that the mongoose, by means of some such specific as I have mentioned, works a self-cure when bitten by a venomous reptile. But it is a well-known fact that many tribes and castes are exceedingly superstitious and obstinate, pertinaciously clinging to the convictions, maxims, and customs handed down to them by their forefathers; and with such people it is, generally speaking, useless to enter into an argument.

We shall now proceed to consider a second and far more difficult point to determine, and which, I think, yet remains a vexed question, requiring further investigation. I refer to the supposition, which many maintain, 'that the poison

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from the fangs of venomous snakes, though so fatal in its results with most living creatures, is *innoxious to the genus to which the mongoose belongs*, and that one of these animals, beyond suffering pain from the bite of a cobra, sustains no further harm or inconvenience.'

Many strong and weighty arguments have been urged in support of this theory; and perhaps the most remarkable that has ever been brought before the public appeared many years ago in an article published in the *Churchman's Magazine*, entitled 'A Question in Natural History settled at last.' The writer, after ably sustaining his view of the question, concludes by publishing at length a most interesting communication from India, giving a detailed account of a prolonged and bloody engagement between mongoose and cobra. This letter was signed by three officers of the Indian army, witnesses of the combat, and who vouched for the strict accuracy of the report. The particulars of this desperate duel, which actually lasted three-quarters of an hour, with the various changes and incidents as the combat proceeded, are minutely described; but after a gallantly contested battle, the mongoose proved the victor, and the cobra was overcome and slain. The former, however, did not come off scathless, but, on the contrary, received several wounds, including one of great severity.

When the encounter was over, the witnesses proceeded to carefully examine, with a magnifying glass, the wounds which the mongoose had received, in order to ascertain and satisfy themselves of their extent and nature; and mark the important discovery brought to light by aid of the lens. I will quote the concluding words of the narrative: 'On washing away the blood from one of these places the lens disclosed *the broken fang of the cobra deeply imbedded in the head of the mongoose*. . . . We have had the mongoose confined ever since (now four days ago), and it is now as healthy and lively as ever.'

It cannot be denied that such clear and trustworthy evidence as this carries considerable weight with it, and tends to bear out the writer's view of the question. On the other hand, to deal impartially, it is right to point out one or two weak points in carrying out this otherwise well-conducted experiment, and which somewhat detract from the results and consequent opinions arrived at.

In the first place, we are told that the cobra was only three feet long, undoubtedly a very small one; and further, that previous to engaging the mongoose, to make sure that the reptile was in full possession of its fatal powers, it was made to bite a fowl, which died soon after. This certainly clearly proved that the snake's deadly machinery was in full working order. But the experimentalists appear to have forgotten that by this very act they were in a measure disarming the cobra, for it is a well-known fact that the *first* bite of a venomous snake is most to be feared; and that a second bite by the same reptile, if delivered shortly after the first, owing to the poison having been partially exhausted by the first effort, is less deadly in its effects.

So that, all things considered, and fully allowing that this account strengthens the assertion that the mongoose is really proof against the effects of snake-poison, I am yet of opinion that the question is not finally and conclusively settled, more especially as later experiments, quite as fairly and carefully carried out, have terminated differently, and resulted in the death of the plucky little fellow.

## SOME CURIOUS COINCIDENCES.

It has often been jocularly said that no family can have any right to call itself 'old' unless it has its 'family ghost.' As regards the Highlands of Scotland, we may substitute for the ghost the inevitable 'doom,' or prediction foretelling future weal or woe to the family. Almost every old Highland house has its 'prophecy' of this kind, such as the Argyll and Breadalbane predictions, the 'Fate of Seaforth,' the 'Fall and Rise of Macleod,' and many others well known in the north. The great majority of the families so gifted have had of course no events in their history that even the credulity of their retainers in the past could twist into a fulfilment of the predictions; but in a few cases there have been some curious coincidences between the old traditions and the facts of a later time.

We propose to select one or two well authenticated instances of such coincidences from among a mass of Highland superstition in a little book that has recently been published at Inverness entitled *The Prophecies of the Brahan Seer*, by Alexander Mackenzie (Inverness: A. and W. Mackenzie). This pamphlet is a collection of most of the traditionary 'prophecies' attributed to an apocryphal Ross-shire seer of the seventeenth century, and which have been handed down by oral tradition from generation to generation in the Highlands since that time. In the north, the popular faith in this prophet *Coinneach Odhar* or 'Dun Kenneth' and his predictions has been and is both strong and wide, says Mr Mackenzie, who thinks the legends worthy of preservation, as an additional chapter 'both remarkable and curious, to the already extensive history of the marvellous.' At anyrate, these legends are of some interest as illustrations of the superstition and credulity of the Highlanders of the last century, and perhaps even of this; but our purpose leaves untouched the wilder traditions in this collection, and deals only with two episodes in the histories of two great families of the north.

Sir Edmund Burke in his *Vicissitudes of Families* has a weird chapter on 'the Fate of Seaforth,' in which he gives at full length the doom of this family, as pronounced by the 'Warlock of the Glen' (as Sir Edmund calls Dun Kenneth), and its fulfilment a century and a half after it was spoken. Burke seemingly accepts as fact (as does Mr Mackenzie) the purely mythical story of the seer and his cruel fate—how, being a clansman of Seaforth, and famed for his prophetic skill, he was called on by his chief's wife to explain why her husband staid so long in Paris, whither he had gone on business soon after the Restoration; how the Warlock, unwilling at first to tell what his uncanny gift shewed him, at last was forced to say that the Lord of Kintail was forgetting home and Lady Isabel in the smiles of a French lady; how the angry countess, furious that he should have so slandered his chief before his clansmen, ordered the seer to be burned to death—another instance of the proverbial 'honour' in which prophets are held in their own country. As he was dying at the stake, Kenneth uttered a

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weird prediction foretelling the downfall of the Seaforths for Lady Isabel's crime. So runs the legend. It is quite certain that a prediction regarding the Seaforth family was well known in the Highlands long before the days of the last chief of Kintail. We have Lockhart's authority for the fact that both Sir Humphry Davy and Sir Walter Scott knew and believed it. 'I do fear the accomplishment of the prophecy,' writes Scott in another place to his friend Morritt of Rokeby, who himself testifies that he heard it quoted in the Highlands at a time when Lord Seaforth had two sons both alive and in good health. This prediction ran, that the house of Seaforth would fall when there should be a deaf and dumb earl who should sell Kintail (the 'gift-land' of his house); that this earl would have three sons, all of whom he should survive; that four great Highland lairds, his contemporaries, should each have certain physical defects, which were named; that the Seaforth estates should go to 'a white-hooded lassie from the East,' who should be the cause of her sister's death.

With all these particulars the facts coincided exactly. Francis Humberstone Mackenzie, the last Seaforth, became deaf from an attack of fever while at school, and latterly also became dumb. His remarkable life is well known: he raised from his clan the 78th Highlanders, and subsequently rose to be a lieutenant-general in the army and governor of various colonies. Scott, whose great friend he was, says he was a man 'of extraordinary talents, who must have made for himself a lasting reputation, had not his political exertions been checked by painful natural infirmity.' He was the happy father of three sons and six daughters, all of high promise; but the end of his life was darkened by misfortunes. Two of his sons died suddenly; and in 1814, William, his last hope—M. P. for his native county, and a young man of great abilities—sickened of a lingering disease, and died about the time that losses in the West Indies necessitated the sale of Kintail. In January following, the old man, broken-hearted at the loss of his three sons, died; and then, as Scott says:

> Of the line of Mackenneth remained not a male
> To bear the proud name of the chiefs of Kintail.

The estates went to his eldest daughter, the widow of Admiral Sir Samuel Hood, who was on her way home from India when her father died. The four Highland lairds, friends of Earl Francis, were all distinguished by the peculiar personal marks which were mentioned in the prediction; and to make the coincidence complete, Lady Hood—then Mrs Stewart Mackenzie—many years afterwards may be said to have been the innocent cause of her sister's death, for when she was driving Miss Caroline Mackenzie in a pony-carriage, the ponies ran away, the ladies were thrown out, and Miss Mackenzie killed!

So much for this strange chapter in family history. Let us now glance at the records of another family—equally famous in the Highlands—where the prediction, as a whole, has not been fulfilled, though enough has happened here also to make the coincidence very striking. Our authority in this case is the Rev. Norman Macleod, father of the late Dr Norman Macleod. In the appendix to Dr Norman's *Life* by his brother are given a series of reminiscences dictated in his old age by their father. He says that in the summer of 1799 he visited Dunvegan Castle in Skye, the old stronghold of the Macleods. 'One circumstance took place at the castle on this occasion which I think worth recording, especially as I am the only person now living who can attest the truth of it. There had been a traditionary prophecy, couched in Gaelic verse, regarding the family of Macleod, which on this occasion received a most extraordinary fulfilment. This prophecy I have heard repeated by several persons. . . It was prophesied at least a hundred years prior to the circumstance I am about to relate.' This prediction shortly was, that when 'Norman, the third Norman,' should meet an accidental death; when the rocks on the coast of Macleod's country called the 'Maidens' became the property of a Campbell; when a fox had young ones in the castle; and when the 'Fairy Banner' should be for the last time shewn—the glory of Macleod should depart for a time; the estates be sold to others. But that again in the far future another Macleod should redeem the property and raise the family higher than ever. Now comes the curious coincidence told by Mr Macleod.

An English smith at Dunvegan told him one day that next morning he was going to the castle to force open the iron chest in which the 'fairy flag' of the Macleods had lain for ages undisturbed. Mr Macleod was very anxious to be present, and at last he got permission from 'the factor,' upon condition that he told no one of the name of Macleod—the chief included—what was to be done. The smith tore off the lid of the box, and the famous old flag was exposed—'a square piece of very rich silk, with crosses wrought with gold-thread, and several elf-spots stitched with great care on different parts of it.' Very soon after this, Mr Macleod goes on to say, 'the melancholy news of the death of the young and promising heir of Macleod reached the castle. "Norman, the third Norman," was a lieutenant of H.M.S. the *Queen Charlotte*, which was blown up at sea, and he and the rest perished. At the same time, the rocks called "Macleod's Maidens" were sold in the course of that very week to Angus Campbell of Ensay; and they are still in possession of his grandson. A fox in possession of a Lieutenant Maclean residing in the west turret of the castle, had young ones, which I handled. And thus all that was said in the prophecy alluded to was so far fulfilled; although I am glad the family of my chief still enjoy their ancestral possessions, and the worst part of the prophecy accordingly remains unverified. I merely state the facts of the case as they occurred, without expressing any opinion whatever as to the nature of these traditionary legends with which they were connected.'

A coincidence as remarkable as any of these is the one Mr Wilkie Collins notices in connection with his novel *Armadale*. Readers of that powerful story will recollect what an important part the fatal effects of sleeping in poisoned and foul air play in it. They, writes Mr Wilkie Collins, 'may be interested in hearing of a coincidence relating to the present story which actually happened, and which in the matter of "extravagant improbability" sets anything of the same kind that a novelist could imagine at flat defiance. In November 1865—that is to say, when thirteen monthly parts of *Armadale* had been published, and I may add, when more than a year and a half had elapsed since the end of the story, as it

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now appears, was first sketched in my note-book—a vessel lay in the Huskisson Dock at Liverpool, which was looked after by one man, who slept on board, in the capacity of ship-keeper. On a certain day in the week this man was found dead in the deck-house. On the next day a second man, who had taken his place, was carried dying to the Northern Hospital. On the third day a third ship-keeper was appointed, and was found dead in the deck-house, which had already proved fatal to the other two. *The name of that ship was the Armadale.* And the proceedings at the inquest proved that the three men had all been suffocated by *sleeping in poisoned air.*' The case, Mr Collins goes on to say, 'was noticed—to give two instances in which I can cite the dates—in the *Times* of November 30, 1865, and was more fully described in the *Daily News* of November 28, in the same year.'

## MUSHROOM CULTIVATION IN JAPAN.

In pursuance of a plan commenced a short time back of furnishing information respecting the staple products of Japan, their culture or preparation, Her Majesty's Consul at Yokohama, in his published Report to the Foreign Office, deals, among other matters, with the cultivation, &c. of mushrooms; and as that subject is a novel one in this country, some brief account of the process may not be unacceptable to our readers. The best of the edible species of mushrooms are known to the Japanese as *matsu-take* and *shii-take*. The difficulties experienced in preserving the former kind prevent their being available for export, added to which, even when successfully dried, they are nearly tasteless; the *shii-take*, on the other hand, have this peculiar excellence, that though they are all but tasteless in their raw state, they have an extremely fine flavour when they are dried. The quantity that grows naturally on the decayed roots or cut stumps of the *shii* tree is not sufficient to meet the demand, and consequently much skill has been brought to bear on their cultivation, notably by cutting off the trunks of the *shii* and other trees, and forcing the growth of the mushrooms on them. Different varieties of oak are most in favour with the Japanese for the cultivation of mushrooms, the one just mentioned being considered to give the best results. The tree grows abundantly in warm places with a south-easterly aspect, and attains a height of about eighteen or nineteen feet. It is an evergreen, bearing small acorns, which are steamed and eaten; the wood is used for making boats' oars, charcoal, &c. Another oak, the *kashiwa*, from which mushrooms are obtained, is also plentiful in warm localities, and grows to a height of thirty or forty feet; its leaves are used in cookery, and the wood is in great demand for divining-sticks. A third description of oak, the *donguri*, is found all over the country; and its acorns, after being pounded and steeped in water, are made into dumplings.

Mushrooms, we are told, are obtained from any of the above-mentioned trees in the following manner: about the beginning of autumn a trunk five or six inches in diameter is selected and cut up into lengths of four or five feet; each log is then split into four pieces; and on the outer bark slight incisions are made at once with a hatchet, or else the logs are left till the following spring, when deep cuts are made in them. Assuming the former course to have been pursued, the logs, after having received several slight incisions, are placed in a wood where they can get the full benefit of the air and heat; and in about three years they will have become tolerably rotten in parts. After the more rotten parts have been removed, they are placed in a slanting position; and about the middle of the ensuing spring the mushrooms will come forth in abundance. After these have been gathered, the logs are still kept, and submitted to the following process. Every morning they are steeped in water, and in the afternoon they are taken out and beaten with a mallet; they are then ranged on end in the same slanting position as before; and in two or three days' time mushrooms will again make their appearance. In some places it is the custom to beat the logs so heavily that the wood swells, and this seems to induce the growth of mushrooms of more than ordinarily large size. If, however, the logs are beaten gently, a great number of small mushrooms grow up in succession. Another mode of forcing the growth of mushrooms is to bury the cut logs at once in the earth, and after the lapse of a year, to take them out and treat them in the manner just described.

The mushrooms thus grown are stored in a barn on shelves ranged along three sides, with braziers lighted underneath. Afterwards they are put into small boxes, the bottoms of which are lined with either straw or bamboo mats; these are placed on the shelves, and gradually dried with great care. Another mode of drying mushrooms is to string them on thin slips of bamboo, which are piled together near the brazier, the heat being kept in by inverting a closely woven basket over them.

Of other edible mushrooms in Japan besides the *shii-take*, Mr Robertson particularises the following: The *kikurage*, which grows in spring, summer, and autumn, on the mulberry, the willow, and other trees; it is a small, thin, and soft mushroom, very much marked at the edge, and of a brownish tinge. The *iwa-take*, which grows on rocks in thick masses. The *so-take*, a very delicately flavoured mushroom, which is found on precipitous crags, and is consequently scarce, owing to the difficulties attendant upon its collection. The *kawa-take*, a funnel-shaped mushroom with a long hollow stalk, which is found in shady spots on moorland.

By adopting a somewhat similar plan of forcing mushrooms in Great Britain, it is quite possible that growers might find it to their advantage.

The Conductors of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL beg to direct the attention of CONTRIBUTORS to the following notice:

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# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

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## AIR AND WATER POLLUTION.

WE have been lately staying at a pleasant sea-side resort. The stretch of sands on the beach is beautiful, the houses generally well built and commodious, the accommodation for strangers excellent. With much to commend, one thing struck us as very anomalous. There are several factories, including one or two bottle-works, and from these are almost constantly sent forth huge volumes of dense black smoke, which according to the direction of the wind, pour across the otherwise fair scene, and tend greatly to pollute the atmosphere. Now, this we presume to think is a serious encroachment on public rights. Nature beneficently provides a pure atmosphere, which all may enjoy, and that will be favourable to vegetable growth. Despising this primary principle, and acting only from sheer selfishness, certain individuals, ordinarily known as capitalists, set up factories with tall brick chimneys, from which are vomited those hideously dark masses of coal-smoke, in defiance of good taste, decency, and common-sense. We had almost said in defiance of honesty, because the air of heaven is a universal inheritance, and the pollution of it for selfish ends is, morally speaking, little better than picking a pocket. Yet, how much of this aggressive dishonesty is habitually practised! The air of towns and villages is polluted. Some of the most beautiful rural scenes are polluted. Over charming dells, clothed in natural shrubbery and flowers, to which one would like to flee and be at rest, is seen hovering a pall of black smoke, projected from some sort of factory or a paper-mill, and doing its best to transform beauty into ugliness. Surely, to speak mildly, that is a public wrong.

Travelling through England, and entering what are termed the manufacturing districts, we come upon the Smoke Demon in full blast. Who, for example, can forget the revolting aspect presented by Sheffield or Wigan? The sky hidden by dark smoke, the houses begrimed, and the land blighted, as if saturated with coal-culm. Obviously, there is a prevailing sootiness; and speculating as to how people can possibly live amidst such horrors, we think with a feeling of relief of the joy they possibly experience when on Sunday the chimneys cease to smoke, the blue firmament is suffered to be unveiled, and children are able to fill their lungs with air comparatively free from impurity. Even in the neighbourhood of towns not absolutely of the manufacturing class, the tourist is pained to observe what atmospheric deteriorations are caused by smoke. In few places nowadays are there not tokens of industry involving the application of steam-power. Tall chimneys are apt to start up where least expected, with the usual results. These brick chimneys are not usually an embellishment to the landscape; but we raise no objection to them on this ground. Required for purposes of manufacture, and valuable in connection with the employment of large numbers of persons, they may be viewed as indispensable adjuncts in promoting commercial prosperity, and increasing the national wealth. Accordingly, it is not the chimney-stalks we find fault with; it is the vast masses of smoke that needlessly issues from them, which at a very small expense and a slight degree of care, could be effectually prevented. For want of this reasonable amount of care, the green fields in the vicinity of the chimneys cease to be green. The soot falling on the pasturage, defiles the herbage; and the poor sheep and lambs, born to experience the vicissitudes of weather, but at least to wear clean wool upon their backs, are as dingy as professional chimney-sweeps. Unmistakably, they have been besmirched by the Smoke Demon, who in his iniquitous visitations respects neither man nor beast, and is apparently indifferent to what becomes of the whole animal and vegetable creation. Perish the comfort of everybody; let smoke in any measure of density have its sway! That is the doctrine of greed predominant in this wonderfully advanced nineteenth century, which some people are never done eulogising.

We see a curious instance of the Smoke Demon's proceedings in a reputedly fashionable part of a large city. A piece of land had just been laid out

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in the building of mansions of a superior class—not one of them valued at less than seven or eight thousand pounds—when lo and behold the purchasers of the newly erected edifices find to their consternation that the tall chimney of an unexpected factory has begun to belch volumes of black smoke into their back-windows all day long! The chimney—that of a perfectly respectable flour-mill, we believe—is unexceptionable as regards chimney architecture. It is tall and handsomely tapered; but what signifies these commendable qualities? There, from morning to night, goes its smoke, polluting the atmosphere in the bedrooms, killing the flowers in the conservatories, odious and sickening in all directions. Very hard this on the purchasers of these splendid mansions. They have got unexceptionably good houses, but with what an atmospheric drawback!

Why, however, should municipal authorities tolerate such abominations? Yes, why should they? There exist in many places police edicts designed to quench the Smoke Demon. Through the vigilance of the authorities, the smoke nuisance in London has been immensely modified within our recollection. In some large provincial towns it has likewise been materially abated. But taking the country at large, it is about as bad as ever. The evil has little chance of being thoroughly mastered by any local magistracy. The very authorities who should stamp out the abomination are likely enough to be the evil-doers themselves, or are at least so compromised by surrounding influences as purposely in this particular to neglect the interests of the community. Besides, to put existing and not very distinct laws in motion, a heavy expense is liable to be incurred. And local authorities of all kinds do not like to encounter litigation unless strongly urged by public clamour and backed by persons of note, who do not mind to take trouble and share part of the cost. We apprehend that no effectual remedy is obtainable in present circumstances.

The true corrective would be to assign the conservancy of the atmosphere and of rivers to officers directly appointed by and responsible to the crown. To this opinion has come Dr Richardson, one of the most eminent promulgators of the laws of health. In a recent lecture on the subject at the Royal Institution, he says very pointedly: 'In the future of sanitary science, the politician must come forward more resolutely than he has done, in order to secure for those he governs three requisites—pure water, pure food, and pure air. It is utterly hopeless to trust to companies in a matter of such vital importance as the supply of water. It is equally hopeless to trust to the undirected action of local authorities.' Proceeding to state that a remedy can be found only in the official action of a supreme authority, he says: 'As to pure air, there is no practical legislation of any kind. The air of our large towns is charged with smoke and impurity. The air of our great factories is charged with dusts which destroy life with the precision of a deadly aim. Dr Purdon, one of the certifying surgeons under the Factory Acts, reports that in flax-working factories under his care, the carders, who are all females, if they get a carding-machine at sixteen years, generally die at thirty years. Could anything be more terrible than such a fact, that a girl of sixteen should have to live by an occupation that will bring her existence to an end in fourteen years, and to that end with all the prolonged wasting, sleeplessness, suffering, incident to the disease consumption of the lungs? If it were the fate of these doomed workers that at the close of fourteen years' work the majority of them were taken forth and shot dead in an instant, their fate were infinitely better than it is. The heart of the nation would thus be aroused, and the law in all its majesty would be put in operation to arrest the progress of the crime and to punish the offenders. Yet, year after year as terrible an offence goes on, and because the result of it is hidden in the sick-room, there is no arrest of its progress, no punishment for its commission.'

In the same lecture, Dr Richardson speaks with equal vehemence on the too prevalent practice of polluting rivers and wells by the influx of sewage from large towns and various kinds of public works, dye-works in particular. Here, again, the action of local authorities is generally hopeless. Magistrates and town councils will complacently see a river flowing past them loaded with impurities. 'The government,' he says, 'must either produce a process or processes for pure water supply, and insist on every local authority carrying out the proper method; or it must—and this would be far better—take the whole matter into its own hands, so that under its supreme direction every living centre should, without fail, receive the first necessity of healthy life in the condition fitted for the necessities of all who live. By recent legislation we had some security for obtaining fresh animal food, and foods freed of foreign substances or adulterations. The penalties that might be inflicted on those who sell decomposing, diseased, or adulterated foods were beginning to have effect, and much good was resulting.' Similar regulations ought to be applied to water. The fouling of rivers by sewage must be rendered penal. What horrid ideas arise on the consideration that a large part of the population of London are daily using the water of the Thames, into which has been poured the sewage of Oxford and a number of other places! The Clyde below Glasgow offers an example of still greater pollution; but its very badness saves it from use for domestic purposes; and in point of fact this fine river, for the improved navigation of which so much has been done, can now scarcely be spoken of as anything else than a gigantic common sewer, on which ships of large burden are borne to and from the sea. The Irwell at Manchester offers a specimen of an impure river of a different type. Here much of the pollution seems to arise from the liquid refuse of dye and other works. The last time we saw the Irwell, it

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had all the appearance of a sluggish river of black ink. Its colour, however, is liable to change with the predominating dye-stuffs which it happens to receive. The droll remark is made, that boys who indiscreetly take a fancy for bathing in it are apt to come out blue. Its condition and qualities were some time ago commemorated in a few comic verses in a newspaper, of which a cutting was sent to us. We give them as being too clever to be lost sight of.

SONG OF THE IRWELL.

'I flow by tainted, noisome spots,
A dark and deadly river;
Foul gases my forget-me-nots,
Which haunt the air for ever.
I grow, I glide, I slip, I slide,
I mock your poor endeavour;
For men may write, and men may talk,
But I reek on for ever.

I reek with all my might and main,
Of plague and death the brewer;
With here and there a nasty drain,
And here and there a sewer.
By fetid bank, impure and rank,
I swirl, a loathsome river;
For men may write, and men may talk,
But I'll reek on for ever.

I grew, I glode, I slipped, I slode,
My pride I left behind me;
I left it in my pure abode—
Now take me as you find me.
For black as ink, from many a sink,
I roll a poisonous river;
And men may write, and men may talk,
But I'll reek on for ever.

And thus my vengeance, still I seek
Foul drain, and not a river;
My breath is strong, though I am weak,
Death floats on me for ever.
You still may fight, or may unite
To use your joint endeavour;
But I'll be "boss," in spite of Cross,
And poison you for ever.'

We trust that the concluding threat of remaining for ever a poisonous and fetid river is not true of the Irwell any more than the Thames or the Clyde. The subject of river-pollution, as of air-pollution, is too serious to be much longer neglected, and we trust that government, setting aside private, selfish, and factious interests, will soon deal with it in as peremptory a fashion as constitutional forms will admit. As concerns the pollution of the air by smoke from factories, there is not a vestige of excuse. We have shewn again and again with, we fear, tiresome reiteration, that the consumption of smoke is a very simple mechanical process, and has the advantage not only of keeping the air unpolluted, but is attended with such a considerable saving of fuel, as to render the first cost of the appliances of no consequence. If such be the case, and we can prove it by many years' experience, the proprietors of public works at the seaside resort already mentioned, and hundreds of other factory owners, are clearly chargeable with a shameful degree of disregard to the rights and feelings of their fellow-creatures. W. C.

## THE LAST OF THE HADDONS.

### CHAPTER XXXVII.—REST AND PEACE.

TIME has run on since then, and my life has grown fuller and happier. It was a great disappointment to Philip and Lilian to find what my boasted good fortune really was; and nothing would reconcile them to the idea of my remaining at the Home, although they were not able to deny that the work there was congenial to me.

Marian Trafford never forgave me my one day's grandeur, and never again addressed me as an equal when we chanced to meet. She and her husband did not lead the happiest of wedded lives. On the evening of Lilian's wedding-day, Arthur Trafford was found lying on the floor of his dressing-room with an exploded pistol by his side. If he really meant to destroy himself, he had attempted it in the half-hearted way with which he did everything, having only grazed his temples and swooned with fright, and so offended his wife to no purpose. Poor Marian, her married life was neither a long one nor a happy one! No child's voice was heard at Fairview; and the miserable bickerings between the husband and wife were common gossip. She was not the kind of woman to try to conceal her disappointment; and he was not the kind of man to spare her the knowledge that she had never possessed his love. Could he have foreseen, he would doubtlessly have adopted a different policy, and at anyrate kept up some semblance of affection.

A neglected cold and improper clothing for the season brought on an attack of inflammation of the lungs, to which Marian succumbed; and after her death it was found that she had avenged herself. A lawyer was hastily summoned to her bedside, and her will made as soon as her illness was pronounced dangerous. After the funeral it was found that the endeavours of Arthur and his sister to make up for the past by extra attention at the last had been in vain. It was said that she talked to them about the large fortune which they would inherit up to almost the last hour; and their disappointment was bitter in proportion.

All Marian Trafford's wealth was left to Lilian's children. Not to Lilian, as she in a characteristic letter informed her—'In case your husband should die, and Arthur should get the property after all, for he would be sure to marry you directly. Many and many a time has he taunted me about his love for you; and as good as said I wasn't to be compared! But if he married me for the sake of my money, he won't have much to boast of now. His sister too, Caroline, will be in a fine state; but she's only got herself to thank for what I have done. I *did* mean to leave something handsome to Caroline, till I overheard her talking to her brother about me begging him to have patience a little while longer, because the doctors said that I could not last out many days unless a turn came; and saying ever such things about what she had had to put up with! What she had to put up with, indeed! When she has had such a home at Fairview, and lived upon the best of everything, without its costing her a penny!

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And as to presents; no one could be more generous than I have been to Caroline; and she knows it, if she would only speak the truth. If I do not get over it, I am determined that *they* shan't be any the better off! I'd sooner leave everything to Miss Haddon, though I should be loath to do that too. Fortunately, there is you, dear; you are my sister after all, and your Ma was not treated well; I have always said that. Besides, I can't forget how kind you were to me, when you thought that it was *my* Ma who went wrong instead of yours. You never shewed off a bit; and it's only right you should be rewarded. I haven't put Aunt Pratt into my will, because one naturally does not care about its being known that any of one's relations are common people; but I should like you to give something handsome to her, and say it came from me;' and so forth, and so forth; a letter we were all only too glad to put out of sight and out of mind as soon as possible.

The Pratts were well taken care of, and not a little astonished at Marian's liberality, as it was interpreted to them by Lilian. Arthur Trafford made a great deal of protestation in the outset about his repugnance to receiving the annuity which Philip offered; but of course he *did* receive it, and in time came to think that it was much less than he ought to have, always forestalling it. But Philip remained firm, and never increased the amount to more than was at first offered, a sum which he considered sufficient for an idle man to live upon.

How shall I write of the married life of Philip and Lilian? I will only say with the poet:

> Love took up the glass of Time, and turned it in his glowing hands;
> Every moment lightly shaken ran itself in golden sands.

They were not selfish in their happiness, finding plenty of room in their hearts for those outside their own circle; which by the way was now a not very small one. Need I say they held fast to 'Sister Mary;' and though they could not be brought to allow that she had chosen the life she was best fitted for, they did their best to impart to it as much sunshine as they could; and I hope comforted themselves with the belief that my happiness was owing more to their efforts than my work. Was there a word of truth spoken in the jest, sometimes thrown playfully at me, to the effect that I was imbuing my god-child Mary with the notion that she had a mission, as her brothers term it? She was a thoughtful earnest child of fifteen, who had spent a great deal of her time with me, and sometimes said she would choose Aunt Mary's life before all others. It did her no harm to think so for the time being; but I knew that Aunt Mary would choose her mission to be a happy wife and mother. Failing that, I could only hope she would be as happy as Aunt Mary. For notwithstanding an occasional bit of sentiment, I was as happy a woman as could be found in the three kingdoms, with a larger circle of friends than I could well count. And very proud I was of their friendship, though the majority of them could not be said to belong to the upper strata of society. I had a large correspondence too —letters which brought tears of joy and thankfulness to my eyes, though they could not be quoted as elegant specimens of the art of letter-writing; to say nothing of their being addressed in a somewhat eccentric manner, occasionally sealed with a thimble, and so forth.

I imagined that the story of my life would run thus smoothly and evenly on to the end; but the aspect of things changed. First, we lost dear old Mrs Tipper, who passed peacefully away, lovingly tended in her last moments by her children, as she called us. She left everything she possessed to me. Shortly afterwards, Jane Osborne died, bequeathing the bulk of her property for the future maintenance of the Home, and what she termed a competence to me. Five hundred a year appeared to me something more than a competence; and with my dear old friend's legacy it made me a rich woman.

Philip and Lilian would now give me no peace, insisting that I had not the shadow of an excuse for remaining at the Home. Moreover, Hill Side was waiting for me. They had been long engaged in altering and improving Fairview, and had at length taken up their abode there. It was now a large estate, sufficient ground adjoining having been purchased to make a good park; and the trees, planted fifteen years before, were beginning to look respectable. The house itself has been a great deal altered and *subdued*, as Philip calls it, a story being taken away, and wings thrown out, &c.; very greatly to its improvement. It now looks a fitting home for a family of good standing, and as Philip's brother allows, a residence worthy of one who owns the name of Dallas.

In truth they had outgrown Hill Side; two spirited boys and three girls with the necessary arrangements for an education befitting their accumulating wealth, were not contemplated in the first plans; and I could not pretend to think that the change had been made solely on my account; although they threatened to let the place fall to ruin, if I would not go to it. Everything was left just as it was; Lilian took nothing but her mother's portrait, and Philip a portion only of his books; and to this also there was no demurring; Fairview being furnished befitting its size. Whilst I was still hesitating, or fancied that I was hesitating (for I found it very pleasant to dwell upon the idea of ending my days at Hill Side), Robert Wentworth put in an irresistible argument in favour of my yielding to their wishes, and quitting the Home. He pointed out that I was preventing some poor gentlewoman from earning the income pertaining to the situation. I was not a little surprised at his going over to their side; but I could not, had I wished to do so, deny the reasonableness of his argument. As soon, therefore, as a lady was found to undertake the office, I resigned it.

My home-coming was made a fête-day in the village. Had a royal visitor been expected, more could not have been done in the way of preparation. The place was gay with flags and evergreens, whilst feasting and bell-ringing were going on all day. And the approach to my future home was arched over with flowers, and 'WELCOME' repeated wherever the word could be put, but expressed more delightfully than all in the faces of Philip, Lilian, and their children. It was a busy day too, as 'befitted the coming home of Aunt Mary,' laughingly said the children. A dinner was given to the grown-up people in a large tent on

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the green; and later on a tea, to which children were invited, with a day's holiday to all and sports between times. Of course Becky and her husband were honoured guests with their eight children. He is now a flourishing market-gardener, very proud of his little woman, though her happy married life does not tend to decrease the size of her mouth, since there is always a smile upon her face.

We had all been very busy, and were glad to take our tea on the terrace in the cool of the evening—just sufficiently distant from the sound of merriment in the village below. After tea, Philip and Lilian, lovers still, stroll down to the green to watch the sports awhile, the tired children electing to remain with Aunt Mary and Uncle Robert. My eyes followed the two as they passed down the path under the flowery arches, husband and wife in all the best sense of the words. Philip was a stately, thoughtful, English gentleman, growing anxious and ambitious for his two boys; a little too ambitious, I told him, in certain directions, since they are but mortal. And his happy wife, beautiful 'with all the soul's expansion,' was worthy to be the mother of girls—confiding to me *her* ambition to fit them to influence the lives of honourable men.

My nieces, as they were called, were to live with me in turn. Lilian says they are very pitiful to such of their friends as have no Aunt Mary. Little Phil was very enthusiastically describing to me the advantages of my new home.

'Look here, Aunt Mary; it 's the best place for larks you can imagine; beats Fairview hollow.'

'Larks, Phil?'

'Well, you know. Suppose you 've got some one in the library you want to make jump nearly out of his skin; just creep round the plantations, and crawl under the bushes, and climb up over the stones—you must take care though, for they are awfully slippery—and peep in at the windows with your face made up like a brigand, and point a sham pistol at him!'

I expressed a doubt as to my capacity for crawling under bushes and climbing over slippery stones; at which Phil proposed other larks, which he considered to be more within the compass of my ability. But with the dignity of thirteen, and the experience of three months at Eton, Robert gave it as his opinion that Phil's larks were not worthy of the name.

'Look here: I know a fellow;' &c. &c.; sinking his voice into a whisper as the two boys drew closer together; their sister Jenny, who is said to be developing a taste for larks, and is very proud of being occasionally taken into their confidence, listening with bated breath and dilating eyes. Then Mary whispers to me that if I want to enjoy that bit out of *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and fancy myself in the woods *really*, I must sit under the tree on the slope when the moon is rising and the shadows are deep. And before she is carried off by her nurse, Baby Lily solemnly presents me with a woollen lamb, which she thinks enough to insure my future happiness and make me 'dood.'

'And so you have got your rest and peace at last?' said Robert Wentworth, as he and I stood for a few moments together on the terrace watching the sunset.

'Yes,' I replied, a little absently, my thoughts reverting to the old dreams of peace and rest.

'Well, it 's all *couleur de rose* now. But how long will this kind of thing satisfy you?'

'What kind of thing?'

'Being worshipped and fêted in this way.'

'I find it very pleasant,' I demurely replied.

'You will not for long, Mary.'

'Do you think I am not capable of appreciating rest and peace then?'

He smiled. 'I give you six months.'

'And yet you were as urgent as the rest about my giving up work,' I said.

'Yes; I wanted to see you in an independent position, and so to ascertain if certain theories of mine are correct.'

'Uncle Robert, is it true? Phil says he heard mamma tell papa that she did not despair of your marrying Aunt Mary even now. Is it true—*really?*'

I saw a swift flush pass over his face, and an expression in his eyes which I had only once seen there before, as they turned for a moment upon me. Then after a few moments he said, in a low husky voice: 'Ask auntie!'

Robert Wentworth had never married, and I cannot affect to be ignorant of the cause; but in all the long years that have passed he has spoken no word of love to me. Now the child's words had stirred the depths of his nature, and shewn me that time has worked no change in him.

'Is it true, auntie—is it?' asked Jenny, turning impetuously towards me.

'Uncle Robert and I love each other like old friends, dearie,' I said, replying *to him* in a low faltering voice. 'But—I am too old to think of—marrying;' laying my hand gently upon his, resting upon the back of a garden-seat, as I spoke.

'Well, that 's what Robert and I said,' frankly ejaculated Jenny. 'You *are* old, and old people don't marry;' and off she ran to tell the others.

He recovered first, beginning to talk to me about a case he had in hand, and very soon contriving to get me sufficiently interested in it to enter warmly into the pros and cons with him. He was no longer a briefless barrister, having made a name in the profession, and being remunerated accordingly. I have the comfort of knowing that his life, like my own, is on the whole a full and happy one, although we have both had to bid adieu to certain things.

Before the six months he had given me expired, I began to find that I required change of air, and commenced absenting myself occasionally from my beautiful luxurious home for two or three weeks at a time and sometimes even longer, much to the surprise of Philip and Lilian, who could not understand why I should choose to go alone and be so mysterious about the places I visited. But they became less anxious if not less curious when they found that I always returned cheered and refreshed by the change, and at length ceased to question me.

Robert Wentworth appeared to take it for granted that my trips were in search of the picturesque; occasionally remarking that I must be growing familiar with all the loveliest nooks in England. I flattered myself that I had for once succeeded in keeping him in the dark, and he did not suspect the real object of my journeys. But I was mistaken. I might as well have taken him into my confidence at once, and he shewed me that I might, in his own fashion.

During one of my absences from Hill Side, I was under the unpleasant necessity of appearing

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at a police court. In obedience to a call for Mary Jones, I stepped into the witness-box, as unwilling a witness as had ever made her appearance there. I had just been trying to comfort myself with the reflection that Robert did not take up such cases, and was not at all likely to be there, when our eyes met; and from the amused expression in his, I knew that he was about to examine me, and something of what I might expect. As he afterwards informed me, he had taken up the case for the express purpose of shewing me that he knew all about my movements.

'Is Mary Jones your real name?'

'It is the name I am known by.'

'And you are a lodger in Biggs Court, Bethnal Green?'

'Yes; I have two rooms there.'

'And go out nursing sick people in the neighbourhood?'

'I have occasionally done so.'

'Is it a fact that you have musical evenings and readings to which you invite the poor women in the neighbourhood; and that you lend money to the deserving, and give lectures to them about the management of their homes and children?'

'I do not call them lectures, sir,' I replied demurely. 'But I see that you know all about my movements.'

'It is my business to know,' he replied gravely, going on with the case, a charge of assault, not uncommon in the neighbourhood of my town residence, to which I had been a witness, and was obliged to give evidence.

Since then we have not met very frequently. He is always an honoured guest at Fairview; but he is on the Bench now, devoted to the grand earnest life of the upright judge, and has very little time for private intercourse, although he is always ready to give us counsel and advice. It is my pride to hear of the respect and honour he wins, and to know that I have not been instrumental in impairing his usefulness in the world. Meantime, we are beginning to talk sometimes of the life beyond, with the yearning of those who have borne the heat and burden of the day, and I listen with bowed head and thankful heart to his acknowledgment that his life has not been lived in vain for himself any more than for others. This may be said only to cheer and comfort me; but I believe that it is truer than he himself thinks it to be. But I am above all pleased with his occasional grim little attacks upon my logic, &c., for that is to me the most convincing proof that we are the best of friends; and we are highly amused when the children take my part, and ask him not to be hard upon Aunt Mary.

THE END.

## HYDERABAD AND ITS RULERS.

THE dominions of the Nizam, of which Hyderabad is the capital, are situated in the southern part of Central India, and are of considerable extent—nearly five hundred miles from north-east to south-west, and about three hundred and fifty in breadth. The Nizam holds a very high place among the native sovereigns of India; his revenue is a large one, and is yearly increasing, greatly owing to the wise administration of the present prime-minister, Sir Salar Jung, a man of singularly intelligent and enlightened views, with a remarkable capacity for government. For upwards of twenty years this able and talented man has powerfully swayed the councils of the Nizams; and since the death of the last ruler, his young son and successor, still a minor, has been entirely under his guidance and control.

The young Nizam is now a boy of nine or ten years of age; and until he is fifteen he will not assume the reins of government. His health is unfortunately not good; his constitution being naturally a feeble one, and the enervating life led in the zenana has in no way tended to strengthen it. He is said to have an amiable disposition and not bad abilities; an English tutor has been provided for him, and he has every facility for receiving a first-class education. This, in conjunction with the wise counsels of his prime-minister, ought to make him a liberal and enlightened ruler when the time comes for him to take the authority into his own hands. Let us trust that it will be so.

Sir Salar Jung speaks English fluently; and on the not rare occasions when he gives an entertainment to the élite of the European society, his manners are those of a polished and high-bred gentleman, anxious that his guests should enjoy themselves, and that none should be overlooked. In his extensive and splendidly furnished palace are several rooms fitted up entirely in the English style, with chairs and sofas of every form and dimension, and tables covered with albums, photographs, and all the innumerable ornaments and knick-knacks of fashionable London drawing-rooms. Here the guests all assemble before dinner; and when the announcement is made, Sir Salar offers his arm to the principal lady present, generally the wife of the English Resident, and conducts her to the dining-room, his own private band playing *The Roast Beef of Old England*, while the company defile into their places. Here, again, all is in the English style, or rather in that which is known as *à la Russe;* a long table brilliantly lighted, and decorated with flowers, fruit, and confectionery, all arranged in the most tasteful manner, the band continuing to play at intervals. The dinner is in precisely the same European fashion—one course following the other; and the viands and wine all of the most *recherché* description; champagne in abundance, liqueurs, everything in short that can gratify the most fastidious palate; Sir Salar himself being a man of the simplest tastes and drinking nothing but cold water.

Dinner ended, all rise, the gentlemen not remaining behind the ladies. Sir Salar again conducts the *burra bebee*, or principal lady, to a terrace on the roof of the palace, where there are seats arranged for the guests, tea and coffee handed round, a quiet cigar permitted in the background, and where a fine exhibition of fireworks is witnessed. This is the conclusion of a very agreeable entertainment, to which about a couple of hundred people are usually invited, who are all received with the most perfect courtesy by Sir Salar, his young sons, and the members of his suite; and who quit his hospitable roof much

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impressed by the large-mindedness and frank geniality that so greatly distinguish the Nizam's popular prime-minister.

Sometimes while the company is arriving, a 'nautch' is held in a kind of garden quadrangle, and the guests stroll out and look on for a few minutes, just as they feel inclined. Ordinary nautch-dancing is anything but the incorrect proceeding it is commonly supposed to be; it is really rather a dreary entertainment, and a very few minutes of it will be sufficient to satisfy the curiosity of most people. Be this as it may, nautch-dancing is a very favourite amusement among the high-class natives. When Sir Salar Jung gives a banquet to his fellow-countrymen, there is a nautch on a very large scale; the viands also differ considerably from those presented to his European guests, and consist chiefly of curries of every posible kind and flavour, sometimes more than fifty being served at a meal.

Though he has held the supreme power for many years, and has been prominently before the public for a yet longer time, the prime-minister of the Nizam is not much above forty years of age. He is of medium height, with an air of great dignity, an intelligent expression, and piercing dark eyes. His face is entirely shaven except a dark moustache; he generally wears a tight-fitting dark robe and small white turban, with the Star of India on his breast, and well-fitting English boots. His two wives and his daughters are never seen out of the zenana, but they receive visits from English ladies; and it is generally understood that Sir Salar is more liberal in his ideas regarding the treatment of women than is usual among Mussulmans; and his daughters are well educated, and have had foreign instructresses.

Among the institutions of Hyderabad evidencing an enlightened spirit both among the foreign residents and the natives, is the successful establishment of an American female doctor, a lady distinguished alike by professional skill and charm of manner, and who commands an excellent practice among the female portion of the community. She is also frequently summoned to attend at the zenanas, a very great boon to the poor secluded inmates, whose maladies are very frequently wrongly treated, owing to the imperative strictness of the rule which prohibits the physician from ever seeing his patient; the most that is allowed in the case of a male practitioner being the extension of the hand or tongue through a slit in a curtain, the face all the time remaining perfectly invisible.

Hyderabad, with which is closely connected the large Anglo-Indian station of Secunderabad, is in many respects a very pleasant residence. The society is good, for in addition to a considerable sprinkling of civilians, occupied in various ways, Secunderabad is an important military centre, and the district enjoys many advantages in a social and sanitary point of view. Only about twenty-four hours' journey from Bombay by rail, it is thus brought into easy communication with one of the great mercantile and social centres of India. Its real distance from Madras is not much more; but as there is no direct line, a detour has to be made in order to join the main line from Bombay at Sholapore, which nearly doubles the time consumed in travelling between the two places. This, however, may probably be amended by-and-by; when Madras will be about equidistant with Bombay, and Hyderabad will then rise into even greater importance. The climate is, generally speaking, excellent: its situation, nearly two thousand feet above the level of the sea, conducing much to its salubrity; while it is fortunate in having two monsoons or rainy seasons, one between June and September, and a shorter one later in the year. These rains are not of the ordinary violent character, but more resemble April showers; the entire depth of fall not usually averaging beyond twenty inches, while it is more genially and beneficially diffused, rendering the air delightfully cool and pleasant.

The cost of living is perhaps rather under the recognised rate of most Anglo-Indian stations. Certain things are to be had very reasonably indeed, while others are high-priced, especially the generality of European articles, which are charged nearly double what they would fetch at home. Strangely enough, tea is very dear; nothing drinkable can be got under about six shillings a pound; lower-priced kinds being perfect trash. But eggs, poultry, and even very tolerable mutton can be bought very cheaply; a rupee (about two shillings of our money) will purchase three or four fowls, certainly rather skinny ones; while three rupees is an ordinary price for one of the small country sheep, and the mutton is not bad, though of course it is not 'gram-fed,' as they call the kind specially fattened for the table, and which costs three or four times the money. There is much sociability among the English residents; and the cooler nature of the climate enables them to have a greater variety of al-fresco entertainments than is customary in the tropical temperature of most parts of India. Perhaps partly in consequence of this, combined with its higher and more salubrious situation, the district round Hyderabad is generally very healthy; and people have lived there for many years and enjoyed excellent health without ever coming home at all. One well-known old Scotch gentleman has resided chiefly there for fifty years without ever returning to his native country; and to judge from his active habits and hale appearance, he will live there for many years to come.

Among the native population, however, the repulsive disease of leprosy is very prevalent; but Europeans seldom or never suffer from it. This dreadful malady is of two kinds: in one the type is exceedingly malignant; the afflicted persons are not permitted to go abroad, but are secluded in buildings specially set aside for their reception, and to all intents and purposes they are dead to their fellow-men.

The supply of water in the locality is excellent, mainly owing to the enormous reservoirs that have been constructed in the vicinity of Hyderabad, used principally for bathing both by the natives and by Europeans. The largest of these is about twenty miles round; and they are reached by numerous flights of steps, which are generally thronged by the natives at all hours of the day, for the double purposes of ablution and washing their clothes.

Cotton is the staple production of the country; but its other products and resources are being rapidly developed by Sir Salar Jung, who has organised large public works of various kinds, and is opening new roads through the less frequented portions of the Nizam's territory. If he could be

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induced to impose more taxes, a very great, and also a justifiable increase of the revenue could be easily effected; but to this measure he has an invincible objection, alleging that it is a system to which the subjects of the Nizam have been little accustomed, and which would be unpalatable to all classes alike. This may be true; but so enlightened a ruler will probably ere long be brought to acknowledge the necessity for a moderate adoption of this system, both in the interests of his master and in those of the real prosperity of the noble dominions he has so long and so faithfully governed.

## 'PRENTICE-LIFE AT SEA.

THE sea is one of the most beautiful objects in nature, whether we watch it breaking in playful ripples on the pebbly beach, or shrink from it aghast when it rushes along the shore in the full thunder of its wrath, seething, tortured, convulsed, struggling in the clutch of the storm-fiend. To us in England who owe it so much, to us who have for centuries reaped our harvests on its pathless plains, and made of its trackless billows a highway to fame and fortune, the sea has always been an object of intense, almost passionate interest. Hence there have never been wanting among us volunteers for the wild sea-life of freedom and adventure. The boy intended by fond parents for quite a different fate, dreams of the unknown sea as he creeps reluctant to and from school, devouring it may be the while some well-thumbed novel of Marryat's, instead of mastering the intricacies of a Latin verb; until at last, the passion growing with his growth, he leaves all else behind him and finds his way to the shore, and looks wonderingly at the great ships lying in the harbour. Blissful Edens these, which have fought many a battle with the mighty ocean, although they are lying now so quietly in dock, with their rigging stretching aloft like a network of twine, and piles of cable lazily laid up on deck like so many coiled snakes. Gradually he finds his way on board, and then discovers that the rose has thorns; that sea-life, in other words, is by no means an Elysium.

Such a career is sketched for us in an amusing book, *Two Years Abaft the Mast*, by F. W. H. Symondson. The author was an apprentice on board the *Sea Queen*, a sailing ship, bound for Sydney with a general cargo. The ship was a good one, registered A1 at Lloyd's, and carried a crew of twelve able-bodied seamen, four ordinary seamen, and three apprentices besides himself. There were also three mates—the first, second, and third.

Naturally life at sea is made up very much of routine, and the routine on board the *Sea Queen* was after the following fashion. A sea-day commences at mid-day, when we must suppose the starboard watch, to which our apprentice belonged, to be below. At twelve o'clock (eight bells) he comes up along with his watch, to relieve the port watch, who then have dinner. The second mate, who has charge of the starboard watch, then sees that every one goes to his proper work. He gives an eye to the steering of the ship, and carefully notes any shifting of the wind. A fresh helmsman relieves the man at the wheel, and receives directions as to steering from him; and our apprentice being the youngest, looks after the time and strikes the bells. At half-past twelve he strikes one bell, at one o'clock two bells, and so on. At four o'clock, eight bells are struck, and the port watch is called; and as soon as the man at the wheel is relieved, the starboard watch go below, and smoke or read or spin yarns until tea-time, which is at five o'clock. They then receive a pint of the pale inky coloured nectar which does duty for tea on board ship, and along with it salt pork or junk. This is cooked in different ways; chopped up with biscuit, water, and slush, by which is meant the grease from salt meat, it forms a sea-delicacy called sconse. Another *bonne bouche* is dandy-funk, which is compounded of powdered biscuit, molasses, water, and slush; while dogsbody, composed of pea-soup, powdered biscuit, and slush, is also considered to form a savoury and refreshing compound. At six o'clock the other watch come below, and have their tea. During the first dog-watch, from four to six, no regular work is done, but no larking is allowed; but the second watch, from six to eight, is given up to fun and frolic of the maddest and merriest description, such as chasing rats with belaying-pins, or trying to turn the cook out of his galley, while he defends himself with boiling water. At eight o'clock the wild scrimmage ceases as if by magic, the starboard watch turn into their berths, and nothing is heard but the measured tread of the look-out on the forecastle head, and the soft murmur of the wind and sea, as the night-breeze fills the sails, and the *Sea Queen* glides onward to her destination through the rippling water.

At midnight the port watch is relieved, all hands muster on deck, and the mate in charge sings out: 'Relieve the look-out! Relieve the man at the wheel!' and then all is silent again until four o'clock, when the starboard watch go below, and the port watch come up.

The cook is called at four; and from half-past five to six the men have their coffee, and then comes the order: 'Brooms and buckets aft, to wash the decks;' which shews that the work of the day has begun. While the decks are being scrubbed, the captain generally makes his appearance, and after inspecting the compass and the sails, sits down in his favourite arm-chair on the poop with a book. On Saturday afternoons each watch are allowed an hour to wash their clothes, and at half-past four or five the stores for the week are served out: these consist of articles such as sugar, vinegar, &c.

In the little world of the ship, the captain is an irresponsible autocrat; his word is law; to refuse to obey him is mutiny. The sole command of the navigation and working of the ship rests with him, and the weather-side of the poop is his private property when he chooses to come on deck. In the ordinary daily work he seldom interferes personally, but transmits all his orders through the chief mate, who is a very important officer, and who superintends everything. When the cargo is stowed, he must give an acknowledgment for it and for all goods in the hold, and must make up any deficiencies. He must also keep the log-book, which is a very important trust. The officer of each watch marks upon the log-slate the courses, the distance run, the winds, and any subject of interest; and these at the end of every twenty-four hours are copied into the official log-book by the chief mate. The duties of the second

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and third mate are less onerous; but they must always be addressed by the prefix of 'Mr' and answered with 'Sir.' The third mate has to dispense the stores—a very unpopular office, and one which does not fail to call down a shower of anything but blessings upon his devoted head. A boatswain is in general only carried by large ships, and his sole duty is to look after the rigging and all that concerns it. The carpenter is both an important and independent personage on board ship; the captain alone gives him his orders, and he has nothing to do with any of the three mates; his usual sobriquet is 'Chips.' The steward is in point of fact the captain's servant, and although he is well paid, he is generally looked down upon by the crew, who call him 'Flunkey.'

Pursuing the narrative presented to us by the *Sea Queen's* apprentice, we find that the cook, if he is a good one, is a very important personage on board ship; he answers generally to the name of 'Slushy' or 'the Doctor,' and requires to be, and indeed almost always is, an individual of some resource, for he practises his calling amid difficulties such as would utterly dismay a *chef de cuisine* on land. His kitchen, to begin with, is such a mite of a place that the wonder is that he can fry, roast, or boil anything in it; then it is provokingly subject to sudden inundations, partial deluges which come tumbling in as if in sport, playfully extinguishing his stove, and sending his provisions, cooking utensils, and seasonings sliding and spinning all around him; while if he is worth his salt he will still, in spite of all these difficulties, turn out such a meal for the cabin table as Soyer under the circumstances need not have blushed to own. As is befitting in the case of such a superior being, he has certain social advantages; he can smoke in his galley whenever he chooses; and he slumbers peacefully all night in the best bunk of the forecastle, blissfully unconscious of the existence or claims of port or starboard watches. The apprentices are not so well off, although a premium of from thirty to sixty guineas is sometimes paid for their term of four years; the only advantage they have is living apart from the crew. Their duties are the same as those of a forecastle boy, and they share the same food, which is sufficient in quantity, but often very bad as to quality.

On the 9th March the first Australian sea-birds were sighted; and on the morning of the 16th they cast anchor in Sydney Harbour, which, with its wooded hills sloping gently down to the sea, seemed to our apprentice a perfect paradise of beauty. At Sydney they remained a fortnight, enjoying the luxury of very good and very cheap dinners, for meat only cost from twopence to fourpence per pound. After discharging their cargo, they sailed to Newcastle, sixty miles distant, to take in a cargo of coal, with which they sailed on the 23d April for Hong-kong, where they arrived on the 15th of June.

While at Hong-kong they had abundance of buffalo-meat, eggs, fruit, and soft bread, and plenty of hard work too, in washing out the hold of the ship, which had been much begrimed by the coals, to fit it for a cargo of tea. This the captain was unable to obtain, and was in consequence obliged to sail to Foo-chow, on the river Min, where, on the 13th of July, they arrived at Pagoda anchorage, so called from an old pagoda built on an island in the river, which widens out here to the dimensions of a small lake. Here also they waited in vain for a freight of tea, and the captain at last resolved to take a native cargo of poles to Shanghae, and try for better luck there.

On the 14th September they entered the Yang-tze-kiang, where they found the scenery flat and uninteresting, but yet home-like, for the river reminded them of the Thames below London.

In the course of a week they unloaded their timber, but still no freight of tea could be procured; and the captain, after some delay, resolved to return to Foo-chow, taking as ballast native goods and medicines, two dozen sheep, and two dozen passengers. On the voyage back to Foo-chow, the cook having abandoned his post in disgust at the sharpness of a new Chinese steward, our apprentice was induced to volunteer his services, and was formally installed in his new office at four o'clock one fine morning. He began his arduous task by trying to kindle a fire, which for more than an hour obstinately resisted all his efforts to make it burn. At last he succeeded in evoking a tiny blaze, and thankful at heart even for that small mercy, he placed upon his fire the copper with water for the breakfast coffee, and marched off elate to get the rations for the day. It chanced to be a pork and pea-soup day; and having got his supplies of pork and pease, he returned to his galley, and was horror-struck to find that the sea was washing into it every few minutes, sometimes sportively rising almost as high as the precious fire which had cost him so much trouble. In his anxiety to preserve this cherished flame, the little tub of pork, which he had put out of his hands for a moment, capsized, and its contents were washed swiftly round and round the galley, to the surprise and disgust of the unfortunate amateur. At last, giving chase, he succeeded in capturing them with a considerable admixture of cinders; and having placed the tub and its heterogeneous contents out of harm's way, he concentrated his energies upon the question of the moment, which was coffee.

Tired of waiting for the water to boil, he threw in the coffee, and then, to while away the time, he began to pare some potatoes, which, by some unaccountable fatality, as fast as they were pared rolled out of the basin in which he placed them, upon the floor. Whish! away went the ship, lurching heavily, and away went the tub of pork again; and pork, tub, and potatoes began chasing each other round the galley in gallant style, being kept in countenance by a couple of buckets, which went frantically clanging and clanking against each other and everything else that came in their way. Despair shews itself in many ways: at this crisis our apprentice laughed; and he was still grinning over his own mishaps, when the watch arrived, sharp set for their coffee.

They were by no means in a laughing humour when they learned how the land lay, and neither was he, for that matter, when they left him. Convinced that at all risks he must make the water boil, he frantically heaped upon the fire odd bits of rope and canvas; but the water had a will of its own, and boil it would not. Eight o'clock struck, and again they came, each holding out an empty hook-pot, which he filled with by no means the best grace in the world, trying, as he ladled out the vile mixture, to sink the coffee, which floated

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like dust upon the surface. It would not do. First one man came growling back, and then another, and then the steward arrived to ask after the captain's potatoes. The captain's potatoes! He had forgotten all about them, and they had meanwhile been having a rare lark of it on deck, rattling first into one hole and then into another, until at last the greater number of them had scuttled overboard. What had he done? Had he been guilty of mutiny, insubordination, or gross carelessness as bad as either, on the high seas? In his panic he stepped back into the galley, which, for a wonder, happened to be free from water, and a hot coal falling out of the stove, burned his foot; and so ingloriously ended his career as cook.

At Pagoda Island the captain became seriously ill; and notwithstanding the most careful nursing on the part of his wife and our sailor apprentice, he passed away without ever having recovered consciousness, and was interred in the English cemetery at Foo-chow.

On the 6th November, the *Sea Queen* having loaded up, and being ready to start, a new captain came on board, the crew standing by the break of the forecastle and keenly eyeing him as he stepped on deck. There was not much to look at in him. He was a middle-sized man, with a moustache and whiskers of a sandy red hue; and that he did not despise his creature-comforts was evident from the quantity of provisions that came on board next day. He was, however, not illiberal with his good things, but from time to time presented the apprentices' mess with some little delicacies. As for the question of questions always asked by a crew with regard to a new captain: 'Does he carry on?' that is, does he risk a large press of sail in a stiff wind, it had to be answered in the negative. He was, in fact, as timid as his predecessor had been, but from a different cause—he had always formerly commanded a steamer, and his new duties were strange to him.

They had now been at sea for several weeks, when one lovely evening our apprentice was with his watch on deck, and had just lain down for an hour's nap, when the after-bell was struck hurriedly three times. As it was his duty to keep the time, and as the three strokes had, moreover, nothing to do with the proper hour, he suspected that something was wrong with the helmsman, a Swede, Edghren Andrews, and was just about to verify his suspicion, when the man rushed up to him and said: 'Will you take the wheel for a minute? I feel very sick; perhaps a swig of cold tea will set me up.' He went to get it; and in a few minutes returned to his post, where he had scarcely been a quarter of an hour, when the bell was again struck twice. A second time he went to the helmsman's assistance, and on the poop met Andrews, who said he was worse than ever; whereupon our apprentice offered to finish up his time for him.

Next morning the Swede took him into the forecastle and related the following curious story. The evening before, while at the wheel, he had suddenly seen the late captain on the weather-side of the poop, anxiously looking up at the sails and sky; and while he stared at him in mute surprise, he turned round angrily, and looked at him with such a horrible expression of face, that he dropped the wheel in a panic and rang the bell. In Sweden, he said, ghosts were supposed to have a special dislike to a knife and to the Bible; so he rushed below to procure them, by way of charm; but although he could have got a whole bucketful of knives, he could not lay his hands upon a single Bible; and so he took instead a Swedish novel, thinking that as the late captain had not understood Swedish, it could not make much difference. He soon found, however, that he had reckoned without his host. He was no sooner set down to the wheel than the ghost reappeared, and approaching the binnacle, looked at the compass, and made angry signs to him to alter the vessel's course. So much for sea superstitions.

On boxing-day the ordinary routine of ship-life was broken by a terrible accident. The port watch had just finished tea, and had turned into their bunks for a smoke and a read, when a frightful clamour and trampling of feet got up overhead. In a moment every one was on deck, where all was in the wildest hurry and confusion. 'A man overboard!' was the cry. 'Who is it? Who is gone?' asked half-a-dozen voices. 'Johnson!' answered the second mate, excitedly hauling at a rope. 'Haul up the mainsail!' shouted the mate, in tones that rung clear and high above the uproar. 'Slack away the sheet, lads! Bear down on the clew garnets.' All was in vain: the sea was so high that the ship could not be brought round to the wind, and the captain would not hear of a boat being launched. 'It would only,' he very justly said, 'put more lives in jeopardy.' With breathless excitement the look-outs at each mast-head strained their eyes into the darkness of the wild night. The black waves were tumbling mountain high, and there, like a cork upon the billows, was their drowning messmate, slowly drifting astern to his doom. A cold shudder ran through the veins of the breathless watchers. Could nothing be done to help him? Nothing! The helmsman threw him a life-buoy as he passed; perhaps he seized it, perhaps he did not: he was never seen again.

On the 26th February they reached New York; and after unloading their tea, took in a cargo of grain and resin, and sailed for London on the 15th of March. It was a bad season of the year, and the ship was overladen with grain, which makes a peculiarly heavy and unelastic cargo. The weather, stormy from the first, grew gradually worse until the 23d of March, when the gale freshened into a tempest, and that again into the wildest conceivable hurricane. Some frightful hours followed; the waves rolled along the bulwarks like mountains of blackish green water; the roar of wind and sea was inconceivably fearful, and suggested to the shivering crew the idea of something demoniac. At last it became evident to all, that unless the sails could be got rid of, the ship would founder. Who was to risk his life in the attempt? What hero would be found to do this deed of courage? As usual the hour brought the man in the person of Jack Andersen, a Swedish sailor. With his open knife between his teeth, this brave fellow sprang along the encumbered deck undaunted by a heavy sea which broke over him; and soon a loud explosion told of his success; the last sail was gone, and the *Sea Queen* lay like a helpless log upon the waters. At three in the morning a lull occurred, and the wind and sea gradually went down; but the vessel continuing

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to sink deeper in the water, it was necessary to lighten her, and fifty tons of cargo were thrown overboard. The sacrifice saved her; and on the 1st of April they sighted the welcome Lizard light. As for the suffering and discomfort on board subsequent to the storm, it was simply inconceivable. Our apprentice's chest floated bottom up for days; and his log-book, which was locked up in it, got a thorough soaking, which fortunately did not render it illegible, else we should have missed a very graphic and interesting narrative of life at sea.

## 'ONLY TRIFLES.'

When tempted to scorn the little duties of our calling, let us think of such sayings as the following. One day a visitor at Michael Angelo's studio remarked to that great artist, who had been describing certain little finishing 'touches' lately given to a statue—'But these are only trifles.' 'It may be so,' replied the sculptor; 'but recollect that trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle.' In the same spirit the great painter Poussin accounted for his reputation in these words—'Because I have neglected nothing.' It is related of a Manchester manufacturer, that, on retiring from business, he purchased an estate from a certain nobleman. The arrangement was that he should have the house with all its furniture just as it stood. On taking possession, however, he found that a cabinet which was in the inventory had been removed; and on applying to the former owner about it, the latter said: 'Well, I certainly did order it to be removed; but I hardly thought you would have cared for so trifling a matter in so large a purchase.' 'My lord,' was the reply, 'if I had not all my life attended to trifles, I should not have been able to purchase this estate; and excuse me for saying so, perhaps if your lordship had cared more about trifles, you might not have had occasion to sell it.' 'Oh, what's the good of doing this and that?' we say in reference to departments of our business where quick returns are not forthcoming, or where success does not at once stare us in the face. When Franklin made his discovery of the identity of lightning and electricity, people of this baser sort asked with a sneer 'Of what use is it?' The philosopher's retort was: 'What is the use of a child? It may become a man!' Apropos of this remark, grown-up people should remember while doing improper things in the presence of him who is 'only a child,' that he will one day become a man just like themselves.

Mr Careless Nevermind and Miss Notparticular think that great men only deal with great things. The most brilliant discoverers were of a different opinion. They made their discoveries by observing and interpreting simple facts. When fools were walking in darkness, the eyes of these wise men were in their heads. Galileo's discovery of the pendulum was suggested to his observant eye by a lamp swinging from the ceiling of Pisa Cathedral. A spider's net suspended across the path of Sir Samuel Brown, as he walked one dewy morning in his garden, was the prompter that gave to him the idea of his suspension bridge across the Tweed. So trifling a matter as the sight of seaweed floating past his ship, enabled Columbus to quell the mutiny which arose amongst his sailors at not discovering land, and to assure them that the eagerly sought New World was not far off. Galvani observed that a frog's leg twitched when placed in contact with different metals, and it was this apparently insignificant fact that led to the invention of the electric telegraph. While a bad observer may 'go through a forest and see no firewood,' a true *seer* learns from the smallest things and apparently the most insignificant people. 'Sir,' said Dr Johnson to a fine gentleman just returned from Italy, 'some men will learn more in the Hampstead stage than others in the tour of Europe.' Certainly the power of little things can never be denied by Englishmen who reflect that the chalk cliffs of their island have been built up by little animals—detected only by the help of the microscope—of the same order of creatures that have formed the coral reefs.

Perhaps it is not too much to say that England owes her reputation of being the best workshop in Europe not so much to the fact that she is rich in coal and iron, as because her workmen put or used to put a good finish on their work. A country must become and continue great when its labourers work honestly, paying attention to detail, putting *conscience* into every stone they place and into every nail they drive. There is no fear of England declining so long as it can be said of her workers what was said of the Old Masters in statuary, painting, and cathedral-building:

> In the elder days of art,
> Builders wrought with greatest care
> Each minute and unseen part,
> For the gods are everywhere.

How much of this honest workmanship, that careth for little things and not merely for the large and showy, is to be seen on the roof of Milan Cathedral! Here the smallest and least visible statue of the statue forest that tops the building, is carved with quite as great care as the largest and most conspicuous.

It has been remarked that we cannot change even a particle of sand on the sea-shore to a different place without changing at the same time the balance of the globe. The earth's centre of gravity will be altered by the action, in an infinitely small degree no doubt, but still altered; and upon this will ensue climatic change which may influence people's temperaments and actions. Of course this is an absurd refinement; but it illustrates the undoubted fact that the most trivial thought and act in our lives carries with it a train of consequences, the end of which we may never guess. The veriest trifles become of importance in influencing our own or other people's lives and characters. One look may marry us. Our profession may be settled for us by the most trivial circumstance. 'A kiss from my mother,' said West, 'made me a painter.' Going into an inn for refreshment, Dr Guthrie saw a picture of John Pounds the cobbler of Portsmouth teaching poor ragged children that had been left by ministers, ladies, and gentlemen to go to ruin on the streets. The sight of this picture hanging over the chimney-piece on that day, made Dr Guthrie the founder of ragged schools.

On a clock in one of the Oxford colleges is inscribed this solemn warning to those who fancy that killing time is not murder: *Periunt et imputantur* (the hours perish and are laid to our charge). But is not this equally true of those 'odd moments'

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during which we say it is not worth while commencing or finishing anything? Mr Smiles tells us that Dr Mason Good translated Lucretius while driving from patient's house to patient's house; that Dr Darwin composed nearly all his works in the same way; that Hale wrote his *Contemplations* while travelling on circuit; that Elihu Burritt while earning his living as a blacksmith mastered eighteen ancient languages and twenty-two European dialects in 'odd moments;' that Madame de Genlis composed several of her volumes while waiting for the princess to whom she gave daily lessons. Kirke White learned Greek and J. S. Mill composed *Logic* as they walked to their offices. Many of us get into a fuss if the dinner be not to the moment. Not so did D'Aguesseau, one of the greatest Chancellors of France, act. He *used* this *mauvais quart d'heure*, for he is said to have written a large and able volume in the intervals of waiting for dinner. Wellington's achievements were mainly owing to the fact that he personally attended to such minutiæ as soldiers' shoes, camp-kettles, biscuits, horse-fodder; and it was because Nelson attended to detail in respect of time that he was so victorious. 'I owe,' he said, 'all my success in life to having been always a quarter of an hour before my time.' 'Every moment lost,' said Napoleon, 'gives an opportunity for misfortune.' Well would it have been for himself—as his bitter end proved—had this European bully known another fact—that every moment selfishly employed is worse than lost, and 'gives an opportunity for misfortune!' However, he attributed the defeat of the Austrians to his own greater appreciation of the value of time. While they dawdled he overthrew them.

It may be said that 'it is the pace that kills—that people nowadays are more prone to wear themselves out by overworking than to rust unused.' But is it not over-anxiety and want of method, rather than overwork, that kills us? Methodical arrangement of time is like packing things in a box; a good packer will get in half as much again as a bad one.

Little words and acts far more than great ones reveal the manner of a man. No one—in Great Britain at least—could be such a Goth as to rest his heels on the mantel-piece or to spit when sitting in the company of ladies round a fire. It is not, however, given to all to continue sinless as regards those many little things that mark the naturally refined man. Women are said to be better readers of character than men, and perhaps the reason is this: character is shewn by minutiæ, and the fine intuition or mental sharp-sightedness by which these are discerned, belongs to women in a greater degree than to men.

Without caring in the smallest degree for goodness, we may avoid crime and gross sin because of the police, or because we desire to get on in the world, or because we are afraid of ridicule. The test, therefore, of a fine character is attention to the minutiæ of conduct. Nor does the performance of those large duties which are almost forced upon us prove our love to God or to man nearly so convincingly as do the little commonplace services of love—the cheerful word, the cup of cold water—when rendered not grudgingly or of necessity. By little foxes tender grapes are destroyed, according to Solomon. Little foxes are very cunning and most difficult to catch; and so are those little temptations by which our moral natures are gradually eaten away. The tender grapes of many a Christian branch are destroyed by such little foxes as temper, discontent, avarice, vanity. Many who could resist much greater sins yield to these. There is an excitement in the very greatness of a trial or temptation which enables us to resist it; while the chase after little foxes is dull and uninteresting. No wonder that when we analyse the lives of those who have ruined themselves morally, we generally discover that

> It was the little rift within the lute
> That, ever widening, slowly silenced all;
> Or little pitted speck in garnered fruit,
> That, rotting inward, slowly mouldered all.

How many people are *almost* successful, missing their aim by 'Oh, such a little!' Minutiæ in these cases make or mar us. 'If I am building a mountain,' said Confucius, 'and stop before the last basketful of earth is placed on the summit, I have failed.' The examination is lost by half a mark. One neck nearer and the race would have been won. The slightest additional effort would have turned the tide of war. 'Thou art not far from the kingdom of God,' were solemn words, marking the terrible difference between almost and altogether.

## A MASONIC INCIDENT.

When the Territory of Kansas applied to the government at Washington for the privilege of adding another star to the national flag—now nearly twenty-five years ago—conflicting interests were involved in the very important question as to whether she should enter the Union as a free or a slave state. Some of the foremost abolitionists of the North were determined that no territory should be added to the Union as a slave state; Southerners were equally resolute that the limits of slavery should no longer be circumscribed; while others, affecting a more moderate temper, offered to leave the settlement of the matter to the people themselves who sought the more extended national relationship. At this time the public mind was in a highly excited condition. The effect of the iniquitous 'Fugitive Slave Law'—passed in a spirit of conciliation towards the South, and for assisting which, by his vote, the illustrious Daniel Webster sacrificed much of his well-earned reputation—had not died away when, in 1852, the statute was suddenly put into practical operation in the city of Boston, and a scene was there enacted which is without a parallel in American history. A negro named Burns having escaped from bondage, settled in Boston, and for some years had earned an honest living as a waiter at hotels and in sundry other occupations in which men of his race were accustomed to be engaged. The Fugitive Slave Law empowered slaveholders to follow runaways into free states and remove them therefrom; and Burns' owner having discovered the fugitive's whereabouts, resolved on the exercise of his newly-acquired rights. Burns was arrested and lodged in jail. The news spread with the speed and effect of an electric shock. The whole city was moved. With

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youthful ardour many of the students of Harvard College (located at the neighbouring suburb of Cambridge) assailed the prison, with a view to the forcible liberation of the captive. So quickly had the riot assumed a portentous aspect, that a large force of police and soldiery was called into requisition to quell the disturbance. The representatives of the law succeeded in at once restoring peace and in placing in custody many of the students and other citizens who had attempted, though in vain, to render a humane service to an oppressed fellow-creature.

The quiet of the following day—Sunday—failed to allay the excitement which had seized the public mind. As the people issued from the various places of worship the proceedings of the previous day formed the general theme of conversation; groups of eager citizens were to be seen here and there discussing the outrage which had been perpetrated in the very 'cradle of liberty' itself.

Those who had been placed under arrest were, however, liberated shortly afterwards; and so soon as the necessary legal preliminaries were settled, arrangements were made for the transfer of the negro to his owner. Early on the morning of his removal, the streets in the neighbourhood of the jail were strictly closed against all traffic, by ropes, guarded by police, traversing their approaches. A cannon was placed in position on the court-house steps; and, still further to secure the captive against any probable attempt at rescue on the part of the populace, the police, supported by cavalry in the rear with drawn sabres, lined the thoroughfares through which he had to walk to the harbour, where a vessel was in readiness to convey him southwards. To add significance to this extraordinary scene, a coffin was suspended in mid-air on ropes running diagonally from the upper windows of the four corners of Washington Street, where it is intersected by School Street on the west and State Street on the east—the avenues through which Burns would pass—and most of the buildings in this locality were draped in mourning. Such space as was available for spectators was filled to overflowing with expectant citizens. The surging masses swayed to and fro with excitement; and when the slave appeared in charge of the officials, the murmured execrations of an indignant but law-observing multitude arose as incense. The ship lying in the harbour received him on board, and a fair wind soon wafted him beyond the reach of any manifestation of Northern sympathy.

Such, then, was the state of public or, rather, Northern feeling when Kansas, as already stated, applied for admission into the Union. The slave-holders of the South, and all in sympathy with them, adopted measures for influencing and, indeed, of controlling public opinion in Kansas on this great question; and to achieve this end, mercenary agents were employed to foster such 'slave' proclivities as might be apparent, and to instil them into the minds of the people, if their political sentiments were found to be tinged with 'free' tendencies. Not only was this virtually acknowledged, but it was discovered that preparations had been made for the exercise of physical force if need be. The Northerners, and more especially the abolitionists of the New England States, impelled by a righteous impulse to neutralise, as far as lay in their power, every unscrupulous endeavour to extend slave territory, sent arms to the inhabitants, to enable them to meet force with force. Jealousy of political ascendency culminated in aggressive measures being adopted by the pro-slavery party. Espionage, with its attendant evils, was organised: men were tarred and feathered, and ridden on a rail or lynched, until the 'border warfare' was an acknowledged fact.

At this juncture, a literary gentleman named S——, strongly imbued with Northern zeal, but lacking the discretion which should accompany every important and worthy undertaking, decided on venturing into the midst of the disturbance, for the purpose of advocating anti-slavery principles by establishing an 'abolition' newspaper. He took a printing-press, type, paper, and such appliances as were required. His wife, not deterred by the length of the journey or the dangers which attended it, insisted on accompanying him on his perilous enterprise. After a journey of about one thousand five hundred miles, he settled near Fort Leavenworth, not far from the Missouri river, and soon completed his arrangements for starting his paper. Considering his surroundings, it was not likely that any great length of time would elapse before he acquired a reputation as a dangerous political intruder. His first issue startled the people immensely; but whether his anti-slavery vagaries, as they were considered, should be resented, or laughed at as an evidence of playful temerity, was for the moment a moot-point. The times, however, were not laughing times, and he was speedily a marked man. Intimations were conveyed to him by the process known as 'underground' that he had better relinquish his undertaking and hurry home to the east; and that in the event of his non-compliance with these hints, he would he waited upon by certain parties who made such matters their special vocation. In spite of these warnings, he continued to publish his unsavoury journal.

Amongst those who assumed the surveillance and guardianship of the public weal, political *and moral*, was one Dick M——. Dick was reputed to have been of respectable parentage, and to have spent his early days in peaceful circles; but the allurements of a desperado's life charmed him away to the sphere of action in which he was now engaged. His belt was amply supplied with the means of offence or defence, just as his 'appurtenances' might be required; and whether accompanied in his inquisitorial migrations by his followers or not, never failed to make his presence felt. In short, Dick was one of the most daring and blood-thirsty ruffians that could be encountered, and wherever he presented himself, dismay was widespread.

Very early one morning, as S—— was printing his paper preparatory to its distribution, his office door was opened and several men entered. The ceremony of a formal introduction was dispensed with; his printing-press was smashed, his property destroyed, and the office itself quickly demolished.

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Dick—for it was he—and his comrades arrested S——; but his wife was permitted to take leave of her husband on promising to return eastward without delay. The parting, under such circumstances, may readily be imagined; but in the absence of efficient protection to life and property, no reasonable alternative was left; the separation must be.

S—— was speedily marched by his ignominious escort towards the Missouri. It was usual in such cases to 'string up' the delinquent to the first tree the parties met with; but on this occasion it was intended to convey the prisoner to such a place as might enable them to invest their proceedings with more than the customary spectacular effect. Such desperadoes considered it beneath their manly dignity to travel far without refreshment; they therefore soon stopped at a tavern to satisfy their conventional thirst. S—— was placed in an arm-chair at the end of the saloon, while the masters of the situation lounged around the bar. Presently, Dick sauntered up to his captive and entered into conversation with him.

'Wal, stranger,' said Dick, 'I reckon you had better ha' stayed at New York, instead of coming to Kansas with them abolition notions o' yourn; we don't want no abolition out at Kansas.'

'I did not come out here,' S—— mildly answered, 'for the purpose of creating discord, for it already existed; but simply and honestly to promulgate views which, in my conscience, I believe to be right; and I did it *because it is right*.'

'Wal,' blustered Dick, 'that kind of talk may do away at New York, but I cal'late it won't amount to nothin' out here. I can't believe any man would be sech a fool as to do sech a thing 'cause he believes it right. I don't believe you, nohow.'

'Well,' replied S——, 'if you were a member of a society I belong to, you would believe me.'

'What do you mean, stranger?' asked Dick with an air of wonderment.

S——, conscious of the hopelessness of his position, and fearing almost momentarily to be put to death, ventured: 'If you were a mason'—accompanying the remark with a certain sign usual in such emergencies—'you would believe me.'

To his utter amazement and infinite satisfaction, this chief of villains proved to be a freemason, having joined the fraternity in his reputable days, and fortunately for S——, still respected his obligations.

'Wal, brother, this is a kind o' awkward,' said Dick, in an altered and friendly tone; 'but I reckon I must save you. The boys will be mighty ugly though, when they see how things is. Now, when you hear the steamer whistle as she comes down the river, keep close to me, and follow me on board. I'll lock you in a cabin on deck, and as I know the cap'n, I'll make it all right. But look alive when she comes.'

They had not to wait many minutes before a shrill whistle announced the steamer's arrival. All left the tavern together, Dick marching ahead, and holding S—— by the arm, as if leading an unwilling captive. As these two stepped on the plank thrown out for passengers to walk on from bank to deck, the 'boys' intuitively perceived the state of things, and made a rush towards the plank. Dick was equal to the occasion.

'Now, boys, make tracks!' said he in a tone and manner that made obedience other than impossible. They accordingly withdrew, muttering threats of vengeance at the loss of their prey.

Dick hurried S—— into a deck cabin, and without waiting for any expression of thanks for the service he had rendered, locked the door, and hastened to make all right with the 'cap'n,' according to promise. In a few moments the engines moved, the paddles revolved, and the steamer was under weigh for St Louis. Here S—— disembarked; and again taking steamer for Alton, and thence cars to Cincinnati, was not long in meeting his wife in New York.

S——'s anti-slavery sentiments continued to the last as strong as in his early days, though, having an ever vivid recollection of his visit to the south-west, his utterance on this particular theme grew somewhat feeble. There was one topic, however, on which he waxed eloquent, and that was his gratitude to freemasonry for having, under Providence, preserved him from certain death.

## FIGHTING FOR LIFE.

### A STORY OF A WELSH COAL-MINE.

In all parts of the habitable globe wherever the English language is spoken, a thrill of admiration must have passed through every English heart at the brave deed which was, in the earlier part of this year, accomplished in the Welsh coal-pit at Troedyrhiw.

There are times when a display of national pride is not only justifiable but necessary; and it is a splendid victory gained for humanity when we see a whole nation, heedless of every other event which is taking place around her, hanging breathlessly and with anxious face over the mouth of a pit in which a few poor miners are engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle with Death; tortured with doubts as to whether the imprisoned miners in the Troedyrhiw Colliery would endure their fearful hardships long enough to enable themselves to be snatched from a living grave. Happily, they did so, and *were* saved by the indomitable bravery of their fellow-miners. The whole story is one more splendid instance of the noble qualities which are innate in the breasts of those who form the sinew and the backbone of Britain; qualities that have won for her undying glory in war or peace, and by flood and field. How bravely death can be faced, and how bravely fought even in moments of doubt and despair, and at the risk of terrible perils deliberately encountered, is shewn by this story.

A miner's life is at all times a subject for grave study, for he must by mere necessity be a brave man, knowing as he does that every time he descends the shaft he literally carries his life with him in his hands. Indeed this thought must cross the mind of the most hardened man; and when he reaches the pit, the feeling must be intensified, for here his responsibility increases with every step he takes along the glistening black galleries of the mine. Not only has he his own life, but also the lives of others, now in his hands;

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and the striking of a match may in an instant consign hundreds of his fellow-creatures to a fearful death in the bowels of the earth.

It was the writer's privilege, some few years since, to pay a visit to one of the largest and finest coal-pits in England—the Sheepbridge Colliery, near Chesterfield; the galleries of which extend in several directions for a long distance, covering altogether about three miles of ground, and passing in one place beneath a small lake. The sensation one experiences on descending the shaft, and seeing the light of day fading rapidly from view, is almost indescribable; and is only equalled by the exquisite feeling of relief which pervades the mind on once again returning to the surface.

An amusing incident occurred during our visit, which, though it was the cause of much hilarity at the moment, would seem on reflection to be, perchance, the innocent cause of many great disasters in coal-mines. As is probably well known, the miners in many pits, especially in those which are considered free from fire-damp or gas, work by the light of candles, which are stuck here and there against the walls of coal, a reserve of candles lying near at hand. These candles, the rats—the only living companions of the miners—make free use of when they can get a chance; and while we were watching the digging of some coal, one of these creatures came stealthily up to the spot and ran off with the lighted candle in its mouth. A volley of coal and curses flew after the robber; but it kept on its course until both rat and candle disappeared from view. But to our story.

It was on the evening of the 11th April, when the miners in the Troedyrhiw Colliery were leaving their work, that a roar of rushing waters was heard. The sound is one that is too well known to the ears of experienced pitmen, and the men at once fled to the shaft and were raised to the surface; but on arrival at the pit's mouth, fourteen of their number—men and boys—were seen to be missing. In an instant and without the slightest hesitation, volunteers nobly stood forward to undertake the task of rescue, and immediately descended the pit again, for the purpose, if possible, of bringing their fellow-miners to the 'bank' in safety. It was found that the water had broken into the mine through some old abandoned workings, and was flowing into all the stalls, headings, and galleries into which the mine was divided. The volunteers found also that all the workings within a few hundred yards of the bottom of the shaft were filled with water up to the roof, and it was at first concluded that all the fourteen missing ones were drowned. A knocking was, however, heard, as if some of the men were confined behind a wall of coal accessible from the outside; and the volunteers at once determined to cut through this wall, which they believed to be about twelve yards thick. The imprisoned men worked from their side too; and in a few hours the obstruction was so far removed as to enable the two parties to speak to each other. The tale of the imprisoned men was, that the water was rapidly gaining on them, and one of them struck through the coal to escape from the rising water. But from one peril they immediately passed to another, for a violent explosion followed, and one poor fellow, Thomas Morgan, was found jammed to death in the hole which had been cut. This sad accident was caused by the sudden escape of air which was pent up in the 'stall' in which they had stood out of the way of the water, and the act of making the hole through the coal in so sudden a manner was equivalent to applying a match to a heap of powder or pulling the trigger of a gun. It was fortunate they were not all killed by the explosion.

After this, knockings were heard farther on in the mine; and it was soon made evident that the position of the other nine men was worse than that of the miners just reached. The wall behind which they were imprisoned was in a heading that was entirely flooded, and they could only be reached after part of the water had been pumped out. Divers were here employed, who went boldly into the flood, and gallantly endeavoured to proceed through the half mile of water which lay between the shaft and the imprisoned miners; but these were unwillingly compelled to relinquish the attempt. On Monday, however, four days after the flooding of the mine, the water was so far reduced as to allow the work of cutting through the coal to be commenced. And here we must pause to mention that this was done with a powerful pumping apparatus, which, with all its appliances, had to be properly and cautiously fitted up before it could be put into successful operation. The poor fellows below had been without food for some five days now, and it thus became a question of patient endurance on the one hand and of unceasing labour and noble efforts on the other. And never did men work more nobly than did those who were thus doing all that lay in the power of man to save the lives of their devoted comrades.

In spite of their indefatigable efforts, however, day after day passed by without any apparent result, for they had to cut through *forty yards of solid coal*, and the difficulty increased as the intervening wall became thinner. The anxiety of all concerned may be imagined when we remind our readers that this immense block of coal could only be penetrated at the rate of a yard per hour. But relays of men worked night and day with unremitting zeal until at length their efforts were rewarded with success. The imprisoned men were heard, and were able not only to speak to their deliverers, but also to give directions as to the course of the cuttings. 'Make haste! make haste!' was the plaintive cry which now nerved the hands and arms of the heroic workers, for it was like a voice from the grave which thus reached their ears.

Questioned as to their mode of existence in the mine, the prisoners said they had eaten absolutely nothing, that they were all very weak, and two of their number were completely prostrated. There were only four men and a boy there, the other four having been cut off from their fellows, and had, as since ascertained, perished. The little boy piteously implored the workers to make a hole for him to creep through to his mother. But in spite of their willing hearts, the brave

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toilers were compelled to proceed more slowly and cautiously than before, in order to prevent the recurrence of a second disaster, by the too sudden escape of the pent-up air. And in addition to this, there was great danger of themselves being engulfed in the waters or killed by the gas, which soon began to make its unwelcome presence felt. Food was passed along a tube to the imprisoned men; but the tube did not work well, and it was eventually found that they had not received the much-desired refreshment. At the last moment, when the hole had been made and the compressed air was let out, a rush of gas took place which put out all the lamps and compelled the workers to return to the 'bank.' What must have been the horror of that moment to those poor fellows within the mine when they heard the retreating footsteps of their anxiously awaited deliverers!

Gloomy indeed was the prospect at this critical moment, for it had now become a question of life and death to either party; but were the men who had been rescued thus far to be left after all to the death which seemed to hunger for them? Perish the thought! and perish rather every Englishman who stood at the pit's mouth than that no attempt should be made to complete and crown the splendid story of those past *eight* days. The danger of carrying lights in the gas-charged mine being too great to be ignored, brave men came forward and volunteered to go down *without lamps* to the rescue of the five miners whom it was now known were the only ones who had survived that fearful time. Down they went into the black pit, carrying food with them, and on making another hole a gallant collier went into the mine and fed the poor fellows. All honour to him! It was a greater deed than the capture of an enemy's colours on the battle-field.

The rescued men and the boy were then brought to the surface, and placed under the care of experienced doctors, who pronounced favourably on their condition. For *ten* long weary days they had languished in the darkness of what seemed to them a living tomb, yet they murmured not, but lifted up their united voices in prayer to the great Creator of all.

The entombment of nine men, five of whom were known to be in a certain place, and could be saved by cutting through some forty yards of coal, made the question one of time and dogged perseverance on one side, and of hunger and patient endurance on the other. It is just on such occasions as these that the really splendid qualities of the collier shew themselves in bold relief, and turn a pitman into a hero.

Such a deed as this was certain to attract the sympathy of the gracious Lady who has ever the welfare of her people at heart; and the Queen hastened at once to give expression to the national feeling of admiration for these brave men, by extending the institution of the Albert Medal for saving life at sea to similar acts performed on land, and giving directions that these humble Welsh miners should be the first recipients of the honour.

A national subscription was also opened by the Lord Mayor, and a large sum collected for the rescued and their rescuers, sufficient to place them beyond the reach of poverty, and shew the world that England will not willingly let die the remembrance of as noble and heroic a deed as ever graced the annals of a Christian people.

## QUACK MEDICINE.

Our ably conducted contemporary, *The Queen*, has the following useful remarks on the use of Quack Medicine:

'The belief in quack medicine is one which exists in strength proportioned to the ignorance of the persons who take it. There are certain charms, to some minds, in being able to "doctor" themselves, and to do without the properly authorised medical practitioner. There seems to be with these persons a sense that, in not having paid a fee for advice, they have in a manner gained something. There appears to be also a love of experiment, with a sense behind it that, if their own experiment fails, they can at worst fall back on the skilled physician to amend their mistakes, and to set them up again according to the known and acknowledged rules and practices of medical science. Moreover there is a kind of belief in empirical treatment, which is probably a "survival" from the ancient belief in charms and witchcraft; else how can people possibly put trust in medicines which are advertised as being adapted to cure all manner of diseases of thoroughly differing characters?

'But even among quack medicines there are degrees. There are some of which ordinary medical men readily avail themselves, and which under proper direction may be found really useful. The danger with regard to them is that persons finding such to be useful in the doses prescribed by their medical advisers, take doses on their own responsibility, which prove hurtful, sometimes even fatal in their effects. On the other hand there are a few—though we must confess very few—whose virtues chiefly arise from the faith with which they are taken; and these are as innocuous to the patient as they are profitable only to the vendor. But a very large class—in fact by far the largest—are really positively hurtful. They are described by titles which give no real idea of their character and composition, and they are taken by people much to their harm.

'In a recent number of the *Lancet* the public were warned against a seemingly harmless preparation, from the effects of which a medical man had found some of his patients seriously suffering. He found that lozenges called "castor-oil lozenges" were being largely used among his patients, who were under the impression that they were taking castor-oil in a form slightly less disagreeable than the usual one. On examination he found that each of these lozenges contained three grains of calomel; and it is not a matter of astonishment that he found some persons who had taken them suffering from severe mercurial salivation. He has found these lozenges sold by grocers, oilmen, chandlers, and even by surgeons and chemists, and the mischief done has been very great. The writer of the letter asks whether the Adulteration Act cannot be brought to bear upon those who sell this "pernicious confectionery;" but the bringing an Act to bear upon an evil is a slow process. The true preventive of mischief from the use of quack medicine is entire abstinence from its use.' Who can doubt the propriety of this advice? Let quack medicines be universally abandoned.

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## A STRANGE FAMILY HISTORY.

FOR the following curious episode of family history we are indebted to a descendant of one of the chief personages involved; his story runs as follows.

Somewhat less than one hundred years ago, a large schooner, laden with oranges from Spain, and bound for Liverpool, was driven by stress of weather into the Solway Firth, and after beating about for some time, ran at last into the small port of Workington, on the Cumberland coast. For several previous days some of the crew had felt themselves strangely 'out of sorts,' as they termed it; were depressed and languid, and greatly inclined to sleep; but the excitement of the storm and the instinct of self-preservation had kept them to their duties on deck. No sooner, however, had the vessel been safely moored in the harbour than a reaction set in; the disease which had lurked within them proclaimed its power, and three of them betook themselves to their hammocks more dead than alive. The working-power of the ship being thus reduced and the storm continuing, the master determined to discharge and sell his cargo on the spot. This was done. But his men did not recover; he too was seized with the same disease; and before many days were past most of them were in the grave. Ere long several of the inhabitants of the village were similarly affected, and some died; by-and-by others were smitten down; and in less than three weeks after the arrival of the schooner it became evident that a fatal fever or plague had broken out amongst the inhabitants of the village.

The authorities of the township took alarm; and under the guidance of Squire Curwen of Workington Hall, all likely measures were taken to arrest or mitigate the fatal malady. Among other arrangements, a band of men was formed whose duties were to wait upon the sick, to visit such houses as were reported or supposed to contain victims of the malady, and to carry the dead to their last home.

Among the first who fell under this visitation was a man named John Pearson, who, with his wife and a daughter, lived in a cottage in the outskirts of the village. He was employed as a labourer in an iron foundry close by. For some weeks his widow and child escaped the contagion; but ere long it was observed that their cottage window was not opened; and a passer-by stopping to look at the house, thought he heard a feeble moan as from a young girl. He at once made known his fears to the proper parties, who sent two of the 'plague-band' to examine the case. On entering the abode it was seen that poor Mrs Pearson was a corpse; and her little girl, about ten years old, was lying on her bosom dreadfully ill, but able to cry: 'Mammy, mammy!' The poor child was removed to the fever hospital, and the mother to where her husband had been recently taken. How long the plague continued to ravage the village, I am not able to say; but as it is about the Pearson family, and not about the plague I am going to write, such information may be dispensed with.

The child, Isabella Pearson, did not die; she conquered the foe, and was left to pass through a more eventful life than that which generally falls to the lot of a poor girl. Although an orphan, she was not without friends; an only and elder sister was with relatives in Dublin, and her father's friends were well-to-do farmers in Westmoreland. Nor was she without powerful interest in the village of her birth: Lady Curwen, of the Hall, paid her marked attention, as she had done her mother, because that mother was of noble descent, as I shall now proceed to shew.

Isabella Pearson (mother of the child we have just spoken of), whose maiden name was Day, was a daughter of the Honourable Elkanah Day and of his wife Lady Letitia, daughter of the Earl of Annesley. How she came to marry John Pearson forms one of the many chapters in human history which come under the head of Romance in Real Life, or Scandal in High Life, in the newspaper literature of the day. Isabella's parents were among those parents who believe they are at liberty to dispose of their daughters in marriage

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just as they think fit, even when the man to whom the girl is to be given is an object of detestation to her. Heedless of their daughter's feelings in the matter, they had bargained with a man of their acquaintance, to whom they resolved that Isabella should give her hand—be her heart never so unwilling. The person in question was a distant relative of their noble house, had a considerable amount of property in Ireland, and was regarded, by the scheming mother especially, as a most desirable match for her daughter. But what if the young lady herself should be of a contrary opinion? In the instance before us the reader will be enabled to see.

Captain Bernard O'Neil, the bridegroom elect, was nearly twice the age of Isabella Day; and although not an ill-looking man, was yet one whom no virtuous or noble-minded girl could look upon with respect, for he was known to be addicted to the vice of gambling, to be able to consume daily an enormous quantity of wine, and to be the slave of all sorts of debauchery. So habituated had O'Neil become to these degrading vices, that no sensible girl could hope to reclaim and reform him. The gratification of his propensities had been spread over so long a time that his entailed estate had become heavily burdened with debt, whilst his creditors, even his dependents, were clamorous for the money which he owed them.

Such being the man to whom the Honourable Elkanah Day and his noble wife had agreed to give their daughter, can it be wondered at that that daughter should not only be indisposed to comply with their wish, but should also be so disgusted and indignant at its expression as to give way to her feelings in words and acts which in themselves are incapable of justification? One day the captain had called at the house by appointment to arrange for the marriage, being anxious to have it consummated, that he might be helped out of a pressing embarrassment through the portion which he knew would be given to his bride. Isabella had been present at the interview. Her father and mother knew full well that she was far from being pleased with the match, but of this they took little heed, believing that once married, their daughter would reconcile herself to her lot, even if she did not derive much felicity from the union. The girl herself knew that no language of hers, whether of anger, sorrow, or entreaty, would avail, especially with her mother, who was one of the most hot-headed and stubborn of women; so from the first her mind was made up rather to circumvent than to oppose them; to cheat them in the game they were playing, if she could not by fair-play win the right to give herself where she could love and be loved.

On the occasion referred to, it had been arranged that the marriage should take place in a fortnight; and when she was urged to make the necessary arrangements, instead of yielding a hearty compliance, as in a different case she would naturally have done, she gave a feeble assent and left the room. No sooner had she put the door between herself and the other parties, than the emotions which she had managed to keep under while in their presence began to rage within her, and with the hope of finding sympathy below-stairs which was denied her in her proper domain, she sought the company of the maids. Wrath is seldom discreet, and grief at times is not overnice in selecting those before whom it vents itself. So without waiting to consider the rank of those whose company she had sought, or taking into consideration the consequences which might ensue on making known to them the circumstances in which she was involved, she gave expression to the feelings which were agitating her at that moment by exclaiming: 'So I am to be married in a fortnight, am I? And to that horrible O'Neil? Never, my honourable father; never, my lady mother! Never, no never! By God's aid, *never!* Rather than do so, I'll marry the first man who can be found willing to take me, and go with him to the ends of the earth!' Saying which, she fled from the kitchen into the garden at the rear of the house, and in the summer-house found relief in a flood of tears. All this occurred in Dublin.

Now the cook was one of those who heard the poor girl utter these passionate words. She was an old and esteemed servant of the family, and as such had more liberty and could use more freedom than servants in general. She had been in the family when Isabella, twenty years before, was born, had been her nurse, and was therefore greatly attached to her; and she felt more keenly the fate which the poor girl dreaded, than any others who were present. Indeed so afflicted was she on her account, that she sought her in the summer-house, and poured into her ear all the soothing and encouraging words she could think of. The girl's rage had abated, but she was in a condition of affliction and misery which was truly pitiable to behold. She was, however, still determined not to link her life to one whom she utterly detested, and besought her old and devoted friend to aid her in seeking in flight what she could not otherwise avoid. Whether the cook promised to do so, or what exact reply she made, I am not able to relate; but that very night an event took place which decided her fate, and gave to her after-life its direction and character. The cook was a native of Westmoreland, had been brought up in the neighbourhood of Farmer Pearson, whose son John was at that time a private in the Royal Guards stationed in Dublin. He and the cook were therefore old acquaintances, and when John had an hour to spare, he often spent it in her company. That very night he happened to pay her a visit. In course of conversation she told him about her grief arising out of the trouble of her young mistress, and added thereto the wild expression to which she had that day given utterance. This was done by the simple-minded woman without the least design either of aiding or injuring the young lady, nor had she at that moment the slenderest suspicion that her act would have any practical effect on the young soldier. But it was otherwise. He knew the girl by sight, and she knew him. Though they had not exchanged a word, nor been for even a moment in each other's company, yet they had on several occasions seen each other when he had been visiting his friend the cook. He was a fine open-hearted generous fellow, in the heyday of youth, fearless and brave. All his sympathies were aroused and drawn to the side of the suffering girl; and believing that he would be doing a truly manly act in rescuing her from what he regarded as worse than a thousand deaths,

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he told the cook that he was prepared to go with her to the ends of the earth, should she be willing to trust herself to his care and fidelity; and he got his friend to promise that she would make his readiness known to her young mistress. Though the promise was made, it is but fair to say that in giving it the cook had not the smallest idea that the poor girl would do aught else than laugh at the proposal as a good joke. But herein she was deceived. Isabella Day caught at the offer of John Pearson the Life Guardsman, with an eagerness and a joy beyond description; she begged of the cook to arrange a meeting; it was done; and the result was an elopement and a clandestine marriage!

The day which ended the residence of Miss Day with her parents, ended her life of luxury and ease. They renounced her for ever. Her name was erased from the family register, and she was as completely severed from those she had left behind as if she had been buried in the family vault. The rage of her mother was fearful for a time; but Isabella was beyond its reach, and happy. Her husband was a fine-looking young fellow, tall, well-made, and handsome in feature and in form. He was also kind and gentle towards her; and whatever discrepancy existed between them before marriage, none was allowed to exist afterwards; for although he could not rise to her standard of refinement and elegance, nor give her the means of gratifying those tastes which her breeding and habits had fostered within her, yet they both had sense enough to know how to adapt themselves to each other; so their life, if not a luxurious one, was one of resignation and contentment. She followed him to those places to which his regiment was occasionally ordered; and when, in a year or two, he was invalided and discharged from the army, she retired with him to his native village of Burton-in-Kendal, and thence to Workington, where he found employment in the foundry at Beerpot. Two children were born to them, both girls; the elder of whom, as I have said, was on a visit to her relatives in Dublin; while the other daughter, Isabella, narrowly escaped death from the plague, at the time of her mother's decease, as I have narrated. I now resume my story at the period when she was left an orphan.

Lady Curwen, as has been intimated, undertook the necessary and, to her, pleasant task of befriending the desolate girl. She had been kind to her mother; indeed she thought it an honour rather than otherwise to be on friendly terms with her. She was a frequent visitor at the Hall, where she was received rather as a friend and equal than as a poor woman; for although she was in straitened circumstances, she was free from that cringing dependence which poverty is calculated to engender in those who are reared therein.

Her paternal relatives in Westmoreland also interested themselves in the orphan; so the bereaved child knew neither want nor scant. In a while she went to her uncle's homestead in Burton, where for a year or two she resided and throve amain. But the sea and its surroundings had more charms for an ardent girl than the more sober associations of an inland life; she would rather scamper among the rocks and sea-weed of her native shore than ramble among the heather of her moorland home; and so, as time passed on, she began to yearn after the earlier associations of her life. And inheriting the recklessness and determination of her parents, she, unmindful of obligation and of self-interest, carried out a long-cherished project: she ran away! While her uncle and his family were at church one Sunday morning, she went to the stable, and taking thence a cart-horse with which she had become familiar, she got astride upon his back, and bidding adieu to the farm and all its belongings, she set off to the place of her birth, which she reached safe and sound, but not without having attracted considerable attention from the onlookers on the way. Taking the horse to the inn, at which her uncle happened to be known, and requesting that it might be cared for until it was called for, she bent her steps to the well-remembered homes of her old neighbours, by whom she was cordially received.

She was at this time a fine blooming girl of twelve or thirteen years of age, tall, stately, handsome, with a natural aristocratic bearing, but remarkably unsophisticated and simple. Her return, and the way in which it had been effected, soon reached the ears of her late mother's friend, Lady Curwen, by whose influence she soon secured a good place as housemaid; in which position I shall leave her while I recount a fragment of the history of her elder sister Letitia.

I have said that her family renounced for ever their runaway relative. But in course of time an elder sister of the offender, who was married to a gentleman named Weeks, and living in London, relented of her animosity by occasionally corresponding with her, and sending her now and again what enabled her to keep a few marks of her former life about her. The children, however, were not visited with the same hostility as was their mother; they were inquired about, and, through a cousin who was known to the girls as Councillor Lennon, an occasional letter of recognition was sent them. This courtesy led to Letitia being sent for to Dublin, where she resided under the care of Lord Annesley for a few years. But what is bred in the bone is certain sooner or later to make itself visible; it was so in the case of Letitia: a disposition for frolic and adventure was in her; she found it difficult to conform to the rules of life which now held her in, and in spite of all restraint and watchfulness, she went into forbidden paths, and became at last a self-made outcast from her high-bred friends. The way was this: falling in with the steward of an American ship lying in one of the docks, and taken with his charms as he with hers, she agreed to a marriage and a flight with him like those of her mother. The chief difficulty which presented itself was how to get to America with her intended husband; but where there is a will there is mostly a way; both existed in this case, and proved successful. She adopted male attire, applied for and obtained a position which had become open on board of her husband's ship, that of assistant steward or cook, in which capacity she served in company with her husband during the voyage to Charleston. There she arrived in safety; her husband left off going to sea; and the last time her sister Isabella heard of her, she was mistress of a large and flourishing inn in the above city.

Some time after Letitia's abscondment, Lord Annesley, yielding to Lady Curwen's entreaty, and

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perhaps to the voice of his own conscience as well, sent for Isabella, promising to give her the education and position of a lady, provided she would in all things conform to his wishes. The offer was a good and kind one, and presented temptation sufficient to induce an enthusiastic girl to yield thereto a ready compliance. The only means which Cumbrians had of reaching Ireland at that time was by the coal-vessels which regularly sailed from Workington to Dublin. In one of these Isabella Pearson set sail with visions of grandeur and greatness before her. But the winds and waves had well-nigh extinguished the lamp of hope which was burning so bright within her, for she had not been long on her voyage before a terrific storm broke upon the deeply-laden brig; it was impossible to make progress; it was hazardous to put back, for Redness Point, where many a noble ship had been wrecked and many a precious life lost, stood threateningly behind them. At last, however, the master of the brig made for the Scotch coast, and happily succeeded in gaining the port of Kirkcudbright. Here our heroine remained with the vessel nearly a week, when the weather permitting, the voyage was again attempted, and without further mishap accomplished.

Isabella Pearson was received into the mansion of her noble relative with becoming friendliness. I have heard her, in her old age, describe his lordship as being a fine-looking venerable man, with a head white through age, an eye beaming with kindness, and a heart brimful of love. He had had the misfortune to lose a leg, and like many of his lowlier brethren, had to be content with a wooden one. With him she spent a few happy months; and at length became as familiar with the ways of those in high rank as she had been with those of her own class. I cannot say how long this new life lasted; but it is certain that as time passed she began to feel her lot irksome, and to long for the less elegant, but to her more pleasurable life she had previously led. The fact is that, as in the case of her sister and her mother, Cupid, small and child-like though he seems, was far more powerful than wealth and fashion, and all other attractions of aristocratic life. While living as a domestic servant in Cumberland, she had fallen in with a young sailor, who had run away with her heart. When she set sail for Dublin she had a hope that nothing would happen to prevent her from yielding to her wishes to become his wife; but she had not been long her relative's guest before she was forced to come to another conclusion; for she saw plainly that her worthy kinsman had set his heart upon fitting her to become something better than a common sailor's wife. A lady had been engaged as her governess and a time fixed for her arrival; but before the time came the inbred spirit of freedom had again asserted itself, and Isabella had bidden adieu for ever to Lord Annesley and all the good things which his kindness had gathered around her! A collier brig took her back to her native village, and soon after she became the wife of John Ruddock, able seaman.

No one can justify, though all may extenuate, the conduct of Isabella Pearson; nor can any one be pronounced harsh and unfeeling who may say: 'The suffering that might fall to her lot in after-life was the result of her folly and recklessness. On the other hand, it may be pleaded that her heart was her own, to give to whom she pleased; and as it had been sought for and gained by the young sailor, her happiness could only be secured by living with him; therefore she did right in preferring his lot to the wishes of her noble uncle. Be this as it may, she grievously erred in quitting him in so heartless a way after the tender care she had received at his hands. And this she afterwards acknowledged. After her marriage, her husband left the sea, and taking his young wife with him to Durham, he there found employment as a sail-maker, in which art he was proficient. A letter, professing repentance, was written to her uncle; but before it was posted the death of Lord Annesley was announced; which event put an end for ever to all hope for help or favour in that quarter. Soon after, a pressgang laid relentless hands upon poor Ruddock, and dragged him on board a ship of war; so once more our heroine was forced to seek her living in domestic servitude. But herein she was not able long to abide, for the birth of a daughter made such life for a while impracticable. Sad as was her lot, it soon became worse; for her poor husband was killed in an engagement off the coast of Spain, and with many other brave hearts found an early grave in the ocean's bed.

Isabella was now left with a young child to fight the world alone. Health and vigour, however, were her portion; and hearing that plenty of work for women was to be had at Cleator near Whitehaven, she repaired thither, and found a settlement and a living. While there, she was one day agreeably surprised by a visit from her kind friend Lady Curwen, who had driven from Workington Hall expressly to tell her that an advertisement applying for the heirs of John Pearson who worked in Beerpot Foundry, had that week appeared in the columns of a London newspaper, and urged her to attend to it. But she was illiterate, was unused to business habits, and being alone and helpless, put off the matter day by day, until at last she gave it up altogether. What might have come out of this, is of course unknown to the writer; but Isabella herself believed—I do not know why—that her aunt, Mrs Weeks, had died, and had bequeathed to her sister's children a considerable sum of money.

Time passed on, and her child grew, developing among other things a love of mischief; for one day, while her mother was at the mill where she wrought, she got to the box in which were kept her mother's cherished family documents and letters, and amused herself by setting them ablaze one by one at a lighted candle got for the purpose! Thus, in one half-hour, every document necessary to prove her mother's pedigree was destroyed, and with it all hope of bettering her position was thrown to the winds; so, when some years afterwards, Lady Curwen sent a messenger to tell her that the advertisement I have named had once more appeared in the public prints, she paid no attention to the information, satisfying herself simply with an expression of thanks to her kind benefactor!

She was, however, content with her lot. Her child was her chief comfort and joy. For her she toiled in the mill by day, and in her humble home at night; and as she grew in stature and in beauty, the mother's heart throbbed its grati-

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tude and her eye beamed with admiration. But on one occasion she had nearly lost her. Playing one fine afternoon on the bank of the stream which drove the wheel belonging to the mill, her feet slipped, and she fell in. A man who happened to be a little in advance, had his eye drawn to an object on the water, which he at first took to be a quantity of loose hair; but another glance revealed to him the head of a little girl beneath the surface of the rapid stream. He ran and was just in time to lay hold of the hair as its possessor was falling over on to the wheel. Another moment, and Jane Ruddock (the drowning girl) would have been no more; in which case he who now pens these fragments of a strange history would not have been in existence—for that little girl became his mother.

I have little more to add. Isabella Pearson, who, as I have shewn, became Isabella Ruddock, wife of a common sailor, once more entered the matrimonial lists; but she neither improved her position nor increased her happiness by so doing. Indeed her life, while her second husband lived, was imbittered by his love of strong drink. But she survived him. She was a widow the second time when she became familiar to my youthful eye. Many a merry hour have I spent in her company. Often I have heard her relate the incidents which make up this story. She was a fine, tall, handsome woman while health remained with her; she had also a large womanly heart, a hot impetuous temper, and a remarkable simplicity and honesty of character. She died in 1849, weighed down with years and infirmities; but she ended her eventful life in much patience and peace.

## A LADY'S ASCENT OF THE BREITHORN.

FANCY the following tableau. Scene—Switzerland; time—August 1875, at a desolate rocky part of the Surenen Pass. A group—Youthful grace and vigour; manly strength and endurance, &c. Foreground—Four heads eagerly bent over a huge bowl of *café* placed on a board, which is extended over four laps. Hands belonging to said heads ladling the mixture into their mouths with large wooden ladles with little curved handles, between convulsions of mirth. Background—The châlet of the Waldnacht Alp, from which the realistic artist should cause hideous odours to ascend in the form of dense vapour. At the door of it, the unwashed and scantily clad figure of a Swiss herdsman, fearful to behold, owner of châlet, and like Caliban himself, chattering an ominous jargon, and grinning at the English feeders. Right of background—Attendant guide, cheerful and pleased that he has at last secured some sustenance for his 'leddies,' who have been walking from eight A.M. to four P.M., and will yet have to go on till three-quarters of an hour after midnight. These tableaux, with minor variations, were frequent in our tour.

After many adventures and many jokes, after being lost in a pass from eight o'clock to ten, when the sun had set, and having to wander about for those two hours on the edge of a precipice guiltless of path, being finally rescued by a heaven-sent and most unexpected peasant with a lamp—after these things and their results, which were blackened complexions, dried skins, and dilapidated costumes, we arrived at Zermatt, where we settled down for a time. The object of the settling down was in one word—ascents.

Nothing much, according to the men, had yet been done, though we in our secret hearts hugged the proud thought that Pilatus had not defeated us, and that the Twelfth-cake-like snows of Titlis had been pressed by our tread; that the Aeggischhorn, though it had witnessed (N.B. at the end of a long day) the heat and perspiration which dimmed our few remaining charms, and had heard our smothered groans, had had in the end to feel our light weight upon its summit, and to bear us as we gazed with awe at its mighty circle of peaks. But what do these avail? In the eye of man they were mere preparation for mightier things.

After some debate, mingled with faint remonstrance on our part, when Monte Rosa was mentioned, the *Breithorn* was decided upon; and the manly spirits, which had become depressed by a few days' lounge, arose. Such is the enigma Man! The day was fixed, an extra guide (one Franz Biener—known as Weisshorn Biener) engaged on the night before we went up to the Riffel. After a few hours' disturbed sleep we were awoke at two; and dragging our weary and daily emaciating bodies from the beds where they had not been too comfortable, we dressed by the flickering light of a candle; and as we dressed, my friend and I cast fearful looks out at the Matterhorn, which fiercely pierced the dark sky, and seemed to say to me in the words of the poet:

> Beware the pine-tree's withered branch;
> Beware the awful avalanche!

As I put the last finishing touches to my collar at the glass, my feminine pulses slightly quickened to the tune of—'This was the peasant's last good-night;' and though no voice far up the height replied 'Excelsior!' yet a voice came from outside which meant in downright English very much the same thing; and my reflections were quenched in the carousal down-stairs, which I hastened to join. An unfortunate and sleepy maid was ministering to the wants of my friends in the dimly lighted salon of the Riffel-haus. Outside, the guides were impatiently stamping about in the frosty night, and complaining of the length of our delay, insinuating that the sun would soon be up. The fact is the preparations of toilet on our part were complicated. The uninitiated may not know that the feminine clothing of the present time, elegant though some may think it, is not conducive to comfort in mountain climbing. A well-tied back *tablier* has a restrictive influence upon the free movement of the lower limbs, and only admits of a step of a certain length. In rock-work it is felt to be peculiarly irksome, and in soft snow it is trying to the temper.

Let the imaginative reader then, if he be able, picture two young women devoid of tabliers, and so at once removed from the pale of polite society. I tremble as I write with the fear that this avowal may remove from me and my companion that feminine sympathy so dear to our hearts. But I must descend a step lower. Freedom from tablier was not sufficiently radical. Our skirts must be carefully pinned up round our waists à la washerwoman, so that our progress be perfectly unimpeded; and armed with masks and spectacles we sallied forth into the darkness—a party of six. I shall not easily forget the delicious exhilaration

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we felt as we hastened along towards the Gorner glacier. The dark cold air touched our faces crisply, and feelingly persuaded us of the advantage of the sun's absence.

The searching sensation of being about to commit a crime, attendant on nocturnal adventures, clung to us, and we were filled with a vague remorse, in which we felt at one with Eugene Aram. At the same time the ridiculousness of our position soon wrought upon us to such a degree that we profaned that wonderful silence with unholy bursts of laughter. Our festivity ceased when we reached the glacier, for there we broke up into line, we ladies being tenderly taken possession of each by a guide, who soon got us over a rough moraine. The glacier we found unpleasantly slippery; and it was exciting work, as at the point where we crossed it was very much crevassed, and steps had often to be cut. The nails on our marvellous boots answered admirably, and we sprang about with great sure-footedness and with exquisite enjoyment.

The leader of our party was in a rather dangerous plight, for he had had no nails put into his boots, and we felt quite anxious as through the dim light we noticed his uncertain movements. How he got across with the ice in so bad a condition, is a marvel! We had been on the glacier about an hour when the light began to creep up over the mountains, and we were in the midst of a scene of wonderful beauty. The Monte Rosa, the Lyekamm, Castor and Pollux, the Breithorn, the Masterhorn, and many another shrouded in their utter whiteness stood round us in awful calm, closing us in upon a lake of tossed and heaving ice. The moonlight which streamed down upon us on one side, and the pale yellow light of the dawn on the other, lit up the scene with a weirdness which seemed not of our world. We saw each other's phantom-like figures gliding about, and felt that we were too real to be there—a place where only ghosts had any right to be. The feeling that pressed upon me was that I had suddenly intruded into nature's holiest of holies. It seemed as if some secret of a higher life than this was being sighed through the air, and that I, with all my earth-stains on me, could not rise to the understanding of that secret. Yet on that early morning in August, in the same world far away, the same London was going on in the same old way we knew so well. Cats were even then stealing along suburban walls; cooks were beginning to practise their crescendos, tired-out citizens were tossing in oppressive four-posters, dreaming tantalising dreams of cool sea-breezes not for them; while round all must be clinging that heavy breathed-out air, which of itself is a very *inferno* in contrast with the mountain ether.

By the time we had reached the upper plateau of the St Théodule glacier, it was light, and we were all roped together. The process of roping in this enlightened age I feel it to be unnecessary to describe. Thus we marched along that profound and frozen solitude tied together in a long line. The snow was as hard as a road, and the cold intense. Biener is an excellent guide, but his pace is very slow, and thus we got rather benumbed. We had, however, passed the Little Matterhorn on our left, and the Théodulhorn on our right, with the little rude *cabans* erected on the rocks at its foot—more than eleven thousand feet above the sea, and the highest habitation in Europe—and were beginning to trail our snake-like length up the snow-slopes on the west and south of the mountain, when my friend became so unmistakably ill that we came at once to a halt and a consultation. She (to her honour) much wished to go on, in spite of sickness, giddiness, faintness, and a livid complexion; but as that was out of the question, she was untied from the rope, and sent back with our ordinary guide (a first-rate fellow, one Johann von Aa) to the hut already mentioned.

When we reached the actual snow-fields of the Breithorn, I had to learn that the work of my day had scarcely begun. As the sun rose, the snow began to get very soft, and instead of going in to my knees, as I had expected, I literally waded in it up to my waist. With mighty efforts I lifted up my already wearied legs and plunged them into ever fresh pits of snow, where they frequently became so firmly imbedded that, struggle as I might, I could not move; and presented to the spectator the hapless object of half a woman masked and spectacled, striving and panting. From an esthetic point of view I cannot say I felt myself a success; but from a moral point, I felt myself a very finger-post through the ages. Truly I had given up my all in the shape of appearance, and had offered myself up on that altar of adventure on which so many braves of my country have been sacrificed. The mode of rescue from the uncomfortable position indicated above was almost as bad as the plight itself. I feebly kicked; you can't kick boldly with your legs in tight pits; and the guide dragged at the rope which bound my waist, and then out I came like the cork out of a bottle. Two hours and a half of this sort of thing went on, varied by refreshments and occasional rests for breath-taking, but still it appeared to me that we were always at the same spot, and ever the glittering summit from afar mocked my helpless gasps. At last (ah! what an at last!) the final slope—really the final one—stretched right up before us. A party of men who were engaged in scientific experiments peered over at us; and with one last desperate effort I found myself landed amongst them at the top of the Breithorn, and thirteen thousand seven hundred feet above the sea. As we placed our feet upon the summit we groaned the groan of triumph, and gazed with awe around us upon the inexpressibly magnificent scene which spread itself out before us. A mighty circle of mountains stood in awful calm around us. Every fantastic line, every curious heaping, every wild wreck, every gleaming curve of glacier possible to mountains, seemed gathered together before us. Each peak had a proud originality of its own, which shewed through all the sameness of the uniform whiteness. But the spirit of these places is the most wonderful thing about them. The clamour, the struggle, the unrest, which make up to most of us the atmosphere of this world, seemed in these regions to have been left behind in a past state; and this in a way was illustrated by the scene itself. The contorted forms and tossed rocks spoke of struggle, gradual it may be, but still struggle. But in the sereneness surrounding those unearthly peaks there was a peace which seemed to have left struggle far behind—the repose of a wide knowledge gained only through some fight and aspiration.

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A short time of peaceful dream was allowed me, and that was rather marred by the intense glare of the light, and then we began the descent. In an evil moment of rest some little way down, I left hold of my alpenstock and leaned it against my shoulder. In a moment it was gone—down, down, sliding skittishly away, till my heart was pained by its final leap into a crevasse far away. As I looked, I imagined what a crash my skull would have come at the bottom of that crevasse. I afterwards found out that the alpenstock was not my own, as I then thought, but that I had inadvertently changed with one of our guides. Imagine my grief at the thought that I had lost the dear companion of my travels, that staff which had guided my wavering feet and upheld my tottering body through passes and up mountains, and which I intended to preserve until my death! My situation without it was rather perilous, and would have been more so had not the snow been very soft. But the guide took me entirely in charge, and lent me his axe, which I was certain I should recklessly lose after the same fashion. After a weary time, Biener the guide decided to *glissade* me. I was resigned. What else could I be? By that time I was very resigned. He took off his coat, and made me sit down upon it, then tied my skirts around me. A rope was attached round my waist, one end of which was grasped by Biener in front, and the other by my gentlemen friends behind. Then ensued a process in which my limbs were nearly severed from the body, and in which I suffered greatly. Biener rushed down the slope dragging me behind him; while the gentlemen, unaccustomed to this sort of thing, and not being able to go fast enough, hung a good part of their weight on to the rope behind, and so almost bisected me. I never expected to be an individual whole again; halves were my fate. Never was creature in so miserable a plight. No Procrustean bed could have produced greater tortures than those I suffered as I sped down that miserable slope. I shouted all the French I could think of to Biener to stop him, and rid me from the hideous rope, which cut me like a knife; but the air would not carry my words, and on I skimmed and floundered. At last he heard my cries, and released me from the fetters. The fact was that the gentlemen were quite unable to keep up with Biener in the deep snow, with the dismal result, as seen above, of almost cutting through my waist. The lesson to be deduced from this is the simple maxim I commend to all my feminine readers: *Never*, under the most favourable circumstances, *glissade*.

When we reached the cabane where my friend was waiting for us, we were met by Johann, who told us with a long face that the 'leddy' would not eat anything, and was very sick. We found, to our sorrow, that she had been in a miserable condition all day, and had suffered dreadfully from mountain sickness. She was so ill that it was impossible she could walk, and we were a long time in deciding what was to be done. Now, a helpless invalid, at a height of over eleven thousand feet above the sea, is not a being easy to legislate for. At last a litter was contrived. A chair was placed on some alpenstocks; and an American gentleman whom we met at the cabane being kind enough to lend us his porter, we found hands enough to carry her part of the way at least, to Zermatt; the Riffel-haus, where we were staying, being out of the question, on account of the Gorner glacier and its moraines and rocks, which would have to be passed to get there. Our party, sad to say, had then to separate, two of us going to Zermatt and two to the Riffel. The melancholy *chaise-à-porteur* procession wended its way to Zermatt; and with considerably damped spirits we went on to the Riffel, which we reached at about half-past six P.M. The ambulance party did not get to their destination till eight o'clock.

All that remains now to be told of this our adventure is the sad result. The next morning, on waking from sleep, I found that my ear adhered to the pillow; and when, with much trembling I approached the glass, a spectacle presented itself to me which I can never forget. As I gazed at the grotesque reflection of myself, I inwardly vowed that no mask of London make, elegantly worked as it might be, should ever cover my face again. A large flapping cover-all mask 'of the country' let me recommend to ladies who go up snow mountains. I was swollen; I was black; I was hideous! Half of the skin of one ear was hanging by a shred, and the ear itself was a blister; while all round my neck from ear to ear was a chain of blisters. Their state was so bad that the dressing of them by one of our party (a doctor) took half an hour, and I could scarcely turn my head. It required a good deal of courage to face *table-d'hôte* and the young ladies who were indulging in complexions and large portmanteaus. But I did! Would that I could say I enjoyed it. I did *not* enjoy it. The complexions of the scornful and the scorn itself, embittered that meal, usually attended with such joys. In my travelling afterwards, I became accustomed to the searching glance at my poor tattered skin and to the remark: 'I see you have been doing glacier-work.' And it was not until a month of English life had to some extent repaired me that I could look back with delight and triumph to the ascent of the Breithorn.

## ECCENTRIC PEOPLE.

Mr Timbs, in his book upon *English Eccentrics and Eccentricities*, introduces us to a collection of funny people, with whom it is good company to pass an hour. To get away from the dull routine of conventionality for a while is at all times a relief, more especially when we fill the interval by watching some of our eccentric fellow-creatures who are good enough to divert us by their antics. Some are serious in their folly; some are mad; some we admire, while others again awake our pity; but one and all they are gifted with a force of will that merits attention.

A collection of dead-and-gone eccentrics now pass before us, recalling a few living ones that we know of, whose collected vagaries, if published, may in turn probably amuse our grandchildren. First, let us look at Beckford, a name not much remembered now, although it belonged to a man who was a marvel in his day. Gifted with extraordinary powers of mind and will, he did everything by turns, and nothing long. He wrote a book that created a sensation. No great marvel that, to people of our day, when the difficulty is to find

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some one who has not written a book; but Beckford wrote as no other author. *Vathek* was written at one sitting! It took him three days and two nights of hard labour, during which time he never undressed. We know of one instance somewhat similar. A reigning lady novelist told us once that she was pledged to her publisher to send him a three-volume novel by a certain date. Two days previous to the expiration of her contract, her novel had only reached the opening chapter of the third volume. On the evening of the first day she went to a ball, danced all night, returning home at the small-hours of morning, when, after taking off her ball-dress, and drinking some strong tea, she sat down to finish her task. All that day she wrote and on into the next night, never leaving her desk until she had written *finis;* when with trembling hands she despatched her manuscript in time to fulfil her engagement.

There are some natures that need the pressure of necessity, or self-imposed necessity, to goad them into action; their resolution once formed, no obstacle is suffered to come between them and its fulfilment. Beckford was one of these. He determined to build a house—the abbey at Fonthill, where he resided for twenty years—and swore by his favourite St Anthony that his Christmas-dinner should be cooked in the abbey kitchen. Christmas approached, and the kitchen was in an unfinished condition. Every exertion that money could command was brought to the task, and Christmas morning saw the kitchen finished and the cooks installed. A splendid repast was prepared, and the dinner actually cooked, when lo! and behold, as the servants were carrying in the dishes through the long passages into the dining-room, a loud noise was heard, and the kitchen fell through with a crash! But what cared Beckford? He was rich; he could afford to build his kitchen over again; meantime he had humoured his whim and kept his vow to St Anthony; and we may add, made good his title to eccentricity, for which we applaud him, and pass on to watch some others.

What sorry figure is this that comes next? A poor neglected imbecile, living in squalid lodgings at Calais. It is scarcely possible to recognise in this unhappy being the once gay and elegant Beau Brummel, the glass of fashion and mould of form to the men and women of his generation, whom he ruled with the despotism of an autocrat. Yet this is the poor Beau and no other. He is holding a phantom reception. Having desired his attendant to arrange his apartment, set out the whist-tables, and light the candles—alas! only tallow—he is ready at eight o'clock to receive the guests, which the servant, previously instructed, now announces. First comes the Duchess of Devonshire. On hearing her name the Beau leaves his chair, and with the courtliest bow, the only reminiscence of his departed glory, he advances to the door and greets the phantom Duchess with all the honour that he would have given the beautiful Georgiana. He takes her hand and leads her to a seat, saying as he does so: 'Ah, my dear Duchess, how rejoiced I am to see you; so very amiable of you to come at this short notice. Pray bury yourself in this arm-chair. Do you know it was the gift to me of the Duchess of York, who was a very kind friend of mine; but poor thing, you know, she is no more!' At this point tears of idiotcy would fall from his eyes, and he would sink into the arm-chair himself, awaiting the arrival of other guests, who, being duly announced, were similarly greeted. With these ghosts of the past he would spend the evening until ten o'clock, when the servant telling each guest that his or her carriage was waiting, would carry his poor old master off to bed. We cannot wish him good-night without the payment of a sigh for the pantomime he has acted and the sad lesson it conveys.

And now we conjure up a droll figure, whose eccentricity borders on madness, the spendthrift squire of Halston, John Mytton. He is tormented with hiccup, and tries the novel cure of setting fire to himself in order to frighten it away. Applying a candle to his garment, being sparely clad at the time, he is soon in flames. His life is only saved by the active exertions of some people who chance to be in the way at the time. He invites some friends once, and when the company are assembled in the drawing-room, he startles them all by riding into the room on a bear! The guests are panic-stricken: one mounts on a table, another on a chair; they all strive to make their escape from the ungracious animal, and its still more savage master, who is enjoying the misery of his guests with the laugh of a madman. Let us too leave him.

Ladies have a great field for the display of eccentricity, in their mode of costume. We know of one lady who has never altered her style of dress since she was eighteen. The consequence is that every ten years or so the fashions come round to her, and for a brief period she is *à la mode*. Never having made any concessions to the abominations of crinoline or false hair, she is at the present time more orthodox than she appeared five years ago. Every time has had its eccentricities in this respect, and Mr Timbs shews us a certain Miss Banks, who died in 1818, and in plain terms looked a 'regular guy.' She was a lady of good position, being the sister of Sir Joseph Banks. Her costume consisted of a Barcelona quilted petticoat, which had a hole on each side, for the convenience of rummaging two immense pockets stuffed with books of all sizes, which did not add to the symmetry of her already large proportions. In this guise she went about, followed by a footman carrying a cane, as tall as his mistress, or her luggage when accompanying her on a journey. She was the originator of the words *Hightum*, *Tightum*, and *Scrub*, which so many ladies are fond of applying in the order of precedence to their wearing apparel. These words Miss Banks invented to distinguish three dresses she had made for herself at the same time, and all alike; the first for best, the second for occasional, and the third for daily wear.

While on feminine eccentricities we must record some that we have met with in our own day. So convinced is one elderly married lady of the peculating propensities of all lodging-house menials, that after each meal a curious scene takes place in her room. Every article, such as her tea-caddy, sugar-basin, jam-pot, &c., which she has had occasion to use during the meal, is placed on the table,

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on which stand a gum-bottle, a brush, and several long strips of paper. She then proceeds to gum up her property. A strip of paper is gummed round the opening to the tea-caddy; the pot of preserve is similarly secured, together with all else that is likely to attract that lawless fly the lodging-house servant! We know of another lady who for years has lived with only the light of gas or candle in her rooms. She imagines that air and daylight are injurious to her sight, and her rooms are little better than well-furnished tombs, into which no chink of light or breath of heaven is suffered to intrude.

Mr Timbs introduces us to a lady equally eccentric in her ideas about water. Lady Lewson of Clerkenwell objected totally to washing either her house or her person. She considered water to be the root of all malady, in the unnecessary way people expose themselves to the chills caught by frequent ablution! And as for health—was she not a living instance that a morning tub is all nonsense, for she was one hundred and sixteen years old when she died! For the greater part of her life she never dipped her face into water, using hog's-lard instead, to soften her skin. Although large and well furnished, her house, like her person, was never washed and but rarely swept.

We remember an amusing instance of French respect for cold water, in the speech of a French gentleman, married to an English lady of our acquaintance who used to indulge in a bath morning and evening; a custom so astounding to her husband that he exclaimed in our hearing: 'She does not use water—she *ab*uses it.'

Eccentricity often displays itself in an inordinate affection for animals and a singular manner of treating them. An instance of this was the late Earl of Bridgewater, who now comes before us with his family of performing dogs. He lived in Paris during the last century, where the circumstances we narrate took place. He was a miserable-looking little man, unable to walk without the support of two lackeys. He had an immense fortune, which he spent in gratifying every caprice. Was a book lent him? It was regarded as the representative of its owner, and returned in the earl's landau, occupying the place of honour and attended by four footmen in costly livery, who handed it to the astonished owner. His carriage was frequently to be seen filled with dogs, his special pets. On the feet of these dogs he bestowed as much attention as though they were unfortunate human beings; he ordered them boots, for which he paid as dearly as for his own. Not caring to entertain his own kind at his table, few people dined with him. Still, covers were daily laid for a dozen, served by suitable attendants. At this table he received, and dined with no less than twelve favourite dogs, who seemed to comprehend the compliment paid them, as they occupied their chairs with decorum, each with its white napkin tied round its neck. They were so trained, that should any, by an instinct of appetite, transgress any rule of good-manners, he was banished from the table, and degraded to an antechamber, where he picked his bone in mortification; his place remaining empty until he had earned his master's pardon.

There are some whose eccentricity takes the form of hatred of society. Of this number was the Honourable Henry Cavendish, a man of great learning and enormous fortune, who earned the title of 'Woman-hating Cavendish,' as he would never see a woman if he could avoid it. If a female servant was unlucky enough to shew herself, she was instantly dismissed. He was compelled to employ a housekeeper, but all their communications were carried on by correspondence. His ideas of dining were restricted to legs of mutton only. On one occasion when his housekeeper suggested that one leg of mutton would not be sufficient for a party invited, he met the difficulty by ordering *two!*

A number of eccentricities are displayed by people in their burial bequests. A certain Dr Fidge, a physician of the old school, converted a favourite boat into a coffin, which he kept under his bed for many years in readiness. When death drew near, he begged his nurse to pull his legs straight and place him as a dead man, as it would *save her trouble afterwards*, saying which he comfortably departed. Job Orton, a publican of the Bell Inn, Kidderminster, had his tombstone with epitaph erected in the parish church. His coffin was also built and ready for him; but until he was ready for it he used it as a wine-bin. Major Peter Laballiere of Box Hill, Dorking, selected a spot for his burial, which he directed should be without church rites, and *head downwards;* in order that, 'as the world was in his opinion topsy-turvy, he might come right end up at last!' But a certain Jack Fuller caps even the major, for he left directions that he was to be buried in a *pyramidal* mausoleum in Brightling churchyard, Sussex; giving as his reason for selecting to be embalmed in stone *above* ground, his unwillingness to be eaten by his relatives—a process he considered inevitable if buried in the ordinary manner, for 'The worms,' he declares, 'would eat me; the ducks would eat the worms; and my relations would eat the ducks.'

Of all eccentricities, those displayed by misers are the most notable and repulsive. To dwell upon them at any length is neither pleasant nor interesting; it is only where parsimony and genius are allied that one pauses to examine the specimen. Let us now take a brief survey of Nollekens the sculptor, in whom these opposites were met. Descended from a miserly stock, he did not fall short of his ancestry in his love of money, and it first became apparent in a filthy mode of living while a student at Rome. He married a woman even more parsimonious than himself, and their housekeeping was pitiful. Hatred of light is an observable trait with most misers; and over their coals and candles the Nollekens were scrupulously economical; the former, Nollekens counted with his own hands. The candles were never lighted at the commencement of the evening; and if a knock were heard at the door, it was not answered until repeated, in case the first should prove a runaway, and the candle be wasted! A flat candlestick served them for ordinary purposes, and by carefully extinguishing them when company went, they made a pair of moulds last a whole year!

Before his marriage, Nollekens had an unfortunate little servant called Bronze, whose appetite he so feared that he placed her on board-wages, and gave her only just enough money to furnish him with food each day, which he took care to con-

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same. Bronze with rare patience, for which we cannot account, continued to serve after her master was married, and declared that never had she seen a jack-towel in their house and never had she washed with soap! Mrs Nollekens never went to any but a second-hand shop for their wearing apparel and shoes, and their charity was of the same second-hand nature, as when Mrs Nollekens directed the maid to give the 'bone with little or no meat on it' to two starving men who applied for relief. If a present of a leveret was sent them, they made it serve two dinners for four people. The sculptor grew more generous before death, his parsimonious partner having gone first, as though he strove by sundry spasmodic gifts to atone for the avarice of a life. If these details are as unsavoury to some as to ourselves, we only justify their narration on the ground stated, that the qualities they set forth were found existing in a genius.

Did time permit we should like to linger over those notable eccentrics, Porson, Horne Tooke, Peter Pindar (Dr Wolcot), and others; but we can only give a characteristic anecdote or two. Porson, the cleverest and most erratic of creatures, was the victim of abstraction to an extent that rendered him forgetful at times to eat. 'Will you not stay and dine,' asked Rogers the poet. 'Thank you; no; I dined *yesterday!*' he replied. Dr Parr asked him before a large assembly what he thought about the introduction of moral and physical evil into the world. 'Why, doctor,' said Porson, 'I think we should have done very well without them.' And it makes us laugh to hear an ignorant person, who was anxious to get into conversation with him, ask, if Captain Cook was killed in his *first* voyage. 'I believe he was,' answers Porson; 'though he did not mind it much, but immediately entered on a second!'

Tooke began life with a joke, telling every one that he was the son of a Turkey merchant; by which name he defined his father's trade of poulterer. His ready wit was never at a loss; and it is to him we are indebted for the following well-known joke. 'Now, young man,' said an uncle to him one day, giving him good advice, 'as you are settled in town I would advise you to take a wife.' 'With all my heart, sir,' replied Tooke: 'whose wife shall I take?'

Peter Pindar boasted that he was the only man that ever outwitted a publisher. Being a popular writer, his works brought him a good income. His publisher wishing to purchase the copyright and print a collected edition, made him an offer in cash. In order, however, to drive a good bargain, Pindar feigned to be in very bad health, declaring he could not live long; and every time the publisher came to see him he acted the invalid to such perfection that he got a handsome *annuity*, which, to the disgust of the publisher, he lived to enjoy until the unconscionable age of eighty-one.

We leave a number of our eccentric friends with regret. There was Curtis, whom we do not care to accompany in his search after the horrible and his passion for convicts and executions. There was Dr Fordyce, whose eccentricity in the matter of food is a study; he lived for years on one meal a day only, but a meal so enormous that we wonder, as we read the quantities, how he ever lived to repeat it daily for twenty years. We can only now recommend those who have been interested so far, to supply our deficiencies by going to the source from whence we have gathered the matter for this brief notice.

## SNAKE-INCUBATION.

The Zoological Gardens of London, always attractive, now and then acquire even additional interest by the arrival of some new inmate, or the occurrence of some rare event among those already established there. Last year the Prince of Wales's Indian collection of animals, the year before the snake-eating snake, drew extra crowds; and of late the anaconda from Brazil has rendered herself popular by bringing forth a family of snakelings; though, owing to the effects of her long journey and close imprisonment, her young ones were dead. A few years ago the largest snake in the Gardens was an African python, that deposited above one hundred eggs in a nest of moss which had been supplied to her; and as some writers about snakes had told us that the python incubates her eggs, and that only this kind exhibits any such maternal instinct, she also drew crowds of the curious.

The pythoness whose proceedings we are about to relate, having deposited her eggs, arranged them in a level mass and then coiled herself around and over them; sometimes they could be just discovered between her coils, and sometimes she covered them entirely. Heat combined with moisture are essential to the development of snakes' eggs; and in the choice of a spot in which to deposit them, the maternal instinct of the animal in a state of freedom is evident. It is generally among decaying vegetation where heat is generated, or in some moist soft herbage where the sun's rays can penetrate. To regulate the temperature in a close cage and keep the moss precisely in a condition to suit snake requirements, was by no means easy, and our pythoness seemed far from satisfied. The fact, however, was established beyond doubt, that she was hatching her eggs by the warmth of her own body.

But a most untoward disaster happened one night in the overflowing of the tank among her eggs, completely saturating them; and it was not surprising therefore, that no young pythons appeared. The enormous reptile remained coiled around and over her addled eggs for above seven weeks, after which they were taken from her. She had, and with good reason, been exceedingly irritable and even savage during this time of trial, as it was mid-winter, the season when under other circumstances she, like her companions, would have been half torpid. But her maternal affection was undeniable, and this alone was worth witnessing; since some authors would have had us believe that snakes (and particularly non-venomous ones) manifest entire indifference regarding their eggs and young. The python's eggs being, as usual, in one long string, the keeper had no little trouble in getting them from under her.

Being aquatic in their habits, and on that account requiring much water, anacondas are difficult to keep in captivity. The one lately arrived among us was no sooner released from its travelling box than it took to the tank with which its cage is furnished, and remained in it.

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for hours and even days together. But not there, poor thing, can its swimming powers be displayed, since in close coils it completely fills it. Notwithstanding these drawbacks of London life, the Gardens can now boast of three of these valuable snakes; one of which has been a resident since 1869; while those in Paris have not survived any length of time.

One still more remarkable characteristic of the anaconda is that, like the sea-snakes (*Hydrophidæ*), but unlike the python, it produces its young alive. We have long been accustomed to think that only vipers produce live young—and hence their name—and that all the non-venomous snakes lay eggs. But snakes, so far as those in captivity are concerned, are continually doing what is not expected of them. Zoological Gardens afford valuable opportunities to students for acquiring knowledge of the form, size, habits, &c. of animals, and an occasional insight into their modes of life unattainable otherwise. This is especially the case regarding the Ophidians; creatures which in their native haunts are so retiring, inaccessible, and mostly nocturnal, that less has been known of them than of almost any other tribe of creatures. Regarding the subject in question, several very important zoological facts have recently been established at the Gardens, and we may add, to the surprise of the naturalist world in England. In 1862 (the same year in which the pythoness laid her hundred eggs), the then but slightly known non-venomous English snake *Coronella lævis* gave birth to a family of six live young ones in a cage in London; and several other harmless snakes in the London ophidarium have also afforded cause for surprise, not only in producing live young, but in manifesting a very decided care for them. Some New-world species have been examples of this; as, for instance, the 'garter-snake,' the 'chicken-snake,' and the 'yellow boa' of Jamaica (*Chilobothrus inornatus*), the latter on several occasions, and sometimes depositing eggs *at the same time*, but the eggs proving bad.

Mr Philip Henry Gosse, when in Jamaica nearly thirty years ago, gave much careful attention to the habits of this 'yellow boa,' a snake which sometimes attains eight or ten feet in length and is extremely active. He records a great deal of highly interesting matter concerning the *chilobothrus;* and, as a careful and conscientious observer, his testimony is of much value. That this snake when at liberty lays eggs, was well known, nests with eggs in them being often found. In one case a 'yellow boa' was seen issuing from a narrow passage in a bank, which when dug into was found to lead to a cavity lined with leaves and soft trash, and containing eggs. This hole had been excavated, because the dry crumbled earth was discharged at the entrance, where it lay in a heap. The passage was only just large enough to admit the snake, and the soft rubbish within must have been carried there. We cannot positively assert that the snake constructed this skilful hiding-place for herself, but if she did, she must have forced out the earth as the burrowing snakes do, or by the muscular undulations of her body; and she must have conveyed the leaves there in her mouth. Snakes do, we know, sometimes make nests by coiling themselves round and round to form a hollow. Under either circumstance maternal instinct is undeniable; and if *chilobothrus* merely discovered and appropriated the nest of some other creature, her intelligence is still worth recording.

We knew an instance where a snake in captivity exhibited restlessness and uneasiness, crawling about the cage as if in search of something. Those who had the care of it suspected she was with eggs, and placed some sand in the cage. This appeared to satisfy her, and the eggs were deposited. Mr Gosse had a Jamaica boa in the same condition. For a long time it manifested discomfort and restlessness, being savage and in every way objectionable, till at length it produced a family of young ones. Knowing it was the habit of this snake to incubate its eggs, Mr Gosse was greatly surprised at the event; and the startling question occurred to him, that when circumstances are unfavourable for the deposition of eggs, could a snake retain them until the young are hatched?

Mr Gosse's surmises have been entirely confirmed both by similar occurrences at the Zoological Gardens and by other writers, who in the subsequent interval have also given careful attention to the habits of Ophidians, and have produced valuable scientific works on the subject. It is now an ascertained fact that not *chilobothrus* only but several other oviparous species may at pleasure be rendered viviparous by retarding the deposition of their eggs when circumstances are unfavourable for them! In fact we find that we must almost discard those old distinctions of *oviparous, viviparous,* and *oviviparous;* which German authors tell us are not founded on any other ground than a greater or less development of the fetus in the egg at the time of laying; or on the nature of the exterior covering of the egg; which is thicker and leathery in those which take some time in hatching, and slighter and membranous in those which are hatched either before or on deposition.

In serpents the eggs differ from those of birds by undergoing a sort of incubation from the very first, so that whenever examined, the embryo more or less advanced will be found. In the case of the pythoness of 1862, an egg was examined on the fifteenth day of incubation, and found to contain a living embryo; a noteworthy fact, as the python incubates for fifty-six days before hatching her eggs. Observations with the eggs of *chilobothrus* are attended by the same results—namely the fetus in a certain stage of development is discovered whenever a gravid snake is killed and examined. The young ones of the boa in the London collection were perfectly developed and active, climbing all over their cage as soon as they saw daylight. One family consisted of thirty-three; another of eight; and another of fourteen. The activity and daring of the snakelings were amazing, affording ample proof of their perfect development. They were always on the defensive, shewing fight on the slightest molestation. When the keeper put his hand into the nest among them they seized upon it and held on so tightly with their teeth, that on raising his hand they hung to it, wriggling and undulating like a waving golden tassel. I ventured to take up one of these aggressive little reptiles, but could scarcely hold it, from its energetic wrigglings and contortions. It constricted my fingers tightly enough to prove its singular instincts, and bit me savagely with its sharp little teeth; but my glove being on,

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I permitted this, glad of so good an opportunity for making personal observations.

It was said of the python that notwithstanding her care and vigilance so long as she was incubating, when her snakelings were born she took no notice of them. This may not always be the case. Vipers we know are extremely watchful over their young; other snakes are often seen accompanied by a young brood; and in the Jamaica boa maternal affection is exhibited in no slight degree. A lady visiting the Gardens compassionated one of these young families on the gravelly floor of their cage, and brought a quantity of cotton wool, which was placed in one corner. She was rewarded by seeing the luxury fully appreciated, mother and little ones all huddling into it immediately.

That these non-venomous snakes thus produce their young under *abnormal* conditions is further confirmed by the varying size and appearance of the offspring, and by their being more or less enveloped in the shell-covering. Some are born quite coiled in the ruptured shell, others with portions of it clinging about them, and others again entirely free. Sometimes they are, as it were, imbedded in the coriaceous covering. This was conspicuously the case with the anaconda's progeny, but her young ones had every appearance of having been a long while dead. The first of the six was freer from the shell than the others, and about a foot and a half in length.

Snake-life is altogether marvellous. The power which some snake mothers possess of retarding the deposition of their eggs, and we have reason to believe, sometimes even the young when circumstances are unpropitious for her to produce them, seems to us specially curious. *Chilobothrus* is known to have had both eggs and a living brood. So has *Coronella lævis*. Of the latter, some German ophiologists state that it is 'always viviparous;' others 'occasionally' so. In her native Hampshire woods she has been seen with a young brood about her; but there seems no satisfactory evidence of any eggs having been found. Time and careful notings only can substantiate this and many other singular facts regarding these 'wise' and 'subtle' creatures, hitherto surrounded by prejudice and but little studied. We, not well versed in Ophidian biographies, might have expected the anaconda to lay eggs because her cousin the pythoness did so; and we might have also speculated upon her incubating them, as the python did. But she has produced a perfectly developed though dead family of six, instead; a circumstance of so much interest to naturalists, that the loss of the young ones is to be regretted though not wondered at. Captured from her native lagoons, and shut out from the light of day in a box just large enough to contain her, this 'good swimmer' arrives alive; thus proving her amazing powers of endurance; but she has had no fitting place in which to deposit her young, and they died unborn. Still it is a noteworthy fact in the annals of zoology. At first, from the result of observation, the incubation of the python was 'suspected;' then it became confirmed; and the birth of young coronellas also. From this it is evident that we cease to declare that only *vipers* produce live young; or, according to the original signification of the word, a boa, a coronella, and several other non-venomous snakes would be 'vipers!'

Again, it is remarkable that these peculiarities of reproduction are not confined to particular families and genera; because some coronellas lay eggs, some incubate them, and others bring forth a live brood. So also, while some of the *Boaidæ* lay eggs, the anaconda is completely viviparous.

We would venture to urge upon those lovers of nature who dwell 'remote from towns' the value of careful observation and a noting down of what appears unusual, even of the habits of the much persecuted snake. C. H.

## PLAYTIME AT OXFORD.

'WHAT is to be done this afternoon?' is a question invariably asked by scores of undergraduates, either at the well-supplied breakfast-table (for whatever men do not learn at Oxford, they at least learn to eat a good breakfast), or by those victims of procrastination who leave everything to the last moment, just as the scout is bringing up the more modest luncheon.

There are certain rules at the university—social rules I mean—which, though unwritten, are not to be broken save under severe penalties, such as being entered among that class of undergraduates yclept 'smugs.' Of these unwritten laws, one of the best and most universal enacts, that a great part of the afternoon shall be spent outside the college, presumably in active and healthy exercise, even if it be but a sharp constitutional. Not that this is a hardship, or that the answers to the question, 'What's to be done?' and the modes of spending these two or three hours, are monotonous or circumscribed. Far from it. Many places may be more full of life and amusement than Oxford in the morning and evening; but few, I am sure, can surpass the bill of amusement which Alma Mater presents to us after lunch.

Every taste can find appropriate satisfaction, save perhaps the taste for picturesque scenery, in which the neighbourhood of Oxford, to use a 'varsity term, 'does not come out strong.' Still, if I may believe report (never believe an undergraduate when he tells you a tale of a fellow he knew), Cambridge is rather worse off. We have Shotover and Bagley Wood to set against their Gog Magog Hills. Be that as it may, simple walking does not find many advocates, except on Sunday, or as a stop-gap on some off-day when rackets and the river begin to pall, as every amusement seems to do by the end of term. I have even heard a member of an eight-oar say after six weeks' daily attendance at the river, that 'he really felt he'd had almost enough of it.' And it *is* rather an objection to rowing, that as soon as your blisters have hardened and you feel indifferent about the cushion on your chair, the act of pulling your own weight and a trifle over begins to have a certain sameness.

To return to walking. Much of that otherwise tame exercise is involved in going to witness sports of various kinds. Almost every day in winter there is either a football match or a racket match, or the trial eights or some college sports to be inspected; or we may look in at the fives-courts or at the gymnasium, and see Tompkins vaulting the high-horse, which he does not do so well as at lunch; or to the dog-fancier's in —— Street, and look over Jenkens's bull-pup. Not that there is

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any ratting going on of course, or such a thing as a badger in the county; but these are lazy ways of getting through the time, and except occasionally, none of our party is reduced to them. No; for Brown votes for rackets: a game active enough, I can vouch. It looks so easy to hit the ball with the great battledore-shaped racket—until you try: perhaps as easy as battledore and shuttlecock, now ousted by lawn-tennis. So just descend into the black-lined arena, and you will discover that the small sphere you aim at finds out all sorts of impossible angles, and dodges you in a way that no fellow can stand; so that rackets is rather dispiriting to a beginner. Having only once got up the ball in the course of an hour, and having sharply struck myself on the side of the head with my own racket, to say nothing of the curious attraction of the ball to my shoulder-blades, I determined that that should be my last as well as first visit to a racket court, charming as the game doubtless is when well played. So Brown will not ask me to make up his four for Holywell. There are also one or two tennis courts in Oxford; but I do not think that the favourite game of the Merry Monarch is very generally played except on grass.

I shall not part from Brown yet, but shall accompany him to Holywell and get a hand in the fives-court. It is a hot game, but not a graceful one, like rackets. It is all very well to poise your racket overhead, sway backwards and send the whizzing ball against the wall. But it is quite another thing to flounder after it with outstretched hands, which seem monstrous in their hot clumsy gloves, and missing it by a hair's-breadth, 'vainly beat the air.' Say what you like against it, there is no better exercise, though I should not think of bringing a certain young lady to witness my performances there, any more than I should of asking her to come to hear me viva-voce'd in the schools.

But I have wandered from the subject to the fair sex. To return to Jones, who is going to scull as far as Sandford in the fairy outrigger in which he is proud to disport himself. With some reason too, for the equal dip of the sculls in an outrigged skiff is hard to attain, and the art of turning those craft in any reasonable space is known only to a few of the initiated. I have always found that when I steered 'by the bank,'

> E'en for a calm unfit,
> I'd steer too near the sands to boast my wit,

as Dryden says; though I am not quite sure that he exactly means that. Others of our luncheon-party are bound by college patriotism to go down to the barges and undergo their day's training for the Torpids. These are of the stalwart sort; but they will not have a very pleasant time of it, nor will Jones in his skiff, for the wind is rather strong, and the water even on the lower river must be pretty rough; so two of our company, not of the stalwart kind, are going to the Freshman's river to engage one of those sailing-vessels called at Oxford a 'centre-board.' The wind is blowing fairly up stream; but they will have some trouble at a certain corner called 'Blackjack;' and I shall not be surprised if their new flannels are somewhat shrunken by to-morrow. Still they can swim; and if they can't, they ought to.

Besides the Rugby votaries of football, the Association and other clubs play in the parks. The practice of the former is the most interesting to watch; and though this pastime is, not without some reason, deemed by many to be silly and even barbarous, it seems to be generally largely patronised by spectators.

We must not neglect the new running ground with its comfortable pavilion, where, if we do not wish to take a trot ourselves, we may read *The Field*, and watch through the window the training of the crack whose performances it records. And talking of running, there is or was a Hare and Hounds Club, which numbered some distinguished runners among its members; and one college at least had lately, and perhaps still has, a pack of beagles. If a man be of very solitary habits and much inclined to hide him from his kind, there is jack-fishing in many parts of the river, engaged in which contemplative recreation he may moralise to his heart's content. There is a Gun-club too; to say nothing of the hunters, hacks, and pony-carts which may be obtained for a consideration. I don't know whether the hunters are screws, for I've never tried one, and for the same reason I don't know whether they are dear or cheap; on the whole, however, I should be inclined to say *not* cheap. Then there is a bicycling club, whose members perform immense distances in wonderful times, and who talk of going to Aylesbury or to Banbury and back, as outsiders do of Cowley and Cuddesden. And if you are one of the country's defenders, are there not drills in St John's Gardens, or parades in the Broad, and evolutions of all kinds in the parks? harder work than the road-making lately fashionable at Hinksey, near which, I believe, are the rifle butts. Playing at labourers has gone out, I believe.

But the summer term is the term for fun. Woful is the man who is in the schools in the bright days of June, when the sun at length gets through the Oxford fogs. The summer term is, technically speaking, two terms, for there are four terms in the 'varsity year, though no 'varsity man ever yet knew the distinctive names of them; and so the summer terms are twice as jolly as the other two, though only equal to one in length. Ah me! I shall soon have cause to sigh for the days that are no more. Then cricket and lawn-tennis, the eight-oar races, the lazy punt and nimbler canoe, cider-cup and skittles at Godstow, bathing at Parsons, archery and croquet, and cousins and sisters, and the occasional flower-show, will recur amongst the standing-orders of the past!

Every afternoon, when it is fine, the cricket-grounds, most of which are at Cowley, present a lively scene. The practising nets are occupied by batsmen, the sound of whose strokes on the much-enduring leather is like the tap, tap, tapping at the hollow beech-tree, or at the garden-gate, according to the taste of the listener. If you go in front of the nets, keep your eyes and ears open, or you may get knocked down by a stray ball—a danger kept constantly in your mind by frequent cries of 'Head!' which cause many to anticipate the bump in store for one. A man does not look to advantage at the moment when he becomes conscious of a descending cricket-ball in close proximity to the back of his head. In the centre of the ground a college match is being played; and in the tiny structure often graced by the title of

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Pavilion much beer is being consumed. At the further end, a couple of games of lawn-tennis are being briskly kept up. Altogether, the college ground is not a bad place in which to spend the afternoon, even though you may not be A1 at cricket.

As to the river, every visitor to Oxford in the summer term has seen that, and its varied and variegated load of eight-oars, four-oars, dingies, whiffs, skiffs, cockle-shells, pairs, punts, and coal-barges. For my own part I prefer the Cherwell and the cushioned punt. It is not a bad plan to get on shore in the Botanical Gardens, and stroll up the High as far as Cooper's, wherein to consume strawberry ices. I do not much affect the archery and croquet, nor yet the flower-shows; very good in their way, I daresay, but you can enjoy them at home, where a racket court, or even a skiff, is not always handy, and where skittles are apt to be voted low, and the secrets of cider-cup hidden from the butler's ken. So make your hay while the sun shines. And almost as fast as the skittles fall before the practised hurler, fly the nine weeks of the summer term, which comes to most men but three times in their lives; and if enjoyed again, must be so generally only at the expense of a disastrous 'plough,' a catastrophe which necessitates extra reading and perhaps a change of residence.

So the curtain falls upon the glories of the final tableau, the Commemoration, a tableau which has sadly wanted its proper amount of blue-fire lately. Even the Long Walk is beginning to fail as an avenue, and there are some gaps in the foliage, I think. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy: but even though he *does* work, and 'reads' when he ought, Jack need not be dull withal at dear old Oxford.

## THE MONTH:

### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

WHILE the President of the Royal Society is travelling in America, studying, in company with Professor Asa Gray, the peculiar vegetation at the foot of the Rocky Mountains—while Dr Tyndall is solacing himself with a quiet holiday in his own house on the Bel Alp—while spectroscopists are rejoicing in the new 'grating' constructed by Professor Rutherford, which multiplies to an extraordinary degree their power of observation—while physicists and naturalists are betaking themselves to inland villages or to remote bays on the sea—while amateurs are looking at the one hundred and seven photographs of the Arctic expedition recently published by the Admiralty—while artists, engravers, and printers are at work on the voyage of the *Challenger*—while readers are acquainting themselves with Mr Darwin's new book, *The Different Forms of Flowers on Plants of the same Species*—while the British Association are reckoning up the profit and loss of their meeting at Plymouth—while the promoters of the Ordnance Survey of Palestine are appealing for funds to finish their work—while geographers and adventurers are soliciting means for the exploration of Africa—while Europe is trying to prevent immigration of the Colorado beetle—while Mr Varley is attempting by telephone to carry music from Her Majesty's Theatre to the 'other side of the water'—while the Treasury are considering whether they will ask parliament to vote three million pounds for the building of the much wanted new public offices—while Mr Berthollet is pointing out 'the possibility of producing temperatures really approaching three thousand degrees'—while Mr Rarchaert is shewing that his locomotive, combining the two essentials of adherence and flexibility, will travel safely round curves of two hundred and fifty metres radius—while Mr Cornet, chief engineer of mines in Belgium, is endeavouring to prove that compressed air can be used in mines; and while the Social Science Council are settling their programme for amendment of law, repression of crime, promotion of education, improvement of health, furtherance of economy and trade, and diffusion of art—while all this is going on, science, art, and philosophy progress in a way that implies force within as well as without.

Where steam is employed, especially on board ship, it not unfrequently happens that a sudden occasion arises for exercise of the utmost power of the engines, and that to this gain extreme power for the short time required is of more importance than economy of coal. The method hitherto adopted to effect this object is to drive more air through the fire, or to throw a jet of steam into the chimney.

Mr Bertin, a French marine engineer, has proved that the best method is to throw jets of slightly compressed air into the base of the chimney by means of a centrifugal ventilator, or at higher pressure by employing a blowing-machine working with a piston. Under the transitory action of these jets of air the combustion in the furnace is doubled, and the ship, like a warrior in extremity, may make efforts impossible in ordinary circumstances. The increase in the consumption of coal is not more than twenty per cent.; and the method having been tried on board one of the national frigates, *La Résolue*, has proved so effectual, that its adoption is only a question of time. Mr Bertin has described his method and the principles on which it is based in a paper to be published in the *Bulletin* of the Société d'Encouragement pour l'Industrie Nationale.

The same Society have just recognised the merits of an English chemist, Mr Walter Weldon, by conferring on him their Lavoisier medal—*grande medaille d'honneur*—for his discoveries and improvements in the art of manufacturing chlorine. Formerly all the manganese used in the process was wasted, and manganese became scarcer and dearer. Waste is an opprobrium in chemical operations. Mr Weldon shewed a way by which the manganese could be reoxydised over and over again indefinitely; and at once an offensive part of the process was got rid of, and the price of chlorine fell thirty per cent. This of course cheapened all the articles, and they are numerous, in the production of which chlorine plays a part; and Mr Weldon's method has been adopted wherever chemicals are manufactured on a great scale. Mr Lamy, who drew up the statement of the grounds on which the medal was awarded, said: 'If we have not the good fortune to designate a Frenchman for your suffrages, at least we have the satisfaction to present an inventor belonging to a friendly nation, the first among all for the development and the potency of its chemical industry.'

If this be true, there is a chance for another ingenious chemist for the Council General of

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Guadeloupe offer a reward of one hundred thousand francs to the inventor of a new method of extracting the juice of the sugar-cane, or of manufacturing sugar.

Hitherto it has been thought that to produce a good black dye the co-operation of a metallic substance or of a chlorate, or both combined, was indispensable. The question arose: Were those ingredients really indispensable? Mr Rosenstiehl first shewed that the metal might be dispensed with, and recently, as may be seen in the *Annales de Chimie et de Physique*, Mr Coquillion has proved that the chlorate is not required, for in the one case as in the other, the use of 'nascent' or active oxygen will effect the desired object. We are informed that the fact observed by the French chemist 'is an elegant demonstration of the action of active oxygen upon aniline salts; that it will perhaps enable us to obtain blacks derived from aniline in a state of greater purity, and to hasten the moment when we shall know their elementary composition; a question which, in view of its great interest, has been proposed for a prize by the Industrial Society of Mulhausen.'

Mr Cornet, whose name has been mentioned above, in a mathematical discussion of the question, says that compressed air would be largely used in mining operations 'were it possible to keep the temperature of the air from rising during compression much above that of the atmosphere, and from falling during expansion to the temperature of freezing water.' And he thinks that he has found 'the means for attaining this end in the use of water-spray, which could be introduced into the cylinder of the compressor, and into that of the machine using the air in the mine.' The practical details are not yet made known; but if they succeed, 'the use of compressed air in mines will soon become general, and the problem of mining at any depth will be solved.'

One part of the method devised by Mr Cornet had been previously thought of; for in 1875 an air-compressor was working in the St Gothard tunnel, of which it was said: 'The heat produced by compression is reduced by the circulation of cold water in the walls of the cylinder, in the interior of the piston and its rod; and an injection of water-spray at the two extremities of the cylinder completes the cooling.' When the compressors were at work they supplied to the tunnel fifteen cubic mètres of air per minute.

When messages were first sent by telegraph, many persons were exceedingly puzzled to understand how they were sent; and now the telephone has come to disturb them with another puzzle. But scientific men have long known that 'galvanic music,' as it is called, was discovered forty years ago, that an electro-magnet on being suddenly magnetised or demagnetised gives out audible sounds, and that many notices of the curious fact were printed in English and foreign journals. Professor Graham Bell, whose experiments have been already mentioned in these pages (*ante* 208, 415), succeeded in making the sounds, which were commonly very faint, audible to a large number of persons. This was accomplished, as he explains, 'by interposing a tense membrane between the electro-magnet and its armature. The armature in this case consisted of a piece of clock-spring glued to the membrane. This form of apparatus,' he continues, 'I have found invaluable in all my experiments. The instrument was connected with a parlour organ, the reeds of which were so arranged as to open and close the circuit during their vibration. When the organ was played, the music was loudly reproduced by the telephonic receiver in a distant room. When chords were played upon the organ, the various notes composing the chords were emitted simultaneously by the armature of the receiver.'

'The simultaneous production of musical notes of different pitch by the electric current,' continues Professor Bell, 'was foreseen by me as early as 1870, and demonstrated during the year 1873. Elisha Gray of Chicago, and Paul La Cour of Copenhagen, lay claim to the same discovery. The fact that sounds of different pitch can be simultaneously produced upon any part of a telegraphic circuit is of great practical importance; for the duration of a musical note can be made to signify the dot or dash of the Morse alphabet; and thus a number of telegraphic messages may be sent simultaneously over the same wire without confusion, by making signals of a definite pitch for each message.'

By instalments of news from the Pacific we hear of the tremendous earthquake that occurred last May; but for precise details we shall have to wait until reports are published in the scientific journals of the United States. Meanwhile, we learn that the great volcano of Kilauea in Hawaii began to be restless on the first of the month; a few days later huge columns of lava were thrown up, vehement jets of steam burst forth from a long range of fissures, and all the startling phenomena of a mighty eruption, including drifts of Pele's hair, were observed. This evidence of disturbance deep down in the earth was corroborated by an earthquake, which about half-past eight on the evening of the 9th terrified and devastated the coast of Peru, and occasioned greater ruin than the similar calamity in 1868. Iquique is said to be completely destroyed, and other towns and cities along two hundred miles of coast suffered more or less severely. As usual, the commotion of the land produced a commotion of the water, and the sea rolling great waves upon the shore, intensified the havoc. The waves varied in height from ten to sixty feet; and we are told that 'four miles of the embankment of the railway were swept away;' and that 'locomotives, cars, and rails were hurled about by the sea like so many playthings.'

Also, as is usual in such catastrophes, the earthquake wave was propagated; and between four and five of the morning of the 10th, it (that is the sea) rushed upon the Hawaiian Islands in waves varying from three to thirty-six feet in height. Thus in eight hours the resistless oscillation had traversed the five thousand miles which separate the islands from the South American continent.

From this brief sketch it is obvious that there is much in this calamitous visitation to interest the physicist and geologist as well as the philanthropist. Information will in all probability be communicated from other places until the remotest points at which the disturbance was felt shall have been ascertained.

As relating to this subject we remark that the hair of Pele—a Hawaiian goddess—above mentioned can be produced artificially in a blast furnace. It has been described in former pages of this *Journal* as 'slag cotton.'

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We learn by a communication from Hawaii to the American Journal of Science and Arts that a grand outburst occurred in February last, but ceased quite suddenly, to the disappointment of visitors who came expecting to see a volcanic display. As the vessel was steaming away, they saw in deep water, a mile off Kealakekua, the place where Captain Cook was killed, a remarkable heaving and bubbling, intermingled with jets of steam, and throwing up of pumice and light scoria. This commotion was still going on five weeks afterwards. It was occasioned by a subterranean lava-stream which, after rending the mountain slopes with deep fissures, found an outlet under the sea.

The Weather Review published by the United States Signal Service contains details of the wave which may be accepted as trustworthy. 'About 8.50 P.M. of May 9, heavy earthquake shocks were felt over the region between Arica and Mexillones (border of Peru and Bolivia). The oceanic wave which immediately followed was of great violence along the adjoining South American coast, and was felt also as far north as California, the rise at Anaheim being twelve feet in a few minutes. At Callao, Peru, the wave was felt at 11 P.M.; at San Francisco was perceptible at 6.18 A.M. May 10, with increase to a maximum of fourteen inches at 8.20. It reached the Sandwich Islands, eastern Hawaii, at Hilo, at 4 A.M.; and the great wave, thirty-six feet high, came in at 4.45. At Honolulu it was first felt at 4.45, and was followed by the great wave at five o'clock.'

In a subsequent communication it is stated that thirty-six hours after the inrush of the great wave at Hilo, the rising and falling still continued, 'the incoming and outflowing wave occupying about an hour, the latter leaving the channels nearly bare.'

Our American cousins are not disposed to accept their plague of locusts as an inevitable calamity, for the Entomological Commission appointed by the government at Washington have published two numbers of a *Bulletin*, with woodcuts, giving information on the natural history of the devouring insects and on the various methods proposed for their destruction. It is shewn that by systematic endeavours before the creatures get their wings they may be destroyed on a great scale, for then it is possible to drive them in enormous 'schools' or flocks as easily as sheep. Millions fall into long straight ditches dug as traps and there perish; millions more are crushed by rollers; hogs and poultry devour them greedily; and a number of ingenious machines stand ready to catch the winged locusts in the air or to capture them as they crawl. One of these machines produces a powerful upward blast which sucks up the crawlers from the ground, and drives them into a receptacle where they are smashed to a pulp. American ingenuity is roused by the swarming inroad, and it will be interesting to watch the struggle. Meanwhile the States adjacent to the Rocky Mountains are anxiously asking which is to conquer, man or locust?

Concerning the Colorado beetle, Mr Riley, State Entomologist for Missouri, reports that the eastward progress of the insect 'was at the average rate of eighty-eight miles a year, and that it has now invaded nearly a million and a half square miles, or more than one-third the area of the United States. It does not thrive where the thermometer reaches one hundred degrees Fahrenheit, and hence it may never extend its range very far south of the territory now occupied; but its northern spread is not limited; and it may push to the northernmost limit of the potato-growing country.'

Special associations for special objects are a characteristic of the present century, so it seems quite natural that there should be a 'Society of Americanists,' whose object is to gather information about America. They meet once in two years; their next meeting is to be held next month at Luxemburg; and we learn from their programme that their inquiries are to apply to the times anterior to the discovery of America by Columbus. Thus the picture-writing of the Mexicans, their civil legislation under the Aztecs as compared with that of the Peruvians under the Incas; the inscriptions in the ancient cities of Central America, the ancient use of copper, the works of the mysterious mound-builders, the comparison of the Eskimo language with the languages of Southern America; traditions of the Deluge especially in Mexico; the discovery of Brazil, and other ethnographical and palæographical subjects. If this scheme be wisely and diligently followed out, there is reason to hope that some light will be thrown into the obscurity of early American history.

A description of the great river Amazons and of the vast region watered by its affluents, by Mr R. Reyes, is published in the *Bulletin* of the Société de Géographie, at Paris. He calls it the American Mediterranean, and shews that by itself and its feeders, the noble stream borders the territories of Bolivia, Peru, Ecuador, Colombia, Venezuela, and Brazil. Ships of the largest class can navigate to a distance of three thousand miles from the sea, and ascend some of the tributaries from two to nine hundred miles, through a country rich and fertile almost beyond description. The forests produce four hundred different kinds of wood, mostly of excellent quality, as may be seen in the Museum at Rio Janeiro; and fruits, drugs, and minerals abound.

A tourist wishful to take a holiday in the tropics may now embark in the West Indies, cross to the mainland, steam up the Magdalena to the city of Purification in the Colombian State Tolima. Thence by a land-journey of three days he reaches the steamers on the affluents of the Amazons, and ends his voyage of four thousand miles on the great Brazilian river.

TO THE READERS OF *CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL*.

Next month will be commenced a Romance, in Three Parts, by 'ALASTER GRÆME,' entitled

FROM DAWN TO SUNSET,

to run through several months of this *Journal*.

In January 1878 will appear the first chapters of a Novel, by JOHN BERWICK HARWOOD, entitled

HELENA, LADY HARROWGATE.

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## TREATMENT OF ANIMALS.

IN our youthful days in the early years of the present century, little consideration was given to a systematic kindness to animals. Horses were overwrought without mercy, when ill-fed and with wounds which should have excited compassion. If they sunk down in their misery, they were left to die, the chances being that, in their last hours, they were inhumanly pelted with stones by boys; —no one, not even magistrates or clergymen, giving any concern to the cruelties that were perpetrated. All that we have seen, without exciting a word of remonstrance. A wretch who habitually turned out his old, overwrought, and half-starved horses to die on the town-green, never incurred any check or reprobation. His proceedings were viewed with perfect indifference. People, while passing along in a demure sort of way to church, would see a crowd of boys pitching stones into the wounds of a dying horse, and not one of these decorous church-goers endeavoured to stop these horrid acts of inhumanity. Like the Pharisees of old, they passed on the other side. Such within recollection is a small sample of the unchecked atrocities of our young days. Cats were pelted to death. Birds' nests were robbed. Dogs had kettles tied to their tail, and were hounded to madness by howling multitudes. Oxen were overdriven to an infuriated condition, and their frantic and revengeful career formed an acceptable subject of public amusement.

Barbarous in a certain sense as these comparatively recent times were, there had already been shewn instances of a kind consideration for animals. The poet Cowper, it will be recollected, wrote touchingly of the hares which he had domesticated. Sir Walter Scott's tender regard for his dogs has been recently noticed in these pages. There was here and there a glimmering consciousness that animals had some sort of claims on the mercy of mankind. What strikes one as curious is that society had retrograded in this respect. The oldest laws in the world, found in the early books of the Old Testament, enjoin a kind treatment of animals. If we see an ass fall which belongs to some one with whom we have a cause of difference, we are to throw aside private feelings, and hasten to help the animal. We are not to take a bird when sitting on its eggs, or on its young; a most humane injunction. In various texts the Hebrews were enjoined to have due regard for the comfort of the ox, the ass, or any other animal which laboured for them. In these venerable records, mercy is enjoined towards all living creatures.

The modern world, with all its pompous claims to civilisation, strangely drifted into an entire neglect of these beneficent obligations. Throughout Christendom, any laws enforcing a kind treatment of animals are few in number, and of very recent date. Even within our remembrance, clergymen were not usually in the habit of inculcating that species of kindness to domesticated creatures which we read of in the Old Testament; nor were children ordinarily taught lessons of humanity within the family circle. The oldest statutory laws concerning animals are those for the protection of game; but these laws proceeded on no principle of kindness. They were intended only to protect certain birds and quadrupeds during the breeding season, with a view to what is called 'sport,' the pleasure of killing them by licensed individuals—the license for indulging in this species of luxury being, as is well known, pretty costly. It is not our wish to hold up 'sport' of a legitimate kind to ridicule. The chief matter of regret is the coarse way in which game is sometimes pursued and killed even by licensed sportsmen: their operations in what is known as a *battue*, when vast numbers of animals are driven into narrow spaces, and shot down and maimed without mercy, being, as we think, no better than wholesale butchery; and not what might be expected from persons of taste and education.

Although in the early years of the present century there were no laws for the specific purpose of preventing cruelty to animals, thoughtful and humane persons were beginning to give attention to the subject. In 1809, Sir Charles

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Bunbury brought into the House of Commons a bill for the 'Prevention of wanton and malicious cruelty to Animals.' Mr Windham, a cabinet minister, little to his credit, opposed the bill, and it failed to pass. The next attempt at legislation on the subject was made by Lord Erskine in the House of Lords in 1810. His measure was opposed by Lord Ellenborough, and had to be withdrawn. There the matter rested until 1821, when Mr Richard Martin, member of parliament for Galway, brought a bill into the House of Commons for the 'Prevention of Cruelty to Horses.' It encountered torrents of ridicule, and after passing a second reading in a thin house, was no further proceeded with. Mr Martin, however, was not discouraged. He felt he was right, and returned to the encounter. In 1822, he introduced a new and more comprehensive bill. Instead of horses, he used the word 'cattle;' this bill passed through all its stages, and became an act of parliament. This act of 1822 was the first ever enacted against cruel and improper treatment of animals. Let there be every honour to the memory of Richard Martin for his noble struggle on behalf of defenceless creatures. In 1825, he brought in a bill for the suppression of bear-baiting and other cruel sports. Not without surprise do we learn that Sir Robert Peel met the bill with determined opposition, and that it was thrown out. To think that so eminent a statesman as Peel should have been a supporter of bear-baiting! No fact could better present an idea of what was still the backward state of feeling among educated persons on the subject of cruelty to animals.

The year 1826 found Mr Martin still at his post. He framed a bill to extend protection to dogs, cats, and other domesticated animals from cruelty. In this it might have been expected he would have been successful. But no. His arguments to move the House of Commons were unavailing. Mr Martin died in 1834. Not until 1835, when more enlarged ideas prevailed, was there an Act to throw a protecting shield over cattle in the market, on the way to the slaughter-house, and in the roads and streets generally; over all such animals as dogs, bulls, bears, or cocks, kept for purposes of baiting or fighting; over all animals kept in pounds or inclosures without a sufficiency of food or drink; and over all worn-out horses, compelled to work when broken down with weakness or disease.

It was reserved for the beneficent reign of the present Queen to see a comprehensive Act of Parliament for the prevention of cruelty to animals. This was the Act of 1849 (which was extended to Scotland in 1850), that now forms the basis for prosecuting cases of cruelty, and may be called the charter which conferred on domesticated animals a right to protection. Lamenting the backwardness of England in establishing such a charter, it is not without pride that one knows that England was after all the first country in modern times to enforce the principle that the lower animals are entitled to be protected by law. That principle, as we have shewn, is not new. It was recognised by the ancient Hebrews, and it is pleasing to feel that at length modern common-sense has legislatively assumed its propriety. Latterly, there have been several additional Acts of Parliament, chiefly as concerns protection to sea-birds and small land-birds; but while well meant, these Acts are very imperfect. The eggs of sea-birds not being protected, the nests of these animals may be rifled with impunity. As regards small birds, a number are left out in the list of protected animals—the skylark for one. These deficiencies are unfortunate. Sea-birds, though generally looked on with indifference, are of great public utility. They benefit agriculturists by eating the worms and grubs in newly ploughed land; they hover over parts of the sea and point out where there are shoals of herrings and other fish; they are useful to the mariner in foggy weather, by their warning cries near the rock-bound coast. How beautiful that arrangement of Nature, in making provision for birds to live on shelving rocks by the sea-shore, there to act like beacons, in warning off the bark of the mariner from a coast that would cause its destruction! Considering that wonderful provision, how scandalous, how short-sighted the practice of rifling the nests of sea-birds! A supplementary Act to protect the eggs of sea-birds cannot, as a matter of public duty, be too soon passed. Already, on some parts of the coast, sea-birds are said to be rapidly disappearing.

As every one knows, dogs are often lost in large towns, and roam about miserably in search of their master or mistress. A sight of them in such circumstances is exceedingly pitiable. In the Metropolis, a humane plan for succouring lost dogs has been established. Some years ago, a benevolent lady, Mrs Tealby, was enabled, by the aid of public subscriptions, to set on foot a temporary Home for Lost and Starving Dogs, which has existed since 1860. It is situated at Battersea Park Road. Any dog, when found and brought to the Home, is taken in and succoured under certain necessary conditions. If a dog, after being housed and succoured, is applied for by the owner (with satisfactory proof of ownership), the animal is given up on payment of the expenses of its keep. If no owner comes forward, every unclaimed dog is sold for the benefit of the institution, or otherwise disposed of according to circumstances. The Home is growing in usefulness. In one year recently more than three thousand three hundred dogs were restored to their former owners or sent to new homes. Many owners who recover their favourites through the agency of this institution, not only refund the expenses incurred, but assist the funds by subscriptions in the name of their recovered pets—as for instance, 'In memory of Pup,' 'For little Fido,' 'In name of darling Charlie,' 'The mite from an old dog;' and so on. This deserving and well managed institution is well worth visiting. Only, the visitor must be prepared to see painful demonstrations from some of the unhappy inmates. On the approach of the visitor, each animal eagerly hastens to see if he be his dear master. And when a sniff and a glance render too evident the fact that you are not the person wished for, something like a tear steals from the poor doggie's eye. The happiness shewn when one of the animals finds his lost master is equally expressive. Looking to the great good done in the cause of humanity by this meritorious Home for Lost and Starving Dogs, it may be hoped that efforts will not be wanting to establish similar institutions elsewhere.

There is another admirable establishment worth

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referring to. It is known as the Brown Institution, from having been founded by the bequest in 1851 of a large sum of money by Mr Thomas Brown. Its design was the advancement of knowledge concerning the diseases of animals, the best mode of treating them for the purpose of cure, and the encouragement of humane conduct towards animals generally. The Institution combines the quality of an infirmary and a dispensary for animals belonging to persons who are not well able to pay for ordinary medical attendance, and therefore does not trench on veterinary establishments. Several thousands of animals are treated annually. The Institution, which is under the direction of the Senate of the University of London, is situated in Wandsworth Road, near Vauxhall Railway Station. As an hospital and dispensary for poor horses, dogs, and other animals, the Brown Institution is unique of its kind. As far as we know, there is nothing like it in the world. What a prodigious step in advance is the Home for Dogs, and the Institution now described, from the condition of things at the beginning of the nineteenth century!

In speaking of the improved treatment of defenceless creatures within recent times, a prominent place is due to the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, located in Jermyn Street, London. Standing at the head of all organisations of the kind in the United Kingdom, this Society may be considered the watchful guardian of the rights of animals, and without whose agency the laws we have enumerated would, as regards England, stand a poor chance of being enforced. The business of this Society is conducted mainly by the employment of persons all over the country to find out cases of cruelty, and to bring the offenders to justice. The Society diffuses hand-bills and placards in places where they may come prominently under the notice of persons likely to infringe the law. It further has issued various publications calculated to stir up the feelings in behalf of animals.

The hand-bills and placards deserve special notice. Sheep salesmen are reminded that convictions have been obtained against persons for ill-treating sheep by cutting and lacerating their ears, as a means of identifying them from sheep belonging to other consigners. Shepherds are warned, by a cited example, to abstain from a specified mode of treating sheep for certain maladies; because pain is inflicted, which a veterinary surgeon knows how to avoid, but which an ignorant though well-meaning shepherd may not. Farmers are reminded that it is a punishable offence to crowd too many sheep together on going to market; instances being cited in which eleven sheep were crammed into a small cart, with their legs tied tightly together. Captains of freight steamers are informed that penalties have been enforced against a captain for so overcrowding his vessel, on a voyage from Holland to the Thames, as to cause the sheep much pain and suffering; carriers and cattle-barge owners are under the same legal obligations.

In regard to cows, one placard cautions persons sending them to market with the udder greatly distended with milk, and from which the poor animals evidently suffer much pain. Cattle rearers are told that penalties have been enforced against one of their body for sawing off the horns of fourteen heifers so close to the head as to cause blood to flow in considerable quantity, and to make the animals stamp and moan; the object of such a mode of cutting being to increase the market value of the horns. Butchers are reminded that it is a punishable offence to bleed calves to death merely for the sake of giving additional whiteness to veal. Consigners and carriers are alike reminded that the Act of 1849 imposes fines or imprisonment as a punishment for conveying animals in such way as to subject them to unnecessary pain or suffering; the neglect to give proper food and water to the animals, whether coming to market, at market, or in removal from market, is announced in another hand-bill to be an infringement of the same statute.

Drovers, by another hand-bill or placard, are cautioned against urging on cattle which by lameness are unfitted to travel along the roads and streets; and against striking animals on the legs so violently as to lame them: both are practices to which drovers are too prone, and both are punishable. Farmers, graziers, and salesmen are alike warned that the season of the year should be taken into account in the transport of shorn sheep. 'It is hardly conceivable that respectable farmers and graziers, merely for the sake of profit, can in the months of December, January, February, March, or April, cruelly strip a dumb animal of that warm woollen coat which the goodness of God has provided more abundantly in winter to protect it from the cold weather; or that any English salesman will lay himself open to a criminal charge of aiding or continuing the offence by exposing shorn animals for sale at such inclement seasons.'

Horses and donkeys find a place in the safeguards which the Society endeavours to provide, by disseminating placards and hand-bills pointing out the penalties for cruelty or neglect. It is an offence against the laws to work a horse in an omnibus, cab, or other vehicle when in an infirm or worn-out state. It is an offence to beat a horse in a stable with a degree of severity amounting to cruelty, merely to make it obedient, or still worse, through an impulse of angry passion. It is an offence to set a horse to drag a cart or wagon loaded with a weight beyond his strength; many coal-merchants and their carmen have been prosecuted and fined for this unfeeling conduct. It is an offence to cruelly beat and over-ride poor donkeys; useful animals which seem fated to be the victims of very hard treatment in the world. It is a significant fact that one placard is addressed to 'excursionists and others:' those who have witnessed the treatment of donkeys by their drivers, at Hampstead Heath, Blackheath, and the humbler grades of sea-side places where holiday people assemble, will know what this means. The Society aid the inspectors of mines, or are aided by them, in bringing to justice truck-drivers and others for working horses and ponies in an unfit state in coal-pits.

It was not likely that dogs would be left out of sight by the Society; the maltreating of such animals is the subject of some of the cautionary placards, especially in localities where rough persons, prone to dog-tormenting, are known to be numerous. Cats are the subjects concerning which other warnings are given, in regard to torturing or cruelly worrying. Fishmongers are reminded that

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it is a punishable offence which many persons commit of 'putting living lobsters and crabs into cold water, and then placing them on a fire until the water is heated to boiling temperature, thereby causing them to endure horrible and prolonged suffering.'

That the feathered tribes should share the protection which the issuing of these placards is intended to subserve, is natural enough; seeing that the Sea-bird, Wild-bird, and Wild-fowl Acts were due in great measure to the Society. One placard states that it is a punishable offence to kill or wound any such birds (including the young in nests) within the prohibited period; and that those who sell such killed birds are also punishable. Another placard administers a similar warning in regard to wild-fowl, enumerating thirty-six species, all of which are to be safe from the gun, the snare, and the net from the 15th of February to the 10th of July, under penalties which are prescribed in the Act of 1876. Bird-fanciers are reminded that one of their fraternity was imprisoned for fourteen days for depriving a chaffinch of its sight as a means of improving its singing. Poultry-dealers are, in another hand-bill, cautioned against plucking live poultry, a cruel practice which, if proved, subjects the offender to three months' imprisonment. Carrying live fowls to market by their legs, with their heads hanging downwards; and exposing fowls to hot sunshine with their legs tied together—have brought the offenders into trouble. In another placard the patrons of pigeon-matches are warned that occasional cruelties practised by them or their servants come within the scope of the law. In one of the Society's publications, the cruelty of bearing-reins for carriage-horses is significantly pointed out.

The Society has been encouraged in its benevolent exertions by a letter from Her Majesty the Queen, addressed in 1874 to the Earl of Harrowby, in his capacity as President. There was an assembly in London of foreign delegates representing similar associations, on the occasion of the holding of the half-century jubilee of the parent Society. Her Majesty requested the President to give expression publicly to her warm interest in the success of the efforts made here and abroad for the purpose of diminishing the cruelties practised on dumb animals. 'The Queen hears and reads with horror of the sufferings which the brute creation often undergo from the thoughtlessness of the ignorant, and she fears also sometimes from the experiments in pursuit of science. For the removal of the former the Queen trusts much to the progress of education; and in regard to the pursuit of science, she hopes that the advantage of those anæsthetic discoveries from which man has derived so much benefit himself, in the alleviation of suffering, may be fully extended to the lower animals. Her Majesty rejoices that the Society awakens the interest of the young by the presentation of prizes for essays connected with the subject, and hears with gratification that her son and daughter-in-law shew their interest and sympathy by presenting those prizes at your meetings.'

Looking to the distinguished patronage of the Society from Her Majesty downwards, its vast array of supporters, and the large number of Societies which it has helped to originate at home and abroad, we naturally rely upon it for promoting a consolidation and expansion of the laws against cruelty to animals. These laws, as has been seen, are composed of shreds and patches, brought into existence with difficulty, and in many respects imperfect. The time appears to have come when the whole should be combined in a statute applicable to all parts of the United Kingdom. That certain actions should be deemed cruelties punishable by law in England and not in Scotland, is anything but creditable, and not a little ludicrous. This is a point to which the attention of legislators should be seriously invited. From the fragmentary and confused condition of the statutes, we have experienced much difficulty in ascertaining what, as a whole, the law really is. This chaotic state of things detracts, we think, not a little from the glory which may be freely claimed by the English for their legislation in behalf of animals. A consolidated Act with all reasonable improvements, would be something to point to with satisfaction, and probably go far to insure a legalised system of kind treatment of animals all over the globe. W. C.

## FROM DAWN TO SUNSET.

### A STORY IN THREE PARTS.

By Alaster Græme.

### INTRODUCTORY.

Every man loves the land where he got life and liberty. The heart of the mountaineer is chained to his rugged mountain-home; he loves the wild and whirling blast, the snow-storm and the brooding clouds. Every true heart beats truly for country and for home. Thus the 'children of the peat-bog' and the fen cling to the illimitable wolds and the 'level shining mere,' beautiful even now.

Beautiful *then*, when long ago, primeval forests clothed the land. When in later times the bells of minster towers sounded far and near, and the deep bay of the Bruneswald hounds awoke the echoes of the wold; when old Crowland's towers gleamed through mist; and the heights of that far-famed isle, the Camp of Refuge, where, amidst blood and battle, and beneath the 'White Christ' uplifted, the gallant Saxon fought the wild Viking; where the Saxon made his last dread stand for England's liberty, while men fell dead, and bones lay bleaching on every island and valley of the fen.

Beautiful *now*, O Fen-land! where still I seem to hear the wild shout of your outlaw hunters, hunting the red-deer and the wolf; where still I seem to hear the war-cry of the men of Danelagh, or imagine the great fires sweeping the boundless plains. Wide are your marshes still, and dark and deep your woods; the keen winds bring the driving snow; dense fog and mist and drenching rains sweep strongly from the sea; dark and capricious are the autumn days, and full of storm; yet overhead stretches a free heaven, boundless and open; underfoot stretch the free plains, wide and open; and over all sweeps the magnificence of the cloud-scenery, unbroken and unopposed; and the splendour of

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the sunrise and the sunset lights the low isles like flame.

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## PART I.—DAWN.

### CHAPTER THE FIRST.

Thus did the suns rise and set in glory across the level lands of Enderby; old Enderby manor, where the Flemings had dwelt for centuries; old Enderby, with its 'clanging rookery,' its grand timber, its turrets and its towers. Under that arched gateway has swept many a gay cavalcade with hawk and hound; has passed slowly many a hearse with sable plumes and horses; has stepped many a brave bridegroom leading his blushing bride, while the far-famed bells of Enderby pealed out loud and clear.

It is nearly two centuries ago, and it is evening; the sun is setting. Sir Vincent Fleming stands under the gateway; he is booted and spurred; his jaded horse stands in the court-yard, and has been ridden fast and far. Sir Vincent puts a whistle to his lips and whistles loud and shrill; he is looking across the wide holt with a smile—his eyes laugh under his thick black brows, and his long white hair is flowing free in the wind. He opens his arms wide, and there come flying towards him two little dark figures neck and neck, shrieking with laughter and with glee. Panting, breathless from their long run, a boy and girl rush through the gateway, and leap boisterously into Sir Vincent's arms.

'My two little pets of Enderby!' he cries, and there is a wail in his voice, half of sorrow and half of joy.

'An' what have you brought us, father?' asks Deborah, leaping and dancing in her gladness. 'I see your flaps are full!—Nay, Charlie; get away; you shall not have father all to yourself!'

But the boy fights hard. 'You are a greedy Deb!' he cried. 'Your thoughts are ever o' sweetmeats an' o' toys.'

'Nay; it is not so,' retorted Deborah shrilly and scarlet as a rose. 'I am glad when things come.—But father, I am gladder to have *you* come.'

'I believe thee, sweet heart!' and Sir Vincent, lifting little Deborah to his shoulder, and taking his boy by the hand, turned towards the house.

In those days many a care pressed hard on Sir Vincent Fleming. His beautiful wife, the mother of his children, lay dead in the little churchyard. For a short time the children had run wild; then for a time Sir Vincent gave them a hard, hard step-mother, and the children went from bad to worse. Little Deborah cut her hair like a boy, and the two ran away from home. But ere long the hard step-mother died, leaving Sir Vincent free and the children like two mad colts. Sir Vincent tried the experiment no more. He could not cope with his two wild ones; they were beyond him; they were given over entirely to old Dame Marjory, and she voted them 'a handful.' Never wilder youngsters trod the earth. The hot blood of the Flemings and the Stuarts, with a dash of cast not so easily pedigree'd, coursed in their veins, and they could not brook a word of opposition or reproof. Dearly did they love their father, and dearly loved they one another—in a wild way more intensely than either knew.

One day they were running in one of their mad games, 'Hare and Hounds,' with all their village crew behind them, when their course led straight through the churchyard of Enderby. Vaulting over the low wall, they rushed bounding over the graves with yell and whoop and laughter. Soon the whole gay thoughtless throng passed away. But an hour after, in the twilight, a boy and girl came gliding back alone hand in hand; half-wistful and half-scared, they opened the churchyard gate, Deborah urging forward Charlie.

'What do you want?' asked the boy half sullenly. 'I'll not come!'

'I do want,' said little Deborah, 'to go to mother's grave! Dost know what we did, Charlie? An' my heart has ached ever since, nor could I hunt the hare for thinkin' of it. We trampled over mother's grave! When we jumped over yon wall, I tell you, Charlie, we ran on mother's grave! Come with me, Charlie, an' kneel down to her to forgive you an' me!' In the highest state of excitement, the little child caught his unwilling hand.

'But she won't hear us,' said the boy; 'mother's gone to heaven, Marjory saith. Thou art a girl!' he cried, as they stood beside the grave. 'These be bones that lie here. It is like your fancies! Mother's gone to heaven, I tell you.'

'That's true,' said Deborah; 'but mother sees her grave, an' she looks down an' has seen us run over it this day, an' laugh! Maybe she thinks we have forgot her; maybe she thinks we have forgot the prayers she taught us.—O mother, it is not so!' With unconscious and most exquisite fervour, the little Deborah fell on her knees, and raised her eyes and clasped hands to heaven: 'We are naughty, but we've not forgot you, sweet mother. Charlie has not forgot you, mother; an' Charlie an' me look up to you as you are lookin' down, an' ask you to forgive us for treadin' on your sweet grave. Mother, dear mother, forgive us!'

The boy stood looking on in dogged silence, knitting his brows; but when he saw Deborah's tears, tears rushed to his own bright eyes. With a cry of passionate sorrow and remorse, he flung himself on his mother's grave and cried as if his heart would break. Charlie Fleming had idolised his mother. He was two years older than Deborah; he remembered the mother better. He never forgot her memory. Proud, reserved, and shy, he hid that memory in his heart, and would let no hand drag it forth. In his mad freaks, when old Dame Marjory, driven to distraction, solemnly upbraided him about his 'poor dear mother' and what *she* would have thought, he mocked, and ran away shouting his derisive laughter. Seldom would a tear dim those bright roving eyes; neither rod, nor threat, nor lecture made Charlie Fleming quail; clenching his teeth and his hands, he stood his ground like a little demon: his stubborn heart would have broken rather than yield a whit.

And what of Deborah Fleming? she who, at eight years old, cut her flowing locks like a boy, and ran away from home. She was not behind her brother in mischief, wit, or daring; wondrously bold was the spirit of the little Fleming. But the caprices of the child shall speak for themselves.

### CHAPTER THE SECOND.

One afternoon Deborah was playing by the lodge-gates with little Margaret Dinnage, the bailiff's child, when a tall gipsy woman strode to

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the gate and looked through. Meg ran away with a scream of terror, but Deborah stood and stared up at the gipsy.

She was a tall woman, dressed in faded red, with a yellow and scarlet shawl tied over her head; long glittering rings in her ears, and black, black eyes. Deborah never all her life forgot that woman looking through the gate; the vision was riveted on her childish memory.

'Come to me, pretty one,' said the woman, tossing her head backward; then imperiously: 'Come!'

'Where?' asked Deborah.

'Over yonder—to the camp. We want a pretty one like thee. I am gettin' old, child, an' I want you to come run arrands an' tell the fortunes o' the qual'ty.'

'*I* am the quality,' said Deborah gravely.

'*You!*' retorted the gipsy, with sudden and savage scorn. 'You are o' the scum o' the airth!' Then in a moment the wild passion passed, she resumed her half-coaxing, half-imperative manner: 'Come, come, pretty love!'

Deborah had been half startled; now she knew not what to make of the gipsy woman. Did the gipsy really like her, and wish to be kind? Deborah had never moved her large wondering eyes from the gipsy's face.

'I will not come,' she said, 'without Charlie.'

'Well, fetch Charlie, quick!' answered the gipsy with intense eagerness, and stooping forward to whisper the words. Deborah drew back; something within her rebelled; the woman was too imperious and too bold.

'Charlie will not come,' she answered; 'he hates gipsies.'

'Then *thou* shalt come alone.' Quick as thought the long arm was thrust through the half-open gate and the iron hand round Deborah's wrist, as if to draw her out, when Deborah cried at the top of her voice: 'Jordan, Jordan, Jordan!' An old man in a red waistcoat and his shirt sleeves came running round the lodge from the wood, and at the same moment the gipsy woman, pushing Deborah violently backward, darted away. Deborah was thrown on the back of her head; she got up at once, and stood looking up at old Jordan in silence, with her hand at the back of her head.

'She hath hurt thee, the jade!' said the old man indignantly. 'What has she been a-sayin' and a-doin' to thee?'

Deborah gazed at her fingers: there was blood on them; she raised her clear gray eyes to Jordan's face.

'Why, she hath cut thy head open, my lassie, and badly too! I know them cussed gipsies! Spiteful demons! See ye never meddle with them agen. This comes on it.' And assuming a scolding tone, the old man took Deborah's hand and hurried her angrily into the lodge. He was frightened, very pitiful and very angry, all in one; now he coaxed, now he threatened.

'Let me bind up thy broken head, my lassie; it is broken badly. But thou 'rt a brave little lady! This comes o' meddlin'; thou 'rt all too inquisitive by half. Leave them gipsies alone; or sure as thou 'rt alive, I 'll tell the master. Now then, thou 'rt a brave little lady. Doth it pain thee, Lady Deb?' He stooped to peer anxiously with his old gray eyes into his little mistress's face.

Deborah was sitting on a high chair in the middle of the table, looking very white and grave. 'I should think it doth,' she said; 'you are a gaby to ask it, Jordan Dinnage. Finish to tie my head; and see that you do not tell father who cast me down,' she added with dignity.

The little Margaret was standing below, gazing upward at the operation in affright, with her round eyes and mouth wide open.

'*Tell thy father!*' retorted old Jordan with supreme disdain as he finished his surgery. 'Why, he would burn the camp and all the varmin in it for this. Fine times there 'd be for Enderby with them revengeful cats. They 'd be burnin' Enderby. Where wouldst thou be then?'

'In the flames, Master Dinnage,' said Deborah coolly.

Old Jordan Dinnage laughed loud and long. 'Thou art a little bold wench!' he said; then turning to his little daughter, added with mock gravity: 'Mistress Dinnage, well mayst thou gape an' stare. Thy young mistress will be the death o' me; for floutin' an' for scorn, I never knew'd her equal.'

The little maiden went quietly home, rather proud of her bandaged head than not; and the sight was so little novel to Dame Marjory's eyes, that well as she loved the child, she scarcely asked a question. That night Deborah tossed in her little bed and could not sleep. The pain in her head she heeded not; her wild and fitful fancy was conjuring up the gipsy camp. A hundred tall figures went trooping by, all with yellow and scarlet shawls tied over their heads; and tall men with black eyes, and little children, little boys with beautiful black eyes and curly hair. Dogs were lying about, and great pots full of meat were slung on poles over fires, and the red watch-fires blazed over all. She fancied all these men, women, and children came and kneeled to her, and said she was their queen. One little boy, more beautiful than the rest, said he was destined for the king, and she would be his wife. Then they hung about her necklets and bracelets, and set a crown upon her head, and the little maiden saw herself queen of the gipsies. Deborah loved power, and knew the power of beauty. She fancied herself dancing before the gipsies, in the light of the fires, in a glitter and blaze of beauty.

On the other side of the room slept Dame Marjory; she was snoring loudly. Deborah, hot and excited, sat up and gazed round; she could not rest. She started up, and sped like a little ghost into the next room, to Charlie's bedside; she seized his arm, and shook it: 'Charlie, Charlie!' The boy gave a cross snort. 'Charlie, art well awake? I have somewhat to tell, love. The gipsy camp is out on the fen, an' to-morrow I am goin' to visit them! You will come too Charlie, for there be dogs an' horses in plenty. An' mayhap you will be made the king. *I* mean to be the queen; for the gipsy woman has been to the gate this afternoon, an' invited me to go an' bring you along.'

Charlie stared in the dim light, well awake then, yet very cross. '*You!* You are always "bringin' me along," forgettin' you are the youngest by two years. You are very wise an' grand. *I* am not so fond o' gipsy folk; they are sneaks and cowards.'

'Nay; they are not! If you are afeard, I'll go

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alone; an' I'll ride on the vans from one end o' the world to the other. So good-e'en.'

'Stay!' cried the boy. 'You say I am afeard. Then you know it is a *lie!* A Fleming never knew fear. So father tells you. Dost say I am afeard?'

But Deborah, feeling the grasp of his hands on her arm, cried: 'Nay, nay; you are not afeard! Belike you are wise, an' that is why. But I will go alone.'

'Nay; that you shall not!' cried the boy, glad to see a way to change. 'Why, they would kill you,' he said, with an air of superior wisdom and scorn. 'If you *will* go, I go too. I will take my big stick, an' (say not a word) a knife under my clothes, for the gipsy folk be sly as foxes, an' in one minute might stick you through. I must be fully armed.'

'An' so must I,' quoth Deborah.

'*You!*' said the boy in loud derision; 'you are a *girl;* though I ne'er knew the like for tomboyin'. Run to bed; an' we will see what to-morrow brings.'

### CHAPTER THE THIRD.

The morrow saw Master Fleming and Mistress Deborah speeding along the fields. Charlie carried a mighty stick, cut from a tough ash-tree, and a knife beneath his skirts; Deborah too, secretly, had a long blade concealed, to her own heart's satisfaction. Drawn to danger like moths to candle-flare, these little hardy Flemings sought an adventure after their own hearts. When they reached the level downs and the long expanse of shining water, the gipsy camp burst full on view. It was a sight familiar to their eyes; the dauntless Charlie knew it well. Many an hour, when Dame Marjory, shut in with her pickles and preserves, thought Master Fleming intent over his books, he was riding a bare-backed pony on the downs amidst a ragged crew. Many a raid on those same camps had Master Fleming dared; and twice, hunted by them, had the bold boy fled for liberty, or life. So that, knowing the gipsy nature, he did not approach the camp with Deborah without misgiving or unprepared for flight.

'Now see; if the gipsies curse or hunt us,' he said to Deborah, as they paused, 'that you do not lay hold on me, but run for your life; you can run like a hare; so can I. They may not be best pleased to see us.'

With a heart that beat somewhat faster at her brother's words, Deborah gave assent, and they advanced hand in hand. But in another moment their approach was seen by one ragged sentinel, and with shrill cries of delight they were surrounded by a weird elfin band. Their eyes were beautiful and black, as in Deborah's vision; but upon close quarters, they were all rags and dirt. They swarmed round their old playmate, staring in dumb amaze at Deborah's fair loveliness. Charlie clutched his stick.

'Now stand back!' he cried, in a loud authoritative voice, 'an' I will give you copper pence.' He struck his stick on the ground, and the ragged boys and girls all started back and stood in a circle round them. Deborah was abashed and overwhelmed with admiration at her brother's potent sway; her eyes were riveted upon him. The youthful captain was aware of this, and with added dignity turned upon his troop: 'First, first,' quoth he, 'you must catch two ponies for Mistress Deborah an' for me, the biggest an' the best, an' we will race you. The first one who wins gets the prize; an' if *I* win or Mistress Deborah wins, we win the prize, an' give it to the first man in: an' that is fair play, seein' our ponies must be the biggest an' the best. But stay. Come on the common, and let them not see us in the camp. After the race is done, we will go an' speak to your grandam, old Dame Shaw, and stay the night mayhap.'

With yells of glee the whole troop rushed hooting over the common, tearing hither and thither after colts as tameless. Deborah's hat was off and her hair flying, the soul of glee was dancing in her eyes. They caught one restive steed; in a moment she was across his back like a boy, and in another minute they were off! Thus the hours fled away, all too fast for them; all the largess of the young captain was thrown away and scrambled for. Deborah's dress flew in tatters round her; she looked the wildest gipsy of them all.

Night came, and vainly through the shades of evening did old Dame Marjory, shading her eyes in the doorway, look for her truants. Sir Vincent was out, and not likely to return. At last she sought Jordan Dinnage, her ancient lover and Enderby's right hand. 'Jordan, hast seen Master Charlie and Lady Deb? A pretty kettle o' fish to fry if they return not to-night, an' the master comes home i' the mornin'. Go seek them, for heaven's sake, man. I am distraught!'

'Why, this comes, Mistress Marjory, o' lettin' the young Master run wild; he's a handful for thee! I know'd how 'twould end, when he's day an' night out gipsyin'. *There's* where they be, Mistress Marjory, with the gipsies; an' thank yer stars if ye ever set eyes on them agen!'

Old Marjory turned as white as her apron. 'Now, don't ye be goin' to frighten me, Jordan. But if ye speak truth, man, run with all the men you can get along, an' hunt them gipsies down, an' find my two poor dears. O their poor mother! O Jordan, Jordan, Jordan Dinnage!' And Marjory, with her apron to her face, cried as if her true heart would break.

This was too much for Jordan; he was arming already. Snatching a short rusty sword from the wall, and with one comforting hand-thud on Dame Marjory's back, and a 'Comfort thee, my lass!' the active old man was off. The hue-and-cry was raised—all Enderby rang with it. But behold the gipsy camp was gone! Smouldering fires blackened the common; no other trace of the fugitives was visible. But old Jordan rode and rode, with all his men behind him; some on horseback, some on foot, they scoured the country far and near. In vain did Dame Marjory and the servants sit up till morning dawn. It was only late on the following day that the bailiff rode up the avenue with another horseman, one carrying a boy before him, the other a girl; the dresses of both men and children were torn and travel-stained, and the head of Jordan Dinnage tied up. At this sight Dame Marjory ran forward and screamed, and all the women screamed.

'Here be thy childer,' said Jordan; 'an' a hard fight we made for it. Keep a tight hand on 'em, Dame Marjory; but no scoldin' *yet.*'

So Charlie and Deborah, looking penitent and demure, but rejoicing madly in their hearts at

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seeing home again, ran in. They were feasted royally in the servants' hall that day!

For many days Sir Vincent did not return, and Jordan Dinnage kept a sharp watch on the gate, to see that the children did not stir beyond. The old vicar called on the little culprits; he looked to daunt them by his words and presence. He was a sad-looking man with a long sallow face; yet some quaint humour lurked in his nature too. Severely he bade Dame Marjory send 'Master and Mistress Fleming' to him. The boy stoutly rebelled; but at last hand in hand, scrubbed and ruffled, they were ushered into the room where the awful vicar sat. Charlie was dressed in a little black velvet doublet and hose, with silk stockings and buckle-shoes, and ribbons at his knees; his long red-brown hair was cut square on his white forehead, and flowed loose on his shoulders; his lips were set firm, his brown brows were knit, and his eyes, large dark and sombre like a stag's, glowered defiantly beneath them. Mistress Deborah was dressed in pale blue silk, pointed to her fairy shape, and trimmed with rose-coloured ribbons; her hair was in hue like her brother's, and cut the same in front, but falling lower behind, and tied at the end with a bow; her lips were apart, and her white teeth gleamed with irrepressible humour; her large bright eyes, gray like a falcon's, gleamed with laughter too; she half hung behind her brother, with her head upon his shoulder, saucy yet shy.

The vicar, in his long black clothes, gazed upon the pretty picture from a high-backed chair, stern, melancholy, resigned. The little Flemings stood before him just as they had entered. 'Children,' quoth the vicar of Enderby, 'it hath afforded me great grief to hear of thy misdeeds; they have been reprehensible in the extreme. Thou hast encouraged vagabondism, and run near becoming vagabonds thyselves; in fine, thou hast outraged propriety and set all social laws at defiance. To thee, Charles, I should have looked, in thy father's absence, to set an example to thine inferiors, to guard the house, and to protect thine infant sister (or little better than an infant, either in years or discretion). Thou hast proved thyself, Charles, incapable of either charge; indeed, if thou art not sent to school, to feel a master's rod, I entertain great fears for thy future, and so I shall inform thy father. To thee, Mistress Deborah, I say little; thou art young and inexperienced, though much given to vanity, it is said, both in dress and person; but though thou art as yet incorrigible, I would have thee reform, and entertain some hopes of thee. Thou art the future mistress of this house; how then, when thou comest to years of discretion, wilt thou fulfil thy duties of mistress and of hostess, if thou dost now run wild amid grooms and gipsies? Mistress Fleming, Mistress Fleming, I have much against thee! What induced thee the second time to run away from such a home as this?'

But Deborah only hung her head and smiled.

Then quoth Charlie sturdily, glowering with his red-brown eyes: 'She loves the gipsies, like to me.'

'Charles, Charles!' said the vicar, 'I will not bandy words with thee. Forsake such evil company, and stick to thy Latin more.'

'I don't love Latin, Master Vicar, an' never shall.'

'Goodsooth, thou wilt and shall. What wouldst thou be? Wouldst idle here all thy days?'

'I 'd be a soldier.'

'A soldier? An ungodly set!'

'Father says the priests are the ungodly ones.'

At this the vicar held his peace in despair.

'I 'd be a gipsy queen,' chimed in Deborah's treble voice. 'Dost not love the gipsies, Master Vicar? When I am a woman grown I 'll run off and travel over the world—I will! Charlie does not love Latin; no more do I love Dame Marjory's lessons.' And forgetting her fear, she nestled up to the vicar's side and gazed up with her laughing dauntless eyes. At that moment the clank of horse's hoofs resounded on the stones of the courtyard.

## A TYROLESE CATASTROPHE.

MANY and varied are the calamities to which those people are exposed who have their abodes among the grim mountain fastnesses of Switzerland and the Tyrol, or indeed who live in any similarly situated region, where Nature still reigns in undisputed majesty, and manifests her power by those swift and awful catastrophes which strike terror to the hearts of all who come within their influence. In winter the snow falls heavily and constantly, and forms a huge overhanging mass, that overtops the often narrow pass below, and is suspended, like the sword of Damocles, by the slightest possible retaining hold; a trifling noise, such as the discharge of a rifle or even the prolonged blast of the Alpine horn, being sometimes sufficient to dislodge the vast snow-wreath, and send it gliding on its silent but deadly course towards the valley beneath. The destruction caused by the overwhelming avalanche is too well known to need description. Scarcely a Swiss hamlet or mountain pass but has its record of some sad calamity caused by the resistless force of those fatal snow-falls. Single travellers, parties varying in number, châlets, and even entire villages, have on different occasions been buried under the snow; no warning having been afforded to the hapless victims till the icy pall of death descended relentlessly upon them, and hid them, sometimes for long months, sometimes for ever, from their fellow-men.

Those who live on the banks of the narrow, swift-running torrents that intersect the valleys, have another danger to encounter. Those little streams, greatly swollen in summer by the melting of the snow on the higher ranges of the mountains, frequently overflow their boundaries and spread destruction and death around. If, as occasionally happens, the stream becomes choked by débris from the overhanging precipices, it is turned aside from its natural channel, and flows in quite another direction; sometimes forming in its progress a lake or a small tarn, which never again subsides, and which may destroy in a moment the long and arduous labour of the husbandman.

A third and even more tremendous catastrophe is that known as a berg-fall or mountain landslip; when an overhanging portion of some steep precipice becomes loosened from its foundations,

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and on some unusual impetus being given to it, topples suddenly over and hurls itself upon the plain beneath it. These berg-falls occur very frequently in the Tyrol, sometimes occasioning comparatively little damage, and even adding an element of picturesqueness to the great natural beauty of the region; while on other occasions they are followed by widespread havoc and destruction.

In 1771 a terrible calamity of this nature befell the little village of Alleghe, situated on the banks of the river Cordevole, not far from the town of Caprile in the Tyrol. The district was a fertile and beautiful one, with several scattered villages surrounded by orchards and corn-fields, and protected from the fierce blasts of winter by the range of high mountains, which were at once its safeguard and its peril. At the base of one of the loftiest of this great range, called Monte Pezza, stood the little village of Alleghe. In the month of January, when the mountains around were all covered with heavy snow, a charcoal-burner was at his work in the woods of Monte Pezza, when his attention was suddenly arrested by a distinctly tremulous movement of the ground, and by the frequent rattling down of stones and débris from the rocky precipices behind him. These were sufficient indications of danger to the practised ear of the mountaineer. He knew too well the portents of those overwhelming catastrophes that are continually to be dreaded; and on listening more attentively, he became convinced that serious peril was impending. Even as he watched, several large boulders became detached from the face of the mountain, and rolled down to a considerable distance; while at intervals the trembling motion of the ground was too evident to be mistaken. It was growing late in the afternoon, and darkness would soon fall on the valley; so hastily quitting his work, he made the best of his way down to the nearest village, and with the excitement naturally caused by anxiety and fear, he told the inhabitants of the alarming indications he had just witnessed, and urged them to make their escape without loss of time from the threatened danger. Strangely enough, they seem to have attached no value to the signs of approaching mischief which the man described to them; and it would appear that they considered the falling débris to be attributable to some accidental snow-slip, caused possibly by the warm rays of the noonday sun.

Whatever they may have thought, they paid no heed to the warning; and the charcoal-burner having done all he could to save them from the threatened calamity, went on as fast as possible to carry his terrible news to three other villages, which were all directly exposed to the like danger. But they also utterly disbelieved in it, and laughed at the fears of the poor man, whose breathless and agitated condition clearly testified to the truth of his conviction that a very great peril was close at hand. One and all, they refused to quit their dwellings; and the charcoal-burner, having vainly endeavoured to awaken them to a sense of their danger, quitted the spot himself, and sought shelter elsewhere. Hours passed, and no further disturbance of any kind taking place, the villagers concluded the whole thing to have been a false alarm, and at night all retired to rest as usual, without apparently a shadow of misgiving. Suddenly, in the midst of the silence and darkness, a fearful crash of falling rocks sounded far and wide through the valley; and when the first rays of the sun lighted up the mountain peaks, a terrible scene of ruin and death was revealed. The four little hamlets had entirely disappeared; two of them, those that lay nearest to the slopes of Monte Pezza, were completely buried under an immense mass of fallen earth and rocks; the other two were submerged beneath the waters of the river Cordevole, which had been driven from its course by the berg-fall, and had spread out into what is now known as the Lake of Alleghe. None of the unhappy victims had a moment's time for escape, even had escape been possible. The rushing down of the mountain was instantaneous, and buried them as they lay sleeping; and the water flowed with impetuous rapidity into the unprotected villages, not one inmate of which survived to relate the experiences of that awful night.

Some months passed; and the first horror of the catastrophe had a little faded, when another berg-fall took place, again followed by lamentable consequences. It occurred in the month of May and in daylight; but a much smaller loss of life was the result, though the destruction of property was even greater than on the previous occasion. Owing to the tremendous force exerted by the falling débris, the waters of the lake, which had never subsided since its formation, instantaneously rose into an enormous wave, and rushed violently up the valley; wrecking houses and farm-buildings, destroying the flourishing orchards and corn-fields, and carrying away a portion of the parish church of a village which had been re-called Alleghe, after the submersion of the first of that name. The organ of this church was forcibly swept to a considerable distance; and a tree borne along on the mighty wave was dashed into an open window of the curé's house, while he was sitting at dinner, the servant who was attending on him being killed on the spot. Many lives were lost during this second great berg-fall, and terrible consternation was created in the minds of the inhabitants of the district, which seemed to have been so specially singled out for misfortune.

Since that time, however, no other serious disaster has befallen them; the huge mountains of the neighbourhood have not again hurled death and ruin on the smiling valley at their feet; and the little lake of Alleghe, the principal memorial of the catastrophe, is only an added beauty to the lovely scenery which surrounds it, and lies there in serene tranquillity, all unconscious of the beating hearts for ever stilled beneath its waters, of the happy homes rendered dark and desolate by its cold cruel wave. More than a hundred years have passed since then; many generations of villagers have lived and died, and the recollection of the great berg-falls of 1771 has faded into a mere tradition of the place; but yet, looking down into the clear depths of the lake, on a day when there is no wind to raise ripples on its surface, the outlines of the submerged villages can be distinctly traced. Roofs and walls of houses can yet be distinguished; it is even said that the belfry of the church is visible, flights of stairs, and many other relics of the past life of the drowned inhabitants.

On the 21st of May in each year, the date of

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the second of those great disasters, a solemn commemorative service is celebrated in the little church of Alleghe, and masses are performed for the souls of those who perished in the two fatal berg-falls of 1771.

## SINGING AND TALKING BY TELEGRAPH.

People are already to a certain extent acquainted through the newspapers with what is called the Telephone, or instrument for transmitting musical sounds to a distance. We wish to say something of this novelty. The conveyance of sound by means of an electric wire, has been practised through the instrumentality of the *bell telegraph*, used occasionally, though much less frequently than apparatus of a different kind. The signaller does not himself ring a bell, but sets in vibration a bell at the further or receiving end of the wire. The electric current, passing through the wire, acts upon a small magnet, and this in its turn acts upon a small bell or its hammer. By a preconcerted arrangement, one single sound is understood to denote a particular letter or word; two denote another letter or word; three quickly repeated, have a separate meaning; three separated by unequal intervals of silence, another —and so on. The receiver must have a quick ear, and much practice is necessary for a due fulfilment of his duties. Although the plan has an advantage in enabling him to understand a message in the dark as well as in the light, it has more than equivalent disadvantages; among which is the fact that it leaves no permanent record.

But talking by electricity conveying the actual sounds of the voice for many miles—what are we to think of this? And a song—the words, the music, and the actual quality of the singer's voice; does not this seem almost beyond the powers of such a mode of transmission? Who first thought of such a thing is not now known. Very likely, as in most great inventions, the same idea occurred to many persons at different times, but was laid aside because the mode of realising it was not sufficiently apparent.

It was about 1860 that Reis invented a contrivance for employing a stretched membrane vibrating to a particular pitch or note; a contact-piece was adjusted near the membrane; and a series of rapid contacts sent a series of clicks along an electric wire to an electro-magnetic receiver at the other end. But the apparatus could only convey one note or musical sound.

Four or five years ago, Mr Edison, a telegraphic engineer at Newark in New Jersey, made an attempt in this direction. It is known that, in one form of automatic chemico-electric telegraph, signals are recorded by sending an electric current through prepared paper saturated with a chemical agent which changes in colour wherever the current touches it; the paper is moved on equably, and a pen or stylus rests upon it, conveying the impulse received from the electric wire. Mr Edison has tried to devise an arrangement for producing sound as well as discoloration, something for the ear to hear as well as something else for the eye to see. We are not aware whether his experiments have been sufficiently successful to produce a practically useful result.

In 1874, M. La Cour sent audible signals from Fredericia to Copenhagen, by means of a tuning-fork, a contact-piece, a telegraphic wire, and a key to set the fork in vibration.

Mr Elisha Gray appears to have made a more definite advance in this direction. He has transmitted the pianoforte sounds of a concert through the wire of an electric telegraph. The performer played at Philadelphia, to an audience at New York, ninety miles distant. The apparatus may be called a telephonic piano; it transmits the sounds of that instrument, but of no other. Public performances of this kind were given in the early months of the present year. On one evening the instrument was played at Chicago, and the music heard at Milwaukie, eighty-seven miles distant. *The Last Rose of Summer*, *Yankee Doodle*, *The Sweet By-and-by*, and *Home, Sweet Home* are named as the tunes thus played. On a second occasion the apparatus triumphed over a distance of no less than two hundred and eighty-four miles, from Chicago to Detroit; not much was attempted in actual music, but the sounds were audible at this great distance. Two instruments are required, a transmitter and a receiver. There is a keyboard of two octaves (available therefore only for simple melodies), a tuning bar, an electro-magnet, and an electric circuit. The play on the keys with the fingers produces vibrations, thuds, molecular movements, in rhythmical succession; these are transmitted by the electric wire to the receiving apparatus at the other end. This receiving apparatus is a large sounding-box, on which is mounted an electro-magnet. The box intensifies the sounds by its sonorousness, through the medium of the slight touches which the magnetised iron gives to the box at every expansion or elongation which the electro-magnetism gives it. Delicate experiments have shewn that there is a minute difference in the length of a bar of iron when magnetised and demagnetised; and Mr Gray appears to have taken advantage of this property in causing his magnetised bar to give a succession of taps to the resonant box. We believe that the apparatus requires wholly new setting for each tune. If so, the system bears the same relation to real pianoforte playing as the barrel organ does to the church organ; it does not lend itself to the spontaneous or extempore effusions of the player.

More comprehensive, so far as the scientific descriptions enable us to judge, is Bell's *telephone*, for the transmission of talk and sing-song as well as of instrumental sounds. If present indications should be really justified by future results, the imagination can scarcely picture the number of practical applications that may ensue. The inventor, Mr Graham Bell, went to America in 1871. He is the son of Mr Alexander Melville Bell, whose system of 'Visible Speech' has attracted a good deal of notice on both sides of the Atlantic. Both father and son have been practically engaged in perfecting a system for teaching the dumb to speak; and Mr Graham Bell set himself the task of accomplishing something which would justify him in saying: 'If I can make a deaf-mute talk, so can I make iron talk.'*

Mr Bell, when at Salem in Massachusetts, began

* The subject of 'Visible Speech' is not unfamiliar to the readers of *Chambers's Journal*. In the number for May 12, 1866, a succinct account of the system is given—a system intended to remedy the utter want of agreement between the appearance and the sound of a letter or a word.

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to turn his attention to this subject, the telegraphy of sound, or *telephony*, in 1872; but three years elapsed before the matter assumed such a form as to enable him to send a little musical message through a two-mile wire. Securing his invention by a patent, he gave his first public exhibition of the system in the autumn of 1876. The talk or speaking of an operator at Cambridge, Massachusetts, was heard at Boston, in the ordinary conversational tones. It does not appear that the actual quality or *timbre* of the voice was distinguishable, but only *a* voice, speaking certain words. Early in the present year, however, further improvements were made in the apparatus which enabled it to shew even this kind of delicacy; that is, it transmitted not merely the words in sound, but also the tones and inflections of different voices. Singing being, in regard to acoustics, only one variety of speaking, it follows almost as a matter of course that if the apparatus can talk it can also sing. Accordingly, a lady sang *The Last Rose of Summer*, and was distinctly heard at the distant station; the sounds 'had about the same effect as if the listeners were at the rear of a concert-hall, say a hundred feet from the singer.' The sounds of laughter and applause were similarly transmitted, with the proper rhythm and key or musical pitch. In instrumental music a violin could be distinguished from a violoncello; a test more delicate than would be supposed by many persons.

In all the earlier experiments of Professor Bell, he employed galvanic batteries to produce the current; but these were afterwards dispensed with, and their place supplied by permanent magnets. With this improved arrangement, sounds were conveyed through a wire to a distance of a hundred and forty-three miles, from Boston to North Conway in New Hampshire. Last February a lecture was delivered, on the subject of Telephony, by Professor Bell at Salem, and was audible, word for word, at Boston. In order to shew that the transmission is equally available in both directions, provided the proper apparatus is at both ends, the lecture from Salem to Boston was followed on the same evening by singing and speech-making from Boston to Salem.

From the patent specifications and from the descriptions in American scientific journals, it would appear that a phonographic reporter of some skill is needed, to translate the audible sounds into words and write them down. We must first comprehend, however, the mode in which the sonorous transmission through the wire is brought about; for this it is which really constitutes the principle of the telephone. Ordinary telegraphic coils of insulated wire are applied to the poles of a powerful compound permanent magnet; and in front of these is a thin vibrating diaphragm or membrane, with a metallic contact-piece cemented to it. A mouth-piece or trumpet mouth, fitted to collect and intensify waves of sound, is placed near the other surface of the diaphragm. It is known that the motion of steel or iron in front of the poles of a magnet creates a disturbance of electricity in coils surrounding those poles; and the duration of this current will coincide with the vibratory motion of the steel or iron. When, therefore, the human voice (or any other suitable sound) impinges through the tube against the diaphragm, the diaphragm itself begins to vibrate, and the contact-piece awakens (so to speak) electrical action in the coils of wire surrounding the poles of the magnet; not a current, but a series of undulations, something like those produced by the voice in the air around us. The undulations in the coil produce a current in the ordinary telegraph wire with which it is placed in connection. A similar apparatus at the other end is hereby set in action, but in reverse order; that is, the wire affects another coil, the coil another diaphragm, and the diaphragm another tube, in which the sounds are reproduced in audible vibrations.

It is said that even a whisper can in this way be reproduced at a distance, the maximum extent of which may possibly be much greater than has yet been achieved. At one of the exhibitions given to illustrate this system, Professor Bell stationed himself in the Lyceum at Salem; Mr T. A. Watson at Boston. An intermittent current, sent through the eighteen miles of telegraphic wire, produced in the telephone a horn-like sound. The Morse alphabet was then transmitted in musical sounds, audible throughout the lecture-hall. Then the sounds of an organ were made to act upon the apparatus, and these in like manner were transmitted; two or three tunes being distinctly heard in succession at Boston. Professor Bell then signalled to Mr Watson to sing a song; this was done, and the words as well as the tune of the song heard. A speech was then made at Boston in the simple words: 'Ladies and gentlemen, it gives me great pleasure to be able to address you this evening, although I am in Boston and you in Salem.' This speech was heard distinctly in the Lyceum at Salem, and was followed by many questions and answers sent to and fro.

If monotones be adopted instead of those variations in pitch which belong to ordinary music, it is believed that several telephonic messages may be sent through the same wire at the same time. It would be agreed on beforehand that all sounds in C (for instance) shall be intended for one station alone; all those in D for another station, and so on; each diaphragm would vibrate in the manner belonging to the sound-waves impinging upon it; but each station would attend only to those in a particular pitch. Such is the theory. Whether it can be practically carried into effect, the future must shew.

Mr Cromwell Varley, during his researches in duplex telegraphy, produced an apparatus which he is now trying to apply to telephonic purposes. A limited amount of success was achieved in July of the present year, through an electric wire connecting two concert-halls in London; but the apparatus requires further development. It comprises among other details a series of tuning-forks, one for each note.

There does not, so far as description goes, appear a probability that telephones would be so applicable as the machines already in use for ordinary telegraphic purposes; for reasons which we need not detail here. The conveyance of sound is the novelty; and whimsical suggestions have been put forth concerning the possible results, such as the following: 'One of the first steps which a young couple, upon their engagement, would naturally take, would be to have the speaking-wires laid down to their respective rooms, and then, at any time, far from the curious eye of the world, they would be

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able to indulge in sweet converse.' Another: 'The extension of the system might not prove so pleasant in other cases. Thus, for example, university authorities might take it into their heads to attach an instrument to every room in the college, in order that the young men might report that they were steadily at work every quarter of an hour.' Another: 'It is hardly going too far to anticipate the time when, from St James's Hall as a centre, Mr Gladstone will be able to speak to the ears of the whole nation collected at a hundred different towns, on Bulgarian atrocities, or some other topic of burning interest. Nor need we despair of seeing Herr Wagner, from his throne at Bayreuth, dispensing the "Music of the Future" in one monster concert to St Petersburg, Vienna, London, New York—in short, to all the musical world at once.'

## 'HELEN'S BABIES' AND 'OTHER PEOPLE'S CHILDREN.'

THE two small volumes which give the title to this article, afford an amusing account of the troubles that befell Mr Burton in ten days, during which he somewhat rashly undertook the supervision of his sister Helen's Babies, the best children in the world (so their mother assures him), and of the vicissitudes through which his young wife subsequently passed, while endeavouring to manage 'Other People's Children.' To many, the incidents will appear too ridiculous; but it is to be kept in mind that the children are American, who for the most part are allowed to do pretty much as they like, and who, amongst other tastes, possess an untiring voracity for 'candy.'

When we first make his acquaintance, Harry Burton, a salesman of white goods in New York, is a bachelor aged twenty-eight, and is in some doubt as to where he shall spend a short holiday, so as to secure a quiet time for reading; when he receives a letter from his married sister, Mrs Lawrence, asking him to go to her house, while she is absent with her husband on a few days' visit to an old school-fellow. She admits that she is not quite disinterested in making the request, as she shall feel easier about her two small boys Budge and Toddie, aged respectively five and three, if there is a man in the house; but promises him undisturbed quiet, and leisure for improving his mind.

Mr Burton accepts with alacrity, having a vivid recollection of a lovely house, exquisite flowers, first-rate horses, and unexceptionable claret and cigars; to which the remembrance of the pure eyes and serene expression of his elder nephew (whom he has only seen on flying visits to his sister) lends an additional charm. It occasions him a slight misgiving when the driver of the fly in which he proceeds from Hillcrest Station to Mrs Lawrence's house, alludes to his young relatives as 'imps;' and it is not without some heart-sinking that he meets them on the road, in torn and disreputable garments, each bearing a dirty knotted towel, which Budge promptly informs his uncle are not towels, but 'lovely dollies.' Mr Burton is self-sacrificing enough to hoist the boys into the carriage; and it is rather hard on him that, just as Toddie raises an awful yell, on being forbidden to try and open a valuable watch, they should meet another carriage containing Miss Mayton, a charming lady, whose presence at Hillcrest, we imagine, may have had something to do with determining Mr Burton's movements. However, the lady is gracious in spite of the dusty and heated appearance of her admirer, caused by his contest with Toddie, and he arrives at his destination in a celestial frame of mind.

He is rather dismayed when left alone with his nephews at the supper-table, feeling that he will get nothing to eat while he is called upon to supply the inexhaustible demands of the two young cormorants; and at the conclusion of the meal he hastily rids himself of them, as he fondly hopes, for the night. Vain hope! As he strolls in the garden smoking a cigar, dreaming of Alice Mayton, enjoying the fragrance of the roses, and above all the perfect stillness of everything around, he is roused from his reverie by hearing Budge's voice overhead, and is met by a demand from a little white-robed figure for 'stories.' Mr Burton is too tender-hearted to resist the wistful expression of Budge's countenance, and he complies; but he fails to compare favourably as a *raconteur* with the absent papa; and Budge assuming the position of narrator himself, gives *his* version of the history of Jonah. We cannot help laughing at his description of the prophet, who 'found it was all dark inside the whale, an' there wasn't any fire there, an' 'twas all wet, an' he couldn't take off his clothes to dry, cos there wasn't no place to hang em.' Songs succeed to stories, and at length Uncle Harry thinks he is free; but he reckons without his host. Budge insists that his uncle shall hear him say his prayers in the exact manner in which 'papa always does;' concluding his devotions by an immediate and pressing request for candy. But Toddie's prayer must be said first, in which a special petition is offered for the welfare of his 'dolly.' Then, the candy being forthcoming, there arises a clamour for pennies, drinks, and finally for the 'dollies;' which tiresome objects being found, Uncle Harry once more beats a retreat, and settles himself for a little serious reading, experiencing, however, one more interruption from Budge, who appears before him and requests his blessing before he finally turns in. Papa says 'God bless *everybody*,' persists the boy, when his uncle endeavours to satisfy him with a simple 'God bless you;' and we fully echo Mr Burton's sentiment: 'Bless your tormenting honest little heart, if men trusted God as you do your papa, how little business there'd be for the preachers to do!' The remainder of the night is tranquil enough, for we pass over such minor incidents as shrieks from Toddie for his dreadful 'dolly,' which has been mislaid among the bed-clothes, and the very early rising of Budge,

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who is up with the lark, doing his best to rouse his uncle (whose room communicates with that of the boys) from his morning sleep. Who could find the heart to be angry with the small sinner who apologises for his misdeeds by saying: 'I was only a lovin' you cos you was good an' brought us candy. Papa lets us love him whenever we want to—every mornin' he does.'

We draw a veil over Mr Burton's feelings when, on the following morning, it becomes manifest that Toddie (whom his mother believes to have an artistic and poetic soul) has been seized with a passion for investigation, and has dived deep into the mysteries of all his uncle's most precious belongings, the result being—chaos. That after this Mr Burton should insist upon locking the door of communication, can scarcely be a matter of surprise; and accordingly an expedition is made into the neighbouring town to obtain a new key—Toddie having dropped the one belonging to the door down the well—during which the conduct of the two boys is simply angelic. The more spiritual part of their nature comes to the surface; their childish imaginations are impressed by the lovely panorama of the distant city which lies outspread before them glistening in the sunshine; and as the pure young voices speak familiarly of the other world and of the dead baby-brother Phillie who is up there with God, we feel how near those white souls are to heaven. The uncle finds their conversation so improving that the drive is prolonged to the 'Falls,' where, suddenly becoming all boy again, they nearly madden their unhappy guardian, who has turned away for a moment to light a cigar, by hanging as far as possible over the cliff, trying hard to overbalance themselves. As he drags them away, his heart is in his mouth. Budge screams: 'Oh, Uncle Harry, I hunged over more than Toddie did.' 'Well, I—I—I—I—I—I hunged over a good deal *anyhow*,' says Toddie in indignant self-defence. To chronicle all the sufferings inflicted by the two dreadful yet irresistible young 'imps' on their unfortunate uncle, would be impossible. Our deepest sympathies are aroused when he despatches to Miss Mayton a box containing a lovely bouquet, and he finds it is delivered to her containing only Toddie's remarkable 'dolly,' which he has contrived to substitute for the flowers. We groan in concert with Mr Burton when his nephews dance frantic war-dances on his chest, a proceeding which with cruel sarcasm they call a 'froolic;' and our pity follows him through the day, as he is alternately ordered by those imperious young gentlemen to produce candy and pennies, to tell them Scripture stories (the imaginative Toddie evincing a decided leaning towards the ghastly), to sing songs, to cut whistles, and to gather 'jacks,' a plant which grows where there is plenty of mud, and whence they all emerge with their Sunday splendour considerably dimmed, in which condition of course they meet Miss Mayton.

In spite of their incessant mischief, their overpowering activity of mind and body—which must have induced the feeling in Mr Burton of being permanently located on a barrel of gunpowder lighted match in hand—it is impossible not to love the honest little souls, whose worst sins often proceed from the very best intentions; and accordingly we do love Budge dearly, when, on the following day, he surpasses all his previous achievements and covers himself with glory. Uncle Harry announces his intention of taking the boys to see Miss Mayton, and adjourns to the garden to arrange another bouquet, which Toddie is to present as a propitiatory offering. The children take great interest in the proceedings, and learning that Miss Mayton is the destined recipient of the nosegay, Budge asserts that she is 'just like a cake;' and announcing that he 'just loves her,' puts to his uncle the embarrassing query: 'Don't *you?*' 'Well, I respect her very highly, Budge,' replies that individual; and in answer to his interrogator, explains the meaning of the word respect as applied to Miss Mayton in such fashion, that that dreadfully acute infant comes to the conclusion that ''spect and love means just the same thing.' Mr Burton at this point judges it prudent to break off the conversation, and the trio start on their expedition. The bouquet is delivered without *contre-temps;* Miss Mayton is graciousness itself; and the visit proceeds so satisfactorily that they agree to remain to dinner. Uncle Harry has his misgivings; but beyond the upsetting of the contents of a plate into Miss Mayton's lap, his nephews' conduct is so very blameless, that it is with no feeling but that of lover-like ecstasy, that he finds himself seated in the deepening twilight by the side of the woman he adores, his eyes making confession of his weakness. Suddenly a voice from between them murmurs in sweet tones: 'Uncle Harry 'spects you, Miss Mayton.'

'Suspects me! Of what, pray?' asks the lady.

'Budge!' exclaims the horrified uncle—and we can well believe his statement that his voice rose nearly to a scream—'Budge, I must beg of you to respect the sanctity of confidential communications.' But Miss Mayton's curiosity is aroused; and Budge is not to be silenced, even when his uncle explains to her that 'respect' is what the boy is trying to say, owing to his endeavour to explain to him the nature of the respect in which gentlemen hold ladies. 'Yes,' says Budge; 'only Uncle Harry don't say it right. What he calls 'espect, *I* calls love.'

After this, what can happen but that the confession should pass from the eyes to the lips? And Budge is forgotten and left out in the cold, until, waxing impatient, he gives his version of how he would behave under the like circumstances: 'I—I—when *I* loves any one, I kisses them.'

We feel that from this moment the lives of those blessed boys will be made all sunshine by their grateful uncle, and so doubtless they would have been but for one persistently wet day, during which we are sure no mortal power could have sustained Mr Burton, had it not been for the recollection of Budge's recent good deeds. How he lives through the rainy day—how Toddie twice places his own life in imminent peril—how Mr Burton provides employment for his restless nephews—how the artistic Toddie evinces a decided talent for wall-decoration—how he scalds his arm, and devours the curative poultice—and how on the following morning poor little Budge lets us peep into his childish heart and see the yearning for the mother who is away (being comforted by his uncle in a manner which induces us to offer to Miss Mayton our warmest congratulations), we advise our readers to discover for themselves. That Budge

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should be the first to inform Mrs Mayton of her daughter's engagement, we, knowing that young man, find only natural; and we are glad to be able to state that it is done with the same tact which distinguished his efforts to bring the young couple together. Toddie once more endeavours to put a period to his existence by swallowing a bottle of paregoric, but is fortunately cured in time to meet his father and mother at the station on their return, by a process which causes him more to resemble the whale than his favourite Jonah.

For a time Mr Burton has been too busily occupied to chronicle any more of the doings of the amusing 'babies.' He has married, bought a house, and settled in the neighbourhood of Tom and Helen Lawrence. We feel sure that Mrs Burton will prove no less admirable than Miss Mayton; indeed, recently breaking silence, her adoring husband has assured us that so it is; but as there are spots on the sun, so do we find that Mrs Burton has one slight weakness—namely, a conviction that she thoroughly understands how to manage 'Other People's Children.' Entirely disapproving of the manner in which her husband had allowed those two ridiculous children to tyrannise over him, and turning a deaf ear to his energetic assertion that all his time was occupied in saving their own lives and their parents' property from destruction, that admirable woman announces her views on the subject of their training. 'You should have explained to them,' she says, 'the necessity for peace, order, cleanliness, and self-restraint. Do you imagine that had you done so, their pure little hearts would not have received it all and acted upon it?' Mr Burton seems doubtful; but his scepticism only makes her rejoice still more in the prospect of speedily having Budge and Toddie under her own hands, during their mother's unavoidable seclusion in her own room on business of the utmost importance. Budge and Toddie presently arrive with the exciting news that there is a new little sister-baby at home, and that they have come to stay a few days. Mrs Burton is determined that her system of education shall begin at once, being anxious to prove its efficacy to her lord and master; but the boys have immediately disappeared, probably in pursuit of the dog Jerry (who has judged it prudent to retire into private life on their advent), and are discovered pickling tomatos for their aunt by means of 'Mexican Mustang Liniment' and 'Superior Carriage Varnish.' We imagine Budge may have had some reason for his remark: 'I don't think you act *very* nice about presents and surprises.' Toddie spends the morning in a praiseworthy effort to hatch some chickens; but although he sits down 'ever so soffaly' because he 'hasn't got fessers,' the result is such as to necessitate a visit to the bath-room.

Undismayed by these beginnings, Mrs Burton, on preparing to go out in the afternoon, leaves the boys as it were in charge of the house, appeals in touching words to their sense of the beautiful not to disarrange anything, telling them that people should always try to make the world prettier, and departs with a quiet mind. Whether she thinks her method is attended with unequivocal success when she finds, on her return, that they have acted on her hint, and endeavoured to 'make the world prettier' by manufacturing—of stones, road-dust, and a noxious smelling weed—a fernery in her best drawing-room (it narrowly escaped being watered), we will not too curiously inquire.

Our author's account of her numerous encounters with Toddie—theological and other—from which she invariably issues worsted, and with increased respect for the force of character which Mr Burton had long since recognised in that young gentleman, is most laughable. She tells the boys interesting anecdotes and stories full of moral purpose, containing hints for their guidance, which the young logicians never fail to act upon in a way which leaves her powerless to reprove (if she does not wish to have her own lessons quoted against her), and with a dismayed sense of failure. She eulogises generosity, and forthwith the boys steal some hot-house grapes from a neighbour with which to present her on her birthday. She gives them lessons on the duty of making others happy, and they try to please her by lighting a bonfire in the cellar; a proceeding which disperses her birthday party. She sends them out of the room with a lecture on being quiet when Uncle Harry has the toothache. 'Even the sound of a person talking is annoying to him,' she says. 'Then you's a baddy woman to stay in here an' keep a-talking all the whole time,' says the irrepressible Toddie, 'when it makes poor old Uncle Harry supper so. G'way.'

She gives them instruction on the duty of working for others, the moral of which is pointed by two small itinerant Italian musicians, who, she informs the children, with beautiful enthusiasm, are doubtless toiling for sick parents who are far away; the result of which lesson on the dignity of labour is, that the two young monkeys perambulate the streets with Uncle Harry's precious violin and a whistle; and earn nearly a dollar with which to buy him a horse and carriage, which they have been told he cannot afford to purchase. It is with a sorrowful heart that Budge complains in his evening devotions that he has 'been scolded again for tryin' to do somethin' real nice for other people;' and that Toddie expresses his opinion that 'Aunt Alish ought to be ashamed of herself;' adding a hope that she may be made so. Poor Aunt Alice is gradually beginning to understand, having arrived at the knowledge by a thorny path, how very little she really knows about the management of other people's children. She tries to find out from Budge why their uncle succeeds better with them than she does, and learns a lesson on the art of making other people happy in their way and not in ours, which she takes to heart, if we may judge by the buns and candy which are manufactured by two small cooks in the Burton establishment, not without many perils to life and property. Perhaps the creature most to be pitied during the visit is the dog Jerry, who suffers many things at the hands of the boys. At all events he seems to be the only rejoicing member of the family at their approaching departure. Aunt Alice begs for another day, in which they distinguish themselves by ascending a precipice to get her a fern as a parting gift. Fortunately a kind Providence watches over them, and nothing worse occurs than a sprained ankle for Toddie. They are returned comparatively safe and sound to their father and mother, for which mercy we should imagine Mrs Burton offered a devout thanksgiving.

The last chapter is devoted to a conversation in

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which Mr Lawrence favours us with his views on the bringing up of children. Surely he is right when he says that 'love never faileth.'

We feel certain that, to those who have babies like Helen's to manage, and who have wit to read between the lines, these two little volumes will prove as instructive as they are amusing. We can accord them no higher praise.

## TEA-CULTURE IN INDIA.

THE author of an anonymous tract printed in 1689, and obtainable gratis 'up one pair of stairs at the sign of the Anodyne Necklace, without Temple Bar,' rather anticipated events in describing tea to be the leaf of a little shrub growing plentifully in the East Indies. No Indian tea found its way to Europe at that time, when haters of innovation were beginning to complain that through drinking of tea Englishwomen were no longer equal to eating beef of a morning. It was not until 1823 that a Scotsman, bearing the historical name of Robert Bruce, discovered there were tea-drinkers in Assam, who brewed their beloved beverage from the leaves of a native tree growing to a height of forty and even sixty feet; of which a few plants and seeds were subsequently carried by his brother, Mr C. A. Bruce, to Calcutta, to excite a transient curiosity, and that was all.

Time, however, brought Mr C. A. Bruce his reward. In 1834 a committee was appointed to consider the question of introducing tea cultivation in British India, and a scientific party under Dr Nathaniel Wallich—a Danish gentleman, whose botanical industry had won him the post of Superintendent of the Botanical Gardens at Calcutta—was sent to explore the newly acquired province of Assam, and make special inquiry respecting the tea-growing there practised. The result was that the committee reported favourably as to the feasibility of cultivating tea in John Company's dominions, Mr Bruce being selected to superintend the formation of government nurseries; and with the aid of Chinese seeds, Chinese plants, and Chinese cultivators, he set the possibility of producing good tea in India beyond all doubt. One consequence of the happy experiment was the establishment in 1839 of the Assam Tea Company, which took over the greater portion of the government gardens, started new ones on a larger scale, set about the cultivation of tea in good earnest, and after various vicissitudes, is now a flourishing concern.

The profitable industry is now fairly established in several of the provinces of the Indian empire, but Assam still maintains its pride of place, being credited with one half of the tea produced; the tea districts of Cochin and Tibet supplying twenty-six per cent., Darjeeling thirteen per cent., the Himalayan districts six per cent., and British Burmah the remaining five per cent. Darjeeling prides itself upon the superior delicacy and aroma of its leaf; but the rough, pungent, malty flavoured product of Assam, which owes its character to the use of native in place of Chinese seed, is the recognised standard Indian tea. If the Assam planters may congratulate themselves upon overcoming the old-time prejudice in favour of Chinese seed, they have equally good reason to rejoice at having found a way to dispense with Chinese labour, once a grievous necessity. By offering high wages and constant employment, they are able to tempt Bengalese coolies to leave their beloved villages, and by providing comfortable huts with garden-ground in which they can install their wives and families, insure their staying in their new home. That they may not be saddled with useless hands, the tea-growers employ native foremen familiar with the work to act as recruiting officers.

Twelve or thirteen years ago a violent tea-growing mania suddenly set in. Companies were formed by the dozen. The value of available land rose beyond all reason. Some unscrupulous schemers sold uncleared forest-lands as plantations; others, more unscrupulous still, obtained payment for plantations utterly non-existent in any shape, and genuine 'gardens' of forty acres fetched from twenty to thirty thousand pounds. Things have long since found their level again; but the possession of a tea-garden even now presupposes the possession of a capital of at least three thousand pounds, a smaller sum being deemed insufficient to start with, since no return is to be expected from a new plantation for the first three years, and it takes six years for the plants to attain maturity; then they will allow of eight or nine gatherings being made in a year, and yield four hundred pounds of leaves per acre. They improve with age; but planters of seedlings have little chance of seeing their trees at their best, if the Chinese and Japanese speak truly when they say the tea-tree lives to be five hundred years old, and grows better as it grows older.

For very many years after its introduction into England, tea was the subject of a double monopoly. The Chinese were the only manufacturers, the East India Company the only importers. The opening of the trade deprived the consumer of the benefit of the strict supervision exercised by the Company's agents, and left the Chinese merchants master of the situation. A deterioration in the quality of the teas sent into the English market quickly followed; and every reduction in the duty tended to the same end, by encouraging the importation of low-priced leaf of little use save to mix with that of better class; and so it is almost impossible to obtain at any price what those who can remember it call 'old-fashioned tea.' At a late meeting of the Indian section of the Society of Arts, Mr Burrell, after remarking that India produced tea superior to any in the world in flavour, strength, and purity, complained that it was rarely used in this country except to mix with the inferior growth of China; and urged his hearers in their own interests and as a duty they owed to their countrymen in India, who had long toiled and struggled to meet their wants, to a more direct and extended use of Indian tea, and thereby afford a fair harvest of profit to its cultivators, for which nothing was now wanting but an increased consumption of their produce in this country.

Mr Burrell, we think, should rather have appealed to the sellers of tea; for unless they bestir themselves in the matter, but few of the millions

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of British tea-drinkers can have the chance of tasting pure Indian tea. We are aware that 'the trade' declare pure Indian teas unsuited to the national palate; but we have no faith in their judgment. If dealers in adulterable articles are to be believed, the British public's taste is a monstrously depraved one, preferring chicory to coffee, publican's to brewer's beer, turmeric and flour to mustard, and clever concoctions of all kinds to the things they pretend to be. It may be taken for granted that the Yankee vender of wooden nutmegs was ready to swear his customers preferred the ingenious imitation to the genuine article.

The tea-growers of India, however, have a hopeful prospect before them. The consumption of the produce of their gardens has risen prodigiously, since the arrival of eight chests of tea from Assam caused such a sensation in the London market that the importers obtained from sixteen to thirty-four shillings a pound for it, or an average per pound of twenty-four shillings and sixpence. In 1851 the exportation of Indian tea amounted to 262,839 pounds; by 1863 it had risen to two and a half million pounds; in 1876 English buyers were found for 28,126,100 pounds. Every year sees an increase in the consumption of Indian tea; and unless their Chinese competitors look to it, they will gradually be beaten out of the field, for India possesses vast reserves of land fit for conversion into tea-gardens, and could, if need be, supply the wants of the whole world.

## PROFESSOR TYNDALL ON THE SPREAD OF DISEASE.

We copy the following from our able contemporary, *Nature*. The views propounded have been already noticed in our paper on the 'Germ Theory.'

'In proposing a vote of thanks to Dr Corfield for his recent lecture on Infectious Diseases, Professor Tyndall paid a high compliment to the lecturer for the thoroughly sound instruction which he had so clearly conveyed. He had made it plain that contagion consisted, not of gas or vapour, but of definite particles, sometimes floating in gas, in the air we breathed, or in the water we drank; and that, like organic seeds in the soil, they multiplied themselves indefinitely in suitable media, the great probability being that these disease-producing particles were living things. A close study of the subject, extending now over several years, enabled him to agree entirely with the lecturer in the parallelism which he had declared to exist between the phenomena of contagious disease and the phenomena of ordinary putrefaction. The case of flies, for example, to which the lecturer ascribed the power of communicating disease from one person to another, was exactly paralleled by phenomena in putrefaction. Chop up a beefsteak, steep it in water, raise the temperature a little above the temperature of the blood, pour off the water, and filter it; you get a perfectly clear liquid; but that liquid placed in a bottle and exposed to the air soon begins to get turbid, and that turbid liquid, under the microscope, is found to be swarming with living organisms. By suitably heating this perfectly clear beef-tea, it can be sterilised, everything being killed which is capable of generating those little organisms which produce the turbidity; and by keeping it from coming in contact with the floating particles of the air, it might be preserved transparent for years. He had now some sterilised beef-tea of this sort which had been preserved for eighteen months in a state of perfect transparency. But if a fly dipped its foot into an adjacent vessel containing some of the turbid fluid, and then into the transparent fluid, that contact would be sufficient to infect the sterilised infusion. In forty-eight hours the clear liquid would be swarming with these living organisms. The quantity of the turbid liquid which attaches itself to the finest needle-point suffices to infect any amount of the infusion, just as the vaccine lymph taken up on the point of a surgeon's lancet spreads disease through the whole body. Here, also, as in the case of contagious disease, there was a period of incubation. In proof of what the lecturer had stated that the contagion of these communicable diseases was not gaseous or liquid, but solid particles, he would describe an experiment he had made only a few weeks since. Eighteen months ago he had a chamber prepared from which all floating particles of dust were removed, and in it he placed a number of vessels containing animal and vegetable refuse which soon fell into putrefaction, and also two or three vessels containing perfectly clear beef-tea and mutton-broth, as transparent as water, in which the infective particles had been killed by heat. Although all these vessels had stood for eighteen months side by side there had been no communication of contagion from one to the other. The beef-tea and mutton-broth remained as transparent as when put in, though the other vessels emitted a most noisome stench. But if a bubble were produced in one of the putrefying masses by blowing into it, and if on rising to the surface and bursting, the spray of the bubble was allowed to fall into the transparent beef-tea or mutton-broth, in two days it became as bad as its neighbours.

'Referring to another point on which the lecturer had insisted—namely, that there was no power of spontaneous generation of the germs or contagion of diseases, Professor Tyndall said that, though at present great names were opposed to that view, he would venture to predict that ten years hence there would be very few great names opposed to the lecturer on that matter. With regard to the power of specific contagia to be generated in decomposing animal matter, he would say that for the last twenty-one years he had been in the habit of visiting the upper Alpine valleys, where, amongst the Swiss châlets, there was the most abominable decomposition going on from day to day, and exceedingly bad smells, but there these contagious diseases were entirely unknown. If, however, a person suffering from typhoid fever were transported there, the disease would spread like wildfire from this infected focus, and probably take possession of the entire population. It might be taken, therefore, that any of these special diseases required its special germ or seed for its production, just as you required a grape-seed to produce a vine. He entirely agreed with all that Dr Corfield had stated as to these diseases 'breeding true.' He never found the virus of small-pox producing typhoid, or *vice versâ*. The subject was one of the most important which could engage the attention of the scientific physician.'

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## FOREIGNERS' ENGLISH.

AT all the tourist-towns abroad British visitors are much looked for; and it is amusing to see the mode in which inscriptions and advertisements are drawn up in English, or what is supposed to be English, for the sake of riveting the attention of possible guests or customers belonging to the 'nation of shopkeepers.' Many tourists have taken copies of these curiosities, which have afterwards found their way into print in various forms.

Hotels are famous for these curiosities: the variety of languages spoken by the visitors supplying a reason for this. The 'Drei Mohren' (Three Moors) hotel at Augsburg has the following entry in the visitors' book: 'January 28th, 1815; His Grace Arthur Wellesley, &c. &c. &c.; great honour arrived at the beginning of this year to the three Moors; this illustrious warrior, whose glorious atchievements, which, cradled in India, have filled Europe with his renown, descended in it.' At the 'Trois Allies' hotel, Salzburg, some few years ago, mine host invited English visitors by the following announcement: 'George Nelböck begs leave to recommand his hotel to the Three Allied, situated vis-a-vis of the birth-home of Mozart, which offers all comforts to the meanest charges.' The prepositions *at* and *to* are great stumbling-blocks to such concocters of English sentences and phrases; the pronouns *which* and *who* not much less so. An hotel-keeper at Rastadt bestowed great pains on an announcement which with many others was exhibited in the entrance passage or hall: 'The underwritten has the honor of informing the public that he has made the acquisition of the hotel to the Savage, well situated in the middle of this city. He shall endeavor to do all duties which gentlemen travellers can justly expect; and invites them to please to convince themselves of it by their kind lodgings at his house'—signed 'Basil Singisem, before the tenant of the hotel to the Stork in this city.' If the good man had hit upon 'Savage Hotel' and 'Stork Hotel' he would have been a little more intelligible.

The circular of an Italian host, printed in four languages, discourses thus to English visitors concerning the excellences of the hotel 'Torre di Londra,' Verona: 'The old inn of London's Tower, placed among the more agreeable situation of Verona's course, belonging at Sir Theodosius Trianoni, restor'd by the decorum most indulgent to good things, of life's eases; which are favored from every acts liable at inn same, with all object that is concerned, conveniency of stage coaches, proper horses, but good forages, and coach houses. Do offers at innkeeper the constant hope, to be honored from a great concourse, where politeness, good genius of meats, round table, coffee-house, hackney coach, men servant of place, swiftness of service, and moderation of prices, shall arrive to accomplish in Him all satisfaction, and at Sirs, who will do the favor honoring him with a very assur'd kindness.' No doubt 'Sir Theodosius' took some pride in this composition.

The card of an old inn at Paris some years ago contained the announcement, 'Salines baths at every o'clock;' and of another, 'The wines shall leave you nothing to hope for.' In an hotel at Mount Sinai, on the fly-leaf of the visitors' book, English travellers are informed that 'Here in too were inscribed all whose in the rule of the year come from different parts, different cities and countries, pilgrims and travellers of any different rank and religion or profession, for advice and notice thereof to their posterity, and even also in owr own of memory, acknowledging.'

On one of the slopes of Mount Etna, at a height of more than nine thousand feet above the sea, is a house built of lava, containing three small rooms and a shed for mules. Up to that point tourists and explorers can ascend on mules, but the remainder of the climb must be made on foot. Hence the desirability of having some building in which mules and muleteers may sojourn for a time, while their hirers or employers are wending their laborious way up to the volcanic summit. When an English force occupied Sicily in 1811, the three brothers Gemmellaro, the most indefatigable of explorers and describers of Etna, obtained from the commanding officer the aid of some of

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the soldiers (probably sappers and miners) in building the lava house above adverted to; giving it, in compliment, the name *Casa degli Inglesi* or 'English House.' Provided with a few humble pieces of furniture, it is placed at the service of visitors, who must bring their own food and fuel with them, and bedding if they wish to pass a night there. The key is kept at a house at the foot of the mountain, the residence (lately if not even now) of a member of the Gemmellaro family; it must be applied for when required, and returned when done with, accompanied by a signed certificate declaring that the liberal accommodation has not been abused. Printed notices are hung on the walls of the casa in various languages; one of which, in English, informs English-speaking visitors that 'In consequence of the damage suffered in the house called English, set on the Etna, for the reprehensible conduct of some persons there recovered,' certain regulations are laid down. Visitors, when applying for the key, must give name, title, and country, and must at the same time 'tell the guide's and muleteer's names, just to drive away those who have been so rough to spoil the movables and destroy the stables. It is not permitted to any body to put mules into rooms destined for the use of people, notwithstanding the insufficiency of stables. It is forbidden likewise to dirtes the walls with pencil or coal. M. Gemmellaro will provide a blank book for those learned people curious to write their observations. A particular care must be taken for the movables settled in the house. . . . Persons neglecting to execute the above articles will be severely punished, and are obliged to pay damage and expenses.' A significant hint winds up the announcement: 'It is likewise proper and just to reward M. Gemmellaro for the expense of movables and for the advantages travellers may get to examine the Volcan.'

As English travellers will go whithersoever there is anything to be seen, hotel-keepers look out for them near buried cities as well as near volcanic mountains. The following was copied by a tourist from a card for English visitors, prepared by the host of an establishment at or near the excavations of Pompeii: 'That hotel, open since a very few days, is renowned for the cleanness of the apartments and linen; for the exactness of the service; and for the eccellence of the true French cookery. Being situated at proximity of that regeneration, it will be propitious to receive families whatever, which will desire to reside alternately in that town, to visit the monuments new found, and to breathe thither the salubrity of the air. That establishment will avoid to all travellers, visitors of that sepult city, and to the artists (willing draw the antiquities) a great discordance, occasioned by the tardy and expensive contour of the iron way. People will find equally thither, a complete sortiment of stranger wines, and of the kingdom, hot and cold baths, stables and coach-houses, the whole with very moderate price. Now, all the applications and endeavors of the hoste will tend always to correspond to the tastes and desires of their customers, which will acquire without doubt to him, in that town, the reputation whome he is ambitious.' The landlord's meaning is pretty clear, in spite of his funny English, save in relation to 'the tardy and expensive contour of the iron way,' which however, may have a vague reference to railways.

A refreshment house at Amsterdam sells 'upright English ginger-beer'—the Dutch word for 'genuine,' *opregt*, having led to a muddling of the English.

Shopkeepers will naturally be as desirous as hotel-keepers to draw the attention of possible-customers who are more likely to read English than any other language. A firm at Marseilles, claiming a good repute for their preparation of the liqueur called *Vermuth*, have labels on some of their bottles to the following effect: 'The Wermouth is a brightly bitter and perfumed with additional and good vegetable white wine. This is tonic, stimulant, febrifuge, and costive drinking; mixed with water it is aperitive, refreshing, and also a powerful preservative of fivers; those latter are very usual in warmth countries, and of course that liquor has just been particularly made up for that occasion.' It is quite certain that M. Lapresté, a restaurateur at Versailles, said exactly what he did not mean in the following announcement; by confounding the French *prévenir* with the English *prevent*: 'To Rendezvous of Museum, Arms Place, 9, Lapresté Restorer, has the honor of preventing the travellers that they will be helpt at his house, or a head, or at choice.' The original may usefully be given here, to shew how perplexed the host must have been in his attempted translation: 'Au Rendez-vous du Musée, Place d'Armes, 9, Lapresté, Restaurant, a l'honneur de prévenir MM. les voyageurs, qu'on est servi, chez lui, à la carte ou par tête, au choix.' At Rouen an announcement is remarkable for the odd way of expressing 'London Stout'—namely, 'Stoughtonlondon.' A bath-keeper at Basle informs his English visitors that 'In this new erected establishment, which the Ouner recommends best to all foreigners, are to have ordinary and artful baths, russia and sulphury bagnios, pumpings, artful mineral waters, gauze lemonads, fournished apartmens for patients.' A French advertisement relating to a house to be let, with immediate possession, takes this extraordinary form: 'Castle to praise, presently.' Those who know the twofold meaning of the verb *louer* in French will see how this odd blunder arose. A dentist at Honfleur 'renders himself to the habitations of these wich honor him with their confidence and executes all wich concarns his profession with skill and vivacity.'

At Frankfort-on-the-Main, 'M. Reutlinger takes leave to recommande his well-furnished magazin of all kind of travelling-luggage and sadle-work.' Affixed to a pillar outside the Théâtre Français, some years ago, was a bill or placard: 'Hardy Cook, living to the Louvre on the West Gate under the Vestibule, old emplacement of late M. Kolliker. He will serve you with list, and he has parlours and privates rooms, receives Society, and has always some Shoueroute and Disters of Cancall.' Inscrutable words these last, certainly. At Havre, local regulations for the convenience of visitors are printed in various languages; English people are informed that 'One arrangement can make with the pilot for the walking with roars.' 'Pilot' for 'guide' is not far amiss; but 'roars' as an English equivalent for 'ramparts' (if that is meant) is odd enough; and if not, the enigma is just as formidable. The much-used French *on* evidently increased the difficulty of the poor translator.

A Guide to Amsterdam was published in Holland,

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in English, some years ago; professing to be written, edited, or translated by an Englishman. Its style may be judged from the following specimen, relating to the manners and customs of many of the inhabitants on Sundays and holidays: 'They go to walk outside the town gates; after this walk they hasten to free public play gardens, where wine, thea, &c. is sold. Neither the mobility remains idle at these entertainments. Every one invites his damsel, and joyously they enter play gardens of a little less brilliancy than the former. There, at the crying sound of an instrument that rents the ear, accompanied by the delightful handle-organs and the rustic triangle, their devoirs are paid to Terpsichore. Everywhere a similitade of talents; the dancing outdoes not the music.'

A Dutch volume containing many views in the Netherlands, with descriptions in three or four languages, claims credit for 'the exactness as have observed in conforming our draughts to the originals,' which (a hope is expressed) 'cannot fail to join us the general applause.' Of one village we are told, 'That village was renouned by the abandon of saulmons that were fiched there. That village is situated in a territory that afford abandon of fruits and corns.'

A small guide-book for English visitors to Milan cathedral is prefaced by the statement that, 'In presenting to the learned and intelligent publick this new and brief description of the cathedral of Milan, i must apprise that i do not mean to emulate with the works already existing of infinite merit for the notions they contain, and the perspicuity with which they are exposed.'

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## FROM DAWN TO SUNSET.

### PART I.

### CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

'FATHER, where do you go away all day?' It was Charlie who spoke, clambering on his father's knee.

'I drive the coach, boy.'

'Coach? An' what is that?'

'Goodsooth, boy, thou hast seen a coach?'

'Ay, father—the coach an' four horses that runs to Grantham. You do not drive a thing like *that?*'

'Ay. And why not?'

The boy blushed scarlet. 'Why, father, you are Sir Vincent Fleming.'

'An' what o' that?'

'Then is it not against your pride to be a *coachman?*'

'Poor men must pocket pride, Master Charlie, as thou must learn some day.'

'Well, father, I like it not. Are you *so* poor, dear heart?'

'Ay, sweet heart, am I.'

'What makes ye so poor?'

'Ill luck, Master Charlie.'

'What in, is your ill luck, father?'

'In all things.'

'Dear heart alive, I'm sorry for ye! When I'm a man, father, you shall go no more a-coaching; *I* will work for you.'

'Ay, ay, my brave dear lad. I coach to win ye bread. We're poorer than the world thinks. But tell them not this, Master Charlie, or they will dun me.'

'Then I'll dun *them!*' cried the boy fiercely. 'I hate those bailiff fellows; if they come here, I'll shoot 'em!'

'We'll fight 'em together, boy. See that *thou* never hast the bailiffs at thy heels. Here is Deb, *Lady* Deb by courtesy. Mistress, my rose, say good-morning to me.'

But Deborah was already in her father's arms.

'Deb,' cries Charlie, 'father drives a coach!' Then seeing Deborah's round eyes: 'Now don't you clack, Deb; don't you go an' tell it to all the world, else they will dun father.'

'O me!' Then Deborah's eyes flashed. 'That they shall not—never again! But I tell you, father; I will coach beside you, and try to drive the four brave horses! I will not let you work alone!' Deborah's arms were round her father's neck; she showered kisses on his face.

'Off with ye!' cried Charlie, somewhat fiercely. 'You know that if any one should coach with father, I should—not a baby like to you.'

'Hush!' said Sir Vincent, laughing. 'Thou art ever ready to fight. I have spoiled ye both sadly; so Master Vicar tells me. But Deb, I cannot have thee to help me, little one. Get Dame Marjory to teach thee all the ins and outs of household work, and to trick thyself out bravely, so thou wilt be thy father's pride, my rose of Enderby!'

But Deborah laid her head on her father's breast, caressing him. 'Father, you love Charlie best—Charlie is your darling.'

'Who told thee so, sweet heart?'

'My own heart.'

'*Best* love me best, father?' asked Charlie; he pushed his curly head up on to his father's shoulder, and looked up with arch eyes into his face.

Sir Vincent gazed at him. Ay, the father's rose lay upon his heart, his 'Lady Deb,' his darling; but that wilful rogue, that youthful inheritor of all his own wild freaks and follies, that young ne'er-do-weel, Charles Stuart Fleming, the plague of Enderby, was his own soul, the idol of his darkened life. Sir Vincent pushed him roughly away, and laid his hand on Deborah's fair hair. 'Love thee better? No; thou graceless rogue!' he said. 'I love thee both alike. Sweet Deb, thou art my darling too. Now be off with you both; and see that there is no more gipsying or ruffling it while I am away; for Jordan Dinnage shall have orders, if you disobey, to flog ye both with the rope's end; for nought but that, I fear me, will curb the villainy of either one. Good-bye, sweet hearts, an' see that ye stir not beyond the gates.'

The gipsies had vanished from that part of the country; not a trace of them was left; for they knew Sir Vincent Fleming well, and fled betimes. But Sir Vincent had not been gone three hours, when the restless roving Charlie was scouring round the park on his pony, and longing for some fresh adventure and wider bounds. Deborah and little Meg Dinnage were running after him, and urging on the pony with many a whoop and yell, with torn frocks and streaming hair.

'Deb,' cried the boy at last, pulling up, 'I am sick o' this. I am goin' to ride to Clarges Wood, to look for Will; I shall cut across yonder.'

'But you must not!' exclaimed Deborah; 'you have promised father not to go beyond the gate.'

'I have never promised that,' said Charlie hotly;

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'father asked me no promise, an' I gave none. It is nothing o' the sort.'

'Nathless it was a promise,' quoth little Deborah stoutly, glancing from Charlie to Meg Dinnage, and back in distress; 'for we said nought when father said: "An' see you stir not beyond the gates;" but I kissed him, an' I said: "I will not."'

'You did not say that, silly!'

'Nay, but to my own self I said it. Father has trusted us; so Dame Marjory says.'

'I care not for Dame Marjory. I gave no promise; nor am I afeard of a rope's end. If Jordan Dinnage beat me black an' blue, I'll go! But I'll not see Jordan till father comes home. Father loves me too well to have me flogged when he is by;' and with a laugh, Charlie turned his pony's head; but Deborah sprang after and caught the rein. 'Charlie, Charlie, stay!' she cried; 'father has trusted you to stay!'

But Charlie was across the boundary and far away; his laughter echoed back. Deborah flushed, the tears almost started as she gazed after him, but she kept them proudly back. Little Mistress Dinnage went up to her playmate and took her hand ('Mistress Dinnage,' as she was called for her little upstart ways and proud independence) and eyed Deborah curiously. 'Don't cry,' said she.

'*Cry!*' echoed Deborah scornfully; 'I 'm not cryin'.'

'He 's a bad boy,' said Mistress Dinnage gravely, with a nod of her head that way.

Deborah half rebelled at that, then: 'Charlie has broken his word!' and she flushed again. 'God will never love Charlie. The evil one will take Charlie to the bad place;' and the bright eyes glistened, but again the tears were stifled back.

'Not if my dad beats him,' said Mistress Dinnage consolingly; 'then he will be a good boy, and God will love him again.'

Deborah shook her head. 'Ah, Charlie will only be bad the more. He laughs at Master Vicar, and cares for nought. But don't tell your father, Meg, that Charlie's gone away; he will not be good the more for that; God will not love him better. Charlie must himself tell father, and that will make it right. So see that you don't tell Jordan, dear, for I am afraid to see my brave one beat; I had rather have Jordan beat me than him; it makes me *fear* to see Charlie beat.'

'An' me too,' said Mistress Dinnage, with infinite relief. 'We will not tell on Charlie; Charlie would call us "Sneak." Come an' play.'

And the two, putting aside their sorrows, cast care to the winds and danced away.

### CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

A year or two have passed and there was joy in the bells of Enderby, and joy in the sun and flowers. Winter and summer, storm and sun, how sweetly the days fled by—the wild sweet days of childhood. The streams; the dark green woods; the blue and cloud-swept skies; the clear lagoons; the carol of birds in the gay early morning, from wood and field and holt; the father's call beneath the window, and then the long, long sun-bright day; the games; the 'make-believes;' tracking the wild Indians in the forest, hunting the chamois on the mountains—happy days, these!

Time passed on; Charlie was alternately sent to a public school and to a private tutor; he was expelled from the former, and ran away from the latter. The tender, but proud and stubborn heart was never reached; so the dogged will and headstrong passions remained uncurbed and uncontrolled, and Charlie Fleming too surely went from bad to worse. Three distracted governesses in succession gave up Lady Deb; their reigns were short and eventful.

Upon a certain day stood Deborah Fleming, watching for Charlie's coming. For a week past Charlie had daily ridden over to the neighbouring university town to 'read' with his cousin Kingston Fleming, who had just entered there, and being somewhat of the same stamp as himself, imagine how much 'reading' was accomplished! The lads came and went at all hours; sometimes at Enderby, sometimes away. To-day they were late. Deborah was weary. She wandered into the garden, between the high sunny walls, and threw herself on the warm grass amongst the daisies; she plucked a daisy idly, and grew intent over it, filliping away the leaves: 'He loves me, he loves not me!' and so forth. While thus musing, a tall fair youth, with a face browned by sun and wind, stole behind her, his whole countenance brimming over with merriment. Deborah instinctively turned her head. All her heart's blood rushed over her face, and her gray eyes flamed and dilated like a stag at bay; for one moment she glared at the youth, and then, before he could speak, was up and away. A peal of laughter followed her as she fled.

'Hi! what 's the matter, King?' cried Charlie Fleming, swaggering up in his riding-gear. 'What is the cause of this immoderate laughter? Deb has flamed by me like a whirlwind; I tried to catch her.'

Still, for some moments, Kingston Fleming shouted with uncontrollable mirth, rolling on the grass. When he could speak, he said: 'You will never guess, Charlie! Yet it is a shame to tell you. And yet it is too rare a joke to keep! *Little Deb hath got a lover!*' And with that, Kingston went off again.

'I came up unawares,' said he, 'an' my Lady Deb sat on the grass. "He loves me, he loves not me!" she said; not like Deb proud and haughty, but quite tender and subdued over it. She turned and saw me. Egad! how she blushed, and what a glare! Poor little Deb, she was distraught for shame and anger. I was a brute to laugh!'

'I will roast her,' said Charlie. 'Deb a *lover?* Ha, ha, ha!'

'No; you shall not speak of it,' said Kingston, laying a heavy hand on Charlie's shoulder. 'On peril of your life, you shall not.'

Charlie laughed. 'Under that threat I must succumb. Perchance Deb has a sneaking liking for you, old King!'

'For *me?*' And Kingston had a fresh fit of laughter. 'Nay; Deb hates me like poison, and I think her the maddest little fury that ever stepped. Deb and I shall ne'er run together.'

But as for the maiden, she fled to her room like a little tempest, and lay along the floor half dead for shame. She could scarcely think, for when she thought, the blood rushed in eddying torrents to her head, and made her mad for anger and for shame; for more than aught on earth, was Deb shy of the dawn of love and Kingston's raillery. All day she kept her room. She watched from behind the curtains Kingston and Charlie ride away; she

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had not kissed Charlie that day or spoken to him; she heard him call out 'Good-bye, Deb.' Then he would not return that night. O Charlie, Charlie! And then she peered out, and heard Kingston's laugh, and saw his fair hair blown by the wind. The girl leaned out and watched them through the gateway. 'I love him,' she said to herself with mingled fire and softness; 'I love Kingston. But he will love *me* never—never!'

Kingston laughed no more about Deborah's daisy: he was generous. The next day he was teasing, laughing, tormenting about a hundred things; and the child Deborah was chaffering and defying him in the wildest animal spirits. Dame Marjory shook her head; there was such a flying, scurrying, shouting, and such peals of laughter, not only from those three, but from the usually demure Mistress Dinnage who joined them, that the Dame could make nothing of them; they got worse and worse. Kingston Fleming was a wild youth, not one indeed calculated to steady his kinsman Charlie. Yet Kingston had good, and even noble impulses in those days: he was ambitious too; and at odd hours and by fits and starts, he worked hard, with the idea of fulfilling those ambitious dreams. But Charlie never worked at all; *his* dreams, if he had any, were not known. Himself caring little for any man, who cared for Charlie? Why, all who knew him loved him; they could scarce tell why. Old Jordan Dinnage, who had given him many a rough hiding, idolised the boy; young Margaret Dinnage, who had received many a rough word from him—well, young 'Mistress Dinnage' did deign to open the gates to Charlie Fleming's horse, though she would do so with a toss of her head and an assumed air of disdain. The maiden resented even then, though still a child in years, the full-blown compliments of the lad Kingston; but would redden, and her dark eyes would glow, when the boys passed by, if she only met the swift, shamed, furtive glance from two full red-brown eyes—the eyes of Charles Fleming.

On sunny mornings, when the lads rode unexpectedly into the courtyard of Enderby, there would be a whir-r-r-r of pigeons, lighting on the gabled roof; a blaze of sunshine on the great wych-elms; a murmur of bees; a smell of fruit and flowers; white-haired Sir Vincent standing in a stable-door; over the garden wall, Deborah and Margaret flying along the garden walk with arms linked in the 'maddest merriest dance,' set to the music of boisterous laughter. Those were happy days.

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## PART II.—NOON.

### CHAPTER THE FIRST.

'Hath he gone, Lady Deb? Hath Finton gone?' It was Dame Marjory who spoke, treading cautiously as she entered the young mistress's presence.

Deborah tossed her head, and gave a short laugh. 'Ay; he blustered, though. It is the third time he has come to dun father. My dame, these are hard times; but all may yet be well. Look you, I have saved *so* much for father; if Finton could see it, how his eyes would glitter like a wolf's. I hate that man; I hate all money-hunters. I care not if it be the law or not; it is dirty work! Take you this gold, dame; hide it well, lest I covet to buy a new gay scarf like Mistress Dinnage's. Away with it! and let me see the stuff no more.'

Dame Marjory took the gold, but she looked back over her shoulder, and her old eyes gleamed: '*Thou* to want for what Jordan's daughter has for askin'!' she said. 'What right has Mistress Dinnage to flaunt in silken scarfs—and *my* child, my mistress, my lady "rose o' Enderby" to pine and pine? My child'—and the old woman faced Deborah, and the hot fierce tears welled into her eyes—'I was wont to dress thee better than a queen; now, look at thy dress! What right, what call hath Sir Vincent Fleming's daughter to wear such dress as thine? A gipsy hag would scorn it! An' thy poor mother would have cursed the day that saw thee in this strait.'

'Hush, Marjory—hush!'

'I will not hush! It is thy father's an' thy brother's sin. I will not hush! O child, child, my heart is harried for thee!' And the old woman fell from her vehemence, and began to weep most bitterly.

Deborah softened at that; she flew to her nurse's side in wonderment, and kneeled at her feet in tender trouble. 'Dame, dame!' she said, 'it is not thy habit to give way to tears—and all for me, for *me*, dear dame, who am not worthy to have thee shed a tear! Hearken! Do you think I care to flaunt in silks? Do you think indeed Sir Vincent Fleming's daughter would wear fine feathers while *he* owed a penny? You might *then* weep for shame. But I am too proud for that. Now kiss me; and do not weep, oldest, truest friend. I cannot have thee weep!' Impossible to describe the tenderness of tone in those last words. Some thought Deborah Fleming cold, hard, haughty; they would not have thought so then.

Left alone, the girl resumed her gay debonair air. She gazed at herself in one of the long mirrors; she smiled and courtesied low, in mockery; then drawing herself up, she gazed again. Now Deborah would utter her thoughts aloud; it was a way she had. Regarding herself, she said: 'Nay; you are not fit; you cut a sorry figure in the world. She says truly. Yet what would you have me do? Beg borrowed plumes? Use ill-gotten gains? Would Deborah Fleming be the fairer for *that?* The fairer, perchance, but not the nobler. Oh, you are a sorry bird, Deb! The old barn-hen has a richer dress than *you*.' Then again, jerking her head upward once, twice, thrice: 'No wonder Kingston Fleming does not love you. "Master Kingston Fleming!" she added—and her lip curled with superb scorn—'loves fine dresses and silk shoes. He loves to see "beauty go beautifully." *I* am not a "Mistress May" or "Mistress Blancheflower."' With that, Deborah shot off all her satire; and laughing, tripped from the room.

In a few moments more she was running with the fleet foot of her childhood across meadow and holt, gay as a skylark. Presently she stopped, for in her course, with her back to a tree, stood a tall gipsy woman, with a red and yellow scarf upon her head. 'What do you here?' asked Deborah haughtily. The old scene in the camp came back; the fugitive retreat at night; she and Charlie and the old beldam huddled in a covered cart together;

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and outside, the tramp, tramp of horses and of men, and the mysterious jingle of pots and kettles, and the angry blows received from the old beldam for the noise she and Charlie made. The gipsy too recognised Deborah: this was not the child, though, who eyed her through the gate, but a proud imperious lady. In spite of the plain rough dress, the woman, with the nice discernment of a peasant and a gipsy, knew the lady, and the Lady of Enderby to boot. With unabashed impudence the gipsy stepped forward: 'I was waitin' to see ye, pretty lady.'

'And what do you want with me?' asked Deborah. 'This place is not for such as you. Honest poor folk may seek me here, and welcome; not gipsy vagabonds and thieves. If you have a petition, refer it to the back door and the cook, not to Mistress Fleming.'

The woman turned aside her head; for the moment her dark face was distorted by impotent rage and passion; but when again turned on Deborah, it was calm. She darted forward and clasped her hands, for Deborah was passing on.

'I am no thief,' said the woman, with shortened breath. 'I am an honest woman, lady, an' honester than many folk that live in great housen, like yonder. Pretty lady, don't be so hard on the poor gipsy. I've had troubles I tell ye, to which yours are nought—an' I don't ask yer pity.'

'Then what do you ask?' asked Deborah, turning full upon her.

'Yer hand—to let me see yer hand.'

'For the sake of gold!. I have no gold to give you.'

'Nay, for no gold,' said the woman eagerly; 'but to read yer fate. A silver piece will do it. There! I will tell ye yer fortune for that.'

'And to what end? Have *you* an interest in me? in one whom you would have gladly lured away to a life of sin and misery? or as a hostage for my father's gold? You have done me grievous wrong. You take too much heed by half to the interests of the Flemings, woman; it is for no good.'

'Yes,' said the gipsy, in a strange low tone, 'I take interest in ye, but *more* in yours. Lady, let me see yer hand. I tell ye I have interest in yer fate, and in the fate o' one yer soul loves. Come!'

'You shall not wheedle me into it,' said Deborah. 'If I consent to let you, it will be of mine own free-will and after thought, not from words of yours. Some tell me it is vain; some say that fortune-telling sells you to the evil one—that it is grievous sin to seek your fate by signs and stars. *I* am not of these opinions.' The girl seemed talking to herself; the gipsy watched her keenly.

'Yes,' said Deborah, looking up and full at her, 'you shall tell my fortune. But can you trust me for the money?'

'Yes.'

'And why?'

'Because ye can't tell a lie.'

'That is well. I believe in witchcraft; this is why I hear you. Had you not come here, I would sooner or later have sought you, because time is slow, is slow, woman, and I want to know my fate! I will not say God forgive me: it seems almost mockery to ask forgiveness on what my heart knows to be wrong.'

'*Wrong*, lady?'

'Yes, wrong!' cried the maid, striking her foot on the ground. With that she held out her hand, a pink palm and tender lines, for the witch-woman's mystic reading. They both stood silent—the gipsy gazing downwards; Deborah gazing on the weird countenance before her, while the rich blood spread and deepened on her own with timidity and with shame. 'What do you see?' asked Deborah at length, with curling lip. 'I scarce believe you; it seems too vain!'

Then answered the gipsy woman, in low strange tones: 'You will be a great lady yet—ay, greater than Mistress Fleming. Ye will not go far to find yer greatness, either—it will meet ye at yer own gates; love and greatness will come hand in hand.'

Deborah's eyes sparkled. Then she said: 'Woman, that cannot be!' Then with the blood mounting to her brow like flame: 'What did you say—of one whom my soul loves? Who is he?'

'A fair tall youth. I know his title; but the title, look ye, will never be yours.'

'Then I care for nought!' said Deborah Fleming, and she flung away the gipsy's hand. 'Your craft is wanting. It is a vain, lying, deceitful craft! Look ye, Deborah Fleming will never be your great man's wife! You lie! I love power and riches; but I scorn them as *you* would forstell them to me. Gipsy, I have had enough of your fortunes and of you!'

She was gone—that proud young Mistress Fleming, whose will had never been crossed or curbed; tall beautiful young ash, that would yield neither to breeze nor tempest, but held its head so high.

The gipsy gazed after her; fierce passions made the woman's breast pant. 'I hate her!' she gasped between her clenched teeth—'I *hate* her! I hate all thy black race, my lass. But ye shall lick the dust, proud Mistress—I see it on yer palm. Ye shall have the pale-faced sweetheart, but it shall be across ruin and disgrace; an' by settin' yer foot on the two dead bodies o' them ye love like yer own soul, ye shall climb to yer lad. Take him! I wish ye joy o' him *then!* I care not, so long as I ha' vengeance, vengeance, vengeance!' and the wild woman's eyes glared with a fire like madness. She turned towards Enderby, and shook her clenched fist that way. 'I will have vengeance *then*, for all the dark hours thou hast caused me, pretty daughter o' mine! I will see thy boy dabbled in his blood; an' may thy dead eyes be opened to see it too. Heaven's malison light on thee!'

## THE ROYAL NAVAL RESERVE AND ROYAL NAVAL VOLUNTEERS.

WHENEVER England is engaged in a naval war or any war including maritime operations on an extensive scale, a difficult problem has to be solved—how to man the ships? In the army, every regiment has a sort of corporate existence; it never dies—the exceptions, the actual disbandment of a regiment, being very rare indeed. The number of men varies according to the peace-footing or the war-footing at which the regiment may stand at any particular date; but at all times many hundreds of trained men belong to it. Not so in regard to a ship of war. When not wanted for warlike, cruising, or other service, it is 'out of commission;' all the officers and men are

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paid off; and the ship, moored at Portsmouth or some other naval station, is stripped of most of its paraphernalia, ammunition, and stores, and 'laid up in ordinary,' with a few dockyard or harbour men to take care of it. When wanted again for active service, it has to be 'put in commission' again; commissioned officers and crew have alike to be engaged anew, just as though the ship were fresh from the builder's hands. Officers are always plentiful enough, the number on half-pay in peace-time being very large—nearly the whole of them desirous of engaging in active service on full pay. With the sailors, the A.B. (able-bodied) and common seamen, the case is different; competition for their services being kept up by the owners of large commercial vessels.

The difficulty of suddenly obtaining a large additional number of seamen was seriously felt at the commencement of the Crimean war; but the Admiralty solved the perplexity by organising a *Royal Naval Reserve*, and obtained the sanction of parliament for the necessary outlay. The Reserve was to comprise men who, provided they attend drill a certain number of days in each year, may follow any avocation they please at other times; it being a well-understood matter of agreement that they shall be ready for active service on the breaking out of war. Of course shipowners did not at first relish this scheme, seeing that it established a new kind of competition against them for hands; but in practice no particular inconvenience has resulted. The men are permitted to take their drill whenever it best suits them; twenty-eight days per year all at one time, or in periods of seven, fourteen, or twenty-one days. Certain qualifications are insisted on before enrolment, including a medical examination in regard to health. The 'retainer' which the seaman receives, and the prospect of pension, operate as inducements to steadiness and against desertion; and it is known that this is exercising a beneficial effect on the mercantile marine, seeing that ship-owners now give a preference to Royal Naval Reserve men whenever they can get them. Mixing with the regular men-of-war's men during the one month's drill is also found to be beneficial; and some of the Reserve go through all their exercises with as much steadiness as a regular crew. The Admiralty are empowered by parliament to engage thirty thousand men in this way; the Reserve now comprises twenty thousand; and it is believed that there would be no great difficulty in making up the full complement.

In a recently published Report by the Admiral Superintendent of the body, the following remarks occur: 'After all the expense the country has been put to, and will have to bear prospectively, for the organisation and maintenance of the Royal Naval Reserve, will the men be forthcoming when wanted? This can only be tested in the day of trial, when the Queen's Proclamation will call the Reserve out for active service; but I hold that we have as reliable guarantees that the men will present themselves, as under any system that could be devised on the basis of voluntary service. The men have entered on an engagement to serve, they have received drill-pay and retainers under this engagement, and without being branded by public opinion, could not shrink from the fulfilment of their duty. It would be doing an injustice to the *élite* of the merchant service to suppose tha they are entirely devoid of patriotism, and woul not desire to serve in defence of their country Their prejudices against service in the royal nav have been in a great measure removed; and the would feel themselves competent from previou training to work the guns and handle a rifle an cutlass.'

Very little has yet been done to take the Reserv on a cruise for rehearsal or practice. A merchan seaman, to fit him for the Reserve, requires chiefl to be made familiar with the great-gun exercise, t handle the sword and rifle, to be steady and silen under instruction, and to obey implicitly the order he receives. This training he will receive on boar the drill-ships especially set apart for the purpose or at batteries representing the section of a ship quite as well as in a man-of-war. The Reserve o the first class (for the force is divided into classes have already been seamen in the merchant service and do not require instruction in seamanship.

The drill-ships and the practice-batteries are distributed pretty well around the coasts of the United Kingdom at about forty different stations—eight in Scotland, seven in Ireland, and the rest in England and Wales. There are nearly always some men on drill at every ship and battery; but it is noteworthy that in the fishing season in certain parts of Scotland and in the Isles the drill is pretty nearly in abeyance—herrings being more important just then than big guns and cutlasses. The first-class men are far more numerous than the second, shewing that the main body are already fairly good seamen before they enter the Reserve. As to numbers in different places, the drill-ships near busy ports are naturally more frequented than those off a thinly populated coast. The *President* in the Thames, the *Eagle* at Liverpool, the *Unicorn* at Dundee, the *Netley* at Inverness, the *Castor* at North Shields, the *Dædalus* at Bristol, are among the drill-ships which receive the greatest number of enrolled men for drill during the year. Liverpool takes the lead in the number of outsiders (seven-eighths of whom, however, are already merchant seamen) who apply for enrolment. Half the whole number in the force are under thirty years of age, young men with plenty of health and strength in them. Rather less than half are at home or in the coasting-trade; rather more than half voyaging in foreign seas, mostly however, on short voyages that will end within a month. More of these voyages are to the Baltic and the North Sea than to any other waters; the next in numbers are those to the Mediterranean and the Black Sea.

The officers who command or control the body comprise lieutenants, sub-lieutenants, engineers, assistant-engineers, and midshipmen. The lieutenants must have served as sub-lieutenants one year or upwards; most of them have been dul qualified masters of merchant-ships. Midshipmen are promoted to the rank of sub-lieutenant o the fulfilment of prescribed conditions as to efficiency, &c.

The men of the first-class now receive a grant of a suit of clothing on enrolment and re-enrolment—an arrangement which they much relish, as an improvement on the plan at first adopted, whe each man was left to dress pretty much at random provided he looked something like a sailor. Nearl all the A.B.s in the mercantile marine have join

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or offered to join the body; thus affording proof that it is popular. The second-class Reserve are mostly fishermen, who are unacquainted with square-rigged vessels, and are unaccustomed to long absence from their homes; but they are fitted for coast-defence service. In Scotland and especially in the Shetlands, the second-class serves as a stepping-stone to the first. Their pay is less than that of the first-class, and they have no claim for pension; therefore they have an inducement to try for promotion. The authorities have had under consideration the question whether to establish a third-class, to consist of boys belonging to the mercantile training-ships; but no decision appears at present to have been arrived at.

In a discussion which took place at the Royal United Service Institution some time back, it was generally admitted that our band of hardy fishermen might be made to form an excellent Naval Reserve irrespective of regular seamen of the mercantile marine. 'There are,' it was urged, 'one hundred and fifty thousand men and fifteen thousand boys employed in the fisheries of the United Kingdom; besides the large number in the Canadian Dominion and Newfoundland. It would not be difficult to raise from among our large population of *bonâ fide* fishermen a Reserve equal to the full standard originally recommended. The drill could be taught in the most efficient manner and with the least expense to the government by sending a gunboat to visit the fishing-boats at the slack season. The local knowledge possessed by the fishermen would be of immense value in coast-defence; and there is an advantage in their having fixed places of residence and never sailing under a foreign flag; added to which is the value of their physical strength, hardy and domesticated habits, and good character.'

And now a few words for the *Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers*, another body intended for defensive purposes in the event of war. There is a corps known as the *Coast Guard*, to fulfil service on the coast in case of invasion; and under the same kind of control are the *Royal Naval Coast Volunteers*. These two bodies together comprise nearly twenty thousand men, all good seamen, and receiving liberal pay. But there is something more peculiar about the *Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers* likely to interest general readers. They are virtually an offshoot or supplement of the Volunteer Rifles, intended solely for defence against invaders. Who the invader is to be we do not know; haply and happily we may never know; but a thought on the subject now and then is reasonable enough. Our coast-line is very extensive, and needs watching at a considerable number of unprotected spots. Besides regular troops, Volunteer infantry, and cruising war-ships, it has long been felt that a naval artillery corps would be a useful addition for serving in gunboats and mortar rafts, and operating in the new art of torpedo-defensive warfare. A small Marine Volunteer Corps was raised at Hastings about 1863; others were afterwards raised in London, Liverpool, and Bristol; and at length, in 1873, parliament passed an Act sanctioning the formation of a body to be known as the *Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers*. So far from being men who are paid for their services, these Volunteers have to provide their own uniform and to pay a small subscription to a corps fund; they really enter into the matter *con amore*, giving time, exertion, and some money for a purpose which may eventually be valuable to our common country. The government provide ships, great guns, rifles, pistols, cutlasses, and other gear for practice. Whether artisans, yachtsmen, or rowing-men would join the corps in any considerable number, could only be known by awaiting the result; but it turns out that clerks—mostly in commercial firms—come forward more readily than any other class. They like the bodily exercise and the open air after many hours of desk-plodding.

The idea is to render these Volunteers handy in the defence of rivers and estuaries, by the management of floating-batteries, armed rafts, and torpedoes. In practising with big guns at such places as London, Liverpool, and Bristol, there are of course neither real shot nor blank cartridges actually propelled from the weapon; a flash and a slight report are all; to run out, point, fire, and re-adjust are the exercises practised; and this is no small work with a sixty-pounder gun. After this big-gun drill, the Volunteers go through their rifle, cutlass, and pistol drill; and the young men are all the better for two or three hours of muscular exercise and ocular training. They wear a useful blue-and-white uniform while thus engaged. The *Rainbow* gunboat in the Thames off Somerset House, the *President* in the West India Docks, and two similar vessels at Liverpool and Bristol, are set apart by the Admiralty as drill-ships for the purpose. The total strength is somewhat under seven hundred men, with a naval instructor, petty-officer instructors, lieutenants, sub-lieutenants, shipkeepers, armourers, &c.

Even if never really wanted for river and estuary defence, these energetic young men will have no reason, bodily or mental, to regret the step they have taken—the devotion of a couple of hours occasionally after office or warehouse time to a right good exercise of muscle, nerve, brain, eyesight, attention, and intelligence. It is a national comfort to know that rifle and artillery volunteering are alike free from many of the evils of young men's recreations; they do not tempt to drinking, to betting, nor to dissolute companionship. All honour to those who promoted, and to those who carry out the movement.

## TIM HARGATON'S COURTSHIP.

He was mother's factotum, big Tim Hargaton. I do not know how she could have managed the farm without his clear head and sound judgment to guide her. He had the name of being the closest hand at a bargain and the best judge of a 'baste' in Innishowen; and I think he deserved it; for mother very rarely lost upon her speculations in cattle, and our animals were famed for their beauty. Tim was not wholly an Innishowen man. By his mother's side he claimed descent from the Scottish settlers of the opposite coast, and much of his cautiousness and shrewdness could be traced to this infusion of kindly Scottish blood. We children had rather an awe of Tim. He ruled the outer world of our homestead with a rod of iron. Woe betide the delinquent who ventured into the garden before the 'house' had been supplied with fruit for preserving! Woe be to us if with profane hands we assaulted his beloved grapes or ravaged his trim flower-beds! I daresay it was very good for us that some one

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was set in authority over the garden and farmyard, for we were allowed quite enough freedom indoors, fatherless tomboys that we were. But years passed by; one by one we grew to womanhood. I, the eldest, left home first—to return first; more alone for having been so happy, too happy for a little while. When I returned, a widow, the younger birds had flown from the nest. Mother had no one left but me, and she was growing old; so I cast in my own and my boy's lot with her, and soon became thoroughly acquainted with Tim Hargaton. To him I was 'the young mistress' or 'Miss Ellen;' and I own I felt often at a disadvantage with him. His quiet knowledge of subjects I was utterly ignorant of, his cool rejection of my farming theories, his almost certain success in all his ventures, overawed me; and after a struggle or two I gave in.

I think Tim must have been about forty at this time; but he looked many years younger, being fair and tall and well made, and—a bachelor. He had a merry twinkle in his gray eyes which almost contradicted the firm-set mouth with its long upper lip and square massive chin; from his half-Scotch mother he derived a close calculating disposition, hard to convince, slow to receive new impressions, strong to retain them when once received. From his father roving Pat Hargaton from Donegal, he drew an Irishman's ready wit and nimble tongue, and under all an Irishman's fickle heart, but not his warm affections, which go so far towards amending the latter fault.

Another unusual thing amongst men of his class, he was well to do, and having successfully speculated in cattle on his own account, he had money in the bank and a snug cottage. Yet year after year, Shrove-tide after Shrove-tide—the marrying season all over Roman Catholic Ireland—found Tim rejoicing in single-blessedness; nor could he have had a comfortable home, for his old mother was a confirmed invalid; and as Tim was reported to be 'a trifle near,' he only afforded her the services of a little girl scarcely in her teens. More than once mother spoke to him about matrimony, and as often Tim met her with the unanswerable argument: 'Is it as easy to peck for two as for one, ma'am?' So she ceased bothering him about it.

Now it befell that one bright frosty November day I had despatched Tim to the county town on very important business; and the better to assure myself of the favourable issue of it, I walked to meet him on his return. As the time of his return was overdue, I began to feel rather uneasy, and quickened my steps along the winding seaside road; but a turn in it soon revealed the reason of Tim's delay. He was walking beside a very pretty country lass; and another, not so young or nearly so pretty, lagged a little behind.'

'O ho, Master Tim!' I thought; 'are we to hear news of you this Shrove-tide?'

As I came forward, the girls fell back, Tim hastening on to meet me. He looked shy and sheepish enough as he advanced; and the pretty lass, whom I at once recognised as Mary Dogherty, the acknowledged belle of the barony, hung her shapely head in blushing confusion as she passed me by.

Tim was all business and stolidity once the girls were out of sight. He had lodged money for me in the county bank; settled my own and mother's accounts with butcher, baker, and grocer; transacted all our various businesses with care and correctness; and having given up his accounts into my hands, he hurried on, whilst I continued my walk. Twilight was falling when I returned home; but although more than an hour had elapsed since Tim had preceded me on the road, he was just entering the gate as I turned from the sea-road for the same purpose. I made mother smile that evening when I told her of my encounter.

'But,' she said, 'poor little Mary has no fortune. Tim will look for one with any girl *he* marries.'

A few days afterwards Tim took me into his confidence. We were making our winter arrangements in the green-house, putting away summer plants whose flowering days were done, and filling up gaps in our shelves with bright chrysanthemums and other winter-blooming plants. An hour sufficed to weary mother at this work, so Tim and I were left alone amongst the flowers. For some time he worked away in silence, but I could easily see he was longing to speak, and so I determined to give him an opportunity; but he forestalled me.

''Twas a fine day the day I was in Derry, Mrs Grace,' he said, as he passed me carrying a huge coronella from one end of the greenhouse to the other.

'It was indeed, Tim. Had you many people on board the steamer?' I replied.

'No, ma'am; not to say very many. Them officer-gentlemen from the Fort.'

'Had you any of the people from about here?' I asked.

'Hugh Dogherty and his sister, and Susie Connor, ma'am.'

'Ah, you walked home with the girls. What became of Hugh?'

'Troth, ma'am, he just got overtaken with a drop of drink, and I thought 'twas but friendly to see the girls home.'

'I am sorry to hear Hugh was so bad as that, Tim.'

'Well, sorra much was on him, Miss Ellen, but he was loath to quit Mrs Galagher's when we got off the boat, so we just left him there.—Hem! Miss Ellen, I 'v a thought to change my life.'

'I am very glad to hear it, Tim.'

'Yes, miss' (Tim always forgot my matronly title in confidential talk)—'yes, miss. 'Tis lonely work growing old with nobody to take care of you.'

'That is a selfish way of looking at things, Tim,' I replied.

'Begorra, miss, what else would a man marry for but to have himself took care of?'

'I suppose liking the girl he married would be a kind of reason too,' I responded.

'O ay. I'd still like to have the one I'd fancy, if she was handy.'

'And who are you thinking of?' I asked, as Tim bent over a box of geranium cuttings. 'I hope she is nice and good, and will be kind to your poor mother, and a good manager?'

'Faith, I wouldn't take one that wasn't that, Miss Ellen,' he replied, without raising his head. 'But it 's hard to tell how these young ones 'll turn out.'

'She is young then?'

'Young enough, and settled enough,' he responded. 'There 's *two* I 'm thinkin' of.'

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'Two!' I exclaimed. 'Why, that is not right of you, Tim. You are surely old enough to know the kind of wife would suit you best; and it is unfair to the girls. They are relatives, if I guess right. Those two young women you were walking with on Saturday?'

'Just so,' replied Tim, utterly unabashed: 'Mary Dogherty an' Susie Connor. Mary's the *purtiest*,' he added in a half soliloquy.

'I have always heard she was as good as she looked,' I said. 'She has been such a dutiful daughter and good sister to those wild boys, she cannot fail to make a good wife.'

'Maybe,' quoth Tim. 'But the Doghertie's is down in the world these times.'

'I know they are not very rich; but they are comfortable.'

'They aren't begging, miss, axing your pardon; but musha! it's little softness there's about the house.'

'Well, suppose she has known what it is to want, she will know better how to take care of plenty, when she gets it.'

'Troth, I don't know. Maybe when she'd get her two hands full she'd be throwin' away, for them that's reared in poverty seldom knows how to guide plenty when it comes.'

'Well, I have always heard Mary extolled for being the prettiest and the best girl in Innishowen; and I am sure you may think yourself a happy man if you can get her for your wife,' I said rather sharply.

'Sorra word a lie in that, Miss Ellen,' replied Tim, as he placed the last young geranium in its pot. 'She's a good girl, and as purty a one as you'd see in a summer's day; but I'm thinkin' I'll step up an' see them all before I *spake* to her.'

'Why, Tim, have things gone so far as that?'

'Well, I may say I have her courted up to the axin, miss.'

'And the other, Tim?' I asked, intensely amused.

'Troth, I don't know, but I have her on hands too.'

'Now, is that fair to either?' I asked rather indignantly.

'Begorra, I don't know. A man has to look before him sharp.'

'And who is the other? Mary's cousin?'

'Yes, miss—long Tom Connor's daughter, from Shruve. She's up with Mary since Holly-eve. Hudie's lookin' after her.'

'She's no beauty, Tim.'

'No, miss; but she's settled. They do say she's a trifle coarse in the temper; but she has the finest two-year-old heifer ever I set my eyes on. A pure beauty, Miss Ellen.'

'And what good would the cow be to you, Tim, if you had a sour cross-grained wife at home?'

'Maybe she wouldn't be sour or cross when she'd have a good house over her head an' plenty. She's gettin old, Miss Ellen, and she sees the young ones comin' on, an' her left. There'd be a quare change in her if she had her own way.'

'You seem to think more of the cow than the girl, Tim!' I retorted.

'Troth, it's the purtiest av the two. But miss, I'm sayin', what would you advise me?'

'Marry the girl you like best, Tim; never mind the cow. A young sweet-tempered girl like Mary, who has been so good to her sickly father and mother, so gentle and loving to those wild brothers, cannot fail to make a good wife. You will never be sorry, if you marry the girl you like best.'

'True for you, ma'am—true for you. She is a good girl, an' I'm nigh-hand sure I like her beyant any woman in the world; but Miss Ellen, I'd wish she had the cow!'

Next day I left home, nor did I return until the daffodils were glittering in the springing meadows around our home, and the rooks cawing over their fledglings in the woods behind our garden. Tim was married. I had heard that from mother early in the year; but upon which fair maid his choice had fallen, I was still uncertain. It was late at night when I returned from my travels, and mother had far too much to talk of to tell me the termination of Tim's courtship.

In the morning, I took my way into the garden, the farm-yard, the fields lying close by; but Tim was not to be seen; nor did I encounter him until late in the afternoon, when I discovered him busily trenching up some early cabbages in the back-garden. He seemed rather shy of me; but I put out my hand and greeted him kindly.

'You're welcome home, Mrs Grace, ma'am,' he said, striking his spade into the fresh-turned earth, and shaking the hand I gave him with more than ordinary warmth. 'We were thinking very long to have got you back.'

'Thank you, Tim. So I have to wish you joy.'

Tim looked sheepish, but speedily recovered himself. 'Yes, ma'am, if joy it be.'

'Oh, there can be no doubt on that score, Tim. I hope Mary is well?'

'Mary? Is it Mary Dogherty? Why, she's spoke of with Lanty Maguire that owns the ferry.'

'Why, I thought you were going to marry Mary, Tim?'

'Well, no, Miss Ellen, I did not. I b'lieve her an' Lanty was cried Sunday was eight days.'

'And what made you change your mind, Tim?'

'Well, I just took Susie; for you see, Miss Ellen, I judged a cow would make the differ betwixt any two women in the world.'

So after all, the cow carried the day!

## CLERKS.

BY ONE OF THEM.

ANYBODY who can write may be a clerk: that is the general notion, which is far from correct. Among other accomplishments, an accurate and thorough knowledge of book-keeping is required, and so is a knowledge of the style employed in official and business letters. In numerous cases, parents in selecting avocations for their sons are induced, from perhaps laudable, but somewhat false notions of 'gentility,' to make them clerks, frequently with little regard to their aptitude for such an occupation. They seem to forget or to ignore the fact that there are other departments of the commercial world where there is room enough and to spare for more candidates, and many branches of skilled labour where ready and well remunerated occupation could be found. The consequence is that among those now in the service there are many who have mistaken their avocations, numbers who would probably have

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succeeded well in some other sphere, not a few others more fit to wield a sledge-hammer or handle a wheel-barrow, than to write a letter, keep a ledger, or prepare a balance-sheet.

Of course, as is generally known, there are grades in this as in other professions. As might be expected, there are not only skilled and half-skilled labourers, but an admixture of drones. The variety of employment and responsibility of clerks is almost endless; there is no common level to which they are subject. Their position is peculiarly one of trust. In many cases the clerk has to control the expenditure of his employer's money, which necessitates the possession of certain habits and characteristics. It is not only important that he should possess the requisite competency for the performance of the duties intrusted to him, but his employers should know of what his peculiar individuality consists; for clerks are to a large extent intrusted with the important task of working out the general principles on which the business of their employers is transacted. The man who is naturally unsystematic can hardly be expected to work by system in his business; he who in personal and domestic matters is extravagant, will not be very likely to introduce habits of economy into his business transactions. Genteel appearance, good handwriting, the ability to add up dexterously the columns of a ledger, are not the only qualifications needful in a really efficient clerk.

The object of account-keeping should be the production of a picture which in every detail, as well as in one general view, should at all times shew what and how work has been done, and with what result it has been performed. Unfortunately it is sometimes the case that clerks, especially youthful ones, do not seem to possess an adequate idea of the great object in view, and which they are intended to assist in carrying out. In the matter of correspondence too the ability of clerks is put to the test, and their natural temperament often exhibited. The art of correct letter-writing is not to be gained by the perusal of 'a Complete Letter-writer' however complete, but can only be acquired by study and practice, combined with some natural aptitude. Business-like and civilly worded letters are an earnest of business-like transactions, and may be taken as an index to the ruling principles which guide the actions of the principals. In this way, clerks are intrusted by their employers with an important responsibility, in which there is need of the exercise of tact, judgment, and sound principles.

In no small measure does the treatment of employers mould the general disposition of clerks; and no more powerful incentive can be given to the latter than that of knowing that they are in full possession of their employer's confidence. But before extending this confidence, and appealing to the higher motives of his clerks, it is all-important that the employer shall have selected men fitted for the places they are to occupy. If an air of suspicion prevails, occasional deceit on the part of the suspected can scarcely be wondered at. It is no less requisite that clerks should put confidence in each other, but unfortunately the existence of petty jealousies often stands in the way. And this is one of the peculiar characteristics of clerks. There often exists a feeling that one encroaches on the domains of another, and not without cause; for there are those who 'run cunning,' if such an expression is admissible, and those who obtain favour and promotion by mere arrogance and effrontery. Then there are the excessively plausible men, whose working capital is well nigh restricted to the glibness of their tongue. Moral and mental excellence are as a consequence sometimes overridden, though as a rule but temporarily, for sooner or later the higher and more stalwart qualities of the quiet-spoken but thorough-going man must prevail. It must not be forgotten that employers need to have a good knowledge of human nature, to be proficient in the art of judging character, and to possess considerable tact; for unfortunately it sometimes happens that the more confidence placed in a man the less is he worthy of it.

There have been discussions innumerable as to the hours of manual labour; and important changes, some the result of legislation, have taken place. The overtaxing of mental power is, however, of graver import than the overtaxing of physical strength. In a large number of instances, clerks are in an easy position in this respect, those especially in certain government departments, banks, and some commercial houses. There are too many cases, however, in which clerks are grievously overworked. The case of many branches of the railway service may be cited where clerks are almost incessantly employed twelve or fourteen hours a day. Long hours are prevalent too in connection with many commercial houses, in which monotonous and unceasing labour during unreasonable hours, is a great tax on the nervous energies, and can only result in permanently weakening the system of those engaged in it.

The number of hours occupied is not, however, always a criterion to the amount of work performed. Could such a standard have been taken as a measure of tasks accomplished, the labour question would not have been one so difficult to deal with as it has come to be. It is sometimes the case that long hours are associated with comparatively little work. When time is not fully occupied, there is a tendency to procrastination—work is put off and put off, and then comes a final scramble to get it done by the specified time. In many instances, were shorter hours adopted and the time fully occupied, the same amount of work might be done, and done better; it would not appear so irksome, punctuality and method would be more easy of acquisition, and thus employers and employed would be alike benefited.

In point of salaries, the railway companies, and some other large companies, adopt a uniform scale applicable to junior clerks; but beyond this rule, each individual case is dealt with according to its merits, the rate of remuneration varying in proportion to length of service, nature of work performed, and responsibility entailed. Newspaper advertisements occasionally convey an idea as to the rate of remuneration in some instances. An advertiser in *The Times* recently required the services of a clerk in London, age nineteen to twenty-three, salary commencing forty pounds. Another, 'Wanted a man as clerk; salary twenty shillings weekly; must write a good hand, and be well up in

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arithmetic.' It would be interesting to know what is here meant by a *man?* Three-and-fourpence a day for a *man* as clerk in London, who possibly might have a wife and what some call 'encumbrances!' One would indeed be sorry to quote this as a representative case; but it gives some weight to the assertion that there are instances too numerous of hard-working, underpaid clerks. No wonder that there should be among this class of men, so many pale and careworn faces, and coats threadbare at the elbows with long service.

Since Dickens in his inimitable style first published his tale of Scrooge and his unfortunate clerk, many changes have taken place; but it is to be feared that this character created in fiction is still reflected in some realities. It is a law of nature that everything flourishes in proportion to the encouragement it receives; and in the same way the actions and motives of servants are in a considerable measure ruled by the disposition of employers. Isolated cases there always will be in which good treatment will be abused; and the result of such circumstances naturally induces some hesitancy to repose confidence in any; but as a principle of general application, results must depend upon the nature of the treatment adopted.

Clerk-labour would seem to be frequently employed at the lowest possible price for which it can be procured. But the same principle as that employed by the manufacturer in paying a good price for a machine that shall do its work expeditiously and well, is equally applicable to the purchasing of clerk-labour, in which much discrimination and tact are necessary. Sometimes those who are least competent and painstaking are the most dissatisfied; some there are who do not appear to understand degrees of merit, but think that all should be reduced to something like a dead level—that mere length of service, for instance, should command the maximum of reward. To length of service some reward is due, but the tools should be put into the hands of those who can use them, and who should of course be rewarded accordingly. Mr T. Brassey, M.P., in a speech on the labour question said: 'It is most economical to pay labour well. It is better to employ fewer men at high wages than more men at low wages. Every individual is better off, and the total expenditure on labour is reduced. For the non-employed, fresh fields must be found, and these will be opened by the ingenuity and enterprise of mankind.'

The employment of females in certain departments of clerk-labour would seem to be a thing much to be desired and encouraged; and there is ample scope for such employment where the duties are light, straightforward, and not too onerous in character. That the candidates are numerous may be judged from the fact that some time ago, in response to an advertisement for eleven junior counter-women at metropolitan post-offices, from one thousand to one thousand five hundred young ladies presented themselves as applicants at the offices of the Civil Service Commissioners on one day! In cases where certain active business qualifications are essential, it is not to be desired, nor is it expected that females will in any degree displace the other sex. The opposition manifested by certain of the male sex to the opening thus afforded for the extension of female labour may fairly be characterised as somewhat unmanly. But as we had occasion to say in an article on 'Female Occupations,' this extension of female labour will by natural laws not proceed beyond natural limits. The field for female work is circumscribed, and an extension in such a direction should be hailed with satisfaction. If the introduction of female clerk-labour displaces some of the overplus of boy clerks, and induces some to adopt avocations more suited to their natural fitness, much good will have been effected; for is not the accomplishment of account-keeping and a training in good business habits calculated to make better wives and mothers? An intimate acquaintance with simple account-keeping would be a valuable addition to the education of many ladies of the present day, and might save many a man's income which, but for his wife's accomplishment, would be unwittingly muddled away.

As a social animal, clerks possess some peculiar characteristics. The banker's clerk cultivates not the acquaintance of the lawyer's clerk; the draper's clerk prefers not to associate with the grocer's clerk. In the same establishment even, the spirit of caste has often a prominent place: those who by chance sit at a mahogany table would seem to say by their demeanour that they are far removed from those who occupy a deal desk. 'At Birmingham,' says Samuel Smiles in his *Thrift*, 'there was a club of workmen with tails to their coats, and another without tails: the one looked down upon the other.' What a great thing it would be if, in society generally, people would always have the courage to appear what they are, rather than try to seem what they are not! Some clerks if asked to describe their avocation would disavow anything so common as a clerkship; they would be 'an accountant'—anything but a clerk. What will not some folk do for the sake of keeping up appearances? and amongst clerks this disposition prevails to a considerable extent; as if appearance to the world, and not the ruling principles of a man's life, constituted the sole test of respectability. Douglas Jerrold said: 'Respectability is all very well for folks who can have it for ready-money; but to be obliged to run into debt for it, it's enough to break the heart of an angel.' Let those who are anxious for sound and wholesome advice upon this important subject read Mr Smiles' book above quoted.

The social life of unmarried clerks is capable of improvement, especially in large towns, into which there is continually flowing a stream of young men, who frequently have to be content with the first apparently comfortable lodging that presents itself, and to which nothing may be so foreign as the most ordinary home comforts, in addition to the accompanying risk of new associations formed of a kind both unexpected and undesirable, often likewise accompanied by impositions various and numerous. It has been suggested that clerks' inns or clubs should be established; and the idea is well worthy the consideration of all those who in any way are interested in the matter. The advantages to be derived from undertakings of this kind would be incalculable. Employers of clerk-labour would be indirectly benefited, and they would do well to assist in the promotion of any movement in the direction indicated. As regards clerks themselves, their comforts might be considerably increased and their

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expenses lessened. Such establishments might of course be made something more than mere lodging-houses. Under proper management, they might become a general resort both for amusement and intellectual pastime. The constant social intercourse of clerks with each other would tend to engender good feeling, and by this association an entirely new state of things would be brought into existence. The exercise of some amount of discipline would alone result in untold good, and the fact of membership would constitute a permanent recommendation as to respectability. As regards expense, economy would be created by co-operation; the quality of every article of food might be insured. In fact, by this means might be secured a maximum of happiness and comfort for a minimum of expense.

A larger amount of judicious physical exercise than is now practised would be of great benefit to clerks. In the case of thousands in the large towns, this is seldom resorted to beyond the mere act of walking to and from business. In large establishments, organisations for such recreation might be more encouraged, and thus conduce to the great desideratum, of a healthy mind in a healthy body.

There is some doubt as to the future position and prospects of clerks generally, but as we have ventured to hint, little improvement can be anticipated until supply and demand become more equal. In many departments of skilled labour there is ample scope for educated men; in fact there is great need for them, and many a man now in clerk-service would have met with far greater success had he become an artisan. Indeed one sometimes hears an expression of regret to the effect that the task of wielding the pen, though it be 'mightier than the sword,' had not given place to the tools of a skilled workman. The fact of receiving a salary and working short hours seems to possess a considerable attraction to many, but it would be well if this unsubstantial state of feeling were removed. In many trades, such as bookbinding, there is often great difficulty in obtaining a sufficient number of hands, especially 'hands with heads,' the services of a tasteful 'finisher' being highly paid.

Without in any degree depreciating the importance of and necessity for efficient clerk-labour, it would seem, taking a broad view of the question, that the chances of success in life of educated and persevering mechanics are fully equal to the prospects of the majority of clerks. In many cases the comparison is in favour of the artisan. The man with a trade possesses a sort of independence, and opportunities are frequent for his becoming his own master.

The Council of the Society of Arts has taken an important step in the matter of education. It has been arranged for examinations to take place, particularly for young men; certificates are to be given to those who are successful, and this will act as a passport to commercial employment. The subjects of examination are as follows: Arithmetic, English (composition, correspondence, and précis writing), book-keeping, commercial history, and geography, short-hand, political economy, French, German, Italian, Spanish. To entitle a candidate to this 'certificate in commercial knowledge,' he must pass in three subjects, two of which must be arithmetic and English. Every encouragement should be given to such a movement, calculated as it is to raise the general standard of efficiency of clerks in the future; and to those now in the service such a scheme is calculated to convey some benefit.

## A LADY'S JOURNEY IN MOLDAVIA.

I AM going to describe a journey I made across Moldavia in 1863. Determined to leave the dust and malaria behind us for a time, we set out from Galatz one beautiful morning in the summer of the year 1863, in search of the cooler air which blows on the western side of the Carpathians. A village of the Siebenbürgen, near the old town of Kronstadt, was our destination. Early in the morning we prepared to start—two ladies, two nurses, and four children; all resigned to the absolute control and guidance of Herr F——, our dragoman and courier; a little round bustling man, speaking every European language with the ease of a not particularly refined native; literally splendid in theory and fertility of resource while any plan was under discussion, though hardly equal to himself in a practical emergency.

It was already dark when we arrived at the town of Tekoutch. After a good deal of waiting and difficulty, the Herr succeeded in procuring for us the shelter of two flea-haunted chambers at the top of a steep ladder. Whether this place was the principal hotel of Tekoutch or only one of the Herr's failures, I cannot say. All four children were sleepy, hungry, hot, and unhappy. Oh! for milk to make a refreshing drink for the poor sick baby, who was wailing so piteously! Our repeated calls brought upon the scene a hag—a hag who would have been invaluable in melodrama, but whose presence in the actual state of affairs superadded active terror to the passive discomfort of the children. Her upper-country Moldavian was hardly intelligible, and she quite refused to understand our modes of expressing ourselves. But constant reiteration of the substantive 'Milk,' in every language and dialect known to us, was at last so far successful that we procured a small quantity of a curious gray fluid mixed with fine sand, which the poor little ones were too sleepy to judge critically; and we had soon the satisfaction of seeing them asleep on the divans with their nurses beside them. Before daybreak we were all awake, and renewing the struggle with the hag for the necessary provision of milk, to which she was good enough to add a few cups of black coffee. We removed such traces of yesterday's dust as we could, by dipping the corners of our towels in glasses of water. The Roumanian peasant's idea of washing is so different from ours that it is almost impossible to make them understand one's requirements in that respect. A jar of water, a friend to hold the jar, and standing-room in the open air, are his requisites. He stands bent well forward, to avoid the splashes, while the friend pours a little water—a very little—into his hollowed hands. These he rubs together, then holds them out for a second supply, with which he moistens the region immediately round his nose.

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The whole process requires a certain amount of skill and dexterity, to which the results are hardly commensurate.

Before five A.M. we were on the road again. Our way lay through a very pleasant region, and we suffered much less from heat and dust than the day before. The country was undulating and less uniform. The roads were real roads, not mere tracks through the fields, or across the steppe. The wheat and barley were luxuriant all round; and great fields of mustard in full bloom made patches of a yellow, perfectly dazzling in its brightness. As we approached the higher country we came on large tracts of grazing-land soft and rich: trees were scattered about—oak, hornbeam, lime, and wild cherry, with an occasional birch or pine. Thorn and rose bushes, tall as trees, shook showers of blossom around. There were groups of feathery tamarisk, clusters of Guelder-rose, and bowers of white clematis thrown from shrub to shrub. The roadside was a garden of wild-flowers; tall spikes bearing alternate rings of deep purple leaves and the brightest of yellow blossoms, blue chichory, rose-coloured pea-blossom, sweet-williams, and aromatic herbs that filled the air with their perfume. A Roumanian cottage is generally a pleasant resting-place in the heat of summer; the roof of reed-thatch, or oak-shingle, projects so far as to shade the whole cottage, and within are whitewashed walls, and cushioned divans covered with rugs of thick home-made cloth, woven in brightly coloured stripes.

In the little inn at Domnul where we next arrived we laid down the children to take siesta; and by four next morning we were astir again and eager to set out, as we knew that a few hours' driving would bring us to the Oïtos Pass, of the beauties of which we had heard so much. By half-past five we were off. The country got more lovely at every step. Low wooded hills rose in front; the glens, between, highly cultivated, though uneven and rugged in places. The road was terraced along the side of an abrupt slope: the driver of the baggage wagon managed to get a wheel on the bank, and over went the wagon, boxes and bundles rolling pell-mell down the hill. An hour's work, not without much vocal accompaniment, put all to rights, and our caravan was again in motion. Many brooks made their way down from the hills, and we had to cross numerous wooden bridges, for the most part in a very sad state of repair. Here a plank was missing, and a hole yawning under the horses' feet, shewed the foaming water beneath; there another rose and tilted up as the horses trod on the end. But the steady little animals never flinched; they picked their footing as mules would have done, and so we passed in safety. At noon our rest only lasted half an hour, and soon after starting we came to the Roumanian guard-house at the entrance of the pass. We were joined at this point by two Austrian soldiers, who accompanied us on horseback through the pass, bringing up the rear of our procession.

On all sides of us the steep, richly wooded hills rose abruptly; higher mountains shewing their snowy caps at intervals as the gorge opened up the distant view. Here, there, and everywhere roared and brawled the little river; now narrow as a winding thread, deep, below the road, which crossed and recrossed it by means of bridges, the safe passing of which seemed each time a fresh miracle; now widening in gleaming shallows, as from time to time the glen spread itself out to hold a little village. Each separate patch of gray rock contained its homestead; white cottages, with dark, quaintly carved, and pinnacled shingle-roofs, overshadowed by orchard trees or festooned with trailing vines. The population seemed to live in the water; men were fishing in the pools, women beating the linen on the flat rocks, or spreading the webs to bleach in the sunshine; while the children waded about in their one short garment, or bathed, diving plunging and chasing each other like veritable troops of 'water-babies.' What a handsome race they were, those Roumans of the Carpathians! Those we met on the road passed us with a courteous greeting, and went on their way; the women in their long white garments, drawn in at the waist by a broad brass-studded leather belt; the many coloured fringe, which fell straight, almost to their ankles, opening here and there as they walked to shew glimpses of the white below. Their feet were bare or covered by moccasins of undressed leather. Over their coils of plaited hair lay a square of embroidered linen, from one corner of which a coin hung over the forehead, and more coins formed earrings and rows of necklaces. The men wore a great loose white blouse, a studded belt, broader and heavier than those of the women, in which were stuck knives, daggers, and heavy pistols. On their feet were either moccasins or boots high above the knee. Their long uncut hair hung over their shoulders; and, twisted round their broad hats were ribbons of the national colours—red, blue, and yellow.

The ascent at first was gradual, but our horses being tired, we all walked for several hours. The soft rich beauty of the glen increased at each moment; hill rose above hill, covered with the mellow green of the young fir shoots, each tree bearing the golden red crown of last year's cones. The hanging birches with their silver stems swept over slopes smooth as a lawn, save where here and there the bold gray rock cropped out. Little glens ran up the mountain sides, scented with wild thyme, which overpowered even the fragrance of birch and fir. An hour before sunset we reached a large village the name of which I have forgotten. Here were more guard-houses, and difficulties about examining our baggage. As we were anxious to avoid this scrutiny, we administered a gratuity to the guards, who speedily became our friends; but as we were preparing to resume our journey an unfortunate difficulty arose.

The Herr announced to us after half an hour's search, that no horses were to be procured. 'Then we had better remain here for the night,' we decided at once. But no. The Herr had undertaken us, and he alone must have an opinion. We felt that he knew the country, and that we did not, and gave way, though unwillingly, on his assurance that less than twenty minutes would bring us to the Austrian frontier, where we would be sure to find fresh horses. So we reluctantly reseated ourselves. The horses had been at work since early morning, and were utterly exhausted, crawling at a foot's pace. The shades were gathering deeper and deeper around us; the ground rose much more rapidly than before; the road in some places was so bad as to be almost impassable; worst opposite a tablet let into the

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rock, which informed the grateful traveller, in letters of gold and in choice Latin, how Prince Alexander Ghyka had made and finished it in 1855. The Herr's twenty minutes had lengthened to an hour or more when we reached a narrow treeless gorge, the heights crowned on either side by half-ruined fortress towers, while grim loop-holed modern walls ran down to meet in an immense gateway, whose shut doors barred our path. To the left, a small plateau of green turf bordered the crag overhanging the stream, which now held its rapid course many feet below us.

Our arrival was an event. The guardian of the pass was fat, fussy, and important, and quite deaf to any representations of our anxiety to proceed. Had we anything to declare? No; certainly not. No tea? No. Nor tobacco? No. But then it struck him that there must be some tobacco for present use among our drivers; so a strict personal search was made; the tobacco-pouches were emptied, and their contents thrown over the crag. We were injudicious enough to remonstrate, as we would willingly have paid something to allow the poor men to keep their tobacco; and this seemed to determine our *douanier* to display his authority to the full, for soon the sward was strewn with our possessions, which included bedding, provisions, and books, as well as the clothing of the whole party. The men must have had a dull time of it in this lonely mountain fort, to judge from their excitement at the display of our goods. At last we seized a packet of tapioca and implored the great man to pass it and the nurses and children, that they might find rest and refreshment beyond the gates. To this, after a very critical scrutiny, he consented; and we despatched them to look for a krishma beyond the boundary.

When we had satisfied the douanier and seen such order as was possible restored to our luggage, we followed, and found them installed in a miserably dirty little place, where the children of the family, who were crowding round, looked so evidently ill, that, fearing something infectious, we were constrained to hurry the preparation of the tapioca, and go out again to the open air. At last the Herr appeared, and had to confess his failure. We ought to have passed the night at the village we had left two hours before; to pass it here was impossible.

'We must feed the horses and push on,' said the Herr; 'it is not an hour's drive.'

Alas! we were beginning to understand but too well what the Herr's 'hours' were like. But the night was mild and pleasant, though already dark; and having arranged beds for the children among the cushions, we continued our journey with a briskness on the part of both drivers and horses which was wonderful after the hard day's work they had gone through. There was just light enough from the stars to shew us the dangerous nature of the road, which rose in rapid zigzags. There was no parapet, and the little river ran below at a depth which increased at every turn. The heavy travelling-carriage seemed to drag back the horses, and the drivers of the wagons had to stop and push it up. At last we reached the top; but it was two o'clock before we reached Bereck. All the inhabitants were asleep; but the people of the krishma, after we had roused them, received us very hospitably, and busied themselves in attending to our comforts. It was late next morning when we resumed our journey, and we were now able to perceive that the scene had a beauty of its own—that of vast extent. Nowhere have I seen a wider horizon, and yet hills closed it in all round, but at a great distance. The plain over which we were passing formed a vast amphitheatre, and the eye took in at one sweep at least a dozen villages, all widely apart from each other. The roads were as excellent as, under Austrian management, they always are. Good horses were to be found at all the posting-houses; and by the middle of the following day we had approached the mountains which bounded the other side of the plain, and found ourselves at our journey's end.

## THE CHANGES OF COLOUR IN THE CHAMELEON.

FROM very ancient times the curious changes of colour which take place in the chameleon, and its supposed power of living on air, have been the wonder of the uninformed, and have furnished philosophers and poets with abundant material for metaphor. The belief that the animal can live on air has been exploded long ago, and was no doubt due to its power of long fasting and to its peculiar manner of breathing. It is only quite lately, however, that any satisfactory explanation has been given of the apparently capricious changes which take place in the colour of the chameleon; the latest researches on the subject being those of M. Paul Bert, the French naturalist, which have been described in a recent paper by M. E. Oustalet. As most of our readers are no doubt familiar with the appearance and figure of this curious reptile, and as descriptions of it may be found in any encyclopædia or elementary work on natural history, we do not consider it necessary to repeat them here.

Many and various theories have been proposed to explain the changes of colour which chameleons undergo; changes the importance of which have been greatly exaggerated. It is generally believed that these animals have the power of assuming in a few seconds the colour of any neighbouring object, and that they intentionally make use of this trick to escape more easily from the sight of their enemies. But this opinion is erroneous; and experiments conducted with the greatest care have proved that chameleons are incapable of modifying their external appearance in anything like so rapid and complete a manner.

The first probably to give any rational account of the causes of the puzzling changes of colour in these reptiles was the celebrated French naturalist, Milne-Edwards, about forty years ago. After a patient and minute examination, he discovered that the colouring matters of the skin, the pigments, are not confined as in mammals and birds, to the deep layer of the epidermis, but are partly distributed on the surface of the dermis or true skin, partly located more deeply, and stored in a series of little cells or bags of very peculiar formation. These colour-cells are capable of being shifted in position. When they are brought close to the surface of the outer skin, they cause a

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definite hue or hues to become apparent; but by depressing the cells and causing them to disappear, the hues can be rendered paler, or may be altogether dispersed. It is noteworthy that the cuttle-fishes change colour in a similar manner.

Underneath the colour-bags (or *chromoblasts* as they are called) of Milne-Edwards, Pouchet, a recent inquirer, has discovered a remarkable layer, which he calls *cærulescent*, and which possesses the singular property of appearing yellow on a clear, and blue on an opaque background.

M. Paul Bert, within the last two years, has by his researches thrown still further light upon these curious changes, and upon the mechanism by which they appear to be accomplished. He endorses most of the results of Milne-Edwards and subsequent inquirers, but has carried his observations much further. It would be out of place here to give a detailed account of the methods by which M. Bert has arrived at his conclusions. Suffice it to say, that by a series of careful experiments, he has discovered that these changes of colour seem to be entirely under the control of the nervous system, and that the chameleon can no more help them taking place than a toad can help twitching its leg when pinched. By acting in various ways upon the spinal marrow and the brain, the operator can send the colour to or withdraw it from any part of the body he pleases. Indeed a previous observer was able to cause a change of colour in a piece of the skin of the animal by acting upon it with electricity; and M. Bert has proved that even in the absence of the brain the usual changes can be produced by exciting the animal in any way; thus shewing that they are due to that class of nervous action which physiologists name *reflex*, and of which sneezing is a good example. M. Bert has also made some interesting experiments on the animal while under the influence of anæsthetics and during sleep. It was formerly known that in the latter case, and also after death, the chameleon assumed a yellowish colour, which under the influence of light became more or less dark. M. Bert has found that exactly the same effects are produced during anæsthesia as during natural sleep, and that light influences not only dead and sleeping chameleons, but that it modifies in a very curious fashion the coloration of the animal when wide awake. The same result is produced when the light is transmitted through glass of a deep blue colour, but ceases completely when red or yellow glass is used. To render these results more decisive, M. Bert contrived to throw the light of a powerful lamp upon a sleeping chameleon, taking care to keep in the shade a part of the animal's back, by means of a perforated screen. The result was curious: the head, the neck, the legs, the abdomen, and the tail became of a very dark green; while the back appeared as if covered with a light brown saddle of irregular outline, with two brown spots corresponding to the holes in the screen. Again, by placing another animal, quite awake, in full sunlight, but with the fore-part of its body behind a piece of red glass, and the hind-part underneath blue glass, M. Bert divided the body into two quite distinct parts—one of a clear green with a few reddish spots, and the other of a dark green with very prominent spots.

From his researches as a whole, M. Bert concludes: 1. The colours and the various tints which chameleons assume are due to changes in the position of the coloured corpuscles, which sometimes, by sinking underneath the skin, form an opaque background underneath the cærulescent layer of Pouchet; sometimes, by spreading themselves out in superficial ramifications, leave to the skin its yellow colour, or make it appear green and black. 2. The movements of these colour-bags or chromoblasts are, regulated by two groups of nerves, one of which causes them to rise from below to the surface, while the other produces the opposite effect.

As to the effects produced by coloured glass, they no doubt result from the fact that the coloured corpuscles, like certain chemical substances, are not equally influenced by all the rays of the spectrum, the rays belonging to the violet part having alone the power of causing the colour-bags to move and drawing them close to the surface of the skin. This exciting action of light on a surface capable of contraction, an action which hitherto has only been recognised in the case of heat and electricity, is one of the most unexpected and curious facts which in recent times have transpired in the domain of physiology. Hence M. Paul Bert's researches are likely to prove of far more value than merely to explain the changes of colour which take place in the chameleon. He hopes especially in carrying out his researches to discover the reason of the favourable influence on health which is exerted by the direct action of light on the skin of children and of persons of a lymphatic temperament; and this may lead to some very important practical results in the treatment of disease. In the meantime he has done much to clear up a very puzzling and very interesting fact.

## MY SWEETHEART.

Do you know my sweetheart, sir?
She has fled and gone away.
I've lost my love; pray tell to me
Have you seen her pass to-day?

Dewy bluebells are her eyes;
Golden corn her waving hair;
Her cheeks are of the sweet blush-roses:
Have you seen this maiden fair?

White lilies are her neck, sir;
And her breath the eglantine;
Her rosy lips the red carnations:
Such is she, this maiden mine.

The light wind is her laughter;
The murmuring brooks her song;
Her tears, so full of tender pity,
In the clouds are borne along.

The sunbeams are her smiles;
The leaves her footsteps light;
To kiss each coy flower into life
Is my true love's delight.

I will tell ye who she is,
And how all things become her.
Bend down, that I may whisper
My sweetheart's name is—'Summer.'

T. P.

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## YOUTHFUL PRODIGIES.

A CURIOUS question has more than once been asked: have the most remarkable works, in the various kinds of literary labour, been produced in the flush of youth or the calmness of age? Are men better fitted for vigorous exercise of the mind in the first half or the second half of their existence? The spring and elasticity of temperament, the warmth of feeling, the hopeful aspirations, the activity of vital energy, the longing to throw the thoughts into some kind of words or of music—all tempt one, at a first glance, to say that early authorship is more probable than later.

Certainly the examples of young authorship are neither few nor unimportant. Of course we may take Tristram Shandy's authority with as many grains of allowance as we please; but the marvels told in his colloquy are unique. Yorick declared that Vincent Quirinus, before he was eight years old, pasted up in the public schools of Rome more than four thousand five hundred theses on abstruse questions, and defended them against all opponents. Mr Shandy capped this by citing one erudite man who learned all the sciences and liberal arts without being taught any of them.

Isaac D'Israeli, in his *Curiosities of Literature*, notices many curious examples; and the subject was taken up by a pleasant writer in the *Globe* newspaper, a few months ago. Pope wrote some of his *Pastorals* at sixteen; and a large number of his works, including the translation of Homer, were thrown off before he reached thirty. Edgar Poe wrote his *Helen*, remarkable for its beauty of style, when scarcely more than eleven years old. Cowley at fifteen published his *Poetic Blossoms;* while his *Pyramus and Thisbe*, though not published till his sixteenth year, is said to have been written when he was only ten. Lord Bacon planned his great work, the *Novum Organum Scientiarum*, when only sixteen, although the writing was the work of maturer years. The late Bishop Thirlwall wrote his *Primitiæ* when a boy of only eleven years of age; he was one of the few who wrote both early and late, a wonderful example of long-continued mental activity. Dr Watts almost *thought* in verse when a boy. Crabbe wrote both early and late, but not much in middle life; he published his first poem at twenty, and his *Village* before thirty; then a silence of twenty years was followed by a renewal of literary labour. Charlotte Brontë wrote in very early life, 'because she could not help it.' Chatterton, the scapegrace who applied so much of his marvellous powers to dishonest or lying purposes, wrote minor pieces of poetry at fifteen, and soon afterwards a pretended pedigree of a Bristol family. At sixteen he published the alleged plays and poems of Rowley, described by him as a priest or monk of the fifteenth century; at about seventeen he brought forward some pretended old parchments, made to appear soiled and time-worn, containing a fictitious description of an old bridge at Bristol; and then wrote biographies of Bristol artists who never lived. Coming to London, he wrote many satirical and political papers for the press; and ended his extraordinary life before he had completed his eighteenth year.

As a child (never so old as what we should call a 'lad'), Christian Heineker was one of the most singular of whom we find record. He was born at Lübeck about a century and a half ago. When only ten months old he could (if we are to believe the accounts of him) repeat every word said to him; at twelve months he knew much of Plutarch by heart; at two years he knew the greater part of the Bible; at three could answer most questions in universal history and geography (as then taught), and began to learn French and Latin; before four he began theology and church history, and expressed argumentative opinions thereon. This precocious little pedant died before he had completed his fifth year.

The late John Stuart Mill 'had no recollection of the time when he began to learn Greek;' but was told it was when he was only three years old. Adanson began at thirteen to write notes on the Natural Histories of Aristotle and Pliny. The calculating boys—Vito Mangiamele, Jedediah

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Buxton, Zerah Colburn, and George Parker Bidder —illustrate a remarkable phase of early mental activity.

On the other hand, many authors have produced their best works late in life, and have begun new studies at an age when the majority long for mental leisure. Izaak Walton wrote some of his most interesting biographies in his eighty-fifth year, and edited a poetical work at ninety. Hobbes published his version of the *Odyssey* at eighty-seven, and of the *Iliad* at eighty-eight. Sir Francis Palgrave, under an assumed name, published at eighty years old a French translation of a Latin poem.

Isaac D'Israeli notes that Socrates learned to play a musical instrument in his old age; that Cato learned Greek at eighty; that Plutarch entered upon the study of Latin almost as late in life; that Theophrastus began his *Characteristics* at ninety; that Sir Henry Spelman, a gentleman-farmer until fifty, at that age began to study law, and became an eminent jurist and antiquary; that Colbert, the distinguished statesman, resumed the study of Latin and of law at sixty; that the Marquis de Saint Audaire began to write poetry at seventy, 'verses full of fire, delicacy, and sweetness;' that Chaucer did not finish his *Canterbury Tales* till he had reached sixty-one; that Dryden felt his powers sufficiently in their strength at sixty-eight to plan a complete translation of Homer's *Iliad* into English verse, although circumstances prevented him from giving effect to his intentions; and (but this we must leave to the investigators who advise us to disbelieve most of the stories we hear or read concerning persons exceeding a century old) that Ludovico Monaldeschi wrote his *Memoirs* of his own times at the extraordinary age of a hundred and fifteen!

Dipping into the literary annals of different ages and different countries, there are not wanting abundant additional examples of men continuing their literary work to an advanced period of life, or else beginning *de novo* at an age when most men would prefer to lay down the pen and let the mind and the brain rest. Montfaucon, the learned authority on artistic antiquities, continued his custom of writing for eight hours a day nearly till his death at the age of eighty-seven. His labours, too, had been of a very formidable kind; for he was seventy-nine when he put the finishing touch to his *Monumens de la Monarchie Française*, in five folio volumes; and eighty-five when he published the *Bibliotheca Bibliothecarum*, in two tomes of similar magnitude. John Britton and John Nichols, artistic and antiquarian writers, both continued to drive the quill till past eighty. Sir Isaac Newton worked on till death, in his eighty-fourth year, but did not make scientific discoveries in the later period of his career. Euler worked on at his abstruse mathematical writings till past eighty. William Cowper, although he wrote a few hymns and letters in early life, did not till after fifty begin those works on which his fame chiefly rests —beginning with *Truth*, and going on to *Table Talk*, *Expostulation*, *Error*, *Hope*, *Charity*, *Conversation*, *Retirement*, *The Task*, *John Gilpin*, and the translation of Homer. Gray wrote late and little, devoting seven years to polishing and perfecting his famous *Elegy*. Alfieri, who was taught more French than Italian when a boy, studied his native language sedulously late in life, in order to be able to read the great Italian poets; and wrote his own principal works afterwards. Goethe gave advice, which is certainly not followed by the majority of novelists—namely, not to write novels till past forty; because until then we have scarcely an adequate knowledge of the world and of the human heart. Necker said in his old age: 'The era of threescore and ten is an agreeable age for writing; your mind has not lost its vigour, and envy leaves you in peace.' This corresponds in substance to a reply given by the hale and hearty old premier, Lord Palmerston, to a question 'When is a man in his prime?' 'At seventy.'

Musical genius, or at anyrate musical aptitude, has often developed itself in very early life. Sometimes this aptitude is hereditary in a notable degree. Veit Bach, a miller and baker at Hamburg about the middle of the sixteenth century, turned his attention to music, becoming a guitar-player and teacher; his son cultivated music generally, and lived by it as a profession; the grandson devoted himself to church music; the representative of the next generation was music director to the court and town of Eisenach. The fifth generation was marked by the renowned John Sebastian Bach, grandson's grandson of old Veit; he had to earn his living as a choir-boy, and lived to become one of the greatest of composers and organists. There were no fewer than fifty-eight of these Bachs between 1520 and 1750, every one of them musical. As an example of musical precocity, however, Mozart was far more remarkable than any of the Bachs. At three years old he experienced great pleasure in finding out chords on the pianoforte; at four he learned short pieces of music; and at six composed a pianoforte concerto, methodically arranged. He was then taken as a musical prodigy by his father (who was also a musician) to Munich, Venice, Paris, Milan, Bologna, Naples, Hamburg, London, and other cities, where the performances of the boy excited universal astonishment. In London, when only eight years old, Mozart composed six pianoforte sonatas, which he dedicated to Queen Charlotte. His first opera, *Mithridate*, was composed when he was fourteen; and about the same time he was appointed director of the Archbishop of Salzburg's concerts. He was quite an old musician by the time he became a young man—twenty-four years old when he composed *Idomeneo;* at thirty, *Le Nozze di Figaro;* at thirty-one, *Don Giovanni;* at thirty-five, *Il Flauto Magico;* and at thirty-six (shortly before his death) the *Requiem*—the magnificent series of masses, motetts, symphonies, concertos, &c., coming in between at intervals. Mendelssohn was another great composer whose life-work was wholly finished by the age of thirty-eight. He gave a public concert at Berlin at the age of nine; and while yet a youth composed numerous instrumental pieces—the remarkable *Isles of Fingal*, and the still more striking music to the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. How he poured forth, as a young man, his oratorios, cantatas, *Lieder ohne*

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*Worte*, overtures, symphonies, concertos, sonatas, quartettes, *Athalie*, *Antigone*, *Œdipus*, *Walpurgisnacht*, &c., musical biography has told at full length.

One musical phenomenon is noticeable, not for his skill as a musical performer or composer, but for the way in which music seems to have formed part of his very being. This was Carl Anton Eckert, son of a sergeant of the Guards in the Prussian service, and born in 1820. While in his cradle, he was affected to tears by any music in the minor key. At the age of one year and a half, hearing his father play *Schöne Minka* with one hand on an old pianoforte, he immediately played it with both hands, employing his knuckles to aid his tiny fingers. He retained in his ear every tune he heard; and in his fourth year could name the pitch of any note on hearing it played.

Somewhat similar to Eckert in musical sensibility was Charles Wesley, nephew of the famous founder of the Wesleyan Methodists. As a child, he could always be pacified by his mother playing the harpsichord. Tied on a chair, he could be left alone for hours amusing himself by *making* music on the instrument. Before he was three years old he could play tunes in correct time, treble and bass; and soon afterwards was able to put a tolerably good bass to any tune he heard, without study or premeditation. Much flattered as a prodigy, he nevertheless failed to rise at any period of his life above a mediocre standard as a player or composer. Samuel Wesley, Charles's brother, was like him imbued with music from the cradle. Before he was three years old he could play a tune on the harpsichord; he made a correct bass before knowing musical notation; and learned to read from the words of songs in the music-books. He composed music before he could write, and was only eight years old when he composed an oratorio on the subject of Ruth. Some of our famous composers, on the other hand, have not commenced their best works until middle life, and have produced their very best at a somewhat advanced age.

On careful collation of known facts, we shall probably arrive at the conclusion that a medium position is better than either extreme; that a judicious diffusion of mental labour throughout a series of years is the best course for mind and body. Precocity is considered by some physicians as partaking of the nature of disease; very few 'infant prodigies' live to become distinguished men and women. Dr Richardson, in his *Diseases of Modern Life*, maintains the thesis that an average activity of mind throughout the whole of life is better than forcing it abnormally at the beginning. Another writer has observed that, by crowding the main business of life into the first forty years, with the design of taking things cosily by an early retirement and a long rest, the vital springs are dried up, the brain becomes prematurely withered by the excessive demands made upon it. The brain requires exercise like any other organ, but also, like any other organ, should not be worked to excess in early life. Many of our best writers have wrought well alike in early, middle, and advanced age, simply because they utilised their mental and vital resources judiciously. Sir Walter Scott is cited as a good instance in point. He wrote his poems in early life; produced in his maturity the wonderful series of novels and romances that will never die; and would probably have written his later works in masterly style if he had allowed himself time for the purpose. But adverse fortune decided otherwise; he exhausted himself by working intensely and earning enormously to pay off a debt: it virtually killed him.

## FROM DAWN TO SUNSET.

### PART II.

### CHAPTER THE SECOND.

THE next day came the lads Kingston and Charlie Fleming. Kingston was still 'reading,' and sowing his wild oats broadcast and winning honours, all in one. Charlie just started on his career, Sir Vincent best knew how.

It happened that King Fleming found his cousin Deborah alone; she was reading in her own room, where he sought her. She turned on him with a sudden rush of colour and defiant eyes: 'You are not invited here!'

Kingston approached as if he trod on eggs, cap in hand. 'Nay, sweet lady, yet I venture. Deb, you blush! You are reading evil; or is it o' love? O love, love, thou pleasure pain and torment! That same little unruly god with his bow and arrows, hath "shot and hit me sore!"' He sat down opposite Deborah, and gazed at her in his quaint droll way, that had in it a touch of pathos too.

Deborah's lips curled: 'I understand you not.'

Kingston shook his head in some ironical mockery. 'Nay, sweet Deb, that thou dost not, for never was a tougher heart than thine! *Thou* wilt never love, Deb; never feel thy heart pitapat, and thy cheek flame, for any mortal man; yet thou hast great promise of beauty and grace; thou wilt doubtless make a great match—all the women o' the Flemings do; an' if thou dost, I shall be proud o' thee.'

'I do not ask your applause,' retorted Deborah, with sudden fire and disdain. 'But I will not argue with you,' she added, with disdain alone. 'You have a weak head now, except for Greek and Latin. Just like a lad, your head runs ever upon marriage, and your tongue can prate o' nothing else.'

Kingston raised his eyebrows as a shade of colour crossed his brow. 'Just like a lad? Ay, and in *nature*, just like a lass also. But Mistress Fleming must not be judged by nature's law; *her* soul soars above all sublunary matters. What dost *thou* dream of, Deborah? Come! Hast not *one* idle dream, *one* erring thought, one tender folly to confess? The daisy!—the daisy, Deb—two years ago!'

Deborah sprang defiantly to her feet, her eyes like two orbs of fire. 'Master Fleming,' she said, 'either you or I must quit this room! Kingston, I bear from you taunts and insults, but I will bear no more. Under cover o' this, you *hate* me!—and I hate you!' And with that she was gone.

Kingston sat on his stool and stared before him:

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his odd brown face—a face beautiful with the changeful lights of feeling and intellect—assumed a hundred rapid expressions of wonder, regret, pity, remorse, and amaze. His beautiful child-cousin was 'one too much for him.' He never could comprehend her. He did not even admire her tanned dishevelled beauty, and he certainly did not love her; but he stayed himself to pity her, thinking that with such ungovernable passions she must go mad at last. With that, his boyish face grew sad, and he looked very forlorn, sitting in Deborah's sanctum with his lank yellow hair straying across his brow. As for Deborah, after a storm of tears hidden in the pantry, she dried her eyes on her apron like a poor passionate child, and went to seek Charlie, with no malice in her heart—only shame. Charlie was cleaning his gun in the saddle-room, watched at a respectful distance by Mistress Dinnage, who was squatting on the ground and looking low in spirits. Charlie was too busy to glance at Deb's tear-stained face, and Deborah knew him too well to kiss him when he was either intent on business or in sight of a girl. It was happiness enough to Deborah, after a careless word between them, to stand near him, to see the great strong boyish frame, at present even in its strength so loosely knit and jointed, and the brown bony hands, the dear familiar face, the unkempt locks, the wild sombre eyes, that so strangely courted and yet repelled affection.

'Art going back to-night?' ventured Deborah at length, timidly for her.

'Ay, bad luck to it. I hunt to-morrow.'

'Ah, then you will need Bayard, and father has him.'

'King will mount me.'

'Then if father *does* return, I will ride Bayard.'

'I can't squire girls. You must ride with King.'

'I will not.'

'Then I will not have you scampering alone.'

'I will ride with Jordan Dinnage. But you know, Charlie, I can keep up with the best.'

'You can; I'll do you that justice.'

'I don't like to lose you, old Charlie; we miss you sore. I fear, dear love, you are hard put to it for money. Are they *all* better off than you?'

'Oh, I know not and care not. I am well enough.'

Deborah sighed deeply: 'Not well enough for *thee*. But as yet, father is hard pressed; it has been a bad time for the coaching, and father is well-nigh sick of it. If he gets luck he will give up for a spell, and perchance take to it again.'

'What *luck* would you have for him, then?'

'Ah, I know not.'

Charlie smiled somewhat grimly over his gun, but said nothing. Soon Deborah went over to Mistress Dinnage, where she sat glowering with her dark curly head crowned on one side by coquettish scarlet ribbons. They presented a curious contrast, the bailiff's daughter and the baronet's daughter—one sitting with her hands clasped round her knee, in attire bright and gay, gazing up with a frown beneath her jaunty curls, her dark eyes lowering, and her little red-heeled shoe tapping on the ground; the other pale, subdued, and wistful, her long lorn hair falling about her unheeded and unribboned, and her dress dull in colour and in texture coarse, standing before her gaily attired inferior. As Mistress Dinnage gazed, her manner changed; irritability gave way before Deborah's plaintive eyes.

'You have been crying,' said Mistress Dinnage, in her marvellously brusque independent way.

'You know nought about it.'

'Ay, don't tell me! You have a heartache. I know when you are sorrowing, Lady Deb, an' when you are full of joy. Once, you never knew what sorrow was. Has *he* been worrying thee?' she asked, with a nod of the head towards Charlie.

'He? No! "The heart knoweth its own bitterness." You will do well not to question me, Meg. Come and play.'

That same evening, Sir Vincent Fleming came home late under cover of the darkness, as he always did, and on a swift horse. Deborah flew to meet him; he took her in his arms and kissed her. 'Good-even, Deb. Sweet Deb, has Enderby had visitors?' he whispered.

'Ay, father, the usual ones, whom it is sweet to blind for thy sake, for I had rare promises for Finton. And indeed you tell me, father, that brighter days are in store?'

'Ay, ay, lass; I have found a friend in need.'

'A *friend*, father?' They were walking through the great hall together, and Deborah hung upon her father's arm and raised her beautiful eyes to his. His own eyes sank. 'Not one o' those false, false friends,' she continued, 'who have oftentimes proved your strongest foes?'

'Nay; sweet Deb. But do not question me further;' and he turned his head restlessly away. 'This is indeed a friend to me and mine.—Deb,' he said, with a sudden bright altered change of tone, 'I have news for thee.'

'What news?' asked Deborah, with eager curiosity.

'Ah, then, you have not heard? Have the lads been here to-day?'

'Yes, father.'

'Well, if they have not told you, you may guess.'

'I cannot, I cannot! Nay, sweet father, news are scarce at Enderby; tell me quickly what has happed.'

Sir Vincent laughed. 'Little daughter of Eve, it relates to your cousin Kingston!'

'What is it, father?' Somehow the music had died out of Deborah Fleming's voice and the ripple from her lips.

'King is betrothed to Mistress Beatrix Blancheflower, the old baron's daughter;' and Sir Vincent laughed heartily, with his head in the air.

'Is it so, father? Well—she is rich and she is pretty. Oh, she is pretty, father!'

'Ay. But the boy is but twenty, and such a rattle-pate. Well, it will pay his debts and be a rise for the family. See that thou dost likewise, Deb,' said Sir Vincent, with playful tenderness.

As they walked, Deborah laid her head on her father's arm, which she was clasping. 'Time

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enough for that, father. Dost want to be rid o' me?'

He looked down and smiled; the smile softened the rugged countenance wonderfully. 'Ay, I want to be rid o' thee do I not, my Rose of Enderby? *Thou* art not my right hand?'

'Then let me be thy left. Nay; I will never leave thee, father. I like not marriage and sweethearting. Let Charlie wed; *I* will love but *thee*.'

Sir Vincent laughed. 'Time will change that tune, sweet Deb.'

They sat down by the hall-fire, where Marjory had spread a frugal repast. It passed in silence, for Sir Vincent fell to thinking deeply, and Deborah did not eat or speak at all. After supper, she lighted her father's pipe, then sat down at his feet and laid her fair head on his knees. The fire-blaze flickered over the wide lofty hall; the stag's antlers, the rusty armour, it shone whimsically on all; but Sir Vincent and his fair daughter and the old shaggy deerhound basked in warmth and steady light.

'Dost think Beatrix Blancheflower very pretty, father?'

'Well, yes; but not so pretty as thou.'

'Other folk think not so. She has blue eyes and golden hair. She is not shy nor awkward. She is older by two years than I. O yes, she has the power of always speaking what it pleases her to say; a rare art. But for me, father, my words ever belie my heart; and for what I say one minute, I would fain pluck out my tongue the next.'

'Silly little wench! I have not noticed it in thee. Thou art thy mother all over, Deb.'

'Oh, I am glad! But not so good as she?'

'Well, no. Yet thy mother was not over-fond of prayer, Deb, till she began to ail. She was a madcap, she was a madcap I tell thee, like thou art; and too fond of me, Deb, to care much for her soul. But at the last God came between us two. Ah me!' Tears dimmed those bold stern eyes, or the look akin to tears.

Deborah said no more. Soon she went up to her little room, slowly, and with dragging steps. 'What has paled my Rose of Enderby?' were words that had been uttered by her father; and they haunted her. She looked in her glass. True, she was pale, but great fires burned in her eyes. What was this mighty sorrow, that weighed like a mountain on the gay careless heart? The girl was afraid. She liked it not. She shrank and trembled like a child, and lay down on her bed in a little coiled heap, and moaned in helpless agony. It was like a young wild deer; and behold, in its swift flight of joy, an arrow quivered in the bounding heart, and it fell stricken, and writhed, and raised its innocent pleading eyes, as if asking what was that grievous pain that drew the life-blood from its heart! Thus through the long, long night Deborah Fleming lay and moaned. She did not pray, she did not weep; but in the morning she was the true Deborah Fleming again; at least the world never knew her aught else; for in one long night Deb tired of sorrow, and her poor little soul longed for sunshine and joy again, and sought them wildly.

### CHAPTER THE THIRD.

'And father,' said Deborah, 'I would like May Warriston to come here and stay with me for a bit; for when you are long away, I am apt to grow lonesome, and Mistress Dinnage cannot always be here.'

'Have May then. You have only to express a wish, sweet Deb, and it is granted. If we had food to feed the guests, heaven knows you might fill the house!'

So May came. They had not met since they were children, and now they are sixteen. A gay greeting passed between them, which was witnessed by Mistress Dinnage, whose heart ached sorely. May Warriston was small and fair; she blushed with every emotion; she idolised and admired Deborah with all her soul; while Deborah loved and petted May for her sweetness and fragile grace. The Warristons and Flemings had always been staunch friends and allies; a Fleming and a Warriston had fought, brothers-in-arms, in the Crusades, and lay beneath their long-drawn effigies side by side.

May was charmed with Enderby; its grandeur, its gloom, its decay, impressed her romantic imagination, and excited her greatly. The funereal shadow of the oaks, the picturesque girl who stood at the gates beneath them, the great stone archway with its carved armorial bearings, the strange gaunt woman who met her at the door, the hall with its quaint stained windows, and the tall pillars ranged across, and the beautiful Deborah Fleming who rushed through the hall to meet her.

After they had dined together, they went all over the house, and explored the damp mouldering passages where the rats fled before them, and the great untenanted chambers; and studied the ancient tapestry with much laughter, and climbed up with a lantern to the garret. Then the girls scrambled out on to the roof, and ran about round the stone coping, the favourite haunt of Deborah and Charlie, and looked over the far-spreading woods, the shining waters, and the flat but fair and emerald land. Then mists and darkness descended over all. And then came a bright and firelit tea in Deborah's pretty room, with the curtained alcove shutting out the bed—and then a long talk over the fire.

'Yes, King Fleming has done for himself,' said May, resting her chin within her pretty hand, as she leaned upon the arm of the lounging-chair. 'I thought not that he would be caught so easily. Did you?'

'I thought not about it at all. Or if I did—well, I thought it *might* be Mistress Blancheflower. You have seen them often together, May?—does she love him truly?'

'Not what *I* call truly, faith; but then Beatrix has a cold nature at the best of times.'

'How did she win him then, who has such fire?'

'Well, it is coldness that charms these fiery natures, Deb. Why, she treated him half with disdain; anon she would steal a glance, as Beatrix can, as if to lure him on; and when he wooed her, she frowned and was cold again. Take my word on't, Mistress Blancheflower is an arch-coquette. It matters not who it be. Why, she will play her airs on old Dandy Drummond!' And May burst into laughter, in which Deborah joined.

'Oh, I cannot do such things,' said Deborah, grave again, and sighing. 'Yet, 'tis no fault of mine. Were father rich, I would go to France, and get French polish and a maid to dress my hair.

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Money gets all things, May; and the accessories of money give confidence and power. Were I rich, I would outshine Mistress Blancheflower!'

'*You!*' cried May. 'Dost not know the moon even under a vapour outshines the stars? Dost know thy beauty, Deb?'

'Why, no. Sweet May, tell me! Am I beautiful? Father and Marjory tell me so; but they are blind, perchance.'

'Why, yes,' said May, laughing, 'you are; yet I like not to tell you so, for fear it should make you vain. You are beautiful as times go. Would that I were half as fair!'

How the maiden blushed. Her heart beat fast at May's simple praise, for Deborah had never believed herself to be beautiful before.

'O say not so, sweet May,' she answered; 'I would fain have your blue eyes and waxen skin and fairy-like figure. Father admires you greatly. Charlie, you have not seen. He is a man now, eighteen, and entered at Granta University.'

'Is he like you? Is he handsome, Deb?'

'Some folks say he is. My heart says there is no one like my bonnie Charlie! Yet he is somewhat of a bear. In Charlie, May, you must look for no courtly cavalier.'

'I like them not!' quoth May; 'of courtly phrases I am sick. But what like is he, this brother o' thine? Describe him.'

'Well, he is giant-tall—almost as tall as King, and may be taller.'

'I love tall men!'

'He cares not for his clothes, and dresses very rough; he has bonnie big eyes, dark and full of fire, that seem to scan you through; a brown face, a noble shapely head, and teeth as white as ivory. This be Master Fleming.'

'I like your portrait. But of Kingston I am afraid; his tongue is sharp as whip-cord. He is no great friend of yours, Deb, your cousin King?'

'And no great foe,' said Deborah, supremely careless. 'Nay—"blood is thicker than water;" I like him well enow; I have nought to say against King.'

Thus they talked, and much about tall men and short, dark men and fair—a deal of nonsense, as girls did then as now.

The next day there was a hunt, and great baying of hounds about Enderby. May would have Deborah go, and bring Kingston and Charlie home. So Lady Deb rode away, with old Jordan Dinnage behind her; and much ado had Jordan on such days to keep Deborah in sight, for hearing the horn and the hounds, she would grow wild, having come of a hard-riding race.

'Bless thee!' muttered Jordan Dinnage, 'thou wilt lead me a-moon-lightin' to-day. I see it in thee, lass! An' if thou doesn't break Bayard's knees or thine own neck, one day, my name 's not Jordan Dinnage.—There they be! Hoicks, hoicks! Lady Deb! Gone away!!' And behold the old bailiff (muttering gloomily a moment ago, between twinges of rheumatic pain) would give the view-hollo with a voice like a clarion. But Deborah Fleming was already off like a whirlwind, with a cry of joy, her hair flying. And she led Jordan a dance that day. . . .

'You must come home, Charlie,' said Deborah. She looked happier than any queen. The brush was swinging at her saddle, and Bayard and his little mistress appeared fresh and spirited as the dawn. All the huntsmen gathered about, and stared at Deborah, for the dawning beauty of Mistress Fleming began to be noised abroad, and the young lads from far and near would come to see the 'Rose of Enderby.' 'Who is she?' was whispered round. 'Why, Sir Vincent Fleming's daughter. They call her the Rose of Enderby.' The best of it was, Deborah was unconscious of it all. The spirit of the hunt was in her; her large gray eyes were luminous with light and life, her hair was afloat in amber clouds. She cared not even for Kingston, in moments such as those.

'You *must* come,' she urged pleadingly. 'It is early yet, and Marjory has a hunter's dinner ready—a banquet. And besides—I have a fair lady to greet ye, Charlie.'

'Then good-bye!' Charlie turned back his horse. 'Nay, Deb. Who is it? I want no "fair ladies."—But come away from these gaping loons,' he added, his boyish heart swelling with a sullen pride at the attention his sister was exciting; and they rode away together.

'It is May Warriston. Such a little angel! Quite harmless and full of fun, as much fun as Mistress Dinnage.' And then Deborah blushed, and gave a slight imperial bow, for Kingston, splendidly mounted, was now at her other side.

He bowed, with some mock-pleading in his eyes. 'What is this, fair cousin—May Warriston? Nay, Charlie, boy, I *must* go and see sweet May; *she* has always a sweet word for me, and sometimes something sweeter and kinder far!' And Kingston, glancing upbraidingly at Deborah's averted face, saw that it was crimsoned with haughty shame, at which sight he was somewhat confused.

'Well, come,' said Charlie, 'and make short work of it, for I am gated at seven; thanks be to old Shand.' So they rode fast home to Enderby; Jordan groaning behind, now that the hunt was over.

Mistress Dinnage stood gravely in the lodge door in the twilight; Kingston smiled and kissed his hand; Charlie Fleming looked not up at all. May Warriston ran out with smiles and blushes, which were not lost on Kingston, who greeted her even tenderly; but May glanced up at the tall dark lad on the bay horse, and felt her foolish little heart flutter, because *he* bowed without a smile? or because his dark eyes scanned her through? And Deborah looked pleased, seeing May's emotion, and the girls ran gaily in together. Deborah's 'banquet' was spread in the great hall, and great noise and mirth there was over it.

### CHAPTER THE FOURTH.

The day came but too soon for May to quit Enderby; the grandmother with whom she lived was ailing, and sent for her. But somehow May could not go that day, and must wait one day more; her trunks were packed, an old and trusty maid had arrived for her; but little May was sick at heart at the thought of leaving Enderby.

Was it love? Maidens did love early and long in those days; love was then a deep abiding passion, not a graceful sentiment to change with every change of raiment. At all events May loved *Deborah*, and clung to her.

They had been alone all that last long day, though Deborah had run many times to the door. On one of these runs she encountered Mistress Dinnage. 'What art seekin' so anxiously?' asked the latter curtly, even fiercely.

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'I will not answer you, Margaret,' said Deborah with calm dignity; 'for the last five weeks you have spoken to me thus, and avoided me in every way. I have not deserved this of thee. A friend has ne'er proved a friend who cannot speak out what rankles in the heart.'

'Speak out!' exclaimed Mistress Dinnage. 'She —*she*—has all your heart! While I—a poor man's daughter, you care for no more. What matters it, Mistress Deborah! It must be so. Mistress Warriston is a lady, like to you, an' worthy o' you; while I, poor, unscholarly'—— And Mistress Dinnage, her pride forgotten, burst into a very passion of sobs. Then the anger and scorn that had flashed from Deborah's eyes at her friend's accusation vanished in a moment at sight of her tears—'Mistress Dinnage!' whom Deborah had never known to shed a tear since their childhood.

'Nay,' cried Deborah, with her hands on the quivering shoulders; 'you know this is not so. You know that neither rank nor wealth nor great lady-friends will ever step between us. Must I tell thee, *silly* Mistress Dinnage, that thou art dearer to my heart than any woman in the world? If you will not believe it, if you *cannot* see it, go your ways. I am proud as well as you. And if so paltry a matter as difference of station can ever separate, in thought or word or deed, two great good friends, *then* thou 'rt not worthy of me, Mistress, or I of thee!' With that, they fell into each other's arms, and each wept a little, and then laughed. Then Deborah returned to May, not seeing Charlie, for whom she had been vainly watching. Charlie might surely have come to do her guest that honour, believing as he did that she was going away that day. But the youth came not.

On the next day, Charlie rode over alone to see to some of his business concerns, and by mere chance Deborah espied him going to the stables. She rushed forth: 'Charlie, May is going away in ten minutes' time; and I have been looking for you so to come and say good-bye. Come in with me, dear boy.'

Charles Fleming stamped his foot and frowned darkly. 'Why, I thought the girl had left you yesterday! Fool that I am to be caught. Deb, you know how I hate maidens, fine ladies. Why can't you let me be?'

'Because Charlie, May has sighed to say you one good-bye. Your roughness wins her heart; and you have been very kind, and seemed so fond of May.'

'Finely you read me!' muttered Charlie; but he followed Deborah into the house, to speed the parting guest. May was standing by the hall window in her soft furs, and her small face was very sad and pale and pleading; there were even tears in her eyes, which she tried in vain to keep back.

'Good-bye, Mistress Warriston,' said Charlie, looking down with his dark eyes, and then away, because of her tears. 'You must come back soon, for Deb loves to have you here;' and he gave a grasp of his hard brown hand.

'I will come; oh, I will gladly come!' faltered May, and then ran to Deborah, and hid her face on her breast. The carriage-wheels were heard; May was half borne out by Deborah, and Charlie stalked behind, looking gloomy, because he knew not how to look. May Warriston gazed from the carriage-window, and through a maze of tears saw the brother and sister standing under the porch, Deborah kissing her two hands vehemently. Pain was uppermost in that farewell of Enderby; the little orphan May lay back on the cushions, and sobbed as if her heart would break.

## WEAVING-SCHOOLS.

In all the ordinary manufacturing arts, the common practice is to learn by apprenticeships; that is to say, the young who are put to any craft are left to pick up information over a course of several years by imitating the operations of the journeymen among whom they are placed. No teacher sets himself specially to tell them how things are to be done, or how they may be improved upon by an ingenious consideration of results. The craft, whatever it is, takes its chance. In some instances, from generation to generation, it pursues a jog-trot routine; in others it makes advances through the peculiar thoughtfulness of individuals. In numerous cases, the keenness of competition forces on improvements. Manufacturers try to outdo each other. But even in these cases, the actual operatives are only mechanically concerned. They obey orders, but do not originate.

Thoughtful persons have latterly been of opinion that this state of affairs is not satisfactory. They think that instead of the chance and mechanical instruction through apprenticeship, there ought to be a course of systematic teaching by experts in the several crafts, at least those in which great ingenuity and the cultivation of original ideas are required, with a view to national advantages. Hence, schools of practical science and technical instruction, to which public attention has been occasionally drawn. Much has been done in this respect by certain continental countries, in the hope of outrivalling British manufactures; and we may be said to have come to this, that the old chance method of acquiring skill in certain lines of industry will not do any longer. With these preliminary remarks, we proceed to mention that in Belgium and Germany, schools of practical trade-instruction have existed for years in almost every corporate town, under the auspices of the municipality. Now, however, the growing rivalry of these countries with our own in more than one staple industry, has at length impressed British manufacturers with the need of taking similar means to withstand the pressure of such competition. Sharing these views, the promoters of the Yorkshire College some time ago suggested to the Ancient and Honourable Company of Cloth-workers how effectively the wants of the case might be met in the northern counties by providing, as a special department of the college, means for instruction in the manufacture of textile fabrics and designs. The suggestion was accepted in a generous spirit, all the more readily as those who initiated the scheme had personally pledged their own faith in it by subscriptions ranging from fifty to two thousand pounds. Among the munificent contributors of the larger amount were the Duke of Devonshire, Sir A. Fairbairn, and various local firms. Encouraged by the appreciative attitude of those most familiar with the requirements of the woollen trade, the Company at once entered upon this new sphere of active usefulness, granting in the first place an endowment of five hundred

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and twenty pounds per annum. Subsequently they offered a further contribution of no less than ten thousand pounds, to provide adequate buildings and appliances for the Textile Industries Department. This extension of their original purpose was mainly due to the immediate and decided success of the experiment. In some measure, however, it was also the fruit of an interesting and valuable Report presented to the Company by Mr John Beaumont, the instructor of the department, after having made, at their instance, a journey of inspection among the weaving-schools of the continent. Accompanied by Mr Walter S. B. M'Laren, M.A., Mr Beaumont made a six weeks' tour, during which he visited, chiefly in Germany, twenty-four weaving and seven polytechnic schools. Some of these are exclusively for instruction in weaving, while others are departments of larger technical colleges, as is the case in Leeds. The Report has been printed simply for private circulation, but we are permitted to glean its leading facts and suggestions, before describing briefly how far these are being applied to the new enterprise in the capital of the West Riding.

Among the best schools of the kind in Belgium are those of Ghent and Verviers, in both of which the instruction is free. The only conditions imposed upon students, who must be more than twelve years of age, are that they shall be able to write correctly and know the four simple rules of arithmetic. There are also in Belgium apprentice schools or workshops for apprentices, managed principally by the manufacturers of the different towns, who send work to be done in them. Throughout the whole of France there is likewise a movement in favour of technical education, and among the subjects which it is generally agreed must be taught, theoretically and practically, weaving takes a front place. At such towns as Rheims, Rouen, Lille, Lyons, Elbeuf, and Amiens, weaving-schools have been opened with success, and enjoy the benefit of government aid. In the first two named, what are known as the 'Industrial Societies' have provided, for the use of the manufacturers generally and also of the weaving students, large collections of patterns of cloth of all materials, arranged systematically in books. At Rheims the collection dates back to the year 1800, and is both interesting and useful, as shewing the various patterns and materials in use during this century. In Germany technical education is much more fully developed than in either France or Belgium, every town having its *Gewerbe* or trade-school, giving practical instruction.

At Chemnitz a new Gewerbe school is nearly completed, which puts all others into the shade. Its cost will be more than eighty thousand pounds, and it will accommodate between six and seven hundred students, presided over by a staff of nearly forty professors. It possesses a library of nine thousand volumes, upon which is spent three hundred pounds a year, out of an annual grant of seven thousand pounds from the government. In noticing the polytechnic schools, or technical universities which exist in nearly every important town in Germany, the commissioners incidentally mention having seen in the one at Aix-la-Chapelle a number of packing-cases, which they were told contained models of English patent machines, sent as a present by the English government, at the request of the Prince Imperial of Germany. This of course gives rise to a suggestion that the government might regard home claims with equal favour. The best polytechnic in Austria is undoubtedly that of Vienna, which has no fewer than one thousand two hundred students. The Textile Industries Department of its museum is very complete, comprising specimens of almost every manufactured article in its various stages from the raw material up to the finished piece of gooda. In a similar museum at Berlin there are models of almost every machine used in either the cotton or woollen trade. Not only are there models of machines now in use, but also of those which have been long since superseded. The obvious advantage of this variety is that the students see what have been the improvements gradually made in machinery, and it enables them to study the principle upon which the different machines have been worked. The best schools, Chemnitz and Reutlingen for example, have a great assortment of hand-looms, such as treadles, machines, and jacquards—in order to produce patterns, simple and figured, in every material. None of the schools confine their teaching to the manufacture of one class of goods only. Although each devotes most attention to the material and style of cloth chiefly manufactured in the district in which it is situated, yet all teach other branches of weaving; which is thought a material advantage.

To give the students some insight into the practical management of factories, they are in many cases allowed by the manufacturers of the town to visit their mills on stated days. This is unquestionably a great advantage to the students, shewing them on a large scale and from a business point of view those things which they are themselves doing on a small scale. In many of the schools the instruction is free. In those where charges are made, it is found that wherever the fees are low enough, the working men take advantage of the schools, and are thus made into skilful workmen and overlookers. The low fees do not drive away the sons of manufacturers; and the schools which are within the reach of all are therefore much more popular and useful than those which, from the larger fees charged, are more exclusive.

In our own country the object of weaving-schools is much misunderstood, many people having an idea that they are simply meant to teach workmen the management of a loom. To correct such a mistaken impression, it may be worth while to quote the prospectus of the Mülheim School, which describes that institution (a model one) as devoting itself to the task of 'educating overseers and manufacturers in all branches of weaving, and furnishing young men who wish to become buyers or sellers of manufactured goods with an exact knowledge of manufacturing, and therefore with a correct judgment of goods.' By the training which employers themselves receive in these schools, they are able to look after their businesses more thoroughly, and to supervise work for which they would not otherwise be qualified.

With a view to securing these and kindred benefits in the largest possible measure, various suggestions were made by the commissioners for the improvement of weaving-schools opened in this country. Means are not lacking to realise these advantages; but further time is required for the full development of the scheme. Meantime

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it is sufficiently proved at Leeds that technical education is by no means a myth, but may have an appreciable influence upon manufactures. Both at the day and evening classes there is a large, sometimes an overflowing attendance of students, chiefly young men of the middle class, who either are or expect to be engaged in textile industries. In order to facilitate the more adequate and efficient fulfilment of its purposes, the college will shortly enter upon the possession of Beechgrove, a suburban estate which the executive council have purchased for their new suite of buildings. At present it occupies temporary but well adapted premises, which, pending the erection of the new college, have had to be once more enlarged, in order that the Textile Industries Department may have the accommodation requisite for sixteen looms. The pupils are assisted to arrange and design new patterns, or to classify and mingle colours with taste and judgment. They also receive instruction as to the mixing, working, and blending of the raw material; how to estimate the quality of water for manufacturing purposes; the proper use of the best ingredients for dyeing; the processes of carding, spinning, and fulling; the operations of weaving, and the mechanism of the loom, &c. In addition to the manipulative work, lectures are given on wool, mungo, shoddy, alpaca, and silk; also on the applications of chemistry to the manufacture and colouring of textile fabrics. The endowment provided by the Clothworkers' Company includes eight scholarships—four of thirty pounds, and four of twenty-five pounds per annum—for which there is a good competition. In other respects also, the appreciative interest and intelligence shewn by the students give encouraging hope of great practical benefit.

The success of the Yorkshire College has stimulated the movement in other parts of the kingdom in favour of this phase of technical education. The School of Chemistry lately founded at Bristol by the same guild of Clothworkers, in connection with the dyeing industries of the neighbourhood, is now in working order, and a textile instructor has been appointed for the Stroud school. Weaving-schools are also being established at Huddersfield and Glasgow, with the prospect of more to follow in other industrial centres. Such measures indicate a widening recognition of the truth, that our craftsmen must be taught to work upon the basis of scientific knowledge, rather than rely so much as heretofore on mere rule of thumb, if our country is to maintain its manufacturing supremacy.

## TIM BAYLIS.

We had anchored in the river Irrawaddi, after a tedious passage up from Melbourne, having on board by way of a crew as fine a sample of Australian desperadoes as ill-luck in her worst temper ever brought together on board one ship. There were men of all possible nationalities, from the swarthy negro to the handsome but treacherous Levantine sailor; the latter by far the more dangerous animal of the two. The natural result of this awkward assortment was the ever-present feeling of mistrust, mutual and deep, that prevailed between these worthies and ourselves; this latter term including those few men that had not deserted from the ship while in Melbourne.

The passage from Australia to any East Indian port is, under favourable circumstances, a journey by no means to be despised. Glorious weather, grand sunsets, a smooth sea, gentle but steady winds, all combine to render this one of the most popular of routes. But with us this had not proved so. Like Ulyssus of old, we longed for the end of our voyage; and the more we desired, so much the farther away did our beloved Ithaca seem to retreat. The time dragged wearily on, and the sense of oppression grew greater.

At our mess-table this was less felt than anywhere else on board; owing mainly to the presence of one, the subject of this little story—dear old Tim Baylis. A noble fellow in form, and a rare combination of gentleness and strength, culture and hardihood. In a word, one of those men marked out by nature to shine starlike in a profession of danger like ours. Frank, generous, and unaffected, he had won our hearts from the moment he had joined the ship; and that trust he had not for an instant declined or betrayed. Fair weather or foul, gale or calm, Tim Baylis was ever the same, clear and decisive in action, and the life and soul of all when off duty. His lightest words and happy jokes formed the watchwords of the men, the magic of his character and his manner weaving a spell around the ship. None saw the danger that threatened, in the miserable assortment of men that called themselves 'the crew,' more than he; none tried so hard to weld the incongruous materials into shape and order more than he; but like many honest open natures, he had underrated the power of the passions he had set himself to calm, and the fire had but smouldered, that under other conditions would have broken forth long before.

But here we were safe off Rangoon, the first stage in the homeward journey accomplished in safety; and anchored in as good a berth in the river as any one could desire. Of course it was dull. Whoever rested at anchor a hundred yards from the shore, and did not find before the week was over, that this sort of thing was the very acme of dullness! The only thing we could do to relieve the monotony was playing everlasting games of whist; alternated by leaning over the poop-rails, and speculating on what the dark and tangled jungle held among its tall grass and leafy branches; the reverie perchance broken by the shrill shriek of some captured or dying animal; telling us in accents unmistakable, that beautiful as the mysterious jungle forest might be to the eye, it certainly would not be a desirable spot wherein to picnic. We had at last discharged our ballast, and liberty to both port and starboard watches had been granted. The short furlough had expired; and the men were turning up rapidly in little batches of threes and fours, of course pursued by the inevitable 'sampan-wallah,' or river boatman, whose frantic efforts to obtain extra 'backsheesh' usually found a rapid and summary recompense in the decided preponderance of kicks over 'pice' (Anglicè, halfpence), the last resource of impecunious Jack. Contrary to our expectations, most of our men came on board in a singularly sober state, so much so as to excite remark amongst all. It is a time-honoured custom to condone cases of over-refreshment on the various days of 'liberty' during a long voyage. John Tar—as time-honoured 'Jack' is now frequently dubbed—on that day

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drops his professional character, and, to use his own most forcible expression, 'lets go the painter,' and enjoys himself after his own peculiar fashion so long as his dollars or rupees hold out.

There had been a whisper floating about for the past two or three days, in that unaccountable way that whispers have of floating; the said whisper coming aft under the fostering care and protecting wing of Isaac the half-caste messroom steward, thereby increasing twofold in its proportions while under transit, Isaac's powers of imagination being proverbial; and the gist of all this seemed to be that discontent about something reigned paramount in the forecastle, at least among its foreign occupants. Now, as luck would have it, we had had this sort of thing over and over again throughout the passage, and we had grown rather tired of it all; indeed, it had become too much like the cry of 'Wolf! Wolf!' to have any strong effect on our nerves, especially as nothing had ever come of it but talk, and very 'tall talk' too sometimes; but still no more than—*talk*.

Had there been any real grievance, there would have been some interest displayed; but somehow the 'casus belli' had a knack of vanishing when the matter came to be investigated; hence we had grown rather callous as to these perpetual complaints. Now, however, there seemed something more in the report than usual; but whether this was really so, or only owed its importance to Isaac's over-vivid imagination, it was hard to determine. So feeling secure in our nearness to the shore, we contented ourselves by awaiting some decisive action on the part of the malcontents. As it was, the Captain had gone ashore with the announcement that he intended to accept the proffered hospitality of the agent, a few miles out of town; and Tim Baylis and I were left on board, the former enjoying the dignity of full command.

This was just the time of the change of the monsoon, and evening shewed us that the hitherto calm and unbroken monotony would soon be visited by the demon of Storm in some one of its many phases. Warning banks of inky clouds were perpetually revealed by the brilliant streaks of lurid lightning that played among their depths. Still the ominous calm was unbroken save by the hoarse croak of frogs, eager for the coming rain. Erelong the welcome sound of 'eight bells' told of the end of the day for us; the men were soon mustered and dismissed, the final entry made in the log, and silence soon reigned fore and aft the ship.

Our hammocks were slung, Indian-coast fashion, in various positions under the poop awning; and very pleasant it was to lie at ease in the cool night-air, smoking and chatting. Tim seemed unusually silent this evening, more inclined to speculate and think, than to tell out aught from the fund of anecdote, curious and amusing, that he always was so ready to retail for our benefit.

'Charlie,' he said at length, 'I don't wonder at those niggers being so confoundedly superstitious and ghostly; a night like this makes one feel that there *is* something, of which we know nothing, at work above and around us. Just look out at those fiery clouds, and answer if there must not be a Power *there*, compared to which our grandest efforts seem no more than the croaking of yonder frogs.'

I replied generally, that the works of nature always shone forth clearly to those who looked upon them as the tokens of a Supreme Will.

Another blaze of dazzling brightness, resting on us for a moment, leaving us in denser darkness than before. The storm was certainly nearing us rapidly.

'Ah!' he said, referring to the contrast, 'how true a picture of life; that glowing light, just for an instant of time, like our own life, followed by the dense and unknown darkness of death. I am not one to believe in portents, Charlie; but I am sure that in these things, if one only read them aright, there lies much that may be taken to indicate that there is a grand life hereafter of completion and unity in the powers of mind and body, though the truth of it may be kept from us in the darkness of the future. Yet after all it is only in moments like these that a man seems either to care for or notice them.'

My reply was lost in a burst of thunder, the first of any power we had yet heard, and with it came down the rain, as only it *can* rain in the tropics. I ran to the gangway, to be clear of the awning, and saw at once that a hurricane was close upon us. The whirling and eddying clouds flew at a vast pace across the sky; the low roaring of the wind, still very distant, confirmed any doubt on that point. I did not consider that there was any cause for alarm on the ship's account; we were in an excellent anchorage; and most of our 'top-hamper' was down on deck undergoing an overhaul. Still the awnings must be furled; so I hurried below for my oil-skin coat and 'sou'-wester.' Reaching the main-deck, I was startled by the sound of voices coming from a part of the ship where I knew they could have no business. Without pausing to listen, however, I descended the companion-stairs; the voices, now hushed in whispers, following after. At the fore-cabin door I encountered the scared face of Isaac, as white as his dark skin would permit. He was about to say something; but the cry of 'All hands on deck!' from Tim's lips rang out fore and aft; so I rushed on deck without waiting to hear what he had to say. My station, as second in command, being on the forecastle, I made directly for that point, and awaited the port-watch, in order to let go the second anchor. No one came! Where were the men? I heard voices aft. I saw the quarter-deck awning fly up in the air, released from the side-ropes. The hurricane had struck us by this time; we were leaning broadside over in an alarming manner, and rapidly dragging our single anchor towards the shore. Again I listened; I could distinguish the varied cries; they were not those of men at work. I soon knew. A fierce yell—a wilder shriek, borne along the gale. It was plain that the smothered volcano had broken forth at last. The men had mutinied! Seizing a belaying-pin from out the rail, I managed to knock the gear clear on the 'cat-head,' and thus releasing the starboard anchor, I ran aft, leaving the chain careering wildly over the windlass.

The odds were terribly against us; a set of men, each more reckless than his neighbour, pitted against a few poor fellows, taken at the utmost disadvantage. Added to this, the howling hurricane, the black darkness, and the utter impossibility of any signal being seen or heard twenty yards from the ship. I did not quite understand all this at the moment. I very soon did, however. No shot had as yet been fired, so no alarm could reach beyond by that means. Making for the

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indistinct struggling mass of human figures, I tried to reach Tim's side. I could just see him standing on the after-hatch, cutlass in hand, bravely keeping at bay a dozen or more of the mutineers, who vainly tried to force him back over the 'combings' of the open hatchway. In another confused heap I could just distinguish the third officer and boatswain; how armed, I could not see. My iron belaying-pin proved no bad weapon—short, round, and heavy, it was easily handled, and did good service. After all, one had no real chance against long thin knives in anything like close single combat.

How long this performance would have lasted, and the fearfully unequal conflict been kept up, it is hard to say, when the sound of cheering broke upon us. Pausing in the struggle for a moment, we became aware that the storm had ceased as suddenly as it had begun; in fact it was almost calm. Another instant, and the cheers resolved themselves into men swarming up the sides like bees on every quarter, cutlass in hand, hardly knowing what was the matter. It was soon over. Stepanos Zenos, George Marco, and Pedro Cenci secured in irons to the main-deck stanchions, the rest were soon powerless for much harm. A hurried explanation now ensued. It seemed that after I had rushed up on deck, in answer to the cry of 'All hands!' never heeding the boy Isaac or his scared face, the lad ran up after me, taking with him the cutlass that I afterwards saw in Tim Baylis' hand; in fact he gave it to him without word or comment. Running to the gangway, he had thrown himself into the boat belonging to our old sampan-wallah, Ramoon, who always remained alongside the ship ready for a call. Rousing the old man and seizing an oar, he let go the boat, which, released from the ship, glided swiftly down the stream; struck soon after by the hurricane or north-west squall, they nearly capsized, but managed to reach the mooring-chains of H.M.S. *Pegasus*, moored half a mile down the river. A rope being flung to them they boarded her, the boy Isaac telling his tale in broken accents and incoherent sentences; still, however, the officer of the watch made out enough of the lad's story to know that mutiny, and perhaps murder, were going on a short distance up the river; so without more ado, the order was passed for 'general quarters,' and two boats' crews piped away to 'board and relieve the stranger.' The squall luckily dropping at this time, they soon were alongside of our ship, Isaac acting as pilot, when they gave us the hearty cheer that had so joyed and surprised us.

But where was Tim Baylis all this time? Surely about the ship somewhere. No! We found him at last, lying at the bottom of that fatal hatchway, and a long knife-wound in his side, from which the dark blood slowly oozed. They brought him gently up, and laid him on the after-skylight; the rain had ceased, and the tropical moon shone down on the reeking deck, lending a weird clearness to every object around. He looked very calm, his dark clear-cut features looked very white and awful now.

We all stood around while the surgeon that had come with the relief party from the old *Pegasus* carefully probed and examined the wound. It was no use; his face told us silently there was 'no hope!' that dear old Tim Baylis would soon be at rest for ever. 'Hush! he is speaking.' Conscious once again, on board the ship he had defended with his life, the spirit of him we had learned to love so well seemed to return to us once again ere it went forth into that unknown 'darkness' he had spoken of so strangely and thoughtfully scarce an hour before. He said a few words to us all, reminding us of the many bright and happy days we had spent in times past together—days that had left their pleasant memories of the foreign shores by which they had been passed, mementos of a time gone by, but still fresh and vivid in our minds. Asking pardon of any, then, he might in thoughtless mirth unconsciously have wounded, and telling us when, in better days and more joyous scenes, we might chance to review the past and those who had peopled it, not to forget poor Tim, lying cold and dead on the banks of the Irrawaddi river. Turning painfully to me, he said in faltering words: 'See my dear mother, Charlie. Tell her all is over. Tell her that though the end has come while far away from her, I did not forget her love. Ask her to forgive my wilfulness, to think of me with pity. And Charlie, don't let those niggers haul me about before I'm buried. Good-bye, old fellow. How dark it is getting!'

We laid him next day in his grave in the European cemetery, under the shade of a spreading mango; a few fellows from the old *Pegasus* and ourselves looked last on his coffin; and before we sailed, had laid a double wreath on the already bright and flowering turf. Reader! should you ever bend your steps to the sacred city of the Great Pagoda, turn aside for a moment from the deepening shadows of its ancient temple, and reading the words on a little marble cross under the branches of the old mango-tree, pause, and think on the noble death of poor Tim Baylis.

## THE GIGANTIC MOA BIRD.

The extinction of many animals that are known to have formerly existed on the earth, is a subject which cannot very easily be explained, while the number of them is greater than at first sight would be supposed. Various species no doubt undergo gradual extinction by changes which deprive them of their accustomed food; but others seem to die out from unknown causes. During the historic period a considerable number of animals have been swept off the British Islands, among which are the bear, the wolf, the Irish elk, &c. In America, during the comparatively short period of its history, various species have vanished, and others are following them. The beaver, formerly so generally spread over the whole of that country, is now only to be found in remote regions. The deer and the moose are disappearing in the same manner. The bison is very much diminished in numbers, and must ere long be extirpated. The mastodon, a creature of enormous bulk, has totally disappeared, although, along with the skeletons of them which have been discovered, there are evidences of their having lived on food derived from plants which are still existing. In other parts of the world, the dodo and the moa have perished within the last few centuries; and the apteryx is undergoing the same fate.

The moa or dinornis was a huge bird, of which

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the remains are plentifully found in New Zealand. Within recent historic times, this colony was tenanted, to the almost entire exclusion of mammalia, by countless numbers of gigantic wingless birds of various genera and species, the *Dinornis gigantea*, the largest, attaining a size nearly thrice that of a full-grown ostrich. From traditions which are current among the Maoris, they were fat, stupid, indolent birds, living in forests and feeding on vegetables; while the name moa seems to have been given to them from their peculiar cry. Since remains have been found in great plenty, the investigation of this singular bird is of the greatest interest to students of natural history.

It is to the Rev. Richard Taylor that the first discovery of moa remains is due, which he thus describes: 'In the beginning of 1839 I took my first journey in New Zealand to Poverty Bay with the Rev. W. Williams (Bishop of Waiapu). When we reached Waiapu, near the East Cape, we took up our abode in a native house, and there I noticed the fragment of a large bone stuck in the ceiling. I took it down, supposing at first that it was human; but when I saw its cancellated structure, I handed it over to my companion, who had been brought up to the medical profession, asking him if he did not think it was a bird's bone. He laughed at the idea, and said: "What kind of bird could there be to have so large a bone?" I pointed out its structure; and when the natives came, requested him to ask them what it belonged to. They said it was a bone of the *tarepo*, a very large bird, that lived on the top of Hikurangi, the highest mountain on the east coast, and that they made their largest fish-hooks from its bones. I then inquired whether the bird was still to be met with; and was told that there was one of an immense size which lived in a cave, and was guarded by a large lizard, and that the bird was always standing on one leg. The chief readily gave me the bone for a little tobacco; and I afterwards sent it to Professor Owen by Sir Everard Home in 1839; and I think I may justly claim to have been the first discoverer of the moa.' Mr Taylor continued his inquiries among the natives, who informed him that the moa was quite as large as a horse; that these birds had nests made of the refuse of fern-root, on which they fed; and that they used to conceal themselves in the veronica thickets, from which, by setting them on fire, the natives drove them out and killed them; hence originated the Maori saying: 'The veronica was the tree which roasted the moa.' The natives further mentioned that when a moa-hunt was to take place notice was given inviting all to the battue. The party then spread out to inclose as large a space as possible, and drive the birds from their haunts; then gradually contracting the line as they approached some lake, they at last rushed forward with loud yells, and drove the frightened birds into the water, where they could be easily approached in canoes and despatched without their being able to make any resistance. These moa-hunts must thus have been very destructive; as, from the number of men employed, and the traces of long lines of ovens in which the natives cooked the birds, and the large quantity of egg-shells found on the western shores of New Zealand, a clear proof is given that these birds were eagerly sought for and feasted upon. Thus the poor moas had very little chance of continuing their race.

From a very interesting communication of the Rev. W. Williams, dated 17th May 1872, it would appear that the moa may not yet be entirely extirpated. 'Within the last few days,' he remarks, 'I have obtained a piece of information worthy of notice. Happening to speak to an American about these bones, he told me that the bird is still in existence in the neighbourhood of Cloudy Bay, in Cook's Strait. He said that the natives there had mentioned to an Englishman belonging to a whaling party, that there was a bird of extraordinary size to be seen only at night on the side of a hill near the place; and that he with a native and a second Englishman went to the spot; that after waiting some time they saw the creature at a little distance, which they describe as being about fourteen or sixteen feet high. One of the men proposed to go nearer and shoot; but his companion was so exceedingly terrified, or perhaps both of them, that they were satisfied with looking at the bird; when after a little time it took the alarm and strode off up the side of the mountain.'

In the *Greymouth Weekly Argus* published in New Zealand in 1876 there appeared a letter signed R. K. M. Smythe, Browning's Pass, Otago, describing in a very detailed manner the capture of two living moas, a female eight feet high, and a young one three feet shorter. The writer finishes his account of their capture by remarking that he has little doubt that he will be able to bring them both alive to Christchurch. It is therefore to be hoped that living representatives of the genus *Dinornis* still survive. Feathers of the bird have been also found in a state of preservation sufficiently good to shew that they possessed an aftershaft of a large size; and at the same time tradition and the condition in which the bones are found, retaining much of their animal matter, tend to shew how lately the bird formed part of the existing fauna of the country. If the letter be genuine, it cannot be long before ornithologists, of whom there are several of no mean repute in New Zealand, will be able to satisfy themselves on the subject.

An additional reason for supposing that these magnificent birds existed not long ago is found in the fact that specimens of their eggs have been preserved. In the volcanic sand of New Zealand, Mr Walter Mantell found a gigantic egg, of the magnitude of which he gives us a familiar idea by saying that his hat would have been just large enough to have served as an egg-cup for it. This egg must have been one of a Dinornis or a Palapteryx, and although its dimensions are considerably greater than the egg of the ostrich, still it is smaller than might have been expected from a bird from twelve to fourteen feet high. It is well known that the egg of the New Zealand apteryx, to which the moa bears a very close affinity, is one of dimensions that are quite surprising in proportion to the bulk of the bird. The apteryx is about as big as a turkey, standing two feet in height; but its egg measures four inches ten lines by three inches two lines in the respective diameters. To bear the same ratio to the bird as this, the egg of the *Dinornis gigantea* would be of the incredible length of two feet and a half by a breadth of one and three-quarters.

In the Museum at York there is a complete skeleton of a moa, which besides feathers, has the integuments of the feet partly preserved; from

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which it is evident that the toes were covered with small hexagonal scales. A specimen has also been sent by Dr Haast of New Zealand to Professor Milne-Edwards, which is to be seen in the Museum of Natural History at Paris.

## THE BRIDGE POOL.

Among the many rivers and streams watering the south-west of Ireland and falling into the Atlantic, few present greater attractions to the wandering angler than the bright little Caragh of County Kerry. This beautiful salmon river takes its rise in Lough Cloon, and after a rapid winding course of seven or eight miles through the lovely valley of Glencar, at length falls into Lake Caragh, one of the finest and most picturesque sheets of water in the south of Ireland. The river leaves Lake Caragh at its northern extremity, and after gliding for two or three miles farther through a deep rocky glen, finally discharges itself by an arm of the sea into Dingle Bay.

Lough Cloon where, as already mentioned, the river Caragh rises, is a small but very deep mountain lake, and surrounded on all sides by heather-clad hills, which gradually slope down to its rocky shores. Farther away, the mountains become more precipitous, till at length the eye rests on bare cliffs and towering crags which rear their snow-capped peaks to the skies, and complete a picture which for wild grandeur it would be difficult to surpass. On a still day, the silence around the lake is peculiarly impressive if not awe-inspiring; not a breath of air ruffles the dark waters of Lough Cloon; not a sound catches the ear but the distant bleat of a goat from the opposite crags, the shrill cry of the curlew from the moor hard by, or the sullen plunge of a leaping salmon far away in the loch.

To the ornithologist this wild spot possesses unusual attractions. Here he may at times see the golden eagle soaring aloft, a mere speck in the sky; or perchance observe a pair of the royal birds beating the hill-side in search of mountain hares to bear away to their eyry on the steep side of old Carrantuohill. Such, comparatively speaking, rare birds as the peregrine falcon, the buzzard, raven, and many others that might be named, are also to be met with, and have their nests among these Kerry mountains, and afford a pleasing study to the young naturalist.

But to return. The upper part of the Caragh river, from Lough Cloon to where the stream is spanned from bank to bank by a picturesque old arch called Bealalaw Bridge, offers few inducements to the salmon-fisher, on account of the shallowness of the water; though doubtless after a flood, when the fish are moving up stream, there are two or three casts well worth a trial. Immediately below the bridge, however, and stretching almost in a direct line towards the south-west through a deep rocky gorge, lies the celebrated Bridge Pool. This far-famed and somewhat singular salmon-cast is of great length, perhaps reaching two hundred and fifty yards from end to end, but is nowhere broader than fifty feet. The sides of the pool are for the most part steep and jagged, rising almost perpendicularly to a considerable height above the edge of the river. The water is dark coloured and of great depth, so much so, that on the brightest day it is impossible to see the rocky bottom. At the top of the pool, where the river surges through the narrow strait below the bridge, there is a considerable current; but lower down the stream gradually dies away, till at length the pool becomes almost dead water, flat and motionless.

The Bridge Pool, on account of its great depth and rocky bottom, is a favourite resting-place of the salmon. Here many an exhausted fish, after escaping the deadly nets so murderously plied by the fishermen of Lake Caragh, and surmounting the numberless obstacles and dangers besetting its path up from the sea, at length reaches a retreat where it can recruit its strength, and thus be enabled later to push on to the end of its journey. Even here, however, the poor wanderer is not altogether out of harm's way. Though safe from the fangs of prowling otter and beyond the reach of poacher's net or cruel leister, it is ever in danger of being insnared by the angler's glittering lure. And see! here comes one of *Salmo salar's* deadly enemies, a Glencar fisherman, accompanied by an aged guide, a veteran follower of the craft, bearing his long shining rod. Let us watch their movements, as they consult together what is to be the fly wherewith to tempt from his hiding-place one of those noble fellows lying at anchor in the pool hard by. They have chosen a good day for their sport. There has been rain in the night, not a heavy downpour, but sufficient to colour the water a brown tinge. The morning is cloudy, with occasional gleams of sunshine; and a fresh breeze from the south-west blows steadily through the old arch, and ruffles the surface of the pool from end to end.

And now the pair have completed their preparations, and the angler, rod in hand, carefully descends the steep bank to a small sandy bay just below the bridge, from whence he can command the upper reach of the cast. The fly, skilfully directed by the wielder of the rod in a diagonal direction down stream, falls light as thistle-down close to the far bank, and the current brings it across in a bold sweep to the near side. The line is lengthened a few feet, and the process repeated again and again, till presently the foot of the rapid is reached, but with no good result. After a brief consultation the two now cross the bridge, and skirting the far side, presently approach one of the best casts in the river. Nearly opposite to where they are now standing, a giant rock boldly projects into the stream, and just below, where the dark water slowly curls round the point of the stone, lies a favourite lodge for a 'fish.'

Commencing a few yards above this spot, and keeping well out of sight as he advances, the angler carefully covers each foot of water, till presently his fly slowly glides past the projecting angle of the rock. Ha! What was that bright

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flash of silver, swiftly darting upwards from the depths of the black abyss? It is the monarch of the pool, a glorious silvery sixteen-pounder; in a second he clutches the treacherous bunch of shining feathers concealing the barbed hook; and with a flourish of his broad tail, down he goes to his lodge again; but now the angler plays his part, and with a firm stroke of the rod drives the hook deep into the fish's jaws. Away goes the affrighted creature swift as lightning down the pool. The reel groans as it rapidly pays out the line, and the rod is raised over the shoulder till bent nearly double; but on goes the gallant fish despite the tremendous pressure put upon him, and then suddenly rising to the surface, he makes a supreme effort to release himself by leaping high in the air; in descending he strikes the taut gut-cast with his tail, dashes the hook from his mouth, and once more free as air, dives to the bottom of the river.

And how does friend Piscator bear himself the while? Who but a salmon-fisher can realise the bitterness of that moment when after a splendid burst by a plucky fish, through some blunder or accident his line, all limp and draggling, comes slowly back to him! But, my friend, you have just been taught a good though severe lesson: had you been ready at the critical moment, and slackened the line, by adroitly lowering the point of your rod when that sixteen-pounder practised so dangerous a manœuvre, the probabilities are that the effort of the fish would have proved abortive, and the slender link between you would not have thus been abruptly severed. But it is all over now, and you may rest awhile from your labours, and try to calm your feelings with a pipe of tobacco, while the veteran your companion moralises in your ear on the truth of the motto, *Nil desperandum*.

Presently a dark cloud rolls up the valley, and heavy drops of rain give notice that a shower is at hand. Our friends yonder are again bestirring themselves, and once more the heavy rod is brought into play; but fortune seems to have deserted the fisherman, for in spite of all his endeavours, yard after yard of the best water is left behind without sign of a rising fish, till at length he reaches the far end of the pool, where the river gradually widens, and the dark water changes to a brighter hue, as it glides more rapidly over a shallower bed. Here there is one last chance for the angler, and if he can only pitch his fly artistically under yonder dark holly-bush, he may yet gain the day. It is a long cast; but the fisherman throws a fine line, and the fly admirably hove skims through the air and drops like a natural insect just where the little holly-tree overshadows the water. Again that glimpse of a silvery form mounting swiftly upwards to the surface; and mark the swirling boils, indicating the rise of a heavy fish. There is a pull at the fly; the angler sharply raises the point of his rod, and once more he has hooked a lordly salmon. Again the gallant rush, the dangerous somersault, the determined struggle for dear life; but the tackle is good, the barbed steel has taken a firm hold, and all is of no avail; gradually the fisherman gains the upper hand, and inch by inch reels in the quarry, till presently the still struggling but exhausted prize lies gasping at his feet. The old man steals cautiously forward, and all trembling with excitement, approaches the water's edge; he stoops, makes a quick sure stroke with the gaff hook, and the next moment uplifts a noble fish and casts him on the sward.

But we will leave them to exult over their victory; for see! it is time to be moving; evening draws on apace, and the sun is already sinking behind the blue Kerry mountains.

## INDIAN BORDER WARFARE.

The Indian wars in the United States are a scandal to civilisation. These wars have nearly all a similar origin. The federal government by treaty settles groups of Indians on certain lands which they are to occupy exclusively in perpetuity. In the face of this arrangement, portions of the lands are taken possession of by white squatters, and no redress can possibly be obtained from the government authorities at Washington. In short, the Indians are systematically cheated, and on their taking up arms in their own defence, a savage war ensues. Circumstances involved me in one of these wars in 1874. I was accompanying a supply train from Camp Supply, a frontier post, to an expedition operating against hostile Indians. This expedition was organised at Fort Dodge, Kansas, in the summer of 1874, to subdue the Comanches and Kiowas, who had broken out on the war-path, and were committing depredations all along the Kansas border.

We left Camp Supply, to join the main command, at daylight on the 6th of September with a train of thirty-six six-mule wagons. Counting escort, teamsters, and one or two outsiders like myself, we were seventy-three in number. For the first three days no signs of Indians were seen; but every precaution was taken against them by frequently practising the teamsters in forming 'corral;' so that in the event of an attack there might be no confusion. The word 'corral' (a Spanish word, signifying an inclosure for cattle) is also used on the plains as a term for the elliptical or circular form in which a train of wagons is arranged to resist an attack by Indians; and in order that our position in the fight may be better understood, I will explain how it is formed. The teams are numbered from front to rear each morning. At a given signal all odd numbers move to the right, and even numbers to the left. When the two columns thus formed are, say, twenty or more yards apart, according to the ground and the size of the train, the leading wagons halt, and the others close up. They can then move on in parallel columns until so closely pressed by attacking Indians as to be obliged to form the 'corral' itself. To do this, the two leading wagons turn and approach each other, passing until their teams lap, when they halt, the next wagon in each column being directed so as to bring its team inside and just lapping the wagon in front. The opening is between the rear ends of the last two wagons. A 'corral' thus formed without a mule unharnessed, makes a very good defence, the mules of each team being more or less protected by the wagon in front.

To return to my story. Our route lay towards the Staked Plains, in the north-eastern corner of Texas. The Indian summer was in all its glory, and the pure bracing prairie air put us in the best of spirits. No anticipation of coming evil

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disturbed our minds. The hostile Indians were supposed to be on the other side of the main command, scattering in all directions before its advance. But however easy we might feel on that score, none of the usual precautions for the safety of the train were neglected, remembering the simple rule of the plains: 'If you think there are no Indians near, then is the time to be especially on your guard.' The Indians are wily and very patient, and will hover about and watch you for days and days to find you relaxing your vigilance, and at length off your guard. They see and know full well when you think they are not near. That is just the time when, as a panther which has patiently watched its prey, they make their spring. After having camped on the third night, our suspicions were aroused that Indians were in the neighbourhood by the restless behaviour of the mules. Every frontiersman knows that a mule will smell Indians and shew signs of fear long before their approach can be discovered by a human being, and the knowledge of this fact tended to increase our watchfulness.

Next morning the scouts who went out to reconnoitre returned with the intelligence that they had found fresh tracks of Indians, who had evidently been all round us during the night. This was not pleasant news; but 'forward' was the word, so we harnessed up, and proceeded on our journey, merely taking the additional precaution of forming the wagons into two parallel columns—the first step towards forming 'corral,' as I before explained. While we were crossing the 'divide' (intervening country) between the Canadian and Washita rivers, single Indian vedettes were seen at a great distance off; and on approaching a ridge which crossed our route, a small party of mounted Indians appeared on its crest. As soon as we reached a water-hole, the train was halted, mules watered, and kegs and canteens filled—a fortunate suggestion of our wagon-master. The train was now well closed up, and skirmishers thrown out on both sides parallel to it. Having done this, the march was resumed, and the attack of the savages calmly awaited.

We had not long to wait. At about three in the afternoon, at a place a mile north of the Washita river, just as the train had cleared a very deep and bad ravine, we were fiercely charged upon our right and rear by a mass of Indians, about whom were as many more in open order. They rode down on us with a ringing war-whoop to within fifty yards of the muzzles of our rifles, filling the air with their terrible yells; their object evidently being to stampede the mules and cattle of the train, and then, in the excitement and confusion that would follow, to massacre the escort and teamsters. Finely mounted, in full war-paint, their long scalp locks braided with feathers, with wild whoops and exultant shouts, on they came. It required our utmost efforts to steady the teams and get the train 'corralled.' The cool and determined behaviour of the escort at this moment perhaps decided the fate of the train. The corral was not yet completed, and the rear of the train was on the verge of a stampede. Not a man flinched, but coolly waiting until the Indians were within short range, poured a volley into their ranks, which cooled their ardour, and they swerved off to the left. As soon as the savages found that their attempt at stampeding had failed, and that our corral was formed, they followed a new plan of action, which was not to charge in a body, as before, but for each warrior to select his own time and mode of attack. This is the usual method of fighting among the Indians of the plains, and is termed 'circling.' First the chiefs led off, followed at regular intervals by the warriors, until there must have been five or six hundred riding in single file round us in a ring as rapidly as their fleet-footed ponies could carry them. Savages erect on their ponies, with shining spears and flaming blankets, and lofty fluttering head-gear, dashed along the ridges with piercing yells, appearing and swiftly disappearing, shewing portentous against the sky in the slanting sunlight. It became a wonderful display of their marvellous powers of horsemanship. They would throw themselves over on the sides of their well-trained ponies, leaving only one hand and foot exposed to our aim, and in this position would deliver their fire over or under the necks of their ponies.

We saw several Indians and ponies knocked over by our fire; but how many were killed we were unable to find out, as directly one of their number was shot, a dash would be made by others to carry his body out of danger of falling into our hands. They will risk a dozen lives to save the scalp of a fallen comrade, for without it, according to Indian belief, he is debarred from entering the 'happy hunting-grounds.' A striking instance of their anxiety in this respect occurred during the fight in the case of a wounded Indian who was lying on the slope of a hill facing us. They tried all manner of dodges to recover his body, and eventually succeeded. The fallen man was a chief, as we could see by his extra-fine trappings; and our men, anticipating unusual efforts to carry him off, concentrated their aim on the spot where he was, so that no one could get near the place. The Indians first tried to divert our attention by sending out a warrior to ride in an opposite direction, waving an old cotton umbrella, formerly the property without doubt of some waylaid emigrant. A childish trick, but thoroughly Indian-like. Finding this ruse did not answer, they covered a pannier with buffalo hides, and an Indian began pushing it down the hill before him, using it as a shield; but our bullets went through and through this cover, so he crawled back again, apparently unhurt. Then they rolled a number of buffalo robes into a huge roll, and fastened lariats to each end, so as to pull it back as soon as the Indian creeping down behind it had secured the body. This armour we were unable to penetrate, so they succeeded in recovering their chief.

At dark, the Indians ceased firing and withdrew for the night. All hands at once set to digging. Hands, bayonets, and knives were brought into requisition, and rifle-pits were soon made and fortified with forage sacks and everything available. No firing occurred on this night. Whether the Indians dug also I cannot say, but next day they had shelter. In the darkness, they approached to within speaking distance, and addressed us in language more forcible than complimentary, announcing that they had 'heap Comanches and Kiowas,' and would have 'heap scalp in the morning.' They taunted us with cowardice, telling us not to skulk like wolves, but to come out and fight like men; an invitation which I need not say we declined. Those of

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our scouts who understood the Indian language answered their abuse with the choicest epithets in a plain man's vocabulary, and worked themselves up to such a pitch of rage and excitement, that we could hardly keep them from going out to fight the red-skins single-handed. During the night we held a council of war; and considering the lives of the wounded in danger from their miserable surroundings and want of medical treatment, and believing that the main command would not be likely to ascribe our delay to its true cause, it was determined that an attempt must be made by some one to break through the surrounding Indians and reach Camp Supply, to bring us relief. It was a perilous mission, and required a man of undaunted courage, calm judgment, and unflinching resolution, besides having a thorough knowledge of the country, as most of the journey would be made in the darkness of night, to avoid wandering parties of Indians, who would be on the alert to cut off any one going for assistance. A man possessing these qualifications, a brave and shrewd scout, came forward and volunteered for this forlorn-hope; and at the darkest time of night, he quietly started out on his long and perilous ride to run the gantlet of our savage enemies. We could hear the whoops of the red-skins when they discovered him and started in pursuit; but as to whether he escaped or not, we could only fear and hope.

Next day the fight was renewed by the Indians, and actively continued on both sides with lulls and short interruptions, and by spurts at night, until the morning of the 12th. Several were wounded, the lieutenant of the escort amongst the number, and our chances were beginning to look desperate. The torments of thirst too were now added to our other sufferings. We all knew that it would be impossible to hold out much longer. Visions of torture and a cruel lingering death began to overshadow our minds with dark forebodings, when, to our unspeakable joy and relief, about noon on the 12th the greater portion of the Indians withdrew from the fight, crossed the Washita river, and disappeared over the prairie beyond; and were shortly afterwards followed by the remainder, after firing two or three spiteful volleys at us as a parting salute. We could only account for their sudden departure on the supposition that their outlying scouts had discovered signs of white men coming to our assistance; which happily proved to be the case. Although the Indians had all now departed, we were in such a helpless condition with our wounded, and twenty-two mules disabled, that we could not move the train without reinforcements, so had to make up our minds to another night of watching and suspense. The following morning the sun rose with unusual magnificence, like a rainbow of promise to our anxious spirits. Every eye eagerly scanned the horizon until faint shadows could be discerned, which gradually developed into mounted men approaching us. Were they white men or more Indians? was our anxious query. Each minute seemed an age until they were sufficiently near for us to recognise the familiar blue blouses of the cavalry; and before long a company, headed by the brave scout, galloped up to our hard-fought battle-ground. The scout, after leaving us, had been chased from the start, and lost all his weapons in consequence of his horse falling on rough ground; but his pluck and shrewdness enabled him to elude his pursuers and reach Camp Supply. On his arrival there with the intelligence of our condition and peril, a company of cavalry with a surgeon was promptly hurried off to our rescue, and travelled the distance of over seventy miles without a rest. The dangers and anxieties of the last few days were now happily at an end, and death or torture no longer stared us in the face.

### A HINT TO YOUNG NOBLES.

The *Times* lately observed that our young nobles would do worse than lay to heart the following words, given by Mr Froude in his *Short Studies from Great Subjects*: 'Amusement is the wine of existence, warming and feeding heart and brain. But amusement, like wine also, if taken in excess becomes as stupid as any other form of vulgar debauchery. When we read of some noble lord, with two of his friends, shooting two thousand pheasants in a week, or that another has shot four hundred brace of partridges to his own gun in a day, we perceive that these illustrious personages have been useful to the London poulterers; but it is scarcely the work for which they are intended by the theory of their existence. The annual tournament of doves between Lords and Commons at Hurlingham leads to odd conclusions about us on the continent. Every institution—even the institution of a landed aristocracy—is amenable to general opinion, and it may have worse enemies than an Irish Land Act.'

### SUNSET.

Melody to ancient air
Has touched my soul. O hand so fair
That hymned it forth,
In the golden sunset there,
Of noble worth.

Feeble, poor, and old am I.
What is this life? Alas, how nigh
Seemed it to fate;
When the song I used to try
Came whispering late.

Tears are gauge of purest mind,
Drop e'en a few the maimed and blind;
I loved that song—
Mother sang it, and the wind
Swept soft along.

As I think of saintly face,
The touch of tender loving grace,
I silent turn
Where the sunbeams leapt—no trace
To find no bourne.

So leave I the sunset song,
And hie me home to where I long
To bow my head;
Blessèd the hand that struck among
Chords long since dead,

Bringing back the golden time
Of love and hope in its familiar rhyme;
The corn in ear—
Breath of the bee-swarmed murmuring lime,
To cottage dear.

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## BURIAL ECCENTRICITIES.

IN all times and countries there have been queer notions about burial. We here offer to our readers a few instances of this kind of eccentricity.

Mr Wilkinson, one of the founders of the iron manufacture in Great Britain, loved iron so well that he resolved to carry it to the grave with him. He had himself buried in his garden in an iron coffin, over which was an iron tomb of twenty tons' weight. In order to make all right and secure, he caused the coffin and tomb to be constructed while he was yet alive; he delighted to shew them to his friends and visitors—possibly more to his pleasure than theirs. But there were sundry little tribulations to encounter. When he died, it was found that the coffin was too small; he was temporarily laid in the ground while a new one was made; when buried, it was decided that the coffin was too near the surface, and it was therefore transferred to a cavity dug in a rock; lastly, when the estate was sold many years afterwards, the family directed the coffin to be transferred to the churchyard. Thus Mr Wilkinson had the exceptional honour of being buried three or four times over. Mr Smiles tells us that, in 1862, a man was living who had assisted at all these interments. Mr Wilkinson was quite pleased to make presents of iron coffins to any friends who wished to possess such mementos of death and iron. In a granite county such as Cornwall, it is not surprising to read that the Rev. John Pomeroy, of St Kew, was buried in a granite coffin which he had caused to be made.

Some persons have had a singular taste for providing their coffins long beforehand, and keeping them as objects pleasant to look at, or morally profitable as reminders of the fate of all, or useful for everyday purposes until the last and solemn use supervenes. A slater in Fifeshire, about forty years ago, made his own coffin, decorated it with shells, and displayed it among other fancy shell-work in a room he called his grotto. Another North Briton, a cartwright, made his own coffin, and used it for a long time to hold his working tools; it was filled with sliding shelves, and the lid turned upon hinges. It is said that many instances are met with in Scotland of working men constructing their own coffins 'in leisure hours.' Alderman Jones of Gloucester, about the close of the seventeenth century, had his coffin and his monument constructed beforehand; not liking the shape of the nose carved on his effigy on the latter, he had a new one cut—just in time, for he died immediately after it was finished. One John Wheatley of Nottingham bought a coffin, and filled it with clove cordial; but he brought himself into bad repute by getting drunk too frequently, for his coffin became to him a sort of dram-shop. A young navy surgeon, who accompanied the Duke of Clarence (afterwards King William IV.) when he first went to sea as a royal middy, rose in after-life to an important position at Portsmouth; he had a favourite boat converted into a coffin, with the stern-piece fixed at its head, and kept it under his bed for many years. A married couple in Prussia provided themselves with coffins beforehand, and kept them in a stable, where they were utilised as cupboards for the reception of various kinds of food; but the final appropriation of the coffins was marked by a singular *contre-temps*. The man died; the widow packed the contents of both coffins into one; while the body was deposited in the other. By some mishap, the coffin full of eatables was lowered into the grave. Next day the widow opening the lid of the (supposed) cupboard, was scared at finding the dead body of her husband. Of course the interment had to be done all over again, with an interchange of coffins.

The custom of being buried in an erect position has been frequently carried out. Ben Jonson was buried upright in Westminster Abbey, a circumstance which gave occasion for the following lines in the *Ingoldsby Legends:*

> Even rare Ben Jonson, that famous wight,
> I am told is interred there bolt upright,
> In just such a posture, beneath his bust,
> As Tray used to sit in to beg for a crust.

Military heroes have in more cases than one been buried by their men in upright positions on

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the battle-field, sometimes lance or spear in hand. One such was found at the Curragh of Kildare; on opening an earthen tumulus, the skeleton of an old Irish chieftain was seen upright, with a barbed spear in or near one hand.

It is of course quite easy to bury in an upright posture, by setting up the coffin on end; but where, as in many recorded instances, the body is placed in sitting posture, coffins were of necessity inadmissible. When the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa opened the tomb of Charlemagne at Aix-la-Chapelle, he found the body of the great man seated on a kind of throne, as if alive, clad in imperial robes, bearing his sceptre in one hand and a copy of the Bible on his knees. At Shoreditch churchyard, some years ago, a tomb could be seen from the high-road, placed there by a quack doctor named Dr John Gardiner. Or rather it was a high head-stone, with an inscription denoting that the inclosed spot was his 'last and best bedroom;' he had the tomb and the inscription prepared some years before his death, and was (so rumour stated) buried in a sitting posture; but on this last point the evidence is not clear.

Some folks have been buried with a mere apology for a coffin. Such was the fate of Mrs Fisher Dilke, during the time of the Commonwealth. Her husband, Mr Dilke, did not seem to regard her remains as deserving of a very high expenditure. He caused a coffin to be made from boards which lined his barn. He bargained with a sexton to make a grave in the churchyard for one groat; two groats cheaper than if it had been in the church. He invited eight neighbours to act as bearers, for whom he provided three twopenny cakes and a bottle of claret. He read a chapter of Job to them while all was being got ready; then the cakes and wine were partaken of, and the body carried to the churchyard; they put her in the grave, each threw in a spadeful of earth; and the bereaved husband and his neighbours retraced their steps. Another instance of an apology for coffins was that near Horsham, in an old mansion which had been a nunnery; when, on one occasion, the kitchen floor was taken up, there were found twelve skeletons all in a row, each between two planks; they were supposed to have been nuns.

And some folks have been buried without any coffin at all. A military officer, some half-century or so ago, directed by his will that his body should be opened by medical men, bound round with cere-cloth, and interred without a coffin in a particular part of his park. Acorns were to be sown on the spot, the most promising plant from which was to be allowed to grow there, 'in order,' as he said, 'that his remains might be useful in nourishing a sturdy British oak.' He left a legacy to his gardener to weed and water the plant. A goodly-sized oak-tree now marks the spot. This reminds one of the strange burial, or rather absence of burial, in the case of Jeremy Bentham, the celebrated jurist and philosopher. In accordance with his will, a head of wax was affixed to his skeleton (after dissection); the figure was stuffed to the proper size, and clad in Bentham's own garments; he was placed seated in his own arm-chair, with his own walking-stick in one hand. A wag made a very whimsical anagram out of this, by simply transposing two letters in Jeremy Bentham's name —'Jeer my bent ham.'

Miscellaneous instances crowd upon us of burial without coffins. There is a parish in the Isle of Thanet the register of which contains entries of eightpence for burying in a coffin, and sixpence without a coffin; and in the register of an adjoining parish (more than two centuries back), eightpence 'in a coffined grave,' and sixpence 'in a sheet.' About a century ago, in Dorset, a gentleman directed that his uncoffined remains should be buried ten feet deep in a particular field lying near his house, and the field to be then thoroughly ploughed over, as if to obliterate him as completely as could well be the case. The family of the St Clairs of Rosslyn were for many generations (the men at anyrate) buried without coffins. The latest of such burials took place towards the close of the seventeenth century. When the vault was next opened, the body of Sir William St Clair was seen lying in his armour with a red velvet cap on his head; nothing was decayed but a part of the white fur-edging to the cap. In some parts of Ireland it was at one time customary to carry the body to the grave-side in a coffin, upon which the body was taken out and reverently deposited in the earth. There was one Augustinian abbey graveyard in particular, near Enniscorthy, in which certain families were generally buried in this fashion, the graves being scrupulously prepared with boards, earth, sods, and grass. It is said that the Superior of the first Cistercian abbey founded in England since the Reformation lies buried in this fashion in the chapter-house of the abbey in one of the midland counties. Mr Thomas Cooke, a merchant who had well befriended Morden College, Blackheath, directed that his body should be buried in a winding-sheet, *minus* coffin, in the college grounds.

And as some people have been buried without coffins, so have there been instances of coffins buried without people. Fraud, more or less, may be suspected in such cases. About a dozen years ago the death of a foreigner was entered in the register of an Essex parish on the faith of a medical certificate, apparently authentic; a coffin was bought; and a grave ordered to be dug in a Roman Catholic graveyard. The funeral, or a funeral, took place, all in decent order. A few weeks afterwards a claim was put in by the widow for a hundred thousand francs, due from an insurance office. The (alleged) deceased was known to have been a fugitive fraudulent bankrupt. The aid of the detective police being obtained, the grave and coffin were opened, and—no corpse was there. The rascal had made out the certificate of his own death, ordered his own grave and coffin, and

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followed his own coffin to its last home as chief mourner!

With or without coffins, many persons have been buried in spots other than churchyards or graveyards; such, for instance, as in their own gardens, farms, parks, or plantations. There is a family residence in Northamptonshire marked by the singularity of having a coffin placed as it were a table in a summer-house. Sir William Temple, before his death in 1700, ordered his heart to be inclosed in a silver casket, and buried under a sun-dial in his own garden at Moor Park, opposite a particular window. Where the body was interred we have no record. William Liberty, a brick-maker in Herts, was buried in a tomb constructed by himself at the side of a lonely footpath across a field; and room was afterwards found in the same tomb for his widow. Sir James Tillie, of Pentillie Castle, Cornwall, was at his own desire laid under a tower in a summer-house in a favourite part of his park. Baskerville the printer was buried under a windmill near his garden; a dancing-master in a plantation near Macclesfield; a barrister beneath a tower which he had built at Leith Hill, Surrey; a Yorkshire squire in his own shrubbery, 'because he had passed some of the happiest hours of his life there;' a shepherd of the Chiltern Hills on the chalky slopes of the hills themselves, with an inscription cut in the grassy covering. The wish of a captain in Cromwell's army to bury his favourite charger in the church-yard of Houghton-le-Spring, was frustrated; where-upon he had it buried in his own orchard, and left orders that he himself was to be buried by the side of the horse. The editor of a Newcastle journal was buried in his own garden; and a Northumbrian gentleman under a tomb in his own orchard. Körner, the German soldier-poet who fell at Gadebusch, was buried on the spot under an old oak; and many military men have found a similar resting-place.

Many queer stories are extant, resting, however, on tolerably good authority, of bodies being left unburied, or in some way or other kept above-ground, in the hope of cunningly defeating some law or other. The old stage-coachmen on the Great North Road, when driving through Steven-age, were wont to point to a barn in which the body of a former owner, Mr Trigg, was kept; it was inclosed in lead, and placed upon a beam of the roof. The gossips of the neighbourhood had two theories to explain this. One was to the effect that Trigg had expressed a desire that his body should be kept there 'until the day of judgment;' the other, that he believed he would return to life again thirty years after his death, and left his property subject to this contingency. He died in 1721. After the thirty years his representatives 'gave him three days' grace,' then buried him, and finally disposed of his property. Just about a century ago, a legacy of twenty-five pounds a year was left to a woman 'so long as she remained above-ground.' Her husband, on her death, put a crafty interpretation on these words; he rented a small room in a neighbour's house, and kept the body there in a coffin during the long period of nineteen years, receiving the annuity because the woman was still 'above-ground.' A gentleman, rather earlier in the same century, left orders that, when dead, he should be placed in a coffin perched up on end in a cellar. He had bequeathed all his property to charitable uses, and had a notion that his relatives would try to defy the will unless his body were kept unburied; that is, not actually interred in the ground.

## FROM DAWN TO SUNSET.

### PART II.

### CHAPTER THE FIFTH.

Two winters shed their snows, two summers spread their blooms round Enderby; and old Time, who gives and takes so much, turned his hour-glass, and the sands ran on. Beauty, hoar hairs, the feeble tired heart of age, the fresh and throbbing heart of youth, all bend to the death-sweep of his sickle. But his loans to the living are rich and rare; though he scathe and saddens, he seldom fails to beautify and bless. Each life, in early dawn, wins from the old graybeard's hands hope and love and joy in very showers; youth is so beautiful, youth is so hopeful, youth is so bright! Old Time gives more than he ever takes away, for he gives days replete with life and strength and gemmed with golden hours; but when he asks them back, they are shrunken and worthless, mere empty shells, from which man has extracted the sweetness and the goodness to his own vitality or destruction. Old Time is merciful; if he wounds with that keen scythe of his, he as often cures with healing balm. More often he spares from cruel hurts the aged and the young. The young spring joyously over his scythe, and he pelts them with flowers, and loves them for their daring and content; they fear him not. Strong manhood rushes at him, wrestles with him, strives to wrest from him more than he will ever give; so perchance he throws that strong man, or pitilessly severs a limb. But the aged he loves, because they are like to him; their bleeding wounds he numbs, their failing hands he takes within his own, and leads them gently on the way; then filling their poor hearts with blessed memories of youth and spring, draws his scythe around them, and lays them gently down to rest.

The Rose of Enderby was favoured by old Time, who called Dame Nature to him, and bade her paint her darling with colours rich and rare; to filch somewhat from the red beauty of the bud; to subdue it to a fainter softer hue; to darken the gold tints in the amber hair; to deepen the lustre in the laughing eyes; to whisper to the heart of the rose, so that the sweet voice of Nature might flutter that maiden heart, and raise the maiden blush, that fairest gem in maiden's dower.

Deborah Fleming was a very proud maiden. She heard those whispers; she felt those fairy knockings at her heart, but she barred the door against them. She had grown so beautiful in her flush of dawn and grace of womanhood, that if all eyes had not told her she was beautiful, she must still have known it; and a proud happy consciousness took possession of her and made her fairer. Yet these were dark days for Enderby. You might

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not have thought it, to hear Deborah's songs and laughter, and to see the father and daughter together; but how often it is so—ruin is laid away like an ugly dream, not to be realised, not to be believed in, till the inevitable end. Then there was hope, hope that never dies out but with life, and Deborah threw hope round her two darlings; but she *did* suffer for them as much as her wild buoyant spirit and hopeful heart would let her. She did pray for them sometimes, not often. Deborah had well-nigh forgotten her mother's prayers, and learned no new ones. Heaven help her! But in those days Deborah's noble heart kept her true to God and man, so that she did not stray far away in her wild and wilful youth. She did strive to lead her darlings right, the old man and the young. She was their one link to good. Her woman's eloquence and woman's love had sometimes saved them. She knew their danger; she saw the dark cloud that gathered and ever deepened over Enderby. With her feeble hands she strove to avert it, and yet looked and laughed with undaunted brow, feeling the joy and gladness in her heart, that outshone all else, and broke out in uncontrollable sunshine over all. 'Oh, Charlie was young; he must sow his "wild oats" like other men.'—'Oh, that rich old uncle who had gone to America, and made fabulous wealth, and been no more heard of, would come home and die, and leave father all his fortune, to build up the fortunes of Enderby.'—'There were joyful days to come!'

Meantime Kingston Fleming was travelling abroad as a tutor, having carried off high honours from Granta. Deborah had not seen him for more than two years. Betrothed, folks said, to Beatrix Blancheflower, and they would marry soon. Charlie had left Granta, nor was he very often seen at Enderby. May's grandmother was dead, and May was an heiress, living in Italy with a stern old guardian, and sometimes dreaming of going again to Enderby, and sometimes writing a long, long letter to Deborah. 'Mistress Dinnage' lived at home, and kept her father's house, and dismissed all rustic lovers. Deborah now used the grand saloon at Enderby, long uninhabited. You approached it by the picture-gallery, which was lighted on one side at regular intervals by high windows; while on the opposite wall hung faded portraits of Flemings innumerable, knight and lady. The guests (what guests there were) were ushered along this gallery by grim old Marjory, and so into the presence of the beautiful Deborah Fleming; or if Deborah were not there, her spirit would seem to pervade the place. The roses blooming about in careless gay luxuriance; the curtains thrown back; the sun streaming in brightness through the great semicircular window, lighting up even the gloomy walls, and bringing out in curious distinctness the grotesque figures woven in the ancient tapestry; the work and flowers scattered about; the little white fluffs of kitlings disporting on the rug; the flowery perfumed atmosphere—all breathed of Deborah Fleming and summer-time.

We don't know if the stately old guest whom Dame Marjory ushered in that morning was insensible to the charm or no. He walked to the window and sniffed at scent of the roses, looking, as he did so, blind and grim. He was an old man, but still a straight and stately one; his features were strongly marked, and intersected by deep lines of passion and craft; but he looked a thorough-bred old gentleman, so clean, so calm, so placid—and all evil passions seemed to be at rest. There was something even pathetic in the dim gray eyes and expression of gloomy weariness. He had not the appearance of a formidable foe, or of being full of cruel passions either, as he stood in the morning sun. It might be that the dark tales and rumours of old Adam Sinclair were all false; it might be envy, it might be jealousy, that made men talk thus of the wifeless and childless master of Lincoln Castle, who was the owner of lands so broad and brave. At all events he proved a friend in need to Sir Vincent Fleming, and therefore Sir Vincent gave no credit to those tales.

Now Adam Sinclair had thrice seen Deborah Fleming—once as a laughing mischievous child, grimacing at him unheeded from behind her father's chair. Again, riding with a gay cavalcade in the streets of Granta, when a young fop whispered Deborah, and she laughed (was it at *him*?); and he did not forget the girl on the black horse. Again he met her in the hall late one night at Enderby—he met her face to face, and Sir Vincent introduced him, under circumstances which we shall here relate.

Sir Vincent and his boon companions had been drinking deeply that night. From a far-away chamber Deborah heard the sounds of song and laughter and loud voices. She knew too that there was something more than drinking going on, that fortunes perhaps were being lost and won. She sat on and listened, looking stern and grave for her, and the great clock struck the hours two, three, four! Deborah had got it into her head that those men were all pitted against her father, and were laughing at his ruin. She walked restlessly to and fro; her cheeks began to fire and her wild eyes to flash. Suddenly her father, looking pale and unsteady, and leaning on the arm of a tall angular old man, entered the hall. Both started as if they saw a ghost; Sir Vincent grasped Adam Sinclair's arm, and so Deborah Fleming faced them in all her beauty.

'Child,' muttered Sir Vincent huskily, 'my old friend. Shake Master Sinclair by the hand. He's your father's good friend.'

Adam Sinclair smiled suavely, and bowed well-nigh to his knees; *he* was quite sober, and now beheld the superb figure he had seen on horseback at Granta, and a face of exquisite loveliness and disdain. But when he extended his long lean palm, Deborah put her right hand behind her back, laid the other on her father's arm, and knitted her dark brows at Sinclair with the glance of a tigress. So passed that formal introduction.

Merriment, disdain, angry passion—he remembered all, and still Deborah Fleming stood before him as she had stood on the night of his repulse. He *must* see her again and talk with

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her. Twice he called in vain at Enderby, and still those falcon eyes pursued him. Day and night, he pictured some man, young and handsome, kneeling at Deborah Fleming's feet, and then he shook with the maddening thought. Then he bethought him of his own broad lands and his grand old castle, and he had hopes of he knew not what. But trembling, he rode again to Enderby. Sir Vincent was not at home; 'Mistress Fleming' was. Thus he stood, waiting for Mistress Fleming's step: he was not deaf, when it came; he counted each light reluctant footfall, and his heart beat violently, like a boy's. So the courtier and the country maiden met for the first time, alone. Master Sinclair apologised again, as he had done by Marjory, for the intrusion, but begged the favour of a few moments' interview with Mistress Fleming. Mistress Fleming bowed in proud silence, and a faint colour tinged her cheeks, at the thought of her former reception of this grave old man; she thought in her heart she had been rude and unmaidenly, perhaps unjust to him; still an unconquerable dislike and shrinking made her sit as far away from him as might be. He staid a long half hour, and he paid her delicate and courtly compliments; he shewed by his looks and conversation that he thought her not only a beautiful girl but a thoughtful intellectual woman. Deborah was half charmed against her own heart; and he found her so sweet and gentle, that the next day he rode over again, trembling with eagerness, wild hopes, and sore anxiety, and had asked to see Sir Vincent Fleming. Deborah was out. She returned from a ride in one of her mad fits of joy and animal spirits, and with loosened hair and flying step, entered the hall where Sir Vincent was alone. It was a fair spring evening; the old baronet was smoking his pipe, and striding thoughtfully to and fro, but somehow Deborah stopped on her way to his arms; she knew by his face that something unusual had happened.

'Come hither, Rose of Enderby,' said Sir Vincent, and threw down his pipe, and gathered his little daughter in his arms. 'Let me congratulate thee on thy first conquest.'

'What do you mean, father?' asked Deborah, blushing as red as any rose.

'Why, a fellow has been here this morning asking ye of me—asking ye in marriage—no less than Master Adam Sinclair, of Lincoln Castle!'

What a flood of colour rushed into Deborah's face, dyeing her very brow! She was startled, she was shamed, she was half proud, she was disdainful. 'Does *that* old man want to wed me, father?'

'Ay; that old man, the greatest man in the county.'

'In riches, father.'

'And in land: he has a goodly home. He has done your father good service, Deb. And he is charmed with Mistress Fleming.'

'Well, let him be charmed. I find no charms in *him*. Nay; shake not your head, good father. Not only do I find nought to charm me, but my heart rebels against the smooth-tongued old man who calls himself my father's friend. Father, I love him not. Not for twenty castles, would I be Master Sinclair's wife!'

'Wrong, wrong, Deb; too rash by half. Think it over, child; ask yourself if ye are not hot-headed, blind, and prejudiced; and if it were not better to wait and know Master Sinclair better, before casting from ye the prize that has been for many years the vain desire of every maid and matron round. Wait, Deb, and let me have your sober answer to-morrow, or later still.'

Deborah grew very pale. 'Father,' she said, 'd'ye really, truly love and respect this Adam Sinclair in your heart? Is he so dear to you—and can ye trust him *so well*, that after a few hours' thought ye are ready and willing to give up your one daughter to him for *life*? For life, father—*for life*—and no love to bear me up.'

'He is an old man, Deb.'

'Yes; and he will die soon, you would say, and leave Lincoln Castle to me! But first, I would sell my soul, father, and drag on through days of unutterable horror, as Adam Sinclair's wife, before I could be released. And God might judge me, by taking me the first. O father, father! Say thou lovest me. Do not break my heart. Say thou hast some great and secret reason for liking this old man. Say thou 'rt in a grievous strait, to need this help of me. Or only say, sweet father, that it wrings thine heart to ask me to part from thee. Anything, but that thou 'rt willing to be rid of Deb! Ah me! Thou art cool, father—thou art indifferent, while my soul aches for sorrow at the very thought of parting from thee! Ah, but thou wilt have thy darling still—thy Charlie; while Deb, poor Deb would languish as Mistress Sinclair, with no more hope in life. *I* should have nought but memory, and memory would be like to drive me mad!'

Sir Vincent was fairly taken by storm, by Deborah's burst of fiery feeling; he grew pale as herself, he folded her to his breast; for indeed under his exterior coolness, he had been sore pressed, and feeling deeply; his heart had been loudly crying out on him, for this temptation to give away his young and only daughter to a man more than double her years, and such a man as Adam Sinclair. 'Deb, Deb,' he faltered, 'thou hast vanquished me! *Love* thee, child—love thee, little sweet blossom! Thy mother's living image, my hope, my *stay!* Nay; keep in my heart, and shelter here! It is all I have to offer thee. Don't unman me, love, by these tears. 'Twas sore temptation tempted me to give thee up—to have thee the greatest lady in the county, instead of nought but the daughter of a beggared and a ruined man.'

Deborah dashed aside her tears; all her heart spoke in her brave bright upward smile upon his breast: 'Nay, father, nay—not beggared, not ruined. These are strong words. And thy love is greater treasure to me than all the wealth of Master Sinclair. Put thine arms round me. There; I am as happy and hopeful as a queen; so thou wilt be happy too. And who knows but Deborah Fleming may do great things yet? Why, if Master Sinclair finds something in this poor Deborah Fleming to love, a greater and grander may. I am not so modest but that I know my worth either.'

'Ah, thou 'lt make many a heart ache, Deb, before thy day is done. Meantime, be kind and friendly to Adam Sinclair, for my sake, if he will be friends. I tell ye he will not give up hope. I know Adam. Repulse him not, Deb; let him hope on; it will sun Adam's declining days.'

'I will give him no false hopes, father. Tell him from me that I can never be his wife; thus he may be looking elsewhere. Then if it pleases him

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to come to Enderby for my friendship's sake, he can. But father, does he not *darken* Enderby?'

Sir Vincent frowned. 'How mean ye, child?'

'Why, father, he professes too great love for you; I doubt a little these mighty professions. My love makes my eyes like lynx's eyes, to see through all who work *thee* harm.'

'Then they have proved too keen. Adam Sinclair would cut off his right hand for me. I say not for love; he comes not of a loving kind, and men o' the world deal not in such stuff one towards another; but because in former years I saved him from a worse trouble than ever *I* have known. There; it is *gratitude* that binds this man to me, and he has shewn it.'

'Ah! Then I will thrust away this distrust that is not worthy of me. I never knew the heart that was not grateful for great service done. And what is more, I'll ne'er believe in ingratitude. Dear Adam Sinclair! Good old man! Grateful, grim, old, true friend of my father, I will strive to forget that you have ever wished to wed me; so I may grow to like you as a friend.'

Sir Vincent laughed. 'And this is hard? What dost like? Whom dost like, Deb? Of all the brave fellows thou seest in the hunting-field, whom couldst thou choose?'

'Faith, father, I can see no "brave fellow" there but the poor gallant one streaming along in the bushy-tailed red-brown coat!'

'Sir Reynard? Ha, ha! Thou'rt thy father's true daughter. But not one beside Master Fox?'

'Not one.'

'I am glad on't. They are all rattle-pates or penniless. I wish to give thee to better folk.'

'Hark to him! Thou ambitious old dear! Well-a-day, I am in no haste to wed. As Deborah Fleming, I am happy. Oh, that I might never change that name!'

'Pshaw! Thou'lt not say this always; but unless with thy full and free consent, Deborah Fleming thou shalt remain.'

'This is the gipsy prophecy,' said Deborah, as she went up the great oak stairs. 'The grand old man who would meet me at the gates of my own home.' Then in her own room, musing: 'But "love and greatness should come hand in hand." God forbid that I ever love ye, Adam Sinclair! Unless some false witch should blind my eyes with "love in idleness," I never will. Oh, keep me from it, kind Providence! If ever so deluded and deceived, I would wake up to misery! If I saw father *starving*, would I? No; for in so doing, I would kill both my body and *soul*. I wonder, will King Fleming ever return? I had well nigh forgot him. And he will be for wedding Mistress Blancheflower. Why she must be getting old. Ah, well-a-day, we all grow old.'

### CHAPTER THE SIXTH.

It was about this time that a distant kinswoman of Deborah's died, leaving her a legacy of twenty guineas a year. It seemed a fortune to Mistress Fleming. With the twenty golden pieces in her hand, she sat revolving in her mind what she would buy with them, happy as the blue fly that buzzed about her sunny room, she who had so often looked on grim poverty face to face. Our heroine was full of joy. The bells of Enderby were ringing out their glad gay peals. The air was radiant with sunshine, and heavy with fragrance. Kingston Fleming was coming home, and coming to Enderby. The murmur of the bees about the ivy, the scent of clambering roses and honeysuckle, brought back the days of childhood. There, were the great boughs in the wych-elm where they swung; there, were the green woods where they played.

Deborah, with her arm leaning on the warm sill, was in a very dream of bliss, and then her wandering thoughts came back. Yes, half must be laid by in case of need, or as much as could possibly be spared; she would say half. Then there must be a new cap for Marjory, a book for Mistress Dinnage—a tale of love and romance; a hunting-knife for Jordan. And what for dear old Charlie? She must think that over. It was difficult to know what could be nice enough for one so fastidious and so dear. And what for herself? A new cap to match the lace she had; for she was no longer a hoyden with tangled locks, but 'Mistress Fleming.' She would ride into Granta the next day, and buy that little cap. Drawing the curtain which shut out the alcove, the maiden threw her money on the bed, and there too was laid a soft and sheeny dress, trimmed with costly cobweb lace, a dress of her grandmother's modernised artfully by herself and Mistress Dinnage. Deborah's heart beat and her colour rose. Girls are silly beings. She could think of and pine for nought but that coquettish cap which would jauntily set her love-locks.

While thus musing, the door opened abruptly, and in stalked a travel-stained figure, a tall figure, with wild dishevelled hair. It was Charlie Fleming, with the passions of his boyhood darkened and deepened, in the sombre beauty of the face that had grown stern and set. He was pale through his bronze; his long hair streamed back from his heated brow, and his whole air betokened a reckless fugitive spirit. Deborah had not seen him for weeks; she gave a cry of joy, and sprang into his arms. The roughness of the boy had passed from Charlie Fleming, but his rare demonstrations of affection were shewn to Deborah only. 'I am only here for half an hour, Deb. I must saddle horse afresh and off to Lincoln Castle. I am in rare trouble, Deb. Hush, child! I am come to thank ye for refusing Adam Sinclair. Better poverty, Deb, than that. Better starvation. I'd blow his brains out sooner than see you his wife. See that ye are never talked into this. I know your generous madness, child; let *no misery* move ye to it.'

'Nay, Charlie; it never shall! But if you are so averse to him, do not go to Lincoln. I hate him. I distrust him more and more. You are pale and tired too, Charlie. Is it the *old* trouble?' Deborah leaned forward, where she sat opposite him; the sweet confidante of father and brother was wont to forget all her own joys and sorrows in theirs.

Charlie raised his dark beautiful eyes to hers, then dropped them; the furtive glance was enough. Deborah thought of her gold, and her heart began to throb with tumultuous joy. 'Is it *much*, Charlie? More than—twenty guineas?'

Charlie laughed a bitter laugh. 'Don't ask me, child,' he said; 'you cannot help me, Deb. I am undone!'

'Not so undone but that I can help you a little,' whispered Deborah softly, and ran towards the

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bed. Then she drew Charlie's hands down from his moody face, and with her own all radiant, laid her treasure in his hands. 'See, Charlie! This is *mine*, my very own. I have never had such riches before. Just before you came in, dear boy, I was racking my brains as to what I could buy you with these guineas, and now I give them all to you in place of presents. Don't thank me; it is thanks enough to let me stand thy friend. For what need have *I* for money? To me it would be worthless!'

'Who gave ye this, Deb?'

'A fairy—a true fairy, who knew your need.'

'Not May Warriston?'

'May Warriston? No! What ails you?'

'Deb, I cannot rob thee, dear. Thou needst a thousand little gewgaws such as women love. Say no more o' this;' and Charlie gave her back the gold.

But Deborah was on her knees, putting her soft face up to his. 'Charlie, it will break my heart if you disdain my poor gift. I tell you again, I have no need for money—only as a temptation for finery and trinkets which it would be sin for me to wear. Old Charlie, sweet old Charlie, I *will* be mistress here!' And Deborah poured her gold into his pocket and closed it up. 'You will not go to Lincoln *now*?'

Charlie Fleming took her face between his hands; a melancholy smile fluttered about his lips; and she, so radiantly happy: '*Will* you go?' she urged.

'Yes.'

'Oh, wilful, headstrong, obstinate! To this one time I give consent; but after this, you shall go no more to Lincoln, to be the companion of that bad old treacherous man. He would fain ruin us all; I know it!'

'Tush, tush! Deb. I know just how to take Adam Sinclair. And if he wrongs mine by word or deed, let him look to it!' And the young giant rose to his feet.

Deborah caught his arm. 'You are not going to *fight* him?'

'Fight him? No; we are friends, bosom friends, like as thyself to Mistress Dinnage.'

'Well, be not rash and hot-headed. I know your fiery temper, and am ever in fear and trembling, with such a man as Master Sinclair too, that you should quarrel and hurt him sorely. Quarrel not about *me*, Charlie; he is always courteous to me.'

'I hope [so. Good-bye, sweet Deb, good-bye.' The brother and sister kissed, and Charlie sped to the court-yard.

Old Jordan held Bayard for him, ready saddled. 'Thanks, good Jordan. Where is my father?'

'I ain't seen him these three days, Master Charlie. An' now thou 'rt goin' away agen, these be dull days for Enderby an' Mistress Deborah.'

'Where 's Mistress Dinnage?' asked Charlie, dropping his keen glance to the old man's face.

'In the manor here; she well-nigh lives with Mistress Deborah, an' well she may.'

'I never see her about.'

'She 's there though, Master Charlie.'

'Good-bye, Jordan. Take care of them.' And Charlie Fleming, striking spurs to his horse, rode away; not so fast but that one pair of dark eyes, full of proud reluctant tears and lingering passion, looked from a window overhead, and watched him as he sped away.

'Poor little Deb!' muttered Charlie, as his good horse bore him far away. 'I will not forget thee, dear. Poor little maid! It has eased her heart. A drop, a drop in the ocean of my troubles, is Deb's gold to me. Poor child! Now, if you fail, Adam Sinclair, flight is my only chance.'

## HOTEL HOSPITALS.

Some years ago, a Birmingham medical man—Mr West—in a very ably written contrast between English and French surgery, drew attention to a kind of hospital common abroad, and much appreciated there by the class for whose benefit these institutions are intended, but of which in Britain we have no examples, or at most one or two experimental wards on a very limited scale. These institutions are hospitals where patients of the middle class who can afford and are willing to pay a moderate sum, can be received when serious illness or accident unfortunately necessitates medical aid—'a special kind of hospital,' said Mr West, 'unknown in England, which I think of great utility, and of which there is, I believe, an urgent need, not only in London, but also in every large town throughout the provinces.'

Mr West's paper does not appear to have borne much fruit at the time; but recently the question has appeared again, and this time, so much has been done to give prominence to the movement, that a public meeting was held last June at the Mansion House, to discuss points in connection with this great subject. There cannot be two opinions as to the general advisability of establishing such hospitals in this country, and as was to be expected from the honourable desire of the medical faculty always to do what appears best for suffering humanity, we find that the scheme has the cordial approval of the presidents of the great medical bodies and the chief members of the profession in London, who agree that this is a much-needed institution.

Out of England, there are various examples of such hospitals, such as the State Hospital at Christiania, which is entirely supported by such paying patients; the famous Maison Municipale de Santé in Paris; and various institutions in Germany and the United States, where for a moderate fixed payment, men or women of limited means, or who have no home in a large city, can obtain adequate care and proper nursing in case of illness. The great French hospital, the Maison Municipale de Santé, is a model of what such an establishment should be. It is under the control of the municipal authorities, and has nearly six hundred beds ready for the treatment of sick and wounded persons of the class now alluded to, who, for a daily payment varying from four to twelve francs, can obtain medical and surgical advice—medicine, food, baths, and all else necessary for their proper alleviation or cure. There are two physicians and a surgeon on the staff of the hospital; but if the patients choose, they can call in consultation any of the Parisian hospital doctors, and the fees paid to them are the only extra expense that inmates are liable for. 'The hospital,' says Mr West, 'is clean, well-furnished, comfortable, and contains every variety of bath that the patients can possibly require.'

What a boon such an establishment would be, not only for the large numbers of clerks and

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assistants in our shops and warehouses, who live in lodgings, and are far from the tender hands of a loving nurse, but also for a class who are anxious to have the advantages of a well-managed hospital and its careful nursing, rather than subject near and dear ones at home to all the trouble and anxiety of nursing and watching, besides the great risk of infection. There is certainly a strong and no doubt very natural feeling against the idea of being away from home when sickness overtakes us; but in process of time this dislike must yield to the undoubted fact, that in a well-organised hospital, a case has, as a rule, a far better chance than elsewhere of being thoroughly attended to according to the directions of the physician. The loving hands that smooth the pillow under the uneasy head need not be absent here; but it must be remembered that it is not given to every mother or wife to be a good nurse. Nervousness and inexperience, over-anxiety from the very great interest in the issues of life and death for the loved one, are often causes of risk to the patient. Then, too, house accommodation may be limited: perfect isolation of the infected patient, especially in the 'flats' of such a town as Edinburgh, may be well-nigh impossible; while the disease may be, like small-pox, of a kind that drives all but the most self-sacrificing of friends away.

In one of the many letters written on this subject we get a pitiable instance of such a case as this: A young man, living with a lady and her daughters, became ill with small-pox. His mother was dead, his father in India. When it was clear what disease he had, every one left him but one servant. His doctor sent him to a small-pox hospital, but it was full; and he had to be brought back again, and put under the care of a nurse from an Institution; but at ten P.M. this Mrs Gamp was found to be quite drunk, and another had to be sent for. But how infinitely better would it have been if he could have been sent to a paying hospital. The present writer knew of a case some years ago that peculiarly illustrates the value of such institutions. A young married man of limited but not straitened means was seized with illness at home about a week before the 'flitting term,' at which time he was to remove his household goods to another town. The doctor pronounced it fever, and said that if he was to be removed at all, it must be immediately. It was absolutely necessary he should leave his house when his tenancy expired; and as they had no friends in town to whom to go, no course was open but to send the sick man to the public hospital; which was done. Here was a distinct perversion of the objects of such an institution; and though in this case some compensation was made in the form of a donation, yet here again, how much better for all parties if that hospital had had a wing, where he could have been taken in on the distinct footing of payment for its advantages.

Various proposals have been made as to the mode of instituting such hospitals. Sir Rutherford Alcock is in favour of a certain number of wards in good existing hospitals being set aside for the accommodation of paying patients at varying rates, to suit their varying means; others advocate the building of distinct wings or pavilions to existing hospitals; while many think that buildings separate in every way should be specially built. The advantages in favour of connection are that in these hospitals there is already an organised staff of physicians, surgeons, and nurses; and that while the extra expense of an expansion of this staff would be comparatively small, the payments from the new class of patients would largely help the funds of the hospital in its charitable purposes. It is probable, however, that a distinct institution—an 'Hotel Hospital' it is proposed to call it—will soon be set on foot, as a limited liability company is spoken of for the purpose.

The London *Figaro* some time ago advocated the establishment of dispensaries where a man of the middle class could get for a small fee first-rate medical advice. In this material respect the workman is decidedly better off than the struggling member of the middle class, who, if he has to consult a leading physician, must pay fees beyond what he too often can afford, while to the poor man the highest medical advice in the kingdom is as free as the air he breathes. The *Figaro* shews how this would be not only a great advantage to middle class people but to the medical profession, in which at present many young men have to be content with a local practice, because they have no opportunity for obtaining hospital practice, which is so necessary for qualification as a general physician.

## DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND.

### A GRANDFATHER'S STORY.

About sixty years ago I was in Paris for the first time in my life. Bonaparte still lingered at St Helena; and the adventurers, good, bad, and indifferent in character, who had served in his armies had not yet lost all hope of the return of their idol, and consequently had not yet thought it worth while to settle down into thorough peace and quietness.

Young Paul Ferrand, whom I frequently met at the café, and who had served as a captain at Waterloo, was sure that the Little Corporal would come back again soon. 'You have not yet beaten him,' he would tell me laughing. 'You sent him to Elba, but he returned; you have sent him to St Helena, and he will return again. We shall see.'

Ferrand was an exceedingly nice fellow; and although he professed to cherish an unquenchable hatred for England and everything English, he had, by some means or other, become attached to Alice Rae, a young English lady of my acquaintance, and who had been living with her mother since the conclusion of peace at Paris, not far from the abode of the ex-captain. And he was always very friendly with me too. He would, it is true, abuse my countrymen most unmercifully; but he was always particularly good-natured; and whenever he found himself saying a little too much, he would arrest himself and apologise so heartily, that I never could be angry with him. I was alone in the French capital, and had few friends there except Mrs Rae, her daughter Alice, and Paul; and so it happened that I passed a good deal of my time in the society of these three. The mother, a woman still in the prime of life, and the widow of a king's messenger, was a connection of mine by marriage, and that fact gave me a good excuse for offering my services as escort whenever she and her pretty daughter thought fit

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to go to the theatre or the opera. At such times Paul always had a seat in the stalls; and between the acts he would come up to my box, to the delight of Alice, who was in love with him, and to the no small satisfaction of Mrs Rae, who herself had quite a maternal affection for the young Frenchman, and did not in the least discourage his attentions to her daughter. If there were no formal engagement between the two, it was at least perfectly understood by all parties that as soon as Paul should get an appointment, for which at the time he was a candidate, he was to marry Alice; and I, though only a few years her senior, was to give her away.

One night the opera-house was crowded more than usual. A great singer was to appear, and a new work by a renowned composer was to be performed. But Paul Ferrand, sitting in the stalls, seemed scarcely to listen to the music or to notice the acting; and much more often were his eyes turned in the direction of my box than in that of the stage. Alice and her mother were with me; and as the curtain fell at the conclusion of the first act, Paul came up to us. He was in high spirits, for he had heard that the minister had decided to give him the coveted post, and he expected to hear in a few days that his appointment had been signed by the king. We congratulated him; and as he left us to return to his seat, I whispered to him: 'You'll be a happy man in a month or two now, Paul.' He smiled, and shut the door.

We watched him as he threaded his way to his place. It was in the centre of the second row from the orchestra, and he had left his opera-glasses on the chair, in order to preserve his right to it; but during his absence a tall, military-looking man had appropriated it, and had coolly put the glasses on one side. Paul approached the stranger with the utmost politeness, and I suppose, for naturally I could not hear, requested him to move. The interloper did not deign to answer, but sneeringly looked up at Ferrand, as though to ask him what he meant by his intrusion. Paul pointed to the opera-glasses; but the stranger neither replied nor moved, but continued to appear as though he did not hear. I saw that matters were assuming a dangerous complexion, for in the new-comer I recognised Victor Laroquière, an ex-Bonapartist officer like Paul, a notorious bully, and one of the most celebrated duellists in France. But what could I do? I could only sit still, much against my will, and witness the inevitable consequences. I thought Alice would faint when Laroquière in the calmest way rose before the crowded assemblage and struck Paul in the face with his glove; but she recovered herself, and like a statue watched her lover pick up his opera-glasses, bow to his insulter, and without a word, leave the building. There were some exclamations from the audience; but the duellist again rose, and with a theatrical air gazed round, mockingly imitated Paul's parting bow, and resumed his seat. This was too much for poor Alice. She could not remain any longer; she must go home; and so, with some difficulty, I got her and her mother to my carriage, told the coachman to drive them home, and myself walked quickly to Paul's lodgings.

He had arrived before me, and was already writing when I entered his room. 'Of course,' he said, as he saw me and came towards me with both hands outstretched, 'you, my dear friend, will assist me. It is impossible to do anything but fight. Even Alice could not make me alter my conviction upon that point, the insult was so public.'

'Suppose you leave the country?' I suggested.

'Then I should have to give up the appointment and Alice too. No, my dear fellow, I am a Frenchman, and I must fight; and you must arrange matters for me. If he shoots me, it cannot be helped; if I shoot him, I shall have shot the biggest scoundrel in Paris. I beg you to call upon Laroquière to-night. I have already discovered his address. Here it is.'

'But must you really fight? It is suicide to fight with a professional duellist.'

'Ah,' he said, shaking his head, 'I am afraid it is suicide; but I *must* fight; so please don't try and persuade me that I need not. And I will fight, too, as soon as possible. You can arrange everything for to-morrow morning. I must have the matter over. In a day or two I might be a coward.'

By his looks he implored me to go to Laroquière; and constituted as French society was at that time, I had no other course open to me than to do as he wished.

'If Monsieur come from M. Paul Ferrand,' said a man-servant when I inquired whether I could see his master, 'M. Laroquière has sent to say that he has not yet left the opera. He has, however, sent this pencilled note, which I am to give to the gentleman who comes from M. Ferrand.'

I tore open the missive. It contained two cards, one bearing the name of the duellist, and the second that of M. Fernand Delaraie, Rue Vivienne 18. Certainly it was an off-hand way of acquainting me with the name and whereabouts of Laroquière's second; but as I wished to pick no quarrel, I walked on to the Rue Vivienne, and in a few minutes was ushered into the presence of M. Delaraie himself. This worthy was a young man, aged about three-and twenty, and dressed in the very extreme of fashion. His ruffles were immaculate, and most symmetrically arranged; his lace handkerchief was steeped in essences; his gloves, which lay on the table—for he had only just returned, at Laroquière's request, from the opera—were small and delicate; his fingers were covered with valuable rings; and the bunch of gold seals depending from his fob was unusually heavy and brilliant. He did not strike me as appearing particularly warlike; but nevertheless, after formally saluting me, he at once touched upon the object of my visit; and before I had been ten minutes in his company, had arranged to meet Ferrand and myself at a certain spot, dear to duellists of the time, at an early hour next morning, and to bring Laroquière with him.

'I don't think we shall need a surgeon,' he said to me quite affably at parting; 'but if you please, you can bring one. In his last affair my principal shot his man through the temples, and he died immediately. I sincerely hope, Monsieur, that your friend is as clever.'

'Confound the fellow!' I said to myself as I left the house and sought the residence of my own medical man. 'I am afraid poor Ferrand is not such a consummate murderer as Laroquière.'

After seeing the surgeon, to whom I briefly explained matters, I called upon Mrs Rae. She

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was doing her best to comfort her daughter, who was in the greatest possible distress. 'Are they going to fight?' she asked me.

'My dear Alice,' I said, 'they are. I have done my best to dissuade Paul; but he says, and I am obliged to agree, that he must fight. Let us hope for the best. He has a sure eye and a steady hand, and he has right on his side. The other man is a scoundrel. And you must remember that poor Paul is not an Englishman. If I were he, I would not fight; but as it is, the matter cannot be overlooked, and indeed everything is arranged.'

'You are to be with him?' said Mrs Rae, looking as white as a sheet.

'Yes; they are to meet to-morrow morning, and by breakfast-time Alice's suspense will be over. She must bear up.'

'You must prevent the duel,' sobbed the half-heart-broken girl. 'Cannot Paul let the insult pass? But no; it was so public.'

'You can only hope,' I said. 'I will see you in the morning; but now I must go back to him, and see that he gets some sleep.'

'Tell him,' cried Alice, 'that if he is killed I shall die. Come here directly it is over. Come, even if he falls: you must tell me about it. I must hear everything.' She buried her face in her hands; and I, escaping from the unhappy girl, hurried to Paul.

He was still writing, and his hair was in disorder, and his face pale when he turned towards me. 'I am no coward,' he said, 'but I am saying good-bye to her, for I shall die to-morrow.'

'My dear fellow,' I exclaimed, 'you will shoot Laroquière, and be married next month. You must finish your writing at once and go to bed. I will sleep here to-night, for I must see that you turn out in time to-morrow morning; so be as quick as possible.'

He wrote for another half-hour, addressed the document to Alice Rae, placed a lock of his hair within it, and after sealing it up, gave it to me.

'Give that to her,' he said, 'if Laroquière kills me outright—and I know he will. If it were not for Alice, I declare that I should be quite glad to meet him. Now for bed.'

He undressed; whilst I lay down on the sofa in the next room and lit a cigar, for I could not afford to sleep myself. Soon all was quiet, and I stole in to see Paul lying as quiet as a child with a smile on his face. Probably, nay assuredly, I passed a more uncomfortable night than he did. Only with the greatest possible difficulty could I keep awake; and the hours seemed to linger for ever. At last, however, daylight dawned, and I called Ferrand, who woke refreshed and in comparatively good spirits. After a hurried breakfast we muffled ourselves up; I placed a flask of brandy, some powder and bullets, and a brace of pistols in my pockets, and we sallied forth in the cold morning air. Scarcely any one was abroad, except a few sleepy watchmen, who seemed to make very shrewd guesses at the object of our expedition; and through the silent streets we went for a mile or so, until we reached the meeting-place.

Laroquière and Delaraie were there before us, and my friend the surgeon arrived immediately afterwards in his carriage, which waited near at hand. The pistols were produced and loaded. Laroquière chose one, and I gave the other to Paul; and then the two men took up positions at a distance of twenty paces from each other, and waited for Delaraie to give the signal to fire.

'Stay!' cried the bully, as his second stepped back; 'let the young hound listen to this. I am not trifling with him: I shall shoot him only where he wishes, for I am generous, parbleu!'

'If I do not kill you,' said Paul quietly, 'I prefer to die.'

'Then I shoot him through the heart,' coolly observed Laroquière. 'It will teach others not to challenge me.'

There was something to me unspeakably horrible in the way in which these last words were pronounced. I shuddered, and looked at Paul. He smiled at me, and at the same instant Delaraie gave the signal.

There was but one report, for Ferrand's pistol flashed in the pan. The poor fellow turned round towards me with fixed eye and pale face, and with the name of Alice on his lips, fell dead. Laroquière turned on his heel, and departed quickly in company with Delaraie, while I aided the surgeon in his brief examination of Paul's body. Surely enough, the bullet had passed through his heart. He must have died almost instantaneously, for he did not move after he fell, and the last smile with which he had looked at me was still upon his face. It was a melancholy business in every respect. I had to break the sad news to Alice and her mother; and the two ladies were so terribly overcome, that I feared the shock would have some permanent effect upon their health. For my part, I was obliged to hurry to England as soon as possible; and Laroquière, I heard, also got away, and remained out of France until the affair had blown over.

I kept up a correspondence with Mrs Rae, and was glad after a time to hear from her that Alice, though still terribly upset, had learned to look with a certain amount of philosophy upon her misfortune, and had to some extent recovered her usual health, if not her usual spirits. Meantime I settled down in London, and unable to forget my Parisian habits, usually dined at one of the then much frequented taverns in Fleet Street. The *Cheshire Cheese*, which was then in much the same state as it is now, was my favourite haunt; and there, as months passed by, I gradually picked up a few pleasant acquaintances, chief amongst whom was an extremely well-mannered young gentleman named Barton, a man of independent means, good family, and first-rate education.

One day, after he had been dining with me, the conversation turned upon continental manners and particularly upon duelling. As an illustration of my abhorrence of the system, I told my companion about poor Paul's death, a matter in which Barton appeared much interested. He asked me a good many questions about the parties concerned, and after expressing a remarkably strong opinion to the effect that Laroquière was a blackguard, bid me good-night. I went home to my rooms in the Temple; and next day, on visiting the *Cheshire Cheese*, found no Barton. He had left word with one of the waiters that urgent business had called him away, but that he hoped to see me on his return. Weeks passed, and then months, and still Barton did not come back; and I confess that I had begun to forget him altogether, when one evening he dropped into dinner as though he had not been absent for more than a day or two.

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'Where have you been?' I asked, after I had heartily shaken hands with him.

'I have been to Paris,' he said. 'On arriving there I found out a little more than you told me about Laroquière, and when I had thoroughly convinced myself that he was the blackguard you painted him, I arranged for a series of lessons at a pistol-gallery. Every day for a month I went and shot for an hour or two, until I was so perfect as to be able to hit a small coin every time at a distance of twenty paces. After satisfying myself as to my proficiency, I took a box at the opera; it may have been the same box that you used to have. Laroquière was pointed out to me. He sat in the stalls, and between the acts he left his seat in order to speak to a lady in another part of the house. I descended as quickly as possible and took his place. He returned, and asked me in an overbearing tone to move. I refused. He persisted. I struck him. He sent me a challenge, and we met upon the same spot, curiously enough, where he had killed your friend Ferrand. Before the signal was given, I said: "M. Laroquière, listen to me. I am not here to trifle with you: but I am as generous as you were with Paul Ferrand. I will shoot you only where you wish." He turned deadly pale. "We will see," he said, "whether I shall not make you a second Ferrand!" "Then I will shoot you," I returned, "as you shot him—through the heart. It will teach other bullies not to challenge me." Whether he was so upset as to be incapable of aiming or not, I cannot say; but my dear fellow, I shot him as dead as a dog, right through the heart, and avenged your friend, at the same time ridding Paris of its biggest villain. It was a case of diamond cut diamond.'

'Well done, Barton!' I exclaimed.

'Wait,' he said, 'and let me finish the drama. We managed to keep the matter very quiet; and before leaving France, I was able to call on Mrs Rae, who is now at Boulogne, for I had a letter of introduction to her from a Parisian acquaintance. When I saw her first, she knew nothing of the affair, but at last I broke the intelligence to her and to her daughter. I found Alice to be a pretty girl, somewhat spoilt by her long mourning, and not very much inclined to listen to me; but my dear fellow, after three weeks of hard persuasion she gave in, and now she and her mother are coming over next week. I believe you were to give Alice away. When she arrives, you shall have a capital opportunity.'

'And,' I added, shaking my friend's hand warmly, 'I shall be dalighted to do so.'

## MODERN SUPERSTITIONS.

Most people accept it as a fact that superstition went out with the advent of steam, the telegraph, and the penny-post. A little honest observation, however, will assure us that there still exist a number of pitiable though petty superstitions. Among certain classes there are lucky and unlucky days in their calendar. They will not attempt an important task on Friday. The horse-shoe still hangs behind or over the door in the Highlands, and in some places much less removed from the centres of civilisation. East-coast fishermen will yet occasionally burn or otherwise destroy a boat from which the lives of any of the crew have been lost, no matter how seaworthy or valuable the boat may be. A hare crossing the path of one of these hardy sons of the sea will cause him to forego an intended journey or voyage. To rustic and fisherman alike a concourse of magpies is an evil omen. As for dreams, the belief that they are the forecasts of events is perhaps the strongest of all the forms of their superstition. We might multiply examples, but have said enough to suggest that the follies of their great-grandfathers have still no slight fascination for the ignorant, in spite of the strides which intelligence has made.

But have superstitious beliefs quite left the more intelligent ranks of society? On the very subject of dreams itself is there not a sneaking credulity which goes far to prove the contrary? True, any one of us is quite able to account in a natural way for the character of his or her dreams. Nevertheless, the lady who chides her children for repeating the interpretation which the housemaid has put upon their sleeping vagaries, and sagely instructs them on the subject of imperfect digestion and its effects upon the brain during sleep, is not ashamed to impart to her husband any morning the particulars of her own shocking dreams, or to piously express the hope that something untoward is not about to happen. Her better-half pooh-poohs the matter doubtless, as becomes his superior dignity, but is visited none the less with a vague sense of uneasiness when he remembers that he himself had a vision of losing a tooth or seeing a house on fire. Having courageously quizzed his wife at the breakfast-table on the folly of *her* augury, and bade her and the children good-bye for the day, he inwardly deplores the unlucky omen of having to turn back for his forgotten umbrella or pocket-book!

How many curious but innocent little customs too are still current, and with the sanction of the wisest. An old slipper is still cast after a bride: it is considered necessary to christen a new ship with a bottle of wine: a fine day is still royal weather; and so on. These and many others most of us would indeed be sorry to see extinct. They are not only harmless, but in their very departure from strait-laced common-sense, give an agreeable and perhaps even healthful relief to the prosiness of ordinary life. To sacrifice them to the strict letter of reason, would be to sacrifice much of the sentiment of life, to banish imagery from poetry, to take the perfume from the rose, to guide into a Dutch canal the current of human affections, which left free will gush and eddy, prattle and murmur by rock and meadow, carrying music and health throughout its living course.

Would that modern superstitions never took less innocent shapes! Having discarded the ghostology of olden times, many people, and among these some men and women of considerable culture, have set up for themselves a novel system of intercourse with the unknown world. Brownies and fairies, with all the fine romance that surrounds the history of their doings among human folks, are dismissed with contempt. Spiritualism has swept all these ethereal puppets off the boards of ordinary life. To substitute what? We might at least look for an improved exhibition and more interesting

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'characters;' but the truth is that nothing could be less satisfactory than the modern attempt at demon-craft. There is something so clumsy and inartistic in the whole get-up of the 'spiritual' drama, that it is less surprising to find it very generally scouted than to see it obtain even a partial notoriety.

Ignorance is the parent of superstition, without a doubt; and the one never exists apart from the other. There is, however, a second wise saw that tells a great deal of the truth about the origin of that world-old bugbear of the human mind, namely, 'The wish is father to the thought.' What we strongly desire to be, we are next door to believing to be. The appetite of man's vanity is unappeasable, and in catering for it his fancy plays tricks with his reason. He longs for intercommunion with the unknown, and indulges the wish by creating fictitious agents for that purpose. Tokens, signs, omens, and auguries are also outgrowths of the various forms of desire and vanity. We believe we shall have luck if we turn the money in our pocket when looking at new moon. Men have *waited* in all ages for the appearance of some favourable sign before beginning any enterprise of importance. If the sun shines on our wedding-day, how auspicious! Palpably in each case because we desire these things to be! But having set up omens with such an object, we, in the cleft-stick of our own superstition, are bound to believe their absence or converse, the foreshadowers of evil.

In many ways modern credulity frees itself from such mechanical trammels as those we have mentioned, to take a form and complexion from the age, losing meanwhile not one jot of its vigour. To dream three times of a hidden treasure and set about, Whang-the-Miller-like, to lay bare the foundations of one's house, is an exploit not to be thought of by the veriest wiseacre of our day; but the desire to obtain wealth easily and rapidly being, if anything, more active and rampant, the belief in some magical means for attaining it is the most natural thing in the world. An Eldorado is required, and lo! an Eldorado is implicitly thought to exist. The projectors of a bogus company for 'utilising the clippings of old moons' or 'extracting starch from granite chips' are the good fairies whom by propitiating with a portion of our substance we hope to enlist in our behalf, and obtain a thousand-fold return. Where such a superstition exists, and it is broadcast, any scheme however absurd, any swindle no matter how transparent, will serve for a bait to catch the unwary and over-eager fish. Nothing is so purblind as undue acquisitiveness. The ancient Highlander with his keen eye to the main chance and happy facility for 'attaching' whatever came in his way, found a beautiful horse in rich trappings, browsing ownerless in his path, and following the instinct of his desire rather than the prudence which tradition should have taught him, rashly mounted. In an instant he was borne aloft, then plunged for ever beneath the dark waters of a tarn on the back of the wily and terrible water-kelpie. We too have our illusory steeds in this so vaunted age, and neither the teachings of history nor the bitterest experience seems able to prevent the speculator from vaulting into the saddle, and forthwith launching into perdition.

Charms are things of the past, or believed in merely by the vulgar; that is to say, those pretty and fanciful conceits which led our ancestors to attach a healing or sanitary virtue to certain objects and ceremonies are now almost extinct. A spray from the rowan-tree is no longer a safeguard against an epidemic, nor the hand of majesty a cure for scrofula. Ladies do not now believe that the presence of a piece of cold iron on their couch, '*while uneasy in their circumstances*,' will secure a happy consummation; nor is a child's caul in much request in these days as a protection against fire and drowning. True, we have got over these beliefs pretty thoroughly. But is the desire for infallible remedies and potent protectives done away with also? Not in the least; and though science is doing its best to provide honest substitutes in a natural measure, the public is not satisfied with its efforts. Quacks are the modern magicians, and quack medicines the charms of latter days. Those who are bald, for instance, will not accept their fate while a single well-puffed elixir with a Greek name remains untried. There is something saddening if not sickening in the evident success which attends the pretences to cure chronic and irremediable diseases, to effect miracles in short with the most trumpery of means and execrably silly devices. Our forefathers were imposed upon no doubt, but there was method in their madness. The 'simples' with which spae-wives and charlatans professed to cure ailments were in many cases effective and now recognised drugs, and were at the worst perfectly harmless; while the rites with which they were administered, if quite apart from the purpose, yet appealed gracefully to the imagination. Nowadays, however, the 'simples' are the patients and not the medicines! The old story. Child-like, the age cries for something that it cannot get, rejecting the good that is within reach.

In a recent number of this *Journal* we had occasion to refer to the amazing credulity of Americans on the subject of professional 'mediums.' The worst of it is that the extent to which this has been laid bare is insignificant compared with that which really remains unexposed. The desire to work with supernatural tools in effecting the paltriest and meanest of human ends would seem to have divided a people of accredited shrewdness into the two classes of rogues and dupes. But as we have seen, we too have been singed at the same fire. There are, moreover, other, if minor superstitions in our midst that suggest the propriety of beginning the task of reformation at home. An occasional glance, for instance, at the stock advertisements of leading journals will convince any one how widespread is the infatuation that believes in spurious offers of advantageous employment. Some of these have, under our own observation, been repeated with little variation for more than twenty years; and we have no doubt that the wily advertisers are able to calculate to a fraction the number and gullibility of their dupes. We have from time to time drawn attention to swindles of this class, as well as to those tempting offers of 'Money to Lend,' which appear with equal regularity in newspaper columns. We are afraid, however, that friendly warning and experience are alike unavailing to stem the mischief. The spread of education itself would appear unable to outstrip the spread of

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imposture or the eager credulity that supports it; for superstition merely shifts its ground from time to time, without losing appreciably its original dominion over the human mind.

## ODD MISTAKES AND MISCONCEPTIONS.

At the last Christmas race-meeting at Ellerslie, New Zealand, just as the course was being cleared for the event of the day, uproarious sounds of merriment arose behind the saddling paddock, and a number of sailors belonging to Her Majesty's ship *Sapphire* were seen scurrying along, a stalwart blue-jacket in their midst bearing in his brawny arms the form of a woman. No screams resounded above the din created by the abductors; but nothing doubting that the capture was an unwilling one, a gallant newspaper editor and a detective, eager to aid beauty in distress, started in hot pursuit, and after a smart chase across country, overtook the miscreants. To the officer's stern demand for the instant release of their fair prisoner, the tars replied by dropping their prize, whereupon the brave rescuers, rushing forward, tenderly raised the prostrate figure. Judge, however, of their feelings of mortification upon being told by the sailors that having at the interesting game of Aunt Sally, fairly demolished the old lady's pipe, and the accustomed sixpence for the adroit achievement not being forthcoming, they had carried off the old lady in reprisal!

For a dressed-up doll to be taken for a lady seems as improbable as that a lawyer should be taken for a thief, but even that has happened—so liable are men to be led away by appearances. Daniel Webster travelling by the night-stage from Baltimore to Washington with no companion save the driver, contemplated that worthy's forbidding features with a very uneasy mind. He had nearly reasoned his suspicious fear away, when they came to the dark woods between Bladensburg and Washington, and Webster felt his courage oozing out of his finger-ends as he thought what a fitting place it was for murder. Suddenly the driver turned towards him and gruffly demanded his name. It was given. Then he wanted to know where he was going.

'To Washington; I am a senator,' said Daniel, expecting his worst thoughts were near realisation.

The driver grasped him by the hand, saying: 'How glad I am, mister, to hear that. I've been properly scared for the last hour; for when I looked at you, I felt sure you were a highwayman.'

Upon another occasion a young gentleman accosted a stately looking personage at a Washington wedding reception with: 'Good-evening; I'm delighted to see you; we have not met since we parted in Mexico.'

Ignoring the outstretched hand, the gentleman addressed said: 'I fear you have the advantage of me.'

'Why, is it possible you don't recollect me?' exclaimed the mortified young fellow. 'Certainly I was much younger when I was in Mexico with my father.'

'To tell the truth,' said the other, 'my remembrances of ever being in Mexico are very indistinct.'

'Are you not Sir Edward Thornton?' inquired the puzzled one, beginning to suspect there was a mistake somewhere; a suspicion becoming a certainty when the reply came: 'By no means; I am Judge Poland, of Vermont.'

A few nights after this rebuff, the youth happened to be at another party, and seeing the judge there, made up to him, and after a word or two about the weather, observed: 'That was an awkward blunder of mine the other evening, to take you for old Thornton!'

'And whom do you take me for now, may I ask?' was the reply.

'Why,' said he, feeling rather bewildered by the other's manner, 'you told me you were Judge Poland, of Vermont.'

'On the contrary, sir, my name is Thornton,' was the annihilating response.

The victim to this case of awkward duality was not so much to be pitied as his fellow-countryman Slimmer, who fared worse from a similar mistake that was none of his making. Slimmer, a modest young bachelor, peeping into the ladies' waiting-room at a railway station, found a pair of plump arms round his neck, a lady's head resting lovingly on his manly bosom, and half-a-dozen youngsters of nicely graduated sizes clasping his legs, tugging at his coat-tails, and crying 'Papa!' at the top of their voices. While the half-strangled victim was struggling to disentangle himself from his affectionate surroundings, a gentleman rushed into the waiting-room, took the situation in at a glance, floored the innocent Slimmer with his carpet-bag, and then sat upon him. When he came to himself he was in bed in the infirmary, a bruised and battered bachelor; and all he got for his pains was a grumbling apology from his assailant for the unfortunate mistake his wife had made. The common lot of sufferers from the mistakes of such over-hasty folk.

Jealous-minded people are particularly prone to misconceptions involving serious results. The captain of a schooner trading between San Francisco and Mexico left his wife in a tenement house in San Francisco. He had been away some twelve months, when one night as his wife was nursing the baby *of a neighbour*, the door of her room opened and she saw her husband standing looking at her. She rose to greet him; but repulsing her with an oath, he turned on his heel and was gone, leaving her to cry herself to sleep. A knock at the door awoke her. Before she could reach it, her husband was in the room, his hand at her throat. Dragging her shrieking to the window, he would have thrown her from it; but her cries had drawn a crowd in front of the house, and the unhappy woman managed to extricate herself from his strong grasp, only to feel a knife enter her flesh, and to fall senseless to the ground. The infuriated seaman made for the stairway, where he was met by a crowd of men. Threatening to shoot the first who came near him, he smashed in a door of a room, jumped through a window, and although pursued, reached the Chinese quarter, and was lost in its labyrinths. The occupant of the room through which he had dashed so unceremoniously, hearing the commotion without comprehending it, sprang out of bed and fired a shot; upon which somebody outside in the hall fired another. 'Lynch him!' was the cry; and in a very short time the guiltless occupant of the room was under a lamp-post, and would have been

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dangling from it but for the intervention of the people about, who assured the excited mob that the actual assailant of the woman was already beyond reach. The woman was not killed; but whether her hasty mate discovered his mistake and atoned for it, is not recorded.

Not so tragical in consequence was another instance of jumping to conclusions. A blushing damsel of forty summers or so entered the town-clerk's office at Wheeling, West Virginia, and asked for a license. The clerk took down her name and address and asked for that of 'the other party.' 'Faithful; he lives with me,' said the applicant. The clerk eyed her curiously, but keeping his thoughts to himself, filled up the paper and handed it over. The lady glanced at it, shrieked out 'Monster!' and swept out of the office, leaving the offender dumfounded at the explosion; till it flashed upon his mind that possibly a dog license, not a marriage license, was what the spinster wanted.

Equally unhappy in interpreting a lady's meaning was a timid young man of Titusville. Calling upon a pretty girl one evening, she said: 'I want to propose to you'——

'You are very kind,' gasped the alarmed visitor; 'but I am not worthy of such happiness; in fact none of our family are marrying people—besides, my income is limited, and I have to meet a friend, and I'm afraid I'll be late.' He was making his exit without waiting to put on his overcoat, through the door of a cupboard.

'Why,' said the young woman, 'I wanted to propose to you to accompany me as far as Main Street; that was all.'

'Oh, in that case,' answered the relieved gentleman, 'I shall be only too happy.'

Ladies should eschew ambiguous expressions, and ambiguous actions for that matter. A lady visiting a great public library for the first time, grateful for the assistance rendered her by an assistant-librarian, slipped half-a-crown into his hand; of course the gentleman immediately returned it whence it came; and by-and-by had the pleasure of overhearing one of his fellows say to another: 'Well, I saw it all, but can't make out whether he was making love to the lady or the lady to him: but they were squeezing each other's hands!'

Mr Sayre of Lexington was troubled with a lisp. One day the overseer of one of his farms came to headquarters to say he wanted some porkers. 'Very well,' said Mr Sayre. 'Go and buy four or five thowth and pigth, and put them on the farm.'

The man inquired if he should take the money with him to pay for them.

'No,' said Sayre; 'they all know me. Thend them here, and I'll pay.'

In a fortnight's time the overseer reappeared with the information that he had been all over the country, but could not get more than nine hundred pigs.

'Nine hundred pigth!' exclaimed his employer. 'Who told you to buy nine hundred pigth?'

'Why, you did, sir,' said the overseer. 'You told me to buy four or five thousand pigs; and I tried to do it.'

'I did no thuth thing,' said Sayre; 'I told you to buy four or five thowth and their little pigth; a pretty meth you've made of it!'

Among the many good stories told by Colonel Stuart in his *Reminiscences of a Soldier*, are the two following. A sentry at Chatham, when the captain of the guard questioned him as to his orders, replied: 'My orders are, sir, if a fire broke out, I'm to take my musket and shoot the nearest policeman.' The officer suggested he had made some mistake, but the soldier stuck to his text; and with 'I pity the policeman,' the captain of the guard walked on without giving the correct instruction: 'If a fire breaks out, fire your musket, and alarm the nearest policeman.'—A Scotch subaltern at Gibraltar was one day on guard with another officer, who falling down a precipice, was killed. He made no mention of the accident in his guard report, leaving the addendum, 'N.B. Nothing extraordinary since guard-mounting,' standing without qualification. Some hours after the brigade-major came to demand an explanation, saying: 'You say, sir, in your report, "Nothing extraordinary since guard-mounting," when your brother-officer, on duty with you, has fallen down a precipice four hundred feet and been killed.' 'Weel, sir,' replied he, 'I dinna think there's onything extraordinary in it: if he'd faun doon a precipice four hundred feet and *no* been killed, I should hae thought it vary extraordinary indeed, and wad hae put it doon in my report.'

Taking things too literally is a fertile cause of amusing blunders. Two costermongers claiming proprietorship of one donkey, went to the Westminster county court to get the dispute decided. After hearing a part of the evidence, the judge said they had better settle the case out of court during the adjournment for luncheon. Upon the court reopening the defendant told His Honour it was all right; the donkey was his. Turning to the plaintiff, the judge saw his personal appearance was altered for the worse; but before he could put any questions, the defendant went on to say that they had found a quiet yard to settle it in, as His Honour had suggested. He had been rather rough on the plaintiff, but couldn't help it; they had only half an hour to pull it off in, and plaintiff was a much tougher customer than he looked to be. The explanation was conclusive, if not quite satisfactory to the court, and the donkey became the prize of the victor in the fight.

'Come up to the Capitol while we are in session, and I'll give you a seat on the floor of the House,' said a member of Congress to one of his supporters, who called upon him in Washington.

'Wall, no; I thank you,' said the West Virginian; 'poor as I am, I always manage to have a cheer to sit on at home, and I ha'n't come here to sit on the floor.'

A doctor, called in for the second time just in time to save the life of a man who during fits of intoxication was given to dosing himself with laudanum, rated his patient roundly for a good-for-nothing scoundrel, who, if he really intended to kill himself, should cut his throat and have done with it. One night the doctor's bell was pulled. Putting his head out of window, he saw the self-poisoner's wife, and heard her call out: 'He has done it, doctor.' 'Done what?' asked he. 'John has taken your sensible advice,' replied the woman; 'he has cut his throat, and will save you further trouble!'

The American poet must have been either very angry or very much amused, when his note to a friend, 'Come and see me; I am at

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Barnum's'—meaning the hotel of that name in New York, elicited the answer: 'I am sorry you are going to exhibit yourself. If you had stuck to literature you would have made your mark and fortune. Whereabouts is the show now?' Ill-natured people might suspect the mistake was wilfully made. We should be sorry to suppose anybody capable of thinking the same respecting the extraordinary misconception under which an eminent divine laboured at a dinner-party. He was so dull and silent, that the lady next him expressed her fear that he was unwell. 'To tell the truth,' said he, 'I am not quite the thing; I have a presentiment that a serious illness is hanging over me—a peculiar numbness all down my right side seems to forebode paralysis; for I have been pinching my right leg all dinner-time, and can elicit no responsive feeling whatever; the limb seems dead.' 'If that is all,' said his fair neighbour, with a good-natured smile, 'you need not alarm yourself: the leg you have been pinching all the evening belongs to me!'—Honi soit qui mal y pense.

## A FEW FRENCH NOTES.

Our lively neighbours, as journalists still sometimes delight to designate the practical, money-getting French of post-imperial days, have learned much in the stern school of adversity. Saddled with a weight of taxation that might crush the spirit and cripple the energies of a more robust race, they shew wonderful elasticity in developing new and unexpected sources of national wealth, and leave no stone unturned the turning of which may yield a profit.

If there was one branch of industry the revival of which seemed hopeless, it was the home manufacture of kelp, virtually driven out of the market by South American barilla. At its best the kelp trade had but helped the inhabitants of the Hebrides, the western Highlands, and other barren shores, to eke out a scanty livelihood by burning the sea-weed that the waves washed to their feet; while the preparation was primitive enough to have dated from the days of Ossian's shadowy heroes. Science, however, embodied in the form of M. Emile Moride of Nantes, has seriously taken in hand the task of utilising the heaps of wreck-weed that strew the bleak Breton coast, so as to derive the highest return for labour and capital invested. With the aid of a portable furnace, a ventilator or set of bellows for continuous blast, and two wheelbarrows, M. Moride provides for the cooking of his raw material. The furnace is built of dry stones, wrapped round in fresh wet weed, and is supplied with apertures which promote the rapid cooling of the 'sea-weed charcoal,' so called. The ventilator insures quick combustion; but the beauty of the process is that the bromium and iodine, apt, in the old-fashioned method, to be lost through over-roasting, are now preserved. There are at Noirmoutier alone two hundred of these furnaces at work, producing two million gallons of carbonised weed. Each furnace earns its annual fifteen or twenty pounds sterling, supplying as it does soda, potash, and other chemicals to the wholesale druggist, along with phosphates and salts of lime invaluable to the farmer. The pecuniary advantage over the ancient system is roughly estimated at sixty per cent.

France, which exports so enormous a number of eggs, is naturally desirous to content her chief customers, ourselves, by sending over the fragile freight in good preservation. Rubbing the shells with butter, lard, or moistened gum is the mode hitherto practised, but the grocer's stores have never quite rivalled the fresh products of the hen-yard. They may do so now, if we are careful to follow the advice of M. Durand, the Blois chemist. He coats over the shells of his new-laid eggs with silicate of soda, lays them separately to dry, being heedful that no speck of surface remains accessible to air, and consequently to decay, and stows them, for a year if required, in a cupboard. M. Sace of Neufchâtel, a Swiss chemist, not a French one, is reported to achieve as much by the help of paraffine.

Should we have the ill-fortune to be half-drowned, suffocated by unwholesome gases or vitiated air, or to fall down in a fit, Dr Woillez is ready with his new apparatus for artificial respiration. The patient's person, all but the head, is placed in a cylinder of iron, from which one stroke of a powerful pump extracts the air; the lungs and chest of the sufferer expanding as the vacuum is formed. Eighteen such mechanical breathings can be produced in the minute, and at each of these a quart of air—double the quantity inspired in normal health—rushes in to oxygenate the blood. The *spirophore* is beyond all doubt a potent agent in serious cases, but some cautious surgeons have expressed fears as to the secondary results which might attend its use.

Nothing but praise can be bestowed upon the successful efforts of M. Lenoir to construct a looking-glass which should neither grow yellow, and give us back a bilious presentment of ourselves, as silvered mirrors do, nor destroy the health of the workmen, as was the case in the old process of mercurial amalgamation. The new glasses are backed with silver, washed with quicksilver certainly, but in solution not in vapour, and therefore innocuous to those who handle it.

Alcohol, as we know, can be distilled from almost anything; but Apothecary-Major Ballard, of the Cherchell Hospital, in Algeria, deserves some notice for finding out that Barbary figs, so called, will yield it in profusion and of excellent quality. The stoniest tracts of North Africa are indeed dappled with the flaming red blossoms of the prickly pear or cactus, and the fruit, guarded by its thorny envelope, can be had for the gathering. One ton and a half of these wild figs will give about sixteen gallons of colourless alcohol, at eighty-five degrees, and with a *kirschwasser* flavour. The same weight of beetroot yields but fifteen gallons of the far weaker spirit in common commercial demand; while beetroot, an exhausting crop, can only be grown on the best and most highly cultivated land.

The most enthusiastic advocates of ballooning would have hesitated to declare that submarine surveys were within the province of the aëronaut. Such, however, seems to be the case, since M. Duruof and his companion going up in a balloon, on the twenty-fifth of last August, at Cherbourg, and being at an altitude of five thousand feet, were amazed to see beneath them, with startling distinctness, every rock, fissure, and depression at the bottom of the sea. And yet the sea opposite Cape

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Lévy, where the aërial voyagers obtained this bird's-eye-view, has an average depth of above two hundred feet. So limpid did the water appear that the under-currents were perceptible, whilst nothing would have been easier than to sketch or map the bottom of the sea.

A novel and perhaps a practically useful property of madder, hitherto only known as the active principle of a red dye, has been found out by M. de Rostaing. Meat covered with a layer of dry madder powder defies decomposition. It dries, however, slowly, wasting by desiccation so much that in the course of months it is reduced to less than half its weight. A more economical means of preserving meat is that employed at Buenos Ayres, whence beef, mutton, and even entire animals are constantly forwarded, in a state of perfect conservation, to Antwerp and Havre. The solution in which the meat is steeped contains borax and boric acid, saltpetre and a little salt, borax being the prime agent. The experiments of M. Dumas prove that borax destroys the soluble atmospheric leavens which would otherwise promote decay; and so far so good. But another *savant*, M. Peligot, who has dosed the plants in his garden with borax and killed them very promptly by so doing, suggests an ugly doubt as to the perfect wholesomeness of meat steeped in borax as an article of diet.

In spite of all the progress that has been made in electric science since first Volta put together his 'crown of cups,' a perfect galvanic battery is yet to seek. M. Onimus has done something towards this in availing himself of the virtues of the new, tough, and supple material which bears the name of parchment-paper. Every electrician knows that the great theoretical merits of Professor Daniell's 'constant' battery are counterbalanced by the trouble, care, and annoyance which it entails. All double liquid batteries have hitherto proved bulky, vexatious, and expensive; but M. Onimus simplifies matters by using parchment-paper instead of a porous cell, the copper spiral encircling the parchment, which is wrapped around the cylinder of zinc, and the pair of elements being simply plunged into a solution of sulphate of copper.

M. Leclanché, whose battery has for years past set in motion half the electric bells of Europe, has put what he considers the finishing touches to his well-known invention. He now, to compose his negative element, adds to his mixture of peroxide of manganese resin and hard gas-charcoal finely powdered, about four per cent. of the bisulphate of potassium, wedges the mass in a steel mould capable of enduring enormous pressure, and brings it first to a dull red-heat, and then under the action of the hydraulic press. We are assured that one cell of the improved Leclanché battery can heat a platinum wire to redness. A single element of Grove's or Bunsen's arrangement can do no more than this; and the result is the more creditable to the ingenious Frenchman that his is a 'constant' battery, excited by one fluid (the muriate of ammonia), and in which the consumption of zinc, always an important item, has been reduced to a minimum.

What we call vegetable isinglass, and the Chinese by the name of *thao*, and which has hitherto been derived from Eastern Asia, is now extracted from French sea-weed, and made useful in French factories. It is in its crude state a yellowish gelatine, which the Industrial Society of Rouen has, after repeated experiments, succeeded in converting into what bids fair to be the best sizing for cotton cloths ever known. Macerated in water for twelve hours, boiled for fifteen minutes, strained, and stirred till it is cold, the thao gives a clear solution, which does not again become a jelly, and which can be laid cold upon any textile fabric, and left to dry. One invaluable property it has, since it defies, at common temperatures, damp and mildew; and is therefore already being applied to give lustre, not only to Rouen prints and Mulhouse muslins, but to the woollens of Puteaux and the silks of Lyons.

Ozone, the newest and the least stable of the gases, has recently been made to do good service in the sick-room. It makes short work with those miasmata and organic impurities of vitiated air which the Italians describe by the expressive name of malaria, and which every physician knows to be among the most baneful influences with which the convalescent patient, whose tenure of life is not yet quite assured, has to contend. A mixture should be made of permanganate of potash, peroxide of manganese, and oxalic acid, in equal parts, and two large spoonfuls with some water put into a plate and placed on the floor of the sick-chamber. Care should be taken, however, to remove steel fenders and fire-irons, and to cover up brass door-handles, since ozone will rust all metals meaner than gold and silver.

## AUTUMN IN THE WOODS.

Every hollow full of ferns,
Turning yellow in their turns;
Straggling brambles fierce and wild,
Yielding berries to the child;
Oakballs tumbling from the tree,
Beech-nuts dropping silently.
Hosts of leaves come down to die,
Leaving openings to the sky;
Bluebells, foxgloves, gone to seed,
Everything to death decreed;
Nothing left of flowers or buds:
Such is Autumn in the woods.

And so is there an Autumn known
To the heart. It feels alone,
Fearing its best days are past;
Sees the future overcast;
Fond acquaintance broken through,
Friends departed, friends untrue;
Human flowers cold and dead
Covered by a grassy bed;
Hopes, late blossoms putting out,
Withering soon, and flung about
By cruel winds; dread doubts and fears
Finding vent in sudden tears;
Yes, there is an Autumn known
To some hearts thus left, alone.

Yet, there's this thought after all—
Ferns may fade and leaves may fall,
Hearts may change or prove untrue,
All may look as these woods do—
Though sad Autumn here is given,
Spring-time awaits the just in heaven.

A. E.

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## THE GREEN FLAG OF THE PROPHET.

SINCE the commencement of the war between Russia and Turkey, the world has several times been startled by the announcement that the 'Flag of the Prophet' was about to be unfurled in the streets of Stamboul. Such an event, if it should happen (which may heaven avert), would proclaim a crusade in which all true Mussulmans would be bound to take an active part, and to fight against Christianity in every part of the world. They may be in India, Arabia, Egypt, or wherever else their scattered race has found a home; the raising of the green standard is a call which none may disobey without, as the Koran lays it down, sacrificing all his hopes of Paradise.

This fearful appeal to all the worst passions of the Eastern races hangs like a menace over the Mohammedan world; and if the word was once uttered and the dread flag unfurled, there is no telling to what sanguinary excesses it might lead an enthusiastic and half-savage people. It may be of interest to our readers if, under these circumstances, we endeavour to make them acquainted with the origin and history of a banner which has not seen the light of day since the Empress Catharine of Russia attempted to reinstate Christianity in the City of the Sultans, and which once unfurled, would set a whole world ablaze.

There have been many flags or signals used by various nations at different crises in their history to incite the peoples to battle on behalf of religions, dynasties, and ideas; but none has attained to the fearful notoriety which appertains to the terrible Flag of the Prophet, which is really a banner of blood, for it dispels the idea of mercy from the minds and hearts of its followers, and gives no quarter to man, woman, or child.

The Red Cross banner of the Christian Crusaders was an emblem of chivalry, mercy, gentleness, and love; but under its folds many a dark deed and many a shameless act were committed; and it was understood by the members of the Mohammedan faith to mean nothing less than the utter extermination of their race. This feeling, with its consequent hatred of Christianity, shews itself even at this advanced period in the world's history, by the recent refusal of the Turkish government to allow its ambulance corps and hospitals to bear the red cross of the Geneva Convention (a sign which is entirely neutral, and is designed to protect its wearers while they are engaged on their errands of mercy to the sick and wounded of both sides), adopting instead thereof their own emblem of the crescent. Thus we see these rival emblems once more waving over the field of battle, though, happily, to mitigate rather than increase the horrors of war.

In France the 'oriflamme' or golden sun upon a field of crimson signified 'no quarter;' but this celebrated Flag of the Prophet means infinitely more than this. It is a summons to an anti-Christian crusade, a challenge of every believer in the Prophet to arms; a war-signal in fact, which, like the Fiery Cross of Scotland, would flash its dread command through the domain of Islam. In the interests of humanity, however, we may hope that the 'Commander of the Faithful' will never utter the dreadful word; for then indeed would the whole soul and strength of Christendom turn against the enemy of all civilised laws, human and divine.

The Prophet himself predicted that one day when his followers should number a hundred millions—which they do now, with twenty millions more added to it—his flag should fly against the advancing power of the northern races; and the Koran or Mohammedan Bible says that when its silken folds are flung forth 'the earth will shake, the mountains melt into dust, the seas blaze up in fire, and the children's hair grow white with anguish.' This language is of course metaphorical; but it is easy to conceive, by the light of very recent history, that some such catastrophe might take place, as the displaying of this terrible symbol would raise a frenzy of fanaticism in the breasts of the Mohammedan race all over the globe.

The origin of the insignia is a curious one. Mohammed gazing out upon a vast prospect of

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fields, said: 'Nature is green, and green shall be my emblem, for it is everlasting and universal.' In course of time, however, it lost that innocent significance; and amid his visions, the great dreamer saw the Green Flag floating as a sign that all true believers should take up their arms and march against the Infidel; in fact the green turban was the sacred head-dress of the pilgrim or perfected Islamite who had gone to Mecca; and hence the sanctity of this formidable standard.

When once unfurled, it summons all Islam by an adjuration from the Koran that the sword is the solitary emblem and instrument of faith, independence, and patriotism; that armies, not priests, make converts; and that sharpened steel is the 'true key to heaven or hell.' Upon that fearful ensign are inserted the words which are supposed to have been written at Mecca itself—namely, 'All who draw it [the sword] will be rewarded with temporal advantages; every drop shed of their blood, every peril and hardship endured by them, will be registered on high as more meritorious than either fasting or praying. If they fall in battle, their sins will be at once blotted out, and they will be transported to Paradise, there to revel in eternal pleasures in the arms of black-eyed houris. But for the first heaven are reserved those of the Faithful who die within sight of the Green Flag of the Prophet.' Then follow the terrible and all-significant words, the fearful war-cry against God and man: 'Then may no man give or expect mercy!'

This is the outburst of barbarism with which the world is threatened in this year of grace 1877; and the reader cannot do otherwise than mark the cunning nature of the portentous words inscribed on the Prophet's banner. What would not most men do, civilised or savage, for 'temporal advantages?' While to the Eastern peoples fasting and praying are looked upon as of so meritorious a nature, that to find something else which, in the eyes of Allah, would be deemed of greater value still, would be a desideratum which none would fail to grasp, by any means whatever, if it came within their reach. But Mohammed's wonderful knowledge of human nature, and more especially of Eastern human nature, is shewn in his picture of Paradise as prepared for the Faithful who fall in battle; while his declaration that the highest heaven in this so-called Paradise will be reserved for those who die within sight of the Green Flag, is a masterpiece of devilish policy unequalled in the annals of mankind.

It scarcely needed the fearful words which follow to add emphasis to this dreadful appeal to the passions of a semi-barbarous race. Another motto on this sacred flag is not without significance at the present time: 'The gates of Paradise are under the shade of swords;' and this alone would, if the flag were unfurled in the holy mosque of Constantinople, give to the Turk a moral power over his subordinates the effect of which it would be vain to calculate. Civilised though he partially is, he still firmly believes in the old doctrine of *kismet* or fatality, and in angels fighting on his behalf; not less implicitly than did his ancestors at the battle of Beder, where this formidable green standard was first unfurled. 'There,' says the historian, 'they elevated the standard, which Mohammed from his height in heaven blessed.'

Thus arose the great tradition of this sacred war-emblem, which it is a Turkish boast was never yet captured in battle, though it was once in extreme peril in a fight between hill and plain; when Mohammed himself had it snatched out of his hands. Ali, his kinsman, however, thrust himself in front of a hundred spears, and won the victory with the immaculate flag flying over his head.

It is scarcely to be wondered at that a race so superstitious as the Turks should attach an almost miraculous value to such a symbol of their past history and their present power. It is a spell wherever their race or religion flourishes, and its invocation in the serious form now menaced cannot be regarded without anxiety. The day of the military apostles of Mohammed may be past, it is true; but the tradition survives; and the unfurling of this flag might be the spark which would set fire to the latent enthusiasm of the Mohammedan race and involve the world in a religious war.

We have referred to the great French banner, the oriflamme; and it was that which led the French Crusaders through the Holy Land and headed the royal armies of France in the campaigns of the sixteenth century, while it also divided the Blue from the White in the Burgundian civil wars; but this Flag of the Prophet to-day exercises a magical influence over one hundred and twenty millions of the human race, scattered about in Arabia, Syria, Asia Minor, Persia, and Egypt, over the Nile and the Ganges, and from Jerusalem to the Red Sea.

The desire of Mohammed, however, was, that while all pilgrims whose task had been duly fulfilled should wear the green turban, no sovereign in his succession should unfurl the Green Flag of the Faith unless Islam were in imminent peril. The unfurling of the banner would be performed with great religious ceremony, and in the presence of the Commander of the Faithful, who is himself supposed to carry it at the head of his army; while a fearful curse would be called down upon the head of every Mohammedan who, capable of bearing arms, failed to rally round it.

The standard itself is not a very handsome one, and is surpassed both in value and appearance by many of the banners which belong to the various benefit societies and other mutual associations of men in this country. It is of green silk, with a large crescent on the top of the staff, from which is suspended a long plume of horse-hair (said to have been the tail of the Prophet's favourite Arab steed), while the broad folds of the flag exhibit the crescent and the quotations from the Koran already mentioned.

The state colour of one of our regiments of the Guards is a much prettier and more expensive standard than the great banner of Islam; but (to such small things is man's enthusiasm attached) if the latter was the veriest 'rag' in existence, nothing could mar the beauty which the prestige of more than a thousand years has given to it in the eyes of a Mussulman.

The Flag of the Prophet is kept in the mosque

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of St Sophia at Constantinople, and is in the custody of the Sheik-ul-Islam, or Mohammedan chief-priest, where all well-wishers of humanity may sincerely trust it will ever remain.

## FROM DAWN TO SUNSET.

### PART II.

### CHAPTER THE SEVENTH.

DEBORAH and Mistress Dinnage were walking in the old garden, in the moonlight, on the mossed green walk along which they had played hound and hare in 'madder merrier days.' They walked slowly, arm in arm, talking plentifully and earnestly, and still the old difference shewed between them. Deborah, so cold with most of her own sex, and so wont to accept passively their enthusiastic tokens of affection and admiration, dealt only the most caressing tenderness to Margaret Dinnage; which Mistress Dinnage, on her part, returned with brusqueness and no outward show of affection whatever.

'I made him take it,' said Deborah. 'I know not what sore trouble had got hold of him. I think it was worse than need of money, or a greater debt than he has ever had before.'

'And he has gone to Master Sinclair? O Lady Deb, you should have made him see Sir Vincent first; though, good sooth, it is easier to preach than to practise, and it is no light task for ye to lead Master Fleming. But I, like you, abominate that old man. Whenever he rides up the chase, I say to father: "Father, the old fox comes! He wishes no good to Enderby."'

'I know it well; more strongly my heart tells me so each time. He comes for poor Deb Fleming; but time and coldness will soon unearth his cunning, and turn his hateful love to cruel hate.'

'Ay, and he will urge your brother on to ruin, in hopes of winning you.'

'O Mistress Dinnage, good Mistress Dinnage, say not so, so coldly! Sweet heart, how could this thing be? Marry the man who compassed my brother's ruin? You speak wisely!'

'Ah,' said Mistress Dinnage scornfully, 'you are blind; but I, shut out from all great folk's doings, can see and know them well. I can see how Master Sinclair, that old fox, would bring you and yours to *beggary*—ay, to shame—that he may say to ye: "Wed me; I will save your father and brother." *He* knows your love for them. *He* knows o' what stuff you're made. And indeed you'd be sore pressed between your love for them and your hate for Master Sinclair.'

'O Meg, say no more. You wrong me. I had rather see them *dead*. But what can I do? The swiftest horse would not catch Charlie now. O Mistress Dinnage, you have scared me, and I am not wont to be scared. What if Adam Sinclair drives him mad? gives him some great sum, and then has him up to pay it! No; stay! Charlie is not of age. But worse, if he refuses aid, and my poor boy flies the country. O merciful heaven!' Deborah stood with her hands clasped upon her head, and her eyes regarding Mistress Dinnage wildly.

'No,' said Mistress Dinnage thoughtfully; 'this will not be. If Master Fleming is in debt, old Adam Sinclair will give him the money needful, and draw him on and on; for the time's not come yet. Lady Deb, you must talk to him—to Master Fleming. You alone can save him, an' it's a down road he's goin'. If father hadn't spared the rod so oft, an' we hadn't screened him so oft from blame, this thing might not be. But that is past. If ye will save Master Fleming from utter ruin, *now* is the time.'

'Ay, you talk,' said Deborah scornfully; 'you had better turn a wild Arab horse afield, and bid me catch him. Don't I pray? Don't I plead to him—ay, till my very soul dissolves in words, to keep him at home from mad companions? What can I do? A sister cannot tether him. *Love* alone would save him.'

'Love? Ah, you speak to me o' what I know nothing; my heart, you know, is'——

'True as steel.'

'Ay, but as cold. But if a maiden's love indeed would save him, ask some one whom Master Fleming could love; ask Mistress Warriston; and he may come to love her.'

'Well; indeed he might. And May is an heiress too, and lovely. When Charlie cared not for her, he was a boy; and now he is grown a man, older than his years. Do you truly advise me to ask May here, who had indeed, we both thought long ago, some secret liking for my poor Charlie?'

'I don't advise,' quoth Mistress Dinnage. 'But, ask her.' Then again: 'Well, do as it pleases you. I won't advise. I know not if it would be for good or ill.'

'How could it be for ill?'

'It might break Mistress Warriston's heart, which is so tender!'

'How know you it is so tender?'

'Because it is worn upon her sleeve, and ever melts in tears.'

'I love her for that womanliness.'

The proud lip of Mistress Dinnage curled. 'Yes, it is well. Tears ease the heart, and ladies have time to weep.'

'*You* would never weep, whatever ailed ye. Oh, thou 'rt a proud incomprehensible little maid. I would like to see thee well in love.'

'That ye never will.'

'Never boast. It is a sign of weakness, Mistress mine. But is there a doubt that Charlie Fleming would *not* love one so charming as May? Were I a man, I would worship her; and it is such bold spirits as his that love the soft and tender. Charlie *will not* woo; he looks askance to *be* wooed, and would love the maiden wooer! *I* know Charlie Fleming.'

'Then if he loves to be wooed,' said Mistress Dinnage, with a fierce scorn, 'let him seek it in the streets of Granta; fair enough women there, and ready too. I thought not that Master Fleming would love such kind!'

Deborah withdrew her arm from her companion's, and answered coldly: 'You offend me. You wilfully misunderstand me. But how can I look to be understood by one who knows no softness, no weakness of her sex! You have a hard, hard heart, Mistress Dinnage, if it be a noble one. The good *you* do is never done for love.'

'True enow, good sooth. But such poor love as ye describe, defend me from! It is water and milk at best. If God made me love, my love would lie so deep that the man who would win it must dig and dig to find it. Ay, hard!'

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'Proud Mistress mine, do you value yourself thus highly?'

'Ay, I am a poor girl; but I have an honest heart, Mistress Fleming, and value it as highly as any lady in the land. He who loves, but thinks it not worth the winning, let him go; he who sets not such store by my love, let him go; and if the right man never comes, let the others go! If Margaret Dinnage could have loved, it would have been thus with her; and the hidden unvalued love would live and die within one heart.'

'I know it, I know it!' cried Deborah impulsively. 'O noble heart! *this* is the kind of love I can feel for, for I have it beating here;' and Deborah laid her hand upon her own breast. 'One thing you lack, Meg—that would make you perfect. *Love!*' Pleading, earnest, sweet, significant, tender, emphatic, was the utterance of the last imperative word, and Deborah's arms were round her friend, and her upturned face upon Margaret's breast. So in the moonlight the girls stood: a fair picture, for the head of Mistress Dinnage was turned aside, and her grave dark eyes averted; and in that moment each proud heart was revealed to each. '*Let* thyself love,' continued Deborah, in her sweetest softest tones. 'Ye can be *too* proud, Mistress Dinnage. The day will come when ye will rue it bitterly. I would not urge ye, if I divined not the secret of another heart. Are you so blind that ye cannot see it too? The restlessness when you're not by; the wistful eye—that *I* dare not answer! O Mistress Dinnage, if Kingston Fleming had had *one* such look for me, in those old days, child as I was, I would have loved him before all the world, truly and unchangeably. Know ye not that I speak the truth? Would I urge ye to your ruin? When once a Fleming loves, he never loves but honourably. Then, his fate is not in *my* hands—but in thine.' There was silence. The last three words, though whispered, rang again and again in the listener's ears like music. What Mistress Dinnage thought then, was not told, but Deborah felt the wild heaving of her breast.

So a few moments passed, and Margaret put Deborah from her with firm but gentle hands. 'Talk no more of this,' she said, while they walked on. 'I will not be so stubborn as to seem ignorant of your meaning. But I do not think with you. No; do not speak, my sweet Mistress Deborah; no words will make us think alike. What! was it not so in the old days, that your heart would ever outrun your head, and ye *would* believe what ye longed for? Noble it is of ye to long for this; but Deborah Fleming, ye are like no other woman living, rich or poor. Ye are *yourself;* and I know you to be above all the littlenesses of womankind.'

Deborah blushed with pleasure. 'Hush, hush!' she said. 'This from you is too high praise; and dangerous, because you mean it all, and no flattery. But if it *is* noble to plead for one's dearest wish, and to choose above all rank and riches one's best and dearest friend, then I must be a very noble maid! But it seems to me simple nature, and no nobility. God has given me no ambition for great things; on the other hand, He has given me the power of loving faithfully; so that through all, with all her faults, never think but that Deborah Fleming will be true to her nature—true to those dearer than her own life!'

And then, Mistress Dinnage beginning, they talked of Kingston Fleming. A very frequent subject of conversation was he. It would not be fair to write all the nonsense that maidens will talk, even a Mistress Fleming and a Mistress Dinnage, for diamonds are found in dust. And they talked with great earnestness and gravity of the lace cap and discussed every minute point of dress; and what should be done if King Fleming came, and there was no host to receive him. Would he stay? Would it be seemly? Surely, with Dame Marjory—and much laughter even; for laughter and tears are near akin; and in April, sun follows showers.

### CHAPTER THE EIGHTH.

The next morning, Deborah, in her great saloon, was tending her flowers and thinking of Charlie, when she heard her father's step. With a rush she was out, and the sun streamed out with her through the open door.

'My Rose of Enderby, art smartening up! The lad Kingston will be here to-morrow.'

Deborah's treacherous heart gave a great leap. 'Who told you so?' she asked calmly.

'This scrawl. Why, Deb, ye must look gladder than that; he is your cousin, ye know: or have ye forgot him?'

Deborah read the note in silence, and then her busy bewildered thoughts flew off. Oh, she must be calm; this would never do; she must be 'Mistress Deborah Fleming,' receiving in all cousinly courtesy the affianced lover of Mistress Beatrix Blancheflower, her rival beauty in a rival county.

'Father,' said Deborah, with sudden laughing joy, 'I must have some guests to meet him. Why, I have seldom had a party here; a very little money will go a long long way to make this bright and gay, and you have a store of good old wine still left. Wine, and flowers and *women*, father! What more do mortals want? And it will be returning Master Sinclair's generosity, which necessity weighs heavily on us, till it be paid. Oh, leave it to me, father, and you will think me a rare Mistress of Enderby!'

Sir Vincent looked round somewhat ruefully. '*Must* it be, sweet heart, and even to-morrow? It cannot be.'

'It can. Trust in me. Why, father, you will be the gayest of the gay, as ye always are at such times. Dost give consent?'

'Why yes, tyrant. But ask Adam Sinclair.'

'Trust me.' And Deborah was out and away to Dame Marjory and Mistress Dinnage. The lord of Lincoln for once would be welcomed!

It pleased Deborah to have a banquet in the hall and music in the saloon. Why, she had twenty pounds a year; and good lack! one could not *always* contemplate ruin. A Fleming was coming home; they would 'kill the fatted calf.' Such pleasures were far between.

It was short notice, but willing messengers were soon afoot, and Granta was laid under requisition for guests. Deborah, happy and proud, sent the word to all invited guests that short notice was involuntary on her part; her cousin Kingston Fleming was coming home suddenly, and who could, must come and dance at Enderby. So what with Granta men and young belles of

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Deborah's age, and a few old dowagers and a few Adam Sinclairs, the party was made up. Deborah was lucky. She, in her sheeny lovely dress, was well-nigh worshipped by the men, she looked so full of life, so brilliant. But no Charlie! That was the one drawback; nor did Adam Sinclair know where he was, save that he had left Lincoln the day before in good spirits. Deborah knew in her heart what that meant. As she conversed, she looked full at Adam Sinclair, and felt to love all man and woman kind. The aged wooer trembled before the gracious girl; time only heightened his passion and hardened his determination to win Deborah Fleming at all hazards. The county had already begun to whisper about his infatuation and her coldness.

Eyes enough were upon them though, and the dowagers decided that so far from being 'cold,' Deborah Fleming encouraged him by every means in her power.

'Mistress Fleming,' he whispered ardently, 'give me some token to-night—some slight token of favour. Your eyes look kind to-night. Give me that rose.'

Deborah glanced at the red rose in her breast. 'This rose, Master Sinclair? Nay; not this: there are a thousand others in the garden. Marjory shall bring ye one.'

'I covet this one, Mistress Fleming, warm from your heart. What is it to you? And *I* would give a hundred crowns to possess it.'

'It would seem perchance a love-token, and those I never give.'

'Ye are obdurate.'

Deborah turned away from those gleaming eyes. 'I am honest,' she said.

'Mistress Leyton,' said Adam Sinclair, turning with a courtly smile to an old dame who was sitting near, drinking elder-berry wine and listening open-eared, 'will ye not plead my cause? Here is Mistress Fleming will give me nought. And what do I ask? Nothing, but that red rose from her gown.'

'What would you do in my place, Mistress Leyton?' asked Deborah.

'Why, if I favoured Master Sinclair, I would give him the rose.'

'You put it very strongly,' laughed Deborah. 'But you have released me from my strait, for I could neither be so bold as to *favour* Master Sinclair nor so rude as to shew him none; so I give my rose to you.'

'Keep it, child; it looks so lovely. It suits too thy name—Rose of Enderby.'

'Mistress Leyton, you must bring this Rose to Lincoln one day,' said Adam Sinclair. 'Now do this much for me, for old acquaintance' sake!'

'But will Mistress Deborah come?'

'I know not,' answered Deborah, smiling. 'What I would like now, I may not like to-morrow.'

'Thou art a spoiled child and a wilful one.'

'Yes; I fear me it is so. But Master Sinclair, I am not ungracious.'

'I think ye are. Come one moment to this window.' He led Deborah into the recess, and asked her to gather him a rose, a red rose. The brilliant lights flashed athwart them; near by stood a bevy of young and scowling men; the roses were laughing and fluttering about the casement. The tall old figure was bending down, and Deborah, gay yet reluctant, and looking gloriously beautiful, raised her eyes to present the gift, when Kingston Fleming entered.

He had heard enough on the way about 'Mistress Deborah Fleming' and 'Master Sinclair;' all rumours united their names, till he knew not what to believe, but laughed and wondered. So, with his old indolent curiosity, he looked up at Enderby, and saw lights gleam through the great windows, heard music, and saw dancing forms flit by. He raised his glass, and laughed. 'Why, Deb is queening it right royally! I imagine Master Sinclair is among the guests.' And wondering at it all, and greatly edified, Master Kingston Fleming, having first put his travelling-dress in some slight order, was conducted by Dame Marjory along the gallery. 'Are they often so gay, Marjory?' he asked, laughing at her grim but important countenance.

'*Never, never*, Master King! Bless thee, no. There are lonesome hours enow at Enderby, an' Master Charlie never here. This is a whim of the young mistress to welcome *thee*, Master King;' and her features relaxed into a grim smile. 'She has such a whim now and again.'

So Kingston Fleming entered, and saw the picture we have drawn. From that moment the mad young hoyden faded for ever from Kingston's mind, into the stately beauty who stood there. She turned, the colour flushed to her cheeks and light sprang to her eyes. 'Kingston!'

'Why, Deb! But "*little* Deb" no longer. How changed! I scarce know you.'

Then Sir Vincent came forward, and they were parted, for Mistress Fleming had duties to fulfil. But ever Kingston's eyes followed her, though she had no eyes for him. Then there was the dancing, and all were seeking Deborah; she was surrounded; and often she saw herself in the tall old mirrors, and her beauty flashed on her like a surprise. Deborah Fleming carried all before her that night; she sang—that was her one perfect gift; she had a splendid voice, and sang with power and sweetness, and some deep emotion threw passion into her song that night. Then there was the supper, when Adam Sinclair sat on Deborah's right hand. Then another measure. But Kingston would not dance, though he loved it with enthusiasm. Then there was the hour of two tolled out from the chimes of Enderby, and the last carriage rolled away.

'Come down and smoke a pipe, boy,' said Sir Vincent; and Kingston said he would follow.

Deborah, tired, but strangely happy, had thrown herself on a sofa. 'Not yet, King,' said she. 'You have been away for two long years; you have much to tell me, sure. You have seen May Warriston?'

'Ay; in a picture-gallery at Florence.'

'Was she changed?'

'She was prettier and graver. I even thought little May somewhat staid and prim; but then old Guardy was at her elbow.'

'Did she speak of me—of us?'

'Of you, a hundred times.'

'Sweet May! And you, Kingston'—Deborah blushed and hesitated—'you have come from Rimbolton?'

'Yes.'

(Why would he not speak, and aid her?) Deborah continued shyly: 'And is—Mistress Blancheflower well?'

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'I thank ye, very well.'

Deborah could say no more anent that. 'Are you changed, King, in looks? Let me see.' She bent forward, and laid one hand upon his. 'Nay; the old comic King, with whom I ofttimes quarrelled sore; only browner, thinner, graver too, as I see thee now.'

'Cares o' the world, Deb. Where is boy Charlie?'

'Nay; I know not.' What a sudden paleness and abstraction overspread the sweet face! 'Charlie is much away, Kingston. I hope you will see him and talk to my dear boy like a good kinsman. Charlie needs a sterling friend.'

Kingston looked grave, thinking perhaps how far he himself had led Charlie from the straight and narrow track. He answered gaily, however: 'Oh, he is young yet. Charlie promised to be a fine fellow in the end; and with his talents, we must make something of him. Don't despair, Deb.'

'Nay; I never despair.'

'I hear that he is a friend of Master Adam Sinclair's.'

'Yes. Didst hear that at Rimbolton?'

'Yes; and elsewhere too.'

'Then ye have doubtless heard most tidings?'

'Yes, Deb. Tidings spread like wild-fire on a country-side; but I don't credit all I hear, or I should believe ye to be betrothed to Adam Sinclair.'

'When *I* tell you, you may believe that, not till then,' answered the maiden.

Then followed a long silence, and Kingston looked on vacancy through the fading rose on Deborah's breast. O irrevocable past! O vague dark future! 'You used to hate me, Deb,' said he suddenly, at last.

'Ay? Did I? Well, perhaps I hate you now.'

'Perhaps you are grown a little hypocrite, as you give me kind smiles in place o' former frowns.'

'That is a necessary duty. I smile at Master Sinclair.'

'There is no disguise *there*. It springs from the heart, Deb.'

'You can read my heart then? No; I do not hate you, Kingston; I love you as my kinsman and my brother's truest friend.'

'Not always his true friend, Deb,' said Kingston quickly. 'Don't give me more than my due.'

'Well, I don't hate you for your candour, but rather love you, King.'

'Dost love me, Deb?' Kingston Fleming looked up strangely and suddenly from under his long love-lock with his old arch smile, but there was a wistful sadness in it too.

Deborah blushed scarlet at the sudden question. 'Love ye?' she begged curtly, to hide her confusion. 'Ay, well enough. We *shall* be friends, I know. We will quarrel no more, King; we two *must* be friends.'

'Friends, sweet heart—*friends?*' What ailed him as he murmured these words? He seemed like one distraught. Springing up, he paced to and fro the long length of the saloon, then stopped before the maiden.

'Well, good-bye, Deb. I am tongue-tied in thy presence. I had better go. Kiss me!'

Deborah blushed. 'Nay; I never did that.'

'Is that a reason ye *never* should?' And Kingston stooped and kissed her.

He was gone. Was it pleasure or pain that caused Deborah's heart to beat so wildly?

'Oh, this must not be,' she exclaimed passionately. 'This shall not be. I love him madly. And he? Oh, shame on me, to let him do this thing, and trifle with me thus! He, affianced meantime to Mistress Blancheflower; and thinks the while to play with Deborah Fleming's heart!' The girl started up, and paced where Kingston had paced before her. '*Two* can play at this,' she said. 'Ah, Master King Fleming, if ye think to lower a Fleming's pride, it shall go hardly with ye! But if ye mean well, I will bless thy future, and still love thee—as neither friend nor foe.' Deborah's voice sank to a whisper of unutterable tenderness. "Friends, sweet heart—*friends?*" What meant he by that, but to put vain and wicked love-thoughts in my head? Can I believe thee so dishonoured, Kingston? Thou, whom I thought the soul of honour! It cannot be. But I will watch thee well. Love thee as a *friend*, forsooth! It is Deborah Fleming's curse to have a heart true to one life-long love, one long unmaidenly love—because unsought, uncared for. Ah me! I fear myself. I dare not think on Mistress Blancheflower, lest I seek to do her some grievous harm. I dare not think on that marriage-day. O Beatrix Blancheflower, do ye love him well? So well, that ye are worthy of my sacrifice? Ah! why did King Fleming come here! For the love of honour and of good faith to Mistress Blancheflower, I will estrange him from me.'

## ITALIAN VAGRANT CHILDREN.

Little Giovanni Alessandro Bosco, the bright-eyed Italian boy who has a couple of white mice to attract the attention of passers-by, or believes that kind folks will perchance give a copper for hearing a tune played on a small barrel-organ, is not perhaps aware that he has risen to the dignity of being officially noticed. In other words, Italian organ-boys, image-boys, street exhibitors, and appellants to a compassionate public, have been the subject of correspondence between the diplomatists of Italy and those of England. The despatches or communications have lately been published in a blue-book or parliamentary paper; shewing that European governments are now alive to sympathies which would have had but little chance of manifesting their presence in an earlier and ruder state of society.

About three years and a half ago, we gave an account of what had come under our knowledge in Italy concerning the deportation of Italian boys as beggars or exhibitors. We stated that 'Much to its credit, the parliament of Italy have before them a bill to abolish the system of apprenticing children of less than eighteen years of age to strolling trades or professions, such as mountebanks, jugglers, charlatans, rope-dancers, fortune-tellers, expounders of dreams, itinerant musicians, vocalists or instrumentalists, exhibitors of animals, and mendicants of every description, at home or abroad, under a penalty of two pounds to ten pounds for each offence, and from one to three months' imprisonment. It is to be trusted that this will shortly become law, and so put an

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end to one of the most crying evils of our time.' Subsequent facts shew that, although this law has passed in Italy, and may in that country be producing some good results, it has not in any way lessened the number of vagrant Italian children seen in the streets of London and other English towns. How it happens that the remedial measure has not relieved our shores from this incubus, we will explain presently; but it may be well first to summarise a few of the statements in the former article, sufficient to shew the mode in which this cruel traffic is carried on.

In years gone by, when Italy was split up into a number of kingdoms, dukedoms, and petty states, very little attention was paid to the general welfare of the people; the peasants and small cultivators were often so hardly driven that the support of a family became a serious responsibility; and a people, naturally kind rather than the reverse, were tempted to the adoption of a course from which their better feeling would have revolted. They did not actually *sell* their children, but they apprenticed them off for a time, on the receipt of a sum of money. The *padroni* or masters, to whom the children were apprenticed, were men whose only sympathy was for themselves and their own pockets; they made specious promises, and got the poor young creatures, eight years old or so, into their hands. Too often, the parents never saw the children again, and remained quite ignorant of their fate. It was not in Italy that the scoundrels kept their victims; they mostly crossed the Alps into France, whence many of them found their way to England. Or else they were shipped at Genoa, and conveyed at cheap rates to such shores as seemed likely to be most profitable to the *padroni*. As these men acquire an accurate knowledge of the extent to which sheer open beggary is illegal in this or that country, they adopt a blind, by turning the poor children into exhibitors of white mice, marmots, or monkeys. Advanced a little in age and experience, the boys are intrusted with small organs, and perhaps later with organs of larger size. Those whose strength of constitution enables them to bear a life of hardship during the so-called apprenticeship can sometimes obtain an organ on hire from one of the makers of those instruments, and become itinerant organ-grinders on their own account. But there is reason to fear that the poor boys too often succumb to the treatment they receive, and die at an early age. As to what befalls the girls thus expatriated, another sad picture would have to be drawn.

No resident in London, no visitor to London, need be told of the organ nuisance. Some of the organs, it is true, are really of excellent tone, and play good music; but they become a pest in this way—that the men, taking note of the houses whence they have obtained money, stop in front of those houses more and more frequently, in the hope of being paid, if not for playing, at least for going away. Some of these organ-men have been organ-boys who came over with *padroni*.

And now for the diplomatic correspondence relating to this subject.

In 1874 the Chevalier Cadorna, Italian Minister at the Court of St James's, addressed a communication to the Earl of Derby relating to these wretched and ill-used children. He stated that a law had been passed in Italy, the success of which would depend largely on the co-operation of other governments. It had been ascertained that in many provinces of that country parents lease or lend their children for money; boys and girls under eight years of age, who are taken by vile speculators to foreign lands, there to be employed as musicians, tumblers, dancers, exhibitors of white mice, beggars, &c. It is a white slave-trade, in which the unfeeling parents participate. London is especially noted for the presence of these unfortunates; the *padroni* or masters find that a good harvest may be made out of the injudicious because indiscriminate charity of the metropolis. 'Miserable it is for the children,' says M. Cadorna, 'if they fail any day to obtain the sum which their tyrants require from them! This is the reason why we often see them wandering about till late at night, exhausted by fatigue and hunger, rather than return to the lodgings where they dread ill-treatment of various kinds from their pitiless masters.' The police magistrates of London are frequently occupied in listening to the complaints of these poor creatures. But no: this is hardly the case; for the victims are generally afraid to make their sorrows known, lest they should suffer still worse from the vengeance of their taskmasters; sometimes, however, they are too ill from bad treatment to conceal their misery; while at other times they are taken up for begging. Who knows? perhaps the poor things receive better food and lodging during a few days' imprisonment—certainly better in a reformatory or a workhouse—than in the squalid rooms which their tyrants provide for them.

The Italian government are endeavouring to check the evil at its source or fountain-head; making the leasing of children by their parents illegal. If this does not produce a cure, then they are endeavouring to watch the slave-traders (as we may truly call them), and forbid them to carry their victims across the frontier or out to sea. When the Chevalier Cadorna made his communication to the Earl of Derby, the new law had been too recently passed to supply evidence of its practical effect; but he pointed to the fact that the law could not meet with full success unless foreign governments would render aid, by making this kind of Italian slavery unlawful in the countries to which the *padroni* bring their little victims. A suggestion was made that the Extradition convention, signed between England and Italy, might possibly be made to take cognizance of this state of things. Not so, it appears. The Home Secretary, when appealed to, stated that traffic in children is not within any of the crimes named in the English Extradition Acts. 'It appears to Mr Cross that

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the source of the evil arises in Italy, and that measures might be there adopted for preventing the egress from that country of such children as are described in the letter of the Italian Minister. He supposes that it would be competent to the Italian government to decline to grant passports for such children, and thus prevent their crossing the Italian frontier. There is no power to prevent such children from landing in this country. All that can be done is to protect them from any cruelty or ill-treatment on the part of *padroni;* and Mr Cross is assured that the metropolitan magistrates are most anxious to carry out that object, and that they are very desirous to abate the evils as far as our laws empower them to do so.'

So the matter rested for a time. Three years later, in May of the present year, the subject was mentioned in the House of Commons; and the Italian Minister, General Menabrea (successor to the Chevalier Cadorna), informed the Earl of Derby that the Italian government cannot effect all they wish in preventing the exodus of the *padroni* and their victims. 'It is easy for them to elude the vigilance of the authorities; for passports being now practically abolished from Italy to France, and thence to England, the traffickers in children can, by expatriating themselves, relieve themselves from the punishments they have incurred.'

Thus the inquiry ended nearly as it began, so far as definite conclusions are concerned. England is very chary of making restrictions on the freedom of entry of foreigners on our shores. Deposed emperors and kings, princes in trouble, defeated presidents and past presidents, persecuted ecclesiastics, patriots out of work—all find an asylum in little England; and many things would have to be taken into account before our government could legally forbid the Italian children and their *padroni* from setting foot on English ground.

No one can glance habitually through the daily newspapers without meeting with cases illustrating the condition of the poor Italian children. Some months back the magistrates of North Shields had a boy and a girl brought before them charged with begging. The fact came out in evidence that their *padrone* had bought or farmed them of their parents, and brought them to England. Marianna Frametta was fourteen years of age, Marcolatto Crola eleven. He had bought or rather leased them for twelve months, at ten pounds each: his calculation being that this sum, four shillings a week, would be amply covered, and much more, after providing them with board and lodging, by their earnings. They usually, it appears, got from nine to fifteen shillings a *day* by begging, possibly with the addition of some small pretence to an exhibition of white mice. If they brought home less than ten shillings each, they were beaten instead of fed at night. These sums appear strangely large; but so stands the record. It is satisfactory to know that the fellow was punished with imprisonment and hard labour for his cruelty. But what would eventually be the life of the children themselves? They were sent to the workhouse for temporary shelter, food, and medical treatment; these could only last for a time; and the youngsters would still be aliens, without definite occupation or means of livelihood.

There can be no doubt that the English habit of giving small sums of money to people in the streets and at the street doors has something to do with this matter. It may be due to a kind motive, but it unquestionably increases the number of applicants, and opposes a bar to the endeavours of governments and legislatures to bring about an improvement. Nevertheless it is quite right that all should be done that can be done to prevent ruthless speculators from bringing over poor Italian children to our shores, and then treating them like veritable slaves. This should all the more sedulously be attended to, because the *padroni* (so far as concerns the metropolis) live almost exclusively in one district, around Hatton Garden and Leather Lane. The narrow streets, courts, and alleys in that vicinity are crowded with them; every room in some of the houses being occupied by a distinct Italian batch, crowded together like pigs in a sty, and forming hotbeds of disease. When the 'Health Act' and the 'Lodging-Houses Act' gave the police power to enter such wretched apologies for dwellings, fearful scenes of this kind were brought to light. Matters are gradually being improved, but only by dint of constant vigilance.

Evidently there is an anxiety on the part of the Home Secretary to do all in his power to suppress the scandal, as is evidenced by the following circular, addressed to the police authorities of the metropolis: 'The attention of the Secretary of State has been called to the practice under which children bought or stolen from parents in Italy or elsewhere are imported into this country by persons known by the name of *padroni*, who send them into the streets to earn money by playing musical instruments, selling images, begging, or otherwise. It is most important to suppress this traffic by every available means, and Mr Cross relies on the vigilant co-operation of the police for this purpose. In many cases the employer will be found to have committed an offence against the Vagrant Act, 5 George IV. cap. 88, by procuring the child to beg. If so, he should be forthwith prosecuted, and the result of such prosecution should be made the subject of a special report to the Secretary of State. The child will probably come within the provisions of the 14th section of the Industrial Schools Act, 1866 (29 and 30 Vic. cap. 118), either under the first clause (as a child begging alms), or under the second clause (as a child wandering and without proper guardianship). An application should therefore be made to the justices for the child to be sent to a certified industrial school. Further application should be made, under section 19, for the temporary detention of the child in the workhouse *until the* industrial school has been selected, information being at once communicated to the Secretary of State, in order that, if requisite, he may render assistance in making the necessary arrangements. The final result of each case should also be reported to the Home Secretary.'

In conclusion, we are glad to see from the newspapers that the Brighton School Board, by enforcing the provisions of the Elementary Education Act, have been successful in terrifying the *padroni* who bring Italian vagrant children to the town, and thereby have banished them with their unhappy victims. The circumstance offers

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a good hint to local authorities. Rigidly apply the School Act, and we shall probably hear no more of the infamous practice of importing Italian children for vicious purposes.

## MAJOR HAMMOND'S RING.

'WHAT'S this?' cried Miss Hammond, breaking open a letter just handed to her by a servant. 'You read it, Maggie; your eyes are better than mine.'

Small wonder at that indeed, seeing that Maggie is aged about eighteen, and the other sixty-five at the very least, a pleasant-looking, well-preserved spinster, with a brown resolute face and sausage curls over the forehead. Maggie, a handsome modern girl, sits down and reads:

MADAM—The parishioners of St Crispin, Gigglesham, in vestry assembled, have determined to rebuild their parish church, pronounced unsafe by the surveyors. Contributions are earnestly requested. The alterations will necessitate the removal of many vaults and graves; among others, that of the Hammond family. It is the wish of the churchwardens to respect the wishes of survivors and others in the disposal of the remains. Any directions you may have to give, you will be good enough to communicate to the undersigned.—Your most humble obedient servants,

THOMAS TRUSCOTT,
WILLIAM BONNER,
*Churchwardens.*

The two Misses Hammond (Margaret and Ellen) are joint proprietors of the comfortable estate of Westbury, near Gigglesham, and of the handsome mansion thereto belonging. Maggie, the young girl, is a distant cousin—although she calls them 'aunt'—and lives with them. There is also a young man, Ralph Grant, somewhere about the place, of whom more anon.

Old Tom Hammond, the father of the two maiden sisters, was born in the year 1740, and might have seen the heads over Temple Bar after the rising of 1745. He lived till 1830. He had married late in life, and left only these two daughters. Thus two generations bridged over a space of time generally occupied by many successive lives; as in the case of another branch of the family, the founder of which, Major Richard Hammond (the uncle of the two old ladies), who had been at the capture of Quebec when General Wolfe was killed, being the great-grandfather of Maggie Lauderdale and Ralph Grant. Major Hammond was the elder of the two brothers, and should have inherited the Westbury estate; but he offended his father, General John Hammond, by what was called a low marriage, and was disinherited in consequence.

Tom Hammond had done his best to remedy his father's injustice, as far as he could without injuring himself and his own, by making a settlement of the estate, in failure of his own issue, upon the lawful descendants of Major Hammond, his brother; providing that if the issue of his elder brother should fail, the estate should go to the issue of a younger brother Henry, who, by the way, had been well provided for by the small estate of Eastbury. This brother Henry was now represented through the female line by a Mr Boodles of Boodle Court, who now also held the Eastbury estate.

The descendants of Major Hammond are now confined to these two young people, Maggie and Ralph. They are both orphans and without means, their forebears having been mostly in the soldiering and official lines. Ralph is a lieutenant in the artillery, and his battery is now in India; but he is at home on sick-leave; and he has taken advantage of his furlough to win the affections of his fair cousin. As the Westbury estate would come to be eventually divided between them, it was considered a most fortunate thing that the young people had come to an understanding. Ralph was to leave the service when he married, and take the home-farm. By-and-by he would fall naturally into his position as country squire; and it was arranged that eventually he should assume the name of Hammond; hoping to continue the old line.

This preamble being necessary, let us now return to the comfortable old-fashioned drawing-room at Westbury.

'What do you think of that, Ellen?' cried Miss Hammond, having read over once more the circular to herself with subdued emphasis. Miss Ellen was sitting looking into the fire, her great wooden knitting-pins and bright-coloured wools lying idle on her lap, as she shook her head while talking gently to herself.

'Do you hear, Ellen?' cried Miss Hammond more sharply. 'What do you think of that letter from Truscott?'

'I don't like the idea at all, Margaret. No, not at all. Why can't they leave our ancestors alone? And I am sure I always looked forward to being buried there myself.'

'La! don't talk about that, Ellen, and you five years the younger!' said Miss Hammond briskly; 'and as we can't prevent its being done, we must make the best of it. Ralph had better go and see to it.'

'Very well, sister; as you like,' said Ellen. Presently she resumed: 'Sister, I've been thinking that this would be a good chance to try to get back Uncle Richard Hammond's ring.'

'Uncle Hammond's ring!' repeated the elder sister. 'I don't understand.'

'You must have heard our father talk about it. The family ring that ought to have gone with the estates—a ruby and sapphire that General Hammond brought home from Ceylon.'

'I ought to know all about it Ellen, I daresay; but you were so much more with my poor father, and had more patience with his stories.'

'My father often tried to get the ring, and had offered to give Major Hammond a large sum for it. But he was so vexed with father for supplanting him, that he vowed he never should have it; and they say, sister, that rather than it should ever fall into his brother's hands, he had it buried with him, upon his finger. Our father always said that if he had a chance he would have the coffin opened to see.'

Maggie, who had retreated to a sofa, and buried her head in a novel, roused up at this, and joined in: 'I hope you will, auntie. I do hope you'll have it looked for.'

'I don't know, my dear,' said Miss Hammond. 'I don't approve of violating the sanctity of the tomb.'

With the elder Miss Hammond, a phrase was everything; she delighted to bring a thing within

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the compass of a well-rounded phrase, upon which she would then make a stand—invincible. So Maggie threw up her head in a kind of despair, and ran off to look for Ralph, who when last heard of was smoking a cigar on the terrace.

'Ralph!' said Maggie as soon as she had found him, and had submitted to a very smoky kiss—they were in the heyday of their young loves, when kisses were appreciated, even when flavoured with tobacco—'Ralph! auntie is going to give you a commission—to go and see about a vault at St Crispin's where some of our ancestors lie.'

'I know,' said Ralph; 'they are going to pull the old place down. All right; I'll do it.'

Then Maggie went on to tell him about the ring, and how Miss Hammond would not have it searched for. 'But it is a very valuable ring—a family one too. It would be a great pity to miss it, if it's really there.'

Ralph agreed.

'Well, then, mind you look for it, sir; only don't say a word to auntie, or she'll put a stop to it.'

'I'm fly,' said Ralph, with a knowing wink, and attempted a renewal of the osculatory process; but Maggie escaped him this time, and came fleeing in at the dining-room window panting into the presence of her aunts.

Since she first left the room, a visitor had appeared—a Mr Boodles, a distant relative, who had inherited some of the family property, as before explained; a tall grim-looking man, with thin iron-gray hair, carefully brushed off his temples.

The aunts were looking rather serious, not to say frightened, and both started guiltily when they saw Maggie.

'Leave us, my dear, please,' said Miss Hammond gently.

Maggie had just caught the words, 'No marriage at all,' from Mr Boodles, who seemed to be speaking loudly and excitedly; and she went out wondering what it all meant. Some piece of scandal, no doubt, for Boodles was the quintessence of spitefulness.

'It is very dreadful—very,' said Miss Hammond. 'I never had much opinion of Uncle Richard, you know; but for the sake of the young people, I hope you'll let it be kept a profound secret.'

'Sake of the young people!' screamed Boodles at the top of his harsh voice. 'And what for the sake of old Boodles? I'm the next heir, you'll remember, please, through my maternal grandfather, Henry Hammond.'

Mr Boodles had come to Westbury to announce an important discovery that he had recently made. In turning over some of his grandfather's papers he had come across some letters from General Hammond, in which it was firmly asserted that his son Major Hammond had never been legally married to the woman known as his wife.

'What end do you propose to serve, Mr Boodles, by bringing this ancient scandal to light?' asked Miss Hammond with agitated voice.

'End!' cried Boodles. 'This is only the beginning of it. I am going to a court of law to have myself declared heir to the Westbury estates under the settlement.'

'In that case,' said Miss Hammond, rising with dignity, 'you cannot be received on friendly terms in my house.'

'Oh, very well, very well,' cried Boodles, snatching up his hat and whip, and sweeping out of the room without further ceremony.

As soon as the door had shut upon him the sisters looked at each other in blank consternation.

'I always feared there would be a difficulty,' said Ellen tremulously; 'but oh, to think of Boodles having discovered it!'

'We must send for Smith at once; the carriage shall go in and fetch him,' said Miss Hammond, ringing the bell.

Mr Smith of Gigglesham was the family solicitor, and the carriage was sent off to bring him up at once for a consultation. But Smith brought little encouragement. He had heard from his father that there were curious circumstances attending Major Hammond's marriage, and if Boodles had put his finger on the flaw—— Smith shrugged his shoulders for want of words to express the awkwardness of the case.

'But search must be made everywhere; the evidence of the marriage must be found; the children must not suffer, poor things, and always brought up to look upon the property as their own!'

'Why, they could never marry,' cried Miss Ellen; 'they could never live on Ralph's pay.'

'It's altogether dreadful; and not getting married is the very lightest part of the calamity,' said Miss Hammond.

Smith undertook that every possible search should be made, and went away, promising to set to work at once. But his inquiries had no result. He had traced out the family of the reputed wife, who had been the daughter of a small farmer living at Milton in Kent; but they had now fallen to the rank of labourers, and had no papers belonging to them, hardly any family traditions. He had searched all the registries of the neighbouring parishes: no record of such a marriage could be discovered. He had issued advertisements offering a reward for the production of evidence: all of no avail. What more could he do? To be sure there was a presumption in favour of the marriage; but then if Boodles had documents rebutting such a presumption—— Again Mr Smith shrugged his shoulders, in hopelessness of finding fitting words to represent the gravity of the crisis. 'And then,' he went on to say, 'the very fact that Boodles is spending money over the case shews that he thinks he has a strong one.'

Boodles did not let the grass grow under his feet; he instituted proceedings at once, and cited all interested to appear. The thing could no longer be kept a secret; and Maggie and Ralph were told of the cloud that had come over their fortunes.

'I don't care if the property does go away,' said Maggie bravely. 'It will make no difference. I shall go to India with Ralph, that's all. I will be a soldier's wife, and go on the baggage-wagons.'

Ralph shook his head. He had never been able to manage on his pay when there was only himself, and there were ever so many lieutenants on the list before him, so that he could not hope to be a captain for many years.

There was no use in sitting brooding over coming misfortunes; and Ralph took the dogcart and drove over to Gigglesham, to see about the family vault at St Crispin's. It was an occupation that agreed well with his temper; the weather too seemed all in keeping—a dull drizzling day.

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'Don't forget the ring,' Maggie had said to him at parting; 'that is ours, you know Ralph, if we find it; and perhaps it may be worth a lot of money.'

Ralph shook his head incredulously. And yet it was possible. The ring might be there, and it might prove of great value. In misfortunes, the mind grasps at the smallest alleviations, and Ralph consoled himself in his depression by picturing the finding of a splendid ruby worth say ten thousand pounds. No more artillery-work then—no more India.

Gigglesham boasts of several churches, and St Crispin's lies in a hollow by the river, close to the bridge. A low squat tower and plain ugly nave. But in its nook there—the dark river flowing by, the sail of a barge shewing now and then, the tall piles of deals in the timber-yard beyond, the castle-keep frowning from the heights, and the big water-mill with its weirs and rapids, the noise of which and of the great churning wheel sounded slumbrously all day long—allied with these things, the old church had something homely and pleasant about it, hardly to be replaced by the finest modern Gothic.

Workmen were swarming about it now. The roof was nearly off. There were great piles of sand and mortar in the graveyard. Mr Martin, the plumber and glazier, who took the most lively interest in the underground work, even to the neglect of more profitable business, was on the look-out for Lieutenant Grant, and greeted him cheerily.

'We've got 'em all laid out in the vestry, Cap'n Grant, all the whole family; and now the question is, what are you going to have done with them? Would you like 'em put in the vaults below, where they'll all be done up in lime and plaster? or would you like 'em moved somewhere else—more in the open air, like?'

'The least expensive way, I should say,' replied Ralph grimly. Somehow or other his appreciation of his ancestors was deadened by this last stroke of fate in cutting him adrift from his succession. 'But look here, Martin,' he went on, taking the plumber aside; 'there is one of the coffins, Major Hammond's, I should like to have opened. It can be done?'

'Easy enough, sir,' cried Martin, who, to say the truth, was delighted at the prospect of a little charnel-house work. 'He's a lead 'un, he is. I'll have the top off in no time.'

Ralph looked gravely down at the last remains of the Hammonds. The wife, if she had been a wife, on whom their inheritance hung, was not here; she had died in India. But there was the Major's coffin, the wood-work decayed, but the leaden envelope as sound as ever.

Martin was quickly at work with his tools. The cover was stripped off, and for a moment the Major's features were to be seen much as they had been in life; then all dissolved into dust.

There was no ruby ring—that must have been a fable; but there was something glittering among the remains, and on taking it out, it proved to be a plain gold hoop.

'Well, that's worth a pound, that is,' cried the practical Martin, carefully polishing up the treasure-trove. It had probably been hung round the neck of the departed—a tall bony man—for the ring was a small one, and there were traces of a black ribbon attached to it.

It was a disappointment, no doubt; and yet somehow the sight of the ring had given Ralph a little hope. It was the wedding-ring, he said to himself, his great-grandmother's wedding-ring. The Major must have been fond of her to have had her ring always about him; and it had been buried with him. That had given rise to the story about the ruby. He drove home, after giving directions about the disposal of the coffins, feeling less sore at heart. He was now convinced that they had right on their side, and there was some comfort in that.

When he reached home, he shewed the ring to Maggie, who agreed with his conclusions.

'But there is something inside—some letters, I think,' she cried.

'It is only the Hall-mark,' said Ralph, having looked in his turn. 'But stop. That tells us something: it will give us a date.'

'How can that be?' asked Maggie.

'Because there is a different mark every year. See! you can make it out with a magnifying-glass. King George in a pigtail.'

The silversmith at Gigglesham turned up his tabulated list of Hall-marks, and told them at once the date of the ring—1760.

'But it might have been made a long time before it was first used,' suggested Maggie.

'True; but it could not have been used before it was made,' replied Ralph. 'It gives us a date approximately, at all events.'

At first, the knowledge of this date did not seem likely to be of much use to them. But it gave them the heart to go on and make further inquiries. Ralph threw himself into the task with fervour. He obtained leave to search the records of the Horse Guards; and ascertained at last where had been stationed the regiment that Richard Hammond then belonged to in that same year.

It was at Canterbury, as it happened; and that seemed significant, for it was not so far from there to his sweetheart's home at Milton. Ralph went over to Canterbury, and with the help of a clerk of Mr Smith's, searched all the parish registers between the two places; but found nothing.

The trial was coming on in a few weeks, and not a scrap of evidence could they get of the marriage of Major Hammond. The other side were full of confidence, and well they might be. Ralph had made up his mind to return home, and was walking disconsolately down the High Street of Canterbury one day when he saw over a shop-window the sign, 'PILGRIM, Goldsmith; established 1715.'

'I wonder,' he said to himself, 'if my great-grandfather bought his wedding-ring there?'

A sudden impulse sent him into the shop. A nice-looking old gentleman, with long white hair, was sitting behind the counter, peering into the works of a watch through an elongated eye-glass.

Ralph brought out his ring. 'Do you think this ring was bought at your shop?' he asked.

'How long ago?' asked Mr Pilgrim, taking up the ring and looking at it all round.

'About the year 1760.'

'Ah-h! I can't remember so long ago as that. It was in my father's time; but for all that, perhaps I can tell you.'

He took up the magnifying-glass, and examined the ring carefully once more.

'Yes,' he said, looking up, a mysterious expres-

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sion on his face, 'that ring was bought from my father, I have no doubt.'

Ralph questioned him as to the sources of his knowledge; and Mr Pilgrim told him at last. It was his father's practice to put his private mark upon all the jewellery he sold. He could do it in those days, when his stock was small and all his own. In these times of changing fashions, when much of a jeweller's stock is on approval, this would be impossible.

Ralph listened to these explanations with breathless impatience. Had Mr Pilgrim any books belonging to his father which might possibly shew the sale? The old gentleman admitted that he had a lot of his father's old account-books up in a garret; but it would be very troublesome to get at them; and what would be the use?

'Why,' said Ralph, 'you might possibly make the happiness of two young people, who otherwise may be sundered all their lives.' He explained enough of the circumstances to shew the old gentleman that it was not an affair of mere idle curiosity; and after that he entered into the quest with ardour. Pilgrim his father had kept each year a sort of rough day-book, in which he entered transactions as they occurred, with occasional short annotations. And at last, after a long troublesome search, they found the book for the year 1760 and 1761. Nothing was to be made of the first; but in the second they had the delight of finding the following entry: '25 March, sold ring, young Master Hammond, two guineas saw ye wedding afterwards at St Mary's, Faversham.'

That night all the church bells of Gigglesham were set a-ringing, for the news oozed out that Ralph Grant had come home with full proofs of the marriage that would make good his title to Westbury. For the young people were liked by everybody, whilst Boodles was generally execrated. Indeed the case never came on for trial, as Boodles withdrew the record when he found that there was full evidence to refute his claim. Ralph and Maggie were married soon afterwards; and the bride wore as a keeper over the golden circle her own special dower, the long-buried but happily recovered treasure, Major Hammond's ring.

## LOST IN MAGELLAN'S STRAITS.

One might look all the world over without finding a coast more bleak, desolate, and inhospitable than that of Tierra del Fuego and the southern part of Patagonia. Owing to certain meteorological causes, the cold is comparatively greater in the southern than in the northern latitudes; icebergs are found ten degrees nearer to the equator. In the Straits of Magellan, which are about the same distance from the equator as Central England, the cold in winter is so intense as to be almost unbearable. Here icebergs are found floating, and glaciers larger in extent than any Switzerland can boast of; the land is entirely covered with snow down to the very water's edge, while bitter piercing winds rush down the clefts in the mountains, carrying everything before them, and even tearing up huge trees in their passage. Not a pleasant coast this on which to be cast away; and yet such, in 1867, was the fate of two unfortunate men who formed part of the crew of Her Majesty's ship *Chanticleer*, then on the Pacific station; and an account of whose sufferings we propose to lay before our readers.

One day early in September a sailing-party had been sent off with the hope of increasing the ship's stock of provisions by the addition of fresh fish, which is here very abundant. The nets soon became so heavy that extra hands were required to haul them; and as there appeared even then little chance of the work being over before sunset, the fishing-party obtained permission to spend the night on shore. Tents were pitched, huge fires were lighted, with the double object of affording warmth and cooking some of the produce of their successful expedition; blankets were distributed, grog was served out, and altogether the party seemed prepared to defy the cold, shewing a disposition to be 'jolly' in spite of it that would have gladdened the soul of the immortal Mark Tapley. However, after all these preparations to keep off the effects of the biting frost, they were compelled about nine o'clock in the evening to send off to the ship for more blankets and provisions.

Two sailors, Henty and Riddles, volunteered to go on this errand in the 'dingy' (a small two-oared boat), and having obtained the desired things, they started to return; but when about midway between the ship and the shore, the wind began to rise, carrying the boat to some extent out of her course; shortly after which she struck on a sand-bank, and in trying to get her off one of the oars was lost. Soon they were drifted out into the strong current. It was now dark as pitch; the wind continued to rise; and although all through the night they made every possible effort to reach the shore, when morning dawned, to their alarm they found themselves miles away from the ship, and powerless to contend any longer with their one oar against the force of both wind and tide. They were finally driven on to the beach in a bay opposite Port Famine, a spot not less dreary than its name.

The sea was so rough, that here for a day and a night our two men were obliged to remain; and when on the second day they ventured to launch the boat, it was upset; nearly all their things were lost, and they were left to endure the intense cold without the means of making a fire, with no clothes but those they wore, and scarcely any food. For a while they walked about, trying, not very successfully, to keep up circulation; and by-and-by the feet of both began to swell and grow so painful that it was no longer possible to keep on their shoes. Still, although suffering both from hunger and cold (Henty's toes being already frost-bitten), they kept up their spirits in true British fashion, not for a minute doubting that sooner or later they would be picked up; and true enough, on the fourth day the *Chanticleer* was seen in the distance under weigh, and standing over towards them. Taking the most prominent position that could be found, they made signs and tried in every possible way to attract attention, but in vain. If they had only possessed some means of kindling a fire they might have succeeded; but although those on board were at the moment on the look-out for their lost messmates, no one saw them; and the hope with which the two poor fellows had buoyed themselves up, faded away as the ship changed her course, grew smaller and smaller, and by-and-by, late in the

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afternoon, while they still watched, altogether disappeared.

Although now their only chance of rescue was apparently gone, and the last scrap of food was consumed, yet the brave fellows did not despair. Their boat was very leaky; but on the 5th of September, having repaired her as far as possible, they took advantage of finer weather to endeavour to reach some spot where there would be more probability of getting rescued by a passing ship; but they had scarcely got half-way across the Straits before there was a terrific snow-storm; it blew a gale; the boat began to fill rapidly; and finally they were blown back again into the bay, upset in the surf and nearly drowned, being unable to swim through having lost the use of their legs from sitting so long in water. However, they were thrown up by the waves high, though by no means dry, and in this miserable plight and under a pitiless snow-storm, they were forced to remain all through the night. The next day they managed to erect something in the form of a hut, in which they might lie down and be to some extent protected from the weather, which was so boisterous as to render it useless to attempt to launch the boat. For some days, owing to exposure and want of food, they were both very ill; but still hoping for better weather, they kept themselves alive by eating sea-weed and such shell-fish as could be found, until the 12th of September, when the weather suddenly clearing, they again launched their small boat; and this time, after a day's hard toil, succeeded in reaching the opposite side of the Straits, where they had left the ship, which it is needless to say was by this time far away.

When first the men were missed, rockets had been fired, and blue-lights burned; and on the following day the cutter was sent to the westward, while the *Chanticleer* coasted along the opposite side; look-out men were constantly aloft; but nothing was to be seen of the missing men. The next day the ship had remained at Port Famine, and exploring parties were sent in all directions. On the third day they again weighed anchor, and examined a fresh piece of coast, but all to no purpose; and finally it was decided, with much regret, to give up the search, for every one concluded that the poor men must by this time have perished, even if they had survived the first night's cold, which no one on board thought possible. Both men were generally popular, and great grief was felt for their loss. Immediately a subscription was started by the whole ship's company for the widow of the one man and the mother of the other. Strangely enough, when the sad news reached England, the former, in spite of what seemed conclusive evidence, firmly refused to believe the assurance of her husband's death. Whether the wife's intuition or the more logical inferences of every one else proved correct, events will shew.

By the time Henty and Riddles reached, as we have seen, the opposite side of the Straits it was quite dark; but on the following day they found that the current had drifted them fourteen miles from Port Famine, towards which they had steered, and for which place they now started on foot. Here they saw in the distance a ship under steam going towards the Pacific; but again all efforts to attract attention failed. They knew of no settlement that they could hope to reach, and at this rough season there was not the slightest chance of falling in with any wandering tribes of natives. The only course left them was to endure the cold, wait as patiently as might be, in the hope of some ship passing within hail, and to keep up what little life remained in them by chewing sea-weed, and seeking and devouring the mussels, which fortunately were to be found in great abundance on the rocks. After a time, however, they grew so weak as to be only just able to crawl out of the place they had made to lie down in, and every day the effort to gather their scanty nourishment grew harder. Once more, on the 4th of October, they saw a vessel pass through the Straits, but were unable to make any signals; on the 7th, both men had grown too weak to stir, and nothing was left for them but to confront death. The 8th day passed, the 9th, the 10th, and they were still sinking slowly from starvation. On the 11th, when they could not possibly have lived more than a few hours longer, and had become little short of living skeletons, they were picked up by the officers of the *Shearwater*, and at once taken on board, where, after receiving the most careful attention, both, although still suffering greatly, began after a time to recover. Being conveyed by the *Shearwater* to Rio, they remained some time in the hospital there, and finally were sent home invalided; and yet both men lived to regain their full strength, and to serve as striking examples of what tough human nature can endure in the shape of physical hardships and mental anxiety. They had contrived, by a patience and energy almost unprecedented, to lengthen out existence for a space considerably over a month, with no other food than sea-weed and shell-fish; the last four days indeed eating absolutely nothing; while the whole time exposed to intense cold, the roughest weather, and more hardships than it is possible for those who have never seen that barren and desolate region even to imagine.

## THE MONTH:

### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

Mr T. M. Reade, in his presidential address to the Liverpool Geological Society, discussed the question of 'geological time,' and took as an approximate measure thereof the denuding effect of rain-water on the earth's surface. The most rainy districts in England are those in which the oldest rocks prevail; but the average annual rainfall, including Wales, may be taken at 32 inches. Assuming the area of the two to represent one river basin, the quantity of water discharged in a year would contain more than eight million tons of solid matters; and at this rate, 12,978 years would be required to lower the surface of the land one foot. Analyses of sea-water shew that there are in 100,000 tons, 48 tons of carbonate of lime and magnesia, and 1017 tons of sulphate of lime and magnesia; and the ocean contains enough of the first to cover the whole of the land with a layer fifteen feet thick; and of the second to make a layer 267 feet thick. Twenty-five million years would be required to accumulate the one, and 480,000 years the other. Again, the total surface of the globe is 197 million

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square miles. A cubic mile of rock would weigh 10,903,552,000 tons; so that, as Mr Reade states, 'to cover the whole surface of the globe one mile deep with sediment from the land at the rate of 800 tons per square mile of land-surface, would take 52,647,052 years.'

Geologists have speculated over this question many years: it has now passed into the hands of mathematicians, without whose aid it will never be settled. The Rev. Dr Haughton, F.R.S., of Trinity College, Dublin, in a paper read before the Royal Society on the last evening of their session, 'On the probable age of the continent of Asia and Europe, and on the absolute measure of geological time,' says that the elevation of Asia and Europe from beneath the deep waters, separated the earth's axis of rotation from the axis of figure by 207 miles, which would produce a large amount of wabbling. At present, 'astronomers are agreed that the motion of the pole is secular and very slow, all traces of wabbling having disappeared.' Then after a series of mathematical demonstrations, the doctor continues: 'The geological age of the continent of Asia and Europe is well marked by the horizon of the Nummulitic Limestones,' which extend from the Mediterranean to Japan. 'These rocks make up the backbone of the great continent, and at its formation were raised from deep water to form the highest chains of mountains in the globe. Geologically speaking, they are modern, belonging to the Lower Tertiary Period. My calculations assign to the Nummulitic Epoch a date not less than 4157 millions of years ago. No practical geologist will feel any surprise at this result.'

In a paper read at the last meeting of the Geological Society, Mr Belt discussed various geological questions, and shewed reasons for believing that in the far remote ages, the north of Europe was covered by a great lake. 'The formation of this lake was due,' he remarked, 'to the ice of the glacial period flowing down the beds of the Atlantic and Pacific, and damming back the drainage of the continents as far as it extended. To the rising of these waters must be ascribed the destruction of palæolithic man, the mammoth, and the woolly rhinoceros. This lake was once suddenly and torrentially discharged through the breaking away of the Atlantic ice-dam, but was formed again and ultimately drained by the cutting through of the channel of the Bosphorus.' It is perhaps well to remark that these views are not as yet implicitly accepted.

In the Eocene deposits of New Mexico a fossil bone of a gigantic bird has been found, which, according to the description, had 'feet twice the bulk of those of the ostrich.' This discovery proves that huge birds formed part of the primeval fauna of North America, and that they were not confined exclusively to the southern hemisphere.

Professor Kirkwood states, in a paper on the relative ages of the sun and certain fixed stars read to the American Philosophical Society, that the history of the solar system is comprised within twenty or thirty millions of years; that our solar system is more advanced in its history than the constellation of the Centaur, and that the companion of Sirius appears to have reached a stage of greater maturity than the sun, while the contrary seems to be true in regard to the principal star.

The annual report on the great trigonometrical survey of India contains particulars which shew that surveying in India is by no means holiday pastime. Colonel Montgomerie, who has just retired after twenty-five years' service, was engaged during nine of those years in a survey of the dominions of the Maharaja of Kashmir, comprising about 77,000 square miles. Within this extensive area rise stupendous mountain ranges and peaks, the highest of which is more than 28,000 feet, and the Indus, Jhelum, Kishanganga, and other great rivers, flow through the valleys. To fix the position of heights and places in such a country requires a combination of courage, skill, and endurance rarely to be met with, but which happily for geographical science has been forthcoming ever since the Indian survey was commenced. The annual reports contain many accounts of adventurous journeys, and hazardous exploits which few readers would think of looking for among the dry details of a scientific triangulation. Sometimes on resuming work after the rainy season, the 'rays' or lanes which had been cut through the forest to clear a way for taking distant sights, would be found so choked by the shoots from tree-stumps and young bamboos which had grown to an 'astonishing height,' that more than thirty miles of such rays had to be cleared over again before the work could proceed. On extending the survey into Burmah it was only by cutting tracks through the dense forest that communications could be effected from station to station, and whenever an existing road could be made available it was regarded as a luxury. At Kamákabo it became necessary to carry the great theodolite to the top of a rocky hill: the sharp projecting rocks 'jutted out in every direction,' and as they could not be removed, ladders were stretched from rock to rock, and thus a most perilous ascent and descent was accomplished. The labour and risk may be judged of from the fact that the theodolite weighed more than six hundred pounds, and we can appreciate the satisfaction with which the observer wrote in his journal, 'it was a day of rejoicing when the instrument was brought down in safety.' At times a region of sand-hills was traversed where vision was not obstructed, but where not more than three wells of drinkable water were found in a distance of seventy miles. And once the observer waded through a mile of mud and water under a burning sun to an old lighthouse whence it was essential to take angles to fix the position of the new one five miles distant. A consequence of this exploit was an attack of malarious fever.

It seems likely that trigonometrical surveying may be carried on with less difficulty in future; for an Italian officer of engineers, Lieutenant Manzi, has proved that the triangulations can be photographed. It is possible to construct a camera geometrically arranged, and if the rays of light converging from distant points of view are intercepted, and marked on a diaphragm, it is evident that the angular readings obtained to such points would be identical in their bearings with the

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objects themselves. By such a camera, negative views of inaccessible ground can be faithfully taken, and the angles can be either plotted or calculated. Photography thus offers itself as a means whereby a difficult mountain country can be surveyed without risk, while for purposes of military recognisance its advantages are obvious.

For some time past attention has been directed towards steel-wire cables; and experiments recently made in Portsmouth Dockyard have clearly demonstrated their superiority over hemp and iron. Steel, as is well known, is more and more used in the building of ships, and, because of its tenacity and lightness, in their rigging; and now it seems likely to supersede the unwieldy hawsers and chain cables everywhere in use. With a chain the safety of the ship depends on the weakest welding; and when a single link parts, either from inherent defect or from a sudden jerk, everything parts, and the vessel drifts. A wire cable, on the contrary, gives notice, so to speak, of an approach to the breaking point. First one strand, then another, gives way, and still the cable holds, and it may happen that it will hold long enough to save the ship. Now that experiment has proved that a steel-wire cable is as flexible as the best hemp, that it is three times as strong, and does not cost more, the change from one to the other may be made with confidence. Another advantage is the lightness, for by making use of steel, about two-thirds of the usual weight of the cable is got rid of. Evidence of the strength is seen in the fact that a three-inch steel hawser did not break until the strain exceeded twenty-two tons, and that a strain of more than a hundred tons was required to break the six-inch.

Lieutenant Totten of the United States Army, in writing about explosives and big guns, discusses carefully the question as to the best kind of explosive for actual service; that which will expend its entire force in driving out the projectile. With the large-grained gunpowder now in use about half of the charge is wasted, while gun-cotton and dynamite exert an injurious strain upon the gun. As a way out of the difficulty, he recommends a 'compensating powder,' each grain of which contains a core of gun-cotton, and he points out that forty pounds of this powder would be sixty pounds stronger than a hundred-pound charge of gunpowder. The explanation is that by the time forty pounds of the hundred are burned, the shot has left the gun; consequently, sixty pounds are of no help to the shot. But if the forty pounds contain fifteen pounds of gun-cotton, then this cotton, when fired, acts on the already moving shot under the most favourable circumstances as a pure accelerator, and does not injure the gun. In this way, writes Lieutenant Totten, 'we eliminate the great waste of the one, curb the straining action of both, and obtain a true artillery powder, lighter, and four and a half times more effective, charge for charge, than our best gunpowder.'

An address 'On Light in some of its Relations to Disease,' delivered to the Albany Institute (State of New York) by Dr Stevens, sets forth views and facts which are worth consideration. Light, as we know, is on the whole beneficial; but may there not be cases in which it is harmful when passing through the transparent media of the human eye? Dr Stevens is clearly of opinion that many nervous diseases are aggravated if not produced by defective vision. The strain on the muscles of the eye, when long continued, sets up an irritability which tells injuriously on the nervous system, and neuralgic affections. St Vitus's dance and severe periodical headaches are the consequence. Rectify the imperfection of the sight, says Dr Stevens, by proper spectacles, and the nervous disease will be either mitigated or cured. It is of no use to buy glasses at hazard because they seem to suit the eye; for none but a scientific oculist can really decide, after careful experiment, on what is proper. In many cases the focus of the two eyes is not the same, and each must have its proper glass. Professor Donders of Utrecht was the first to point out that the so-called 'cylindrical glasses' were generally the most efficient; and since then 'the science of correcting anomalous refractions of the eye has been brought to a perfection which is truly wonderful.'

Dr Pounéau of Guadeloupe has published a series of tables, based on the changes of the moon, by which, as he believes, it is possible to tell the sex of a child before birth. He intends to draw up similar tables for the use of horse and cattle breeders; and if any one should test his calculations by observation, the doctor would like to be informed of the result.

The *Journal* of the Chemical Society contains an account by Mr Hight, of the Indian Forest Department, of experiments made with a view to ascertain the practical nature of a proposed method of determining the mineral strength of soils by means of water-culture. It is explained that the usual object of water-culture experiments is to find what particular salts are congenial or necessary to the growth of any particular plant. When a plant is grown in an artificially prepared solution, so that it can obtain its nourishment solely from the salts contained in that solution, the exact effect of any salt upon the growth of the plant can be easily observed by adding that salt to, or abstracting it from the solution. In carrying out this method, specimens of soil were taken from five different forests in India; solutions of these specimens were made; seedlings of *Acacia arabica* were, with proper precautions, placed in each, and the results of growth, such as increase in weight, number of leaves, and length of roots, were carefully noted. These results are published in a numerical table, and allowing for the difficulties of a preliminary experiment, may be regarded as satisfactory.

The question is frequently asked—Why is there no School of Forestry in England, while in almost all other countries of Europe schools of forest science are either established by the government, or are associated with a university or a polytechnic institution? Sir Joseph Hooker, President of the Royal Society, and Director of the Royal Gardens, Kew, says in one of his reports, that the subject is so neglected in this country, that when our government are in want of a forest inspector for India, they have first to send him to France or Germany to learn the theory and practice of taking care of a forest. On the continent, as Sir Joseph remarks, 'forestry holds a distinguished place among the branches of a liberal education. In the estimation of an average Briton, forests are of infinitely less importance than the game they shelter, and it is not long since the wanton destruction of a fine young tree was considered a venial offence compared with the snaring of a pheasant or rabbit.

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Wherever the English rule extends, with the exception of India, the same apathy, or at least inaction, prevails. In South Africa, according to the colonial botanist's report, millions of acres have been made desert, and more are being made desert annually, through the destruction of the indigenous forests; in Demarara the useful timber trees have all been removed from accessible regions, and no care or thought is given to planting others; from Trinidad we have the same story; in New Zealand there is not now a good Kauri pine to be found near the coast, and I believe that the annals of almost every English colony would repeat the tale of wilful wanton waste and improvidence. On the other hand in France, Germany, Switzerland, Austria, and Russia, the forests and waste lands are the subjects of devoted attention on the part of the government, and colleges, provided with a complete staff of accomplished professors, train youths of good birth and education to the duties of state foresters. Nor, in the case of France, is this practice confined to the mother country: the Algerian forests are worked with scrupulous solicitude, and the collections of vegetable produce from the French colonies in the permanent museum at Paris contain specimens which abundantly testify that their forests are all diligently explored.'

This is a long quotation; but it is justified by the importance of the subject, and it is quite clear that we cannot go on much longer without a School of Forestry. Diligent students can hardly fail to be forthcoming, and when once they shall have proved themselves efficient inspectors, the question of 'good' birth may be left to take care of itself.

## THE DESERTED GARDEN.

Beyond the woods, yet half by woods inclosed,
A tangled wilderness of fair growth lay;
A spot where dreaming poet might have dosed
Into the dawning of a fairy day;
For in its desolation wild reposed
Something that pointed to a past more gay,
Since here and there one found the lingering trace
Of caresome hands in the neglected place.

The once trim walks were coated thick with moss;
Dwarfed were the garden roses, and their glow
From vivid crimson paled to fainter gloss
Nigh broken sun-dial; and the water's flow
Had ceased to murmur in the ancient foss,
Whose slopes were now with purple thyme a-blow;
And on the fragments of the crumbled wall
The golden wall-flower stood like seneschal.

The nut-trees made an archway overgrown,
And midst the boughs the timid squirrel leapt;
At eve the nightingale with mellow tone
Sang with the mourning wind a dirge that crept
Into all hearts—until one heart more lone
Than others, gathered up the strain and wept;
Nor knew if 'twere half joy or wholly grief
That in the sympathetic chord had found relief.

The clouds sent flickering shadows o'er the grass,
As though some spectral life were there upstirred;
And as the fitful breezes onward pass,
A murmur of strange voices might be heard,
As though some unseen quire were chanting mass,
Echoed throughout the grove by plaintive bird;
And still the wanderer listening, asks for whom
The wild Amen!—For whom the flowers did bloom?

The ancient summer-house with broken vane,
And rotting pillars where the woodbines twine;
And on a cobwebbed solitary pane
In casement, that with colours once did shine,
And shewed the seasons through each differing stain,
Was writ in jagged-wise a Latin line,
'*Sic transit gloria mundi*;' and below,
'My Ursula! the world is full of woe.'

It read as epitaph above the grave
Of human hopes, all blighted as the space
Around, whose wreck no hand was stretched to save;
Yet that with tender melancholy grace,
A sermon in that blooming desert gave
To him whose soul had power enough to trace
In the lone scene, so desolate, so lone,
Though man upbuilds, God shapes the crowning stone.

I spake the name a score of times aloud,
'Sweet Ursula,' a source of joy and woe!
The glory of a life, the light allowed
To make all nature flush with deeper glow.
Then light put out—then darkness—then a cloud
And agony that nought but love can know—
The bitter memory of a sweetness past,
A gleam of sunshine all too bright to last.

The lazy lilies gleamed with petals white
Upon the pool o'errun with weeds and sedges,
That once shone clear and fair as mirror bright,
With blue forget-me-nots on shelving ledges,
Where water-flags upreared their banners light,
And the marsh-mallow crept along its edges—
But in the water face to face no more
Smiled back as in the happier days of yore.

Ah! could the olden stones a story tell,
How sweet a love-tale might they not reveal
Of mystic Ursula, and what befell
In the fond hopes and doubts that lovers feel,
Till blighted by that sorrowful farewell
That all the beauty of the world did steal;
Shattered the rainbow in fresh gathered cloud,
And changed the bridal robe to funeral shroud.

Perchance her monument this wildered spot,
Tended by Nature's pitying hand alone,
For one by generations now forgot,
To whom *he* reared no proud sepulchral stone;
But with love's jealousy he willed that not
Another o'er her grave should make his moan—
But he alone through hieroglyphic bloom,
Should haunt the precincts of the loved one's tomb.

Ay, who can tell! For Time his seal hath set
On life and all its secrets gone before;
The hearts are dead that never could forget;
The hearts that live, but know the tale no more.
Each hath its bitterness o'er which to fret,
Each hath its joys eclipsing those of yore;
To each its own small world the real seems,
Outside of which is but a land of dreams.

Yet still one loves to linger here and muse,
And conjure up vague theories of the past;
And here a hand to trace; and there to lose
The touch of human life upon it cast;
And still for idle loitering make excuse,
And weave a tale of mystery to the last;
And in the old deserted garden bowers
Find fairer blossoms than 'mongst tended flowers.

Julia Goddard.

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## A WORD ON RICH FOLKS.

We have never quite understood why among preachers and moralists there should be such a sweeping denunciation of riches. The rich man is called all that is bad. The poor man—no matter that he had been a spendthrift—is prescriptively an ill-used saint, for whom not enough can be done. The older notions on the subject perhaps originated in the fact that riches were too frequently accumulated by robbery and oppression; which is not unlikely, for until this day in certain eastern countries, of which Turkey is a luminous example, riches are usually a result of some sort of extortion, if not actual violence. And if so, we need not wonder that the poor were reckoned among the oppressed and specially worthy of compassion.

However the ancient opinions regarding riches originated, it is surely full time that new and more rational views were entertained, or at least professed, on the subject. In Western Europe, men do not now go about plundering and oppressing by armed force, as in the days of old. The poorest are protected by the law. As a general rule, riches are accumulated by a course of patient industry, and the reputedly wealthy are among the most careful in setting the example of doing good. Of course our mixed state of society is not without instances of wealth being realised by jobbery, by fraudulent exploits among speculators. But these are exceptions which a wise man does not fasten upon, except to point the moral, that ill-gotten riches seldom last long, and that their possessors are anything but respected. Why then persist in holding up the wealthy to reprobation? The truth is, the cry is little better than a sham. The very preachers who talk reproachfully and warningly of riches, seldom fail to be as zealous in the pursuit of riches as their neighbours. And in this no one can rationally blame them. Every man within his proper calling is entitled as a matter of duty to himself and those dependent on him to use all legitimate means for bettering his condition, and, if possible, increasing in wealth. It is indeed only by the prudential exercise of these privileges that society is held together and advanced in civilisation. It is very pleasant to see honest poverty decently struggling with circumstances, and maintaining a good character amidst adversity; but we deny altogether that poverty alone is synonymous with virtue, and to be held up as meritorious. Without riches even comparatively small, little good can be done. Wealth—meaning by that a surplus of gains beyond what are required for daily subsistence—is obviously the source of universal comfort. Money is above all things potential. It hires labour, gives the employment which so many stand in need of. It sets up manufactories, organises railways, puts ships on the ocean, pays for machinery, builds and improves towns, schools, and churches, encourages learning, enlarges processes of husbandry with a view to ever-increasing demands for food. The most skilful and willing workman, when placed in a country without money wherewith to employ him, is as helpless in the attempt to realise the wages of labour as the merest savage. In short, it is clear that before work can be given, there must in some measure be an accumulation of capital, or in plain language savings, in the hands of a part of the community.

Such being the case, how absurd does it seem to disparage money, as if it were something sinful and dangerous. As well disparage man-power, horse-power, steam-power, or any other power. As a force, money is neither hurtful nor beneficial, neither bad nor good in itself. All depends on the way in which it is used or directed. Gunpowder can blast a quarry and bring forth stones with which a hospital may be built; but the same gunpowder in the hands of the Russians or Turks can blow thousands of men into eternity in a single day. A rich man, if he be unselfish, has in his wealth the power of making his fellow-creatures less coarse, less depraved, and as a consequence, less miserable. From the vantage-ground of high position he can fight a chivalrous battle for the afflicted and him that hath no helper. His good example will have far more effect than that of a

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poorer man. His influence, if directed to good and merciful objects, is as powerful for good as that of the selfish rich man is for the reverse. 'Nobody should be rich,' said Goethe, 'but those who understand it.' But when a man owns gracefully and usefully, what good may he not do in the way of opening a path for others, and giving them access to whatever civilising agencies he may himself possess! Therefore we can understand how both religion and philanthropy may treat with respect and even with reverence the motto, 'Put money in thy purse.' May we not even say that it is the desire to 'get on' and to become rich that prevents our sinking into barbarism?

'There is always a reason *in the man*,' says Emerson, 'for his good or bad fortune, and so in making money.' This rule is not without exceptions, for now and then people do become rich by lucky or even by dishonest 'hits;' nevertheless money is in the main representative. Shew me a man who has made fifty thousand pounds, and I will shew you in that man an equivalent of energy, attention to detail, trustworthiness, punctuality, professional knowledge, good address, commonsense, and other marketable qualities. The farmer respects his yellow sovereign not unnaturally, for it declares with all the solemnity of a sealed and stamped document that for a certain length of time he rose at six o'clock each morning to oversee his labourers, that he patiently waited upon seasonable weather, that he understood buying and selling. To the medical man, his fee serves as a medal to indicate that he was brave enough to face small-pox and other infectious diseases, and his self-respect is fostered thereby. The barrister's brief is marked with the price of his legal knowledge, of his eloquence, or of his brave endurance during a period of hope-deferred brieflessness.

But besides its usefulness and its being the representative of sterling qualities, the golden smile of Dame Fortune is to be sought for the invaluable privilege of being independent, or at least being out of the horrid incumbrance of indebtedness. A man in debt is so far a slave; while it is comparatively easy for one possessed of ten thousand per annum to be true to his word, to be a man of honour, to have the courage of his opinions. When a man or woman is driven to the wall, the chances of goodness surviving self-respect and the loss of public esteem are frightfully diminished. But while striving to escape from the physical suffering and the mental and moral disadvantages that attend the lot of poverty, we should admit to ourselves the fact, that there are hardly less disadvantages and temptations ready to make us miserable, if we are not on our guard after attaining to a reasonable amount of wealth.

In a meeting assembled to make arrangements for Mr Moody's last preaching campaign in London, one of the speakers expressed his hope that Mr Moody would 'do something for the miserable poor of London.' 'I shall try and do so,' was the preacher's reply; 'and I hope also to be able to do something for the miserable rich.' 'The miserable rich!' Some would think the expression almost a contradiction in terms, but it is not; for the rich, while possessing the means, as we have already said, of doing vast good, have nevertheless many things to render them unhappy.

Great wealth is a heavy burden; the life of a rich peer being described as 'made like the life of an attorney by the extent of his affairs.' Even their most cherished means of enjoyment may become the possibilities of vexation to the rich. Some may think it is a fine thing to be a landlord, but there is hardly any position more irksome. There is no end of trouble with tenants. The same thing with servants. People who have many servants are sometimes worse served than those who have only one; for what is every one's business is nobody's, and each individual servant is ready with the answer: 'Oh, that is not in my department,' when asked to do anything. The more valuable is your horse, the greater is your anxiety about his knees. It is proverbially difficult for a lady to be 'mistress of herself though china fall;' but if the sound of broken *delf* rise from the kitchen, 'Another plate' is her indifferent remark. The fact is, every new possession becomes an additional something to be looked after, and adds almost as much to our anxiety as it does to our comfort. There is sound philosophy in the answer a king is related to have given to one of his stable-boys, when meeting him one morning he asked him: 'Well, boy, what do you do? What do they pay you?' 'I help in the stable,' replied the lad; 'but I have nothing except victuals and clothes.' 'Be content,' replied the king; 'I have no more.'

Occasionally there cast up in our social circle rich folks in an unhappy state of cynicism. They are at a loss what to do with their money. In making their will they demonstrate all sorts of whimsicalities, passing over any recognition of their oldest and most deserving friends, and leaving their means in some odd fashion which everybody laughs at. In such instances it is curious to note the anguish they experience in being asked to assist in charitable contributions. In Dr Guthrie's Autobiography there is a good illustration of this unhappy state of cynicism into which the rich are prone to fall. There he relates how, in a winter of extraordinary severity, he made an appeal to a lady who had succeeded to a prodigious fortune, on behalf of the starving poor of his parish. In doing so he had no very sanguine hope of success. On being ushered into her room, she turned round, and shewing her thin spare figure, and a face that looked as if it had been cut out of mahogany, grinned and said: 'I am sorry to see ye. What do you want? I suppose you are here seeking siller?' 'The very thing I have come for,' was the Doctor's frank reply. Her next remark demonstrated how little power her riches had of conferring happiness; and with all her wealth of flatterers, what a poor,

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lonely, desolate, miserable creature this possessor of more than a million sterling was. 'Ah!' she said, 'there is nobody comes to see me or seek me; but it's money, the money they are after.' We are glad to be able to relate that this miserably rich old lady gave to Dr Guthrie fifty pounds for the poor—an act which we hope shed a gleam of sunshine into her dark life.

It comes pretty much to this, that with riches there are sundry drawbacks, and that rich people are sometimes as much to be pitied as envied. All know the sharp penalties exacted by nature from those whose only business in life is the pursuit of merely personal gratifications. Wealth gives importance and satisfaction only in proportion to its being administered to a useful purpose. Unhappily, as has been said, there are miserable rich; but their misery is due to themselves. They have failed to see the vast capacities for doing good with which they have been charged. A wealthy person who spends the bulk of his time in the cruelties of pigeon-shooting, or in some other 'sport' connected with the coarse, wholesale destruction of innocent creatures, can be called neither a great nor a good man. At best, we can estimate him as an accomplished gamekeeper.

Luckily, and influenced by the wide expansion of modern ideas, the rich, in the main, rise above paltry gratifications. There is obviously an immense outgrowth in the generous distribution of wealth. In innumerable cases, the rich have a difficulty in determining how to expend their money in a way that will prove beneficial. The question, 'To whom or to what cause shall I contribute money?' must be a very anxious one to conscientious men of wealth. 'How are we to measure,' we may suppose rich men to ask, 'the relative utility of charities? And then political economists are down upon us if by mistake we help those who might have helped themselves. It is easy to talk against our extravagance; tell us rather how to spend our money as becomes Christians;' that is to say, for the greatest good of the greatest number. The fact is, riches must now be considered by all good men as a distinct profession, with responsibilities no less onerous than those of other professions. And this very difficult business ought to be learned by studying social science, and otherwise with as much care as the professions of divinity, law, and medicine are learned. Were the rich in this way to accept and prepare themselves for the duties of their high calling, no one would grumble, because in the nature of things money tends continually to fall into the hands of a few large capitalists.

The value of riches, then, depends on the use that is made of them. No doubt, as hinted at, they are often abused by the thoughtless, the dissolute. But look at the many grand results of properly employed wealth! Consider what is daily being effected in our own country alone by the beneficence of wealthy individuals. What number of charities supported, what churches built, what schools set on foot, what vast enterprises of a useful kind entered into for the general benefit of society. On these considerations, what a farce is that silly declamation against the possession of riches, in which certain orders of persons are indiscreetly pleased to indulge!

## FROM DAWN TO SUNSET.

By 'Alaster Greme.'

IN THREE PARTS.—PART II.

### CHAPTER THE NINTH.

The morning after Kingston's arrival and after their early breakfast, Deborah followed her father into his 'den;' he was already equipped for riding, and was drawing on his gloves.

'Late hours suit thee not, Deb; thou 'rt looking pale, my Rose.'

'I am well enow. But father, I don't want you to take yourself away to-day; it seems unmannerly to Kingston. He will not care for my dull company alone. Do stay, my father!' She put her arms round his neck.

'Why, this is a new request! Thou 'rt safe from all lovers while King is with thee. Pshaw! little one, I must go; I have pressing business. King will be proud to bear thee company. He raves about thee. Take him to the vicarage, or to ride.'

'No. Stay, father.'

'Sweet heart, I cannot. Ye look scared. I will send King away, and have Mistress Dinnage sent to ye. Ye 're not well.'

'Indeed I am. Well, go, father; I will ask ye no more. Nay; I am all right; but it grieved me for Kingston.'

Sir Vincent laughed. 'Grieve not for him.'

And so Deborah and Kingston Fleming found themselves alone, for Mistress Dinnage, though urgently pressed by Deborah, was too proud to bear them company.

Deborah put a brave careless face on the matter. 'What will ye do, King?' she asked. 'I am going out for flowers. It is too hot to ride till evening. Will ye go your ways till dinner, or will ye be a carpet-knight, or what?' Truly, there was as much repulsion as invitation in Deborah's question, as she stood looking up, with her hat tied down and her basket on her arm; and though at that moment there was no vestige of coquetry in her manner, that upturned face could not look but lovely.

Kingston, half smiling, half mortified, answered: 'Well, I thought o' no other plan but to bide with you, Deb; but if ye are anxious to be rid o' me, I am off.'

'Nay!' Deborah laid her hand upon his arm, all penitent. 'Come with me. I will not deign to answer your insinuation. I will shew ye all the old haunts; the green paths where we played and romped, King, in the good old days.'

'Ye speak like a grandmother,' said Kingston, as they went down the long gallery together. 'The good old days! And what are these? *You* are a child as yet. *I* truly have cares and troubles.'

'You have not!" Deborah gazed up at him with her clear eyes, reproachful, yet laughing. 'Everything comes to your hand,' said she: 'work, travel, honours, a ladye-love. Ye have all that life can offer, and yet are not content.'

'Content? No; I am not.' Kingston stopped, and gazed at the 'Mistress Mary Flemyng' whose picture hung above them. 'Here is our ancestress, Deb, the "beautiful Mary Flemyng." She resembles

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you. The same eyes, the same trick o' the eyelids, the same mocking, witching smile. Here she is, but seventeen, unwed still, but her fate is hanging over her. At eighteen, she was married to an old rich rake. She went mad in time, and they tell us, "died young;" the best thing she could do. Why, she had better have kept her name of Fleming, for she had a sad life of it. But she had a soft, tame, yielding nature; there was excuse for her. The Fleming fortunes too were at a perilous low ebb; and it is needful ever and anon to sacrifice a bud off the parent stem to mend the fortunes of the house. That was arranged. What is the worth of beauty but to win gold? *Thy* beauty, poor Mary Fleming, won a fortune; thy sweetness and worth were sold to the highest bidder! It was for thy kindred's sake. Truly, it was a noble act!'

'Who told you this?' asked Deborah, gazing gravely up at her beautiful ancestress with a heightened colour and intense interest. 'I never heard the tale. O yes; surely I heard it long long ago, and thought it was a wicked act of hers. For had she not another lover—one that she really loved, young and noble?'

Kingston laughed cynically. 'O yes, but poor. What was that? A victim more or less never mattered. There were a dozen went to the dogs for *her*. She looks like it—doesn't she? That invincible spirit of coquetry could never have been quenched: it lurks in her eyes, on her lips. She deserved her fate.'

'Kingston, you are hard and cruel. Success has not sweetened you. I respect poor Mary Fleming!'

'Because *you* would have done likewise?' he asked, gazing down into her eyes fiercely and sardonically.

Half angered, she turned away, yet with a smile that was full of tender trouble, tenderness sweet and strange. Kingston brooded over that smile, and liked it not. That smile would seem to shew that Deborah had a lover. Who was Deborah's favoured lover? Kingston even remembered the daisy long ago. They had not another word to say till they reached the garden. There lay the quaint flower-borders, smelling of a thousand sweets, where bees and butterflies made up the jewels, and many a darting dragon-fly. And away in the background stretched cool and deep green woods, and a green path of tender shade, where stood a rustic seat. Oh, such a seat for lovers! And the tall bright foxglove reared its dappled bells about the gloom. Kingston's dreaming eyes took all in unconsciously, while Deborah cut and piled up a blooming heap of flowers.

'Now we have done,' she said. 'I must go and arrange them. Mistress Dinnage arranges beautifully.'

'Don't go in, Deb; the sun thaws me. I am cold. Feel my hand. I thought I was to be shewn the "old haunts?"'

Deborah blushed. 'O yes,' she answered hurriedly, avoiding his eyes again. 'The flowers must die, then, King.'

'Let them! A thousand flowers have had their reign at Enderby in these two years, and millions more will bloom and die before I see Enderby again!' He spoke hurriedly, emphatically.

Deborah gazing up at him, turned pale. 'What! are you going to die, King?'

'Nay, Deb, sweet heart; I can come here no more. Ask me not *why*. I can tell you—nothing.'

'Oh, I like not to hear you talk like this, King. You had a bright gay spirit once. *I* live in an atmosphere where, it is true, all is bright and beautiful and home-like, and but too dear! Yet I feel it is volcanic land; and beneath our feet, King, I hear the thunder-mutterings; and above our heads, King, it seems to me there often rise clouds black as night; for ye know how it is with us. But to your coming I looked for comfort. In father's and Charlie's faces I often find paleness, apprehension, gloom, through all their looks of love for me; and a foreboding chills my heart. But *you* were never wont to be like this. Now it seems to me your looks portend just such gloom and mystery. Ye are sad; you are not yourself. What ails you? Is there no lasting sunshine in life?'

'Not in yours, Deb, unless matters take another turn with you. Things are dark with your father, my little one. He has told me much. For one thing, I thank God, Deborah, that you have refused the Lincoln bait they tempt you with. Listen to no one who may lure you to such utter ruin. I know that man now. You were better dead than Mistress Sinclair.'

'No fear of that.—But shall we indeed be ruined, Kingston?'

'Things look dark. Could ye bear to lose Enderby, Deb?'

'Lose Enderby!' Her paling lips shewed that the girl had never contemplated that. 'Nay; I know not how to bear it. Is it sure?'

'No; but I thought it best to prepare you for any emergency. Heaven grant you may have some one to take care of you in this uncertain future!'

'I have a father and brother,' exclaimed Deborah proudly.

Kingston laughed with some bitterness. 'Ay, you have.'

'Have ye aught to say against them?'

Kingston glanced with his old raillery at the flushed cheeks and flashing eyes. 'I dare not say it, if I had. Yet I wish I could get hold of that fellow Charlie; I might bring him to reason, if I could find him out.'

'He will come when he knows that you are here.'

Kingston doubted this in his own mind.

'Dear old Enderby!' muttered Kingston, as they strolled up the winding woodland path. 'With no home of my own, here I have always found one. It is *our* home, Deb. Can we leave it? Can we? I never thought it was so dear till now.'

Deborah did not answer. Her breast was heaving tumultuously. He saw that she was weeping silently and bitterly. She sat down on the shrubbery seat, and Kingston walked slowly on. He soon returned, guessing rightly that Mistress Fleming would be proudly herself again.

Deborah and Kingston saw not much more of each other that day till they rode together in the evening. It happened that Mistress Dinnage stood by her father's side and watched them.

'They make a pretty couple,' said old Jordan through his smoke. 'He's more her match than Master Sinclair. 'Twould be a sin and shame to give pretty Lady Deb to *him*. Why, Master Charlie would run him through first!'

'That he would; and so would she, father, bless ye! Ye don't *yet* know our Lady Deb, if

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you think such a thought. See him go out through this gate, father, times on time, the old sharp fox! his eyes glowering, as he could murder me. He has caught it *then;* and I have well-nigh laughed in his face. I hate the cunning bad old man, with his tall hectoring air. I wish Master Charlie would horsewhip him soundly.'

Old Jordan chuckled over his pipe, glorying in the spirit of Mistress Dinnage. 'Ay, ay; I wish he wonld, Meg. Young giant! Many's the time I've hosswhipped he. He'd laugh in my face for my pains now.'

That night the two girls were in their favourite walk, while Sir Vincent and Kingston were indoors.

'I shall owe you a grudge, Mistress Dinnage.'

'Why?'

'For leaving me all day with my cousin Kingston.'

'I would have ye be together!'

'This is not like you. Can it end but in misery? Oh, the Fates send him soon away from Enderby! Meg, he likes me well—far better than he did formerly; but oh, man-like, he would fain get the better o' my heart by fair fair words.'

'And why?' cried Mistress Dinnage impetuously. 'To hold and cherish it! What is this Mistress Blancheflower? Can she compare with thee? Would he linger here'——

'Hush, hush! He is betrothed. When he weds, thou and I will run away and hide till it is all gone by. My heart will not break, sweet; do not think it. I am too proud.'

They wrung hands; and Mistress Dinnage sped away like a deer, for King Fleming's tall figure emerged from the garden-door in the wall.

'Plotting, plotting!' he said. 'My pretty conspirators! I wish I had caught you in it. That was Mistress Dinnage. I know her pace. How is it that the pretty lassie is not wedded out o' harm's way?'

'Because Mistress Dinnage only weds for love.'

'So she lives to do mischief. O Deb! look, there was the daisy-scene! There lay you, and there stood I. Deb, I would give up all the good o' my years of toil to be a boy again!'

The blush had not faded from Deborah's face when he looked at her. 'We all feel that,' she responded. 'How you did tease me, King!'

He smiled. 'I should love to tease thee now, if I had ease of mind. Give me your hand, Deb. Now climb, and gather that rose, and give it me with a gracious grace, as I saw you give to *another*.'

'I never climbed, though. Will *this* not content you, Master Fleming?'

'Nay, the highest, the highest! the "Rose of Enderby." I was blind, I was stone-blind! I never cared for roses; the taste comes too late. A student's life kills joy, and men grow blind in burrowing in books.'

'Well, there! Can your old blind eyes see that? I will fasten it in your coat.—Nay, you shall not, Kingston Fleming!' Deborah started back, with all her fiery soul blazing in her eyes, for Kingston would fain have drawn her to him and thanked her with a kiss. She plucked the rose to atoms and scattered it in the night air. 'Some maidens might think this cousinly of you; not I. I will not abide this familiarity.'

His face looked pale and changed in the moonlight. 'Have I offended you, Deborah? Can I not even be your brother—for love of the olden time? Nay, see me! Look on me, Deb; I have need of pity. Do ye not see I am in trouble?'

All the girl's passion vanished; she drew near and laid her hands in his; she felt those strong hands trembling like leaves in the wind.

'In trouble, King?' she asked tenderly and piteously, with her sweet face upturned. 'Ye are ever hinting this; yet never win the courage to tell me where this trouble lies. Trust Deborah Fleming! She is the receiver of troubles; she is used to them. Deborah Fleming can prove a truer sister to you, perchance, than by idle words and caresses.'

But the strangely sensitive and impassioned nature of Kingston Fleming was all stirred and tempest-tossed; the gay calm summer sea was swept by a great storm-wind, which stirred the depths beneath.

'Nay, child,' he whispered, with hurried agitated breath; 'I cannot tell. Thou 'dst hate me, Deb—hate me. I cannot afford to lose thy friendship even. Deb, I have few true friends. But above all, I have been mine own worst enemy! Ah Deborah, *I am most miserable.*' His head sank: lorn, dejected, despairing, he stood before her, the wild, high-spirited, light-hearted Kingston Fleming!

'Thou shalt not be miserable,' said Deborah, trembling herself, and her great lovely eyes brimming over with tears, while she pressed to his side, and twined her arms round one of his. 'All will be right, King. But for hating, I cannot hate thee, dear, being constant to my kinsfolk and my friends. Yet I will not press thee to confide in me. Take comfort. These be dark days for us all, King; brighter will come yet.'

'Thou 'rt an angel-comforter, Deb.' Kingston had regained some calmness, and resumed his walk, holding Deb's hand upon his arm. 'But of all human infirmities, ye would hate weakness most. Isn't it so?'

'Weakness? Well, yes. I like not weak men. You are not weak, King?'

He laughed aloud and bitterly. 'Weak as water! Ah, ye will know it some day, perchance!'

'Mistress Blancheflower does not think ye weak, I 'll warrant.'

He laughed again. 'Mistress Blancheflower thinks not much about it.'

('They have quarrelled,' thought Deborah, 'and this makes him so reckless and unhappy. Well-a-day! I cannot interfere.') 'So it seems to you,' she answered aloud; 'but maids can be very proud, I tell ye; but because she does not shew her thoughts, you must not love her less.'

'Ah, this is sound advice, and easy to be followed! Some maids have no thoughts at all.'

'You would never have loved such, dear King! Nay, you are hard and bitter, and that makes you unjust.'

'Have I been so? Not one word have I uttered against Mistress Blancheflower. I am fond enough of Mistress Blancheflower, Deb.'

So they said no more, and Kingston Fleming received neither rose nor kiss. He did not sleep that night, he could not, for his 'trouble.' He stepped out on the leads to smoke, and saw all Enderby lying still and peaceful in the pale glory of the moon. He stood thinking, thinking. There is her lighted window in the turret. His whole

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soul ached and yearned. Why, O unhappy Kingston? He said not to his soul *then*: 'Deb, thou'rt too mad for me!' King Fleming, you are betrothed; you are about to wed a beautiful and 'honourable' lady; fly from all thoughts that would wrong her and your own honour; shut your eyes and steel your heart against the dangerous charm of Deborah Fleming; fly from Enderby! Deborah, are you witch or siren? With what subtle glamour are those eyes charged, that they haunt the captive soul, and will not let it be? Is it coldness, indifference, disdain, a sisterly tenderness—she gives him each in turn—that is maddening him so? Why was she so beautiful? Why should the sun-tanned romp of two years ago turn to so perfect and delicate a beauty? Deborah has bewitched her cousin Kingston, and for that he knows not if he loves or hates her most, as he upbraids her bitterly. Yet, has she tried to lure him on? Has she not rather rebuffed him? No; it is the very essence of coquetry to woo and fly. He will allow her no grace, but that she is a 'graceless Fleming flirt.' And then he pictures her an angel in all but wings and crown. Anon the room is dark, the light is gone, the moon is clouded over, and Deborah Fleming lies sleeping—the noble, the beautiful, the guardian of a wild old father—the sweet adviser of a reckless brother—the angel and the Rose of Enderby—the lover of honour, purity, and good faith. Too late! too late! The bright and noble soul had been unsought, uncared for in its immaturity, darkened as it was in early days, and obscured by childish shames and sudden passions; but that fatal gift of beauty roused him now to a sense of all that he had lost. Beauty had ever been Kingston Fleming's lure. Then it was only her beauty that he loved? Again he voted her fiercely a universal and wild coquette. Well, she was fair game then. Indifference, and then and again a swift glance or tender sigh, should win her yet. No matter if the rose faded, if it could be no rose to him. Then, then he would wed the lovely and uncertain Beatrix Blancheflower. Still he lingered. 'Deborah! Deborah!' In all Enderby there is no light; and no light in Kingston's soul.

### CHAPTER THE TENTH.

It was late in the morning before they met. Deborah was all sunshine and gaiety. Womanlike, she lived in the present, and realised no Enderby and no future without Kingston Fleming; the interchange of words and looks was enough for her. He turned his face aside, that she might not see how haggard it was, and was angry with her for her happiness.

Adam Sinclair came that day to Enderby, and Deborah played a dangerous part, but with infinite spirit, grace, and charm, so that it set the young man and the old man hating one another, as men can hate in jealousy. But Master Sinclair was the favoured one, and saw it. What was Master Fleming but a kinsman and a brother? So Master Sinclair rode off more madly possessed than ever, and darkly revolving plans; for Mistress Fleming he would wed, by fair means or by foul.

But the youthful beauty was not pleased. Kingston had seemed tenderer the day before; his eyes had looked admiration of her beauty; he had watched her, and given her his troubled confidence and affection. She loved him better then. Ah, he was content. He had heard from Mistress Blancheflower! and he cared not if she, Deborah, encouraged and even wedded old Adam Sinclair. So the rapid thoughts fled through Deborah's mind. No; she would not be treacherous to Mistress Blancheflower, she *would not;* but she could not bear this coldness! He was leaning from the window, and watching Mrs Dinnage, who sat below at her work in the sunny courtyard, while her sworn friend and foe, Dame Marjory, fed the pigeons. Deborah went and leaned beside the window.

'Wilt ride, King? We may not have steeds to offer long.'

'Nay; I will have none of your rides. I prefer watching Mistress Dinnage. She is pretty. All girls are pretty.'

'Ye are not gracious, Master Fleming. See if I ask ye again! Now there is one, Master Adam Sinclair, Lord of Lincoln, would ride to the world's end for me.'

'He can ask for favours in return; one day ye will pay him dearly.'

'How so, bird of ill omen?'

'With yourself.'

'Master Kingston Fleming, I do not need your auguries; once before I told you so.'

He looked up and flashed a smile—most mocking, or most tender?

She leaned from the window at his side. 'You are happier to-day, King: you can taunt.'

'O ay, I can always do that.—How pretty is Mistress Dinnage!'

'I am glad she pleases you.'

'Give me a rose, Deb, for peace.'

She gave him one. 'Throw it not to Mistress Dinnage now; she would only scorn your offering.'

Kingston touched the flower with his lips. Deborah blushed.

'If I may not kiss the Rose par excellence,' said he, 'I will kiss "the Rose's" rose.'

'Ye talk nonsense. Poetry does not suit you, King.'

'Ah, I have never written you verses.'

'I have not inspired you, mayhap.'

'Ye are too cold, Deb, save when Adam Sinclair is by. Once ye were all fire and fret; now ye are all snow and sorcery.'

'Strange blending! Have I witched you then?'

'Ay, the first day I came.'

'What worth is witchery?'

'To wear the heart away.'

'A pleasant vocation, truly, if I am working the like on you! But I thought not I was of so much dignity in your eyes as either to wear your heart or pleasure it.'

He looked in her eyes then as if his whole soul were in his own. 'Deb, art speaking truth?'

'Ay,' she answered with earnestness; 'as surely as that my name is Deborah.'

'"None so blind as those who will not see." Well, well, Lady Deb, think as ye will. Are you a coquette, Deb? I was wondering last night.'

'Oh, you *do* think o' me then? Well, I know not. If I lived in the great world, I might be; here, what can I do?'

'Enow; it seemeth me. It is well for ye, Deb, ye're not in the world; ye'd be a wild one! You're too beautiful by half.'

Deborah blushed, and with what covert joy Master King Fleming noted it!

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'After that fine compliment,' said she, 'I will leave you to the contemplation of Mistress Dinnage. All girls are fair to you. I am going to ride. I may meet my wandering Charlie.'

'You will not ride *alone?*'

'Ay; not even Jordan with me. I may ride to Lincoln Castle.'

Kingston rose. 'Ye shall not have the chance. I am your cavalier, Deb.'

'As it please ye!' And away went Deborah, singing.

## A SUMMER HOLIDAY IN NORWAY.

A SUMMER holiday in Norway can scarcely be otherwise than delightful. This beautiful northern land has attractions for all classes of tourists. In few other regions in Europe can there be found commingled such picturesque firths, such clusters of rocky islets, such lofty mountains, such exuberant sunshine, and such a bright ever-changeful sea. Interesting to all, it is peculiarly attractive to the lovers of Izaak Walton's gentle art. To the angler, a Norwegian lake or river has long been an aquatic Paradise. What a blissful experience it must be to hook a twenty-pound salmon, or even a five-pound grilse; to feel it rush like an arrow through the pellucid flood, and to dash away after it through a cool forest of sedges, or over a subaqueous Stonehenge, with the pleasant hum of the line as it spins out into the river, resounding in your ears. While high overhead the lark sings in the clear air, and the silvery mists creep up the steep hill-sides, and the golden sunlight streams down through the thickets of birch and alder, dancing on the ripples of the gladsome river, and shining right down into the angler's gladsome heart. This is an experience worth all the elixirs that were ever invented. It braces the nerves, it expands the lungs with full draughts of the healthful mountain breeze, and makes the sinking heart bound once more elastic with the buoyant unforgotten lightness of boyhood.

Mr Arnold, in his *Summer Holiday in Scandinavia*, has done ample justice to the great and varied natural charms of Norway. Unhappily for some travellers at least, it cannot be approached without a longer or shorter sea-voyage, the pleasure or discomfort of which depends very much upon the weather. Our author in this respect was not very fortunate, for the sun kept resolutely out of sight. The sky, the dim haze-covered land, and the surrounding waves, were all one dull uniform gray; but even with this drawback, he was struck by the rugged grandeur and beauty of the sea-wall of Norway, one of the noblest in the world. Frowning, it rises a rocky rampart of gray beetling crags, fantastic buttresses, and cliffs of limestone, embosomed in masses of delicate many-toned hues of verdure, as the silvery gray green of the birch, the brighter shade of the hazel, or the more sombre colouring of the pine, predominates in the foliage of the copse-wood, with which every available nook and cranny is crowned. Jagged peaks and serried promontories fashion themselves in the most picturesque fashion out of the gray limestone crags, sheltering lonely sequestered bays of wondrous beauty; while beyond rise long ridges of lofty hills, their brown sides covered in great part with odoriferous pine-forests, checkered with vivid green patches of corn-land and pasture; with here and there a cluster of little quaint wooden red-tiled houses, lending to the beautiful wild scenery the interest of human life and industry.

At Christiania Mr Arnold and his party landed amid a group of placid onlookers; and having, chiefly by their own efforts conveyed their luggage to the custom-house, found that dreaded ordeal to be in Norway mere child's play. 'An old official,' says our author, 'with a flat cap, looking remarkably like a Greenwich pensioner, patted some of the luggage, and said in good but brief English: "Tourists?" "Yes," replied our spokesman. The old official then bowed, intimating obligingly that Norway was glad to see us, and waved his hand for the next lot.' A month was the time that the party had to spend in Norway; and after mature consideration, they decided that the best route for them would be from 'Christiania by Lake Miosen to Giovik and the Fille Fjeld *vid* Fagernes, and so to Bergen by Lærdalseren, returning by the southern road and Lake Kröderen.' What they could not determine was, whether to walk or ride or drive; but at last they decided that it was best to do at Rome as the Romans do, and wisely fell back upon the native carrioles.

As these are quite an institution in Norway, they merit a few words of description. Imagine a low light wooden conveyance, somewhat spoon-shaped, with an upright splash-board in front, two very large wheels, and a big apron buttoned down on both sides around the traveller. A sensible conscientious cream-coloured pony is attached to it in front; and behind, perched on a shaky projecting board, is a fair-haired, sallow, phlegmatic-looking peasant, boy or man as may be, who is called a *skyds-carl*. You may drive yourself, if you choose; and if you do, you may possibly flatter yourself that you are lord, if not of all you survey, yet still of the cream-coloured pony in front of you, and may make the pace according to your liking. Never was a greater mistake; the skyds-carl perched behind is that pony's master, not you; and if he chooses to utter in a low tone bur-r-r-r-dar-r, you may flog until you are weary; neither whipping nor coaxing will make the sagacious creature quicken its pace an iota. The *stol-kjærre* or country cart is a square wooden tray with large wheels, and a low-backed seat across the centre, sometimes with and sometimes without springs. The posting stations are more or less picturesque as regards scenery, but are all built upon one plan, of red pine logs, around a spacious yard, which may be tidy or untidy according to the taste of the inmates. Barns or other outhouses form two sides of the square, the house makes the third, and the fourth is supplied by the road. The buildings are roofed very generally with sods of turf, forming a plateau on which long grass and wild-flowers wave luxuriantly. The food to be procured at these stations is good of its kind: salmon, trout, reindeer venison, mutton; and wild-ducks in abundance if the tourist can shoot them—all very tolerably cooked. By way of dessert, there are wild raspberries, strawberries, and molteberries, a yellow insipid fruit of a pale amber colour, which tastes like a rain-soaked raspberry. The only bread to be procured at the up-country stations is *flad-*

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*bröd*, to whose qualities Mr Arnold bears the following affecting testimony: 'It is thin, dry, dusty, full of little bits of straw, and quite tasteless, like the bottom of a hat-box with the paper torn off.'

The household arrangements of these posting establishments are often very primitive. The front door sometimes opens into the sleeping-room of the entire family; and if you arrive any time after nine P.M. you may see on entering the master and mistress of the mansion reposing on a broad high shelf at one end of the room near the stove, while the rest of the family and guests of lowly degree recline around on benches, or on the floor, where they can at least have what room they require. This is a luxury which no tall tourist need expect in a Norwegian guest-chamber; there the beds, although furnished with appliances for making them as wide, if need be, as the famous bed of Ware, are seldom longer than five feet eleven.

The roads, although necessarily steep at places, are fairly good; but most of the bridges are constructed in a very primitive style. The natives are a kind, hospitable, honest, but somewhat apathetic race. Watching their stolid expressionless faces, one cannot help wondering where the superabundant energy of the old vikings has betaken itself to. During the long winter evenings, the women knit and spin a great deal. They provide themselves plentifully with household linen and homespun clothes, which are often of a dark-brown colour, enlivened in the case of the men by a bright scarlet cap, and in that of the women by a white kerchief tied under the chin. In appearance, a small Norwegian farmer is very like an English labourer. His house, built of wood and thatched with sods, is devoid of ornament, but has no lack of solid comfort, and is sufficiently warmed by a huge quaint-looking iron stove.

The women on holiday occasions turn out in the old Norse costume, the chief feature of which is the bodice, which is often made of some bright-coloured velvet, turned down in front with white silk, and laced before and behind, according to our author, 'with several yards of fine silver chain, each chain ending in a silver bodkin, in order that they may be the better threaded through double rows of eyes (in themselves strikingly pretty articles of silver), that run in four lines up the back and front of this showy piece of Scandinavian haberdashery.' Both men and women are very fond of large bright buttons and of silver or plaited ornaments.

Bears abound in the dense forests of Norway and on the high barren uplands; and thrilling stories are told of hair-breadth escapes from these fierce but sagacious animals. A sportsman near Maristuen was one day wandering in a birch thicket, when he suddenly came upon a huge bear regaling itself with raspberries. Bruin was peaceably inclined, and fled; but he instantly gave chase. With a speed perfectly surprising in such a lumbering unwieldy animal, it ran down the hill-side, while he rushed after it in hot pursuit, till on a steep slope of the mountain it suddenly disappeared. There was a little patch of brushwood before him, over which he leaped, and hearing an ominous crashing of branches in his rear, turned round, when there was the bear, which with a murderous growl rushed right upon him. Instinctively he raised his rifle and drew the trigger just in time, for almost at the same moment the infuriated brute seized the muzzle of the piece, which exploding, blew its head to atoms.

A Norse wedding is always preceded by a series of presents from the bridegroom to the bride. First, there are about two dozen meal-tubs of various sizes, elaborately painted; and last and crowning glory of the *trousseau*, there is a wonderful clothes-press. Inside, as far as regards drawers large and small, and brass pegs and racks for crockery, it is a marvel of ingenuity; while outside it is a perfect triumph of art. The ground tint is a warm bright vermilion, painted all over with green and yellow scrolls, enlivened with wreaths of gorgeous flowers, and piles of brilliantly hued fruit, pleasingly interspersed with quaint lovers' knots and bleeding hearts transfixed upon Cupid's darts, in the midst of which are the names and birth-dates of the liberal donor and blissful recipient of this magnificent wedding-gift. A Norwegian maiden, who is generally as sober as a linnet in her ordinary attire, appears on her bridal day glittering in all the colours of the rainbow. On her long fair hair is set an antique crown of silver gilt; and her bodice, stiff as a cuirass, is thickly studded with beads, silver-gilt brooches, and small mirrors. This bridal adornment is too valuable to be the individual property of any Norse belle, but belongs to the district, and is hired out for the day.

The scenery in Norway is remarkably beautiful; the mountain roads often wind along the base of huge gray cliffs with steep dells beneath, where some bright salmon river may be seen sparkling along beneath the gloom of the overhanging pine-trees, or some soft blue lake may be discerned glimmering like a sheet of silver in the sunshine, or pillowing on the stillness of its waveless breast the mighty shadows of the everlasting hills.

At Strande Fjord, one of these lovely lakes, which was shut in by a dark background of pine-clad mountains, whose rugged sides were furrowed with deep torrents and white lines of waterfalls, our travellers found in the pleasant station-house a party of seven English ladies and gentlemen, tempted, like themselves, to make a halt of a few days at this charming spot. Here there was every variety of scenery—lofty mountains, precipitous waterfalls, dense pine forests, and wide undulating stretches of fresh green meadow-land; while in the midst slept the tranquil lake; now kissing with tiny wavelets the pebbles on its silvery shore, now bending away round the bold red cliffs, that guard like weird sentinels this lake Paradise of the North. The face of the huge crags is frayed and worn into deep shadowy caves, whose roofs are tapestried with a profusion of ferns; while by the precipitous margin of the lake, long verdant palm-like fronds wave in the breeze, or stoop to meet sub-aquatic forests of weeds and water-flags.

Lærdalsoren, the highest point which they reached, was a quaint overgrown village, nestling between high green and purple hills. Insignificant as they accounted it, it was a town of no small repute in the surrounding wilderness, for it possessed a doctor, a church, two hotels, and a telegraphic office. Still, in spite of all these advantages, it was an undeniably dismal little

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place, intensely cold, and with nothing to offer by way of comfort for the inner man, except salmon, a viand of which, when confined to it exclusively, people tire sooner than of any other.

Wide ranges of mountains extend all around Lærdalsoren, towering up one above the other in savage grandeur till their jagged snow-clad peaks seem to pierce the sky. Gray and yellow patches of reindeer's moss carpet the sheltered nooks and hollows among the hills, and the deer themselves are abundant: the skyds-carl pointed out a hill where a native sportsman had recently shot nine in one day.

So bitter was the cold, that before they reached Bjoberg, on the downward road, they were half frozen, and could scarcely hold the reins.

From Bjoberg the descent was rapid, and was like the change from Christmas to midsummer; the sun's rays became warmer and warmer, and the breeze more mild, until they exchanged the snow-clad hills, the bleak uplands, and the barren patches of reindeer's moss, for the wild-flowers, the sparkling rivers, and the luxuriant greenness of the northern summer.

At Huftun they found excellent entertainment at the house of Madame Brun, a Frenchwoman, whose superior cookery worthily sustained the high gastronomical pretensions of her nation. Near her pretty house they shot two varieties of the woodpecker, and saw tranquilly sailing in mid-air, a few hundred yards from them, a splendid specimen of the Norwegian eagle.

The most abundant bird in Norway is the magpie, which the peasantry, from superstitious motives, seldom or never kill. There are also great quantities of the hooded or gray crow, abundance of swallows and snipes, and great flocks of wild-ducks of five different kinds. Generally, they are excellent eating; but at the Lillie Strand a black duck was shot, a bird of such a singularly unpalatable and fishy *gout*, that our author jestingly supposed it must be a stray member of the species which the Pope benevolently allows good Catholics to partake of on Fridays.

Grouse, ryper, and woodcock are also found. Grouse one would fancy must be abundant, judging from the experience of an Englishman who is reported to have killed twenty-two brace in one day.

Lake Kröderen they found a pretty placid sheet of water; but after the surpassingly grand and beautiful scenery through which they had passed, it seemed to them tame; and as it was impossible to obtain any refreshment on board the steamboat which plied on its waters, they made no unnecessary delay, but pressed on as quickly as they could to Christiania, whence they repaired, *vid* Jonköping and Helsingborg, to Copenhagen.

The Swedish railways they found very slow, and the country flat and uninteresting, except around Lake Wenern, which was beautiful, and had besides all the interest associated with the birthplace of Linnæus. They passed the little village in which the boyhood of the great botanist was spent, and called to mind that as a child he could not recollect names; and was voted, even at the university of Lund, a most superlative dunce, who could not be made to display much interest in anything except the pursuits of his father and uncle, who were ardent botanists. So poor was the household of this illustrious Swede, that his father could only allow him eight pounds a year for his whole collegiate course; and the poor student while at Upsal had often to mend his shoes with gray paper, and sally forth rod in hand to eke out his slender meals with a few fish from the lake. The country between Elsinore and Copenhagen impressed them favourably; it is, our author says, 'dense with beech and fir woods, and full of glades, lakes, and park-like lawns.'

Copenhagen is a handsome town, with a population singularly English-looking in manners and appearance. Its great point of attraction for our tourists was the Museum, filled with the works of Thorwaldsen, the Phidias of the North. Here, in the middle of a large hall, a cenotaph is erected to the memory of the great sculptor; and around stand the imperishable monuments of his genius, instinct with the classic grace, with the refined delicacy, with the glorious beauty of old Greek art, carried to as great perfection beneath these cold skies of the gray North as ever it was in sunny Athens.

From Copenhagen our tourists returned by Jutland and the Hamburg railway to Calais; having enjoyed their holiday so much, that Mr Arnold recommends 'all the lovers of nature to see Norway as well as Seville before they die.'

## THE ADMIRAL'S SECOND WIFE.

### CHAPTER I.—SURMISES.

A DREARY evening, rain and sleet chasing each other alternately, and making the streets of the busy town of Seabright dismal as streets can well be. Yet there must be some fascination in the outdoor scene, or Katie Grey would not stand so long peering out of the window into the dim dark night. Presently a carriage comes in sight; splash go the horses' feet into the deep mud; there is a quick rattle of wheels, a sudden glitter of white dresses, scarlet cloaks, and brilliant uniforms through the misty windows, and the vehicle passes rapidly out of sight.

Katie adds up on her fingers: 'That makes the tenth carriage. Everybody is invited except us. Why—*why* have we been left out?'

Miss Grey is standing alone in a darkened room. She has turned down the gas, that she may see without being seen, and she remains hidden in the shade of the deep crimson curtains. There is a party at Government House this evening. News has reached her of numerous invitations that have been issued, and she is mystified and perplexed that neither note nor card nor message has found its way to her house. Hitherto Katie has been a favoured guest at the Admiral's. No festive occasion has seemed complete without her presence. She has sung to Sir Herbert Dillworth, played for him, talked to him; and he has stood entranced beside the piano, whispering thanks, that she has interpreted at their full value. 'What can have changed him now?' She has asked herself that question over and over again; but so far no answer has come to her restless surmises. Presently a hack cab comes in sight; and instead of driving past the window,

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it stops suddenly at her door, deposits its burden, and goes on its way. Katie distinguishes a flash of gold-lace and hears the rattle of a sword on the door-steps. Wondering much who can have come to the wrong house, she starts when a servant throws open the door and announces 'Captain Reeves.'

Katie comes out from the crimson curtains in much confusion, vexed at the bare possibility of being suspected of spying at guests more favoured than herself. With a flushed cheek she turns on the gas and quickly goes forward to greet her visitor. Captain Reeves is a tall man, with dark hair, keen dark eyes, and with an unmistakable air of being on perfectly good terms with himself. He wears full naval uniform, and has ribbons and clasps on his breast. His first look at Katie is one of amazement, for he sees she is in her usual home costume, and is not dressed for the party at Government House.

'What! not ready, Miss Grey!' he exclaims quickly.

'Ready for what?' inquires the young lady with transparent dissimulation. Whatever her private discomfiture may be, she has no intention of proclaiming it to all the world—least of all to Walter Reeves.

'We shall be late. Your mamma offered me a seat in your carriage; so I have taken her at her word, and am come to join your party.'

'We are not going to the Admiral's to-night.'

'Not going! Is anybody ill?' He starts back a step, as though the news is incredible; and Katie laughs merrily.

'We are all quite well, thank you; but we don't consider ourselves bound to attend every party. You don't grudge us a quiet evening at home sometimes, do you?'

'O no, certainly not; but I'm sorry your taste for retirement asserts itself to-night. I'm horridly disappointed; and if there's anything in the world I hate, it's these semi-official, stuck-up assemblies. I'd far rather stay here and have a chat with your father.'

Walter Reeves has seated himself by this time, and is watching Katie, as she plucks off a geranium leaf from a stand near her and crushes it between her fingers.

'You'll be sure to enjoy yourself when you get there.'

'I'm very sure I *shan't*. You're the only one I cared to meet! I can tell you the Admiral expects you all.'

'How can you possibly know that?'

'Because he said so. I went to his office this morning about some question of duty, and he suggested I could talk it over this evening with your father, for you were all going to Government House.'

A quick blush rises to Katie's cheeks, giving a wonderful brilliancy to her complexion; just the warmth and tinge needed to make her beauty perfect. She stoops down, apparently to look more closely at the geranium leaf, in reality to hide the glow of triumph that flashes from her eyes, as her rapid thoughts sum up the case. 'So Sir Herbert is not to blame after all. *He* expects me to-night. Who then can have thrown this slight on our household?—I know! I know! Blind that I was, not to suspect it before! Mrs Best, the Admiral's daughter, has done it. She is afraid and jealous of me!' The geranium leaf falls to the floor, but Katie does not notice it, nor does she see that Walter is smoothing it out, to the evident damage of his pure white kid gloves. He is furtively gazing at Katie in a half-vexed, half-admiring manner; thinking how well she looks in that dusky, shadowy, black dress, with that band of crimson velvet in her hair. Not one of the girls at the Government House party, with all their splendour and show and glitter, will match her. He has never seen her equal, except perhaps in the orange groves and sunny gardens at Valparaiso. There he has sometimes met with beautiful women, graceful houris, resolute with beauty and light, tinged and ripened with the glow of that fervid climate.

'You will be dreadfully late at the party. Why do you waste your time here?'

'I am *not* wasting my time; and even if I were, I deserve some amends for being offered the corner of a carriage, and then being thrust out in the cold. I don't care in the least about going,' he exclaims in an aggrieved tone.

Katie laughs, with a gay mocking ring in her voice. 'Oh, you will change your opinion by-and-by, when Mrs Best is singing one of her duets with you.'

'I hate Mrs Best's singing! That tiny pipe of a voice of hers, that she calls "soprano," is nothing to boast of after all. I don't mean to sing a note to-night.'

'Oh, how cruel of you. What will people do? But you will not be able to resist, when Mrs Best begins to persuade you and purr at you. Do you know what she always reminds me of?'

'How can I tell what your fertile imagination may portray?'

'She reminds me of a beautiful Persian cat my grandmother once had—a rare, soft, splendid-looking creature, with lovely white fur, innocent mild eyes, and with blue ribbons round its neck. You would never dream of its cruel claws, till you saw the bleeding scratches on your hand.'

Captain Reeves looks puzzled. 'I don't see the resemblance.'

'No, no; you don't understand my nonsense; so please don't notice it. And now, as you don't seem in the slightest hurry to go to Government House, we won't stay in this cold room any longer. Come up to the drawing-room; they will all be glad to see you.'

'Thanks; no. I must be off now; but remember! the next time I accept a corner in your carriage, I shall make sure you are going, before I dismiss my cab. Good-night.'

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CHAPTER II.—A QUIET EVENING AT HOME.

With a smile still lingering on her lips, Katie hears the door close after Walter Reeves; then she goes up-stairs to join the rest of her household. A calm family scene meets her view as she throws open the drawing-room door. The room is not a large one; but what it wants in size is amply atoned for by the exquisite taste with which everything is arranged and grouped. A few strokes of the pen might describe the well-chosen accessories of curtains, sofas, and carpet; but it would take artistic skill to portray the many touches of prettiness and beauty to be found there.

The few paintings that hang on the walls are marvels of delicate colouring and completeness of design; the ornaments of various kinds about the room are most of them due to feminine cleverness; screens, cushions, chair-covers, all shew that busy graceful fingers have been at work; but they were not Katie's fingers—not the outcome of Katie's industry. *She* has a perfect abhorrence of fancy-work; rarely is she to be found sitting down like other girls to puzzle her head with intricacies of knitting, lace-making, or embroidering. Her plea is: 'I haven't patience for that sort of thing, nor have I taste or time for it. Here Nellie, my dear, you puzzle out this pattern; and while you are doing it, I'll play any amount of pieces you like—Beethovens, Mozarts, Mendelssohns, or Schuberts, which you choose.'

So patient Nellie of the artistic mind and home-loving tastes would pick up her sister's discarded work, and skilfully mould it into wondrous results of aptitude and dexterity.

Nellie is sitting at the table on this evening, bending over a volume of travels. She who rarely leaves the house herself, yet likes to read of scenes of wild adventure and foreign travel, with all their detail of fervid luxuriance and gorgeous scenery. Her delight is in tales of peril and bravery. A piece of bright-coloured embroidery lies beside her. She is evidently reading and working by turns.

At first glance of Katie's youngest sister, one is struck by her sweet countenance and delicately moulded face, the calm blue eyes and thoughtful look. But at the next glance, one sees that her figure is hopelessly deformed. Some blight has fallen on her in early childhood, and closed to her for ever the active pursuits and enjoyments of life. But Nellie is happy and contented in her placid way; she has resources and pleasures of which Katie has never even time to think. The school of weakness and suffering has taught her many a salutary, many a holy lesson. At the further end of the room sits Mr Grey, the master of the household, a thin, wiry, irritable, high-principled man, with white hair and close-cropped white head—a man who thinks himself a very martinet in his strict ideas of discipline on board ship; but who is a tame enough, easily ruled ruler in his own house on shore. He flatters himself he is very firm with Katie, yet she manages to have her way in most things. Mr Grey, with a small table before him, is engaged with navy statistics, making calculations that will open the eyes of the Admiralty some of these days, he thinks.

His wife is the only other member of the family party, and she is a soft, pillowy, amiable, motherly woman, with no very demonstrative ideas of her own, but rather ever proving herself a mild reflector of the thoughts and wishes of the various stronger minds of her family.

It is on this placid scene that Katie dashes like a brilliant meteor. Somehow, she never can do anything quietly. She is never the one to steal into a corner and settle herself down there, lest she should disturb any other person; rather she makes the constant sense of her presence felt; there is always something in her movements that draws attention to her and centres it there. Thus, when she opens the door, they all gaze up at her. Mrs Grey, who has been dozing off now and then into calm forgetfulness, picks up her knitting and looks at her daughter with a sigh. The sigh is one of sympathy, for she knows the depth of the mortification under which her daughter has been labouring, and does not know the panacea has come. She does not know Katie has armed herself for combat, and is quite prepared for a tilt with Mrs Best when the opportunity arrives. No red-skinned Indian with war-paint and tomahawk is more ready for action with a rival chief, than Katie is to assert her power over the Admiral's daughter. True, her weapons are only woman's witchery; true, the disputed prize is only a warrior's heart; yet the strife promises to be difficult, perhaps prolonged. In other words, Miss Grey has said to herself: 'If Sir Herbert makes me an offer, I will marry him; and then Laura Best will discover that even *her* influence does not equal *mine*.'

'Where have you been all this time, Katie?' asks Mrs Grey in a plaintive tone.

'Down in the dining-room.'

'What! in that cold room, alone? You should not mope so, my dear. You should come up here with us, and be cheerful.'

Katie gives one of her ringing laughs as she replies: 'Oh, I have not been moping, mother; neither have I been alone. Walter Reeves called in; and do you know you have half offended him, for you asked him to go with us to Government House.'

'So I did, sure enough. I said we should have a carriage from Robyn's livery-stables as usual, and that there would be plenty of room for him. I little thought *then*, we should not even have an invitation. Was Walter very angry?'

'I daresay he has got over it by this time, and is sunning himself in Mrs Best's smiles. Do you know, mother, I have found out it was Laura who would not invite us to the party? It was not the Admiral's fault after all.'

'I can't see that makes any difference, Katie: the fact remains the same.'

'But it *does* make a difference—a very great one to me; and I'm so glad I've found out the truth at last.'

Katie sees her sister looking up over her book at her with grave reproach in her blue eyes. If Mrs Grey is too obtuse to understand, Nellie is not so blind, and she has a sudden revelation of what it all means. She knows the sublime selfishness of her sister, her ambition, her love of retaliation; and the unspoken reproof makes Katie turn suddenly away and seat herself at the piano. A feeling of defiance actuates the girl at the moment; and she begins at once to sing one of Sir Herbert's favourite songs, one he has often asked for, a stirring vigorous melody, that goes straight to the heart, and wakens up whatever is brave and

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martial in one's nature. Mr Grey closes his books at once; he knows he cannot reckon up decimal fractions while the room is flooded with music and melody, for Katie's rich voice and brilliant accompaniments arrest attention at once. Mrs Grey listens also, and dozes between whiles, thoroughly enjoying her evening at home. Though she would have shaken off her drowsiness, and dressed herself in one of her rich brocaded silks or lustrous moires, and would have accompanied Katie to the scene of action, had she been an invited guest at the Admiral's to-night. Willingly would she have gone through any amount of inconvenience, rather than this handsome daughter of hers should fail of proper escort, or infringe any of the 'thousand-and-one' rules of etiquette.

### CHAPTER III.—AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE.

Captain Reeves is in no placid frame of mind as he goes on his way to the Admiral's. He passes through the grim strong gates at the entrance, near which a sentry is solemnly pacing to and fro. He walks down the long pathway, on each side of which huge tubs of aloes hold out their dark sharp-pointed leaves, and then he goes up the broad brightly lighted stairs. The rooms are already full of people; a confused well-bred murmur of conversation rises from the throng of guests in mingled subdued tones. Sir Herbert is standing inside the larger drawing-room, talking with a group of officers; but he leaves them the moment he catches a glimpse of Walter at the door. He even goes to meet him with a smile of welcome on his lip, looking all the while over his shoulder, as though he expected to see other guests coming with him.

'You are late, Captain Reeves. But where is the rest of your party? Did you not say you were coming with the Greys?'

'The Greys won't be here, Sir Herbert. I called there, but find none of them are going out this evening.'

'Is any one ill?'

'O no; Miss Grey tells me illness is not the cause of their non-appearance. She did not give any reason for their sudden fit of seclusion.'

'Very strange!' murmurs the Admiral; and he saunters away to another part of the room, where other guests speedily claim his attention. A curious observer though, might observe a shadow of disappointment has come over his face, also that he is unusually grave and thoughtful during the rest of the evening.

Sir Herbert is by no means an old man, as some reckon age. He has a grave refined face, keen penetrating eyes, dark hair beginning to grow a little thin on the temples. He wears uniform, and a star that gleams forth upon his breast tells that he has done good service for his country. His composed dignified bearing might well bear comparison with many far younger men in that brilliant assembly. His smile is sweet, and lights up his rather serious face like sunlight; but the Admiral is generally grave; his thoughts are earnest, his life is earnest, and he is not by any means easily moved to mirth.

Walter Reeves, as in duty bound, makes his way towards the lady who at the present holds sway in her father's house. But it is no easy matter to reach her, for the crowd is considerable. Men are lounging about, dressed apparently in every kind of uniform under the sun. The dark-blue of the navy of course predominates, but the marines and several line-regiments are amply represented. Swords, epaulets, and stars glitter and sparkle from every part of the spacious well-lighted rooms.

Elegantly dressed ladies add to the goodly show; and their many-hued robes mingling among the varied uniforms, add brilliant colouring to the scene. Here and there, a few black coats are visible, but civilians are rare on this evening. Walter Reeves, who is fond of pleasant effects, notes all this in his half-careless half-indolent way, as he slowly makes his passage through the throng and advances to the inner room. Mrs Best is seated on a low sofa, looking like a queen in her court, for many and admiring are her courtiers. Red coats and blue coats jostle each other, in the anxiety of the wearers to get speech with the lady of the house. Very pretty and graceful she looks as she sits there, dividing her favours with impartial hand. She has a fair blooming face, bright eyes, and a girlish lively manner. Her dress is of snowy crape, that falls round her like a fleecy cumulous cloud; the pale lavender trimmings that peep forth here and there in fringe and ribbon, are the last faint remains of mourning dedicated to her late husband. To catch the sparkle in her laughing blue eyes, to note her almost flaxen hair and eyebrows, to mark the rounded grace of her youthful figure, one would hardly imagine her to be a mother and a widow. Yet such is the case: she has two visible responsibilities at home in the shape of two little sons, who are at that moment, it is to be hoped, soundly slumbering in their far-away nursery down at Hayes Hill. Laura Best looks like some sunny-hearted merry girl just out of her teens, so innocent and guileless is her countenance, so silvery are her peals of musical laughter. Her sofa is placed in a kind of alcove slightly away from the full glare of the light; on each side fall the soft folds of white lace curtains, for the sofa is placed between two bow-windows. Behind it is a high stand of beautiful plants; many coloured hoyas display their clusters of waxy flowers; delicate white azaleas and rose-tinted and crimson camellias mingle their blooms, and hold their proud heads above their glossy foliage.

Mrs Best smiles to herself as she sees Walter Reeves advancing. A suspicion had been haunting her that as the Greys were not coming, for reasons she knows well, he would frame some apology and decline to put in an appearance. So she holds out her hand to him, playfully chides him for being late, and speedily draws him into conversation—that flows naturally and brilliantly wherever Laura Best chooses to make herself a centre. By-and-by Walter finds himself by that lady's side in the music-room; a small place, draped with rose-coloured curtains and lit with soft wax-candles, and just holding a piano, a harp, and a limited number of performers and listeners. As he takes part in a trio with Mrs Best and Major Dillon, and watches Laura's white dimpled hands running over the ivory notes of the piano, bringing out sweet sounds in her own light rippling manner, he remembers Katie's words about 'hidden claws,' and smiles as he recollects how severe and satirical Miss Grey can sometimes be.

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He remains in the music-room all the rest of the evening, and does not seek to join the various groups of men, who are either talking politics or discoursing naval matters. And when at last the evening comes to an end and he goes out of the gates again, he confesses to himself that the time has passed pleasantly and rapidly enough, even though Katie Grey was absent.

## TRICKS IN THE WINE TRADE.

Amongst articles of daily consumption in this and other countries, perhaps none is more adulterated than wine; and although the attention of the public has been from time to time directed to the evil, the evil seems to continue unabated.

Hamburg has long enjoyed a notoriety for the manufacture of sherry—a merely fictitious article, in which no real sherry has any existence, but which, imported to England, passes muster as genuine wine. Latterly, to the discredit of France, false wines have been largely fabricated and vended in that country; for it is as easy, if not easier, to imitate French wines as the wines of Spain or Portugal. It is well known to persons in France, that Nancy, the ancient capital of Lorraine, bears a bad name as having been the first to set the evil example of a systematic adulteration of French wines, white and red. Lorraine, Alsace, and Luxembourg are notoriously the seat of a very extensive manufacture of spurious wines, some of which owe nothing whatever to the vine. Imitations of the most renowned brands of champagne, such as Rœderer or Clicquot, are here concocted from rhubarb-juice and carbonic acid, made cheap and sold dear. Light clarets, strong St Georges, Macon, and the rough red Roussillon, can be turned out to suit all tastes, merely by re-fermenting squeezed grape-husks that have already done duty, in company with the coarse sugar extracted from potatoes. Various colouring matters are added, such as caramel, cochineal, and the more formidable fuchsine, and the highly tinted compound is ready for the market.

Narbonne, nestling amidst her vineyards, is not much behind northern Nancy in audacious falsification of the strong natural wines that form the staple of her trade. It has long been the custom with these south of France wine-growers to press the grapes a second time with the addition of some water, and to brew a light, thin, vinous liquor, which was doled out in rations to the farm-servants, or sold at an exceedingly low rate. It has lately occurred to them that this second-hand commodity, dosed with tartaric acid, thickened with treacle, and artificially coloured, would pass muster with heedless consumers as good ordinaire; and as good ordinaire, or Wine of the Plains, it is accordingly vended. First class and even second-class wines, it is well to bear in mind, are invariably the vintage of some hill-side or mountain slope, but even the low-lying vineyards of a wine-growing country yield a growth which has deservedly a good name with buyers of moderate means. This good name, unfortunately, the land-owners and métayers of Southern France seem resolved to throw away, in their hurry to be rich.

What most perturbs, not merely the doctors and scientific men of France, but the French government as well, is the deleterious character of the colouring matters employed in palming off mock or inferior wines on the unwary public. The syndicate of Narbonne have formally complained to the Minister of Agriculture that Portuguese, Italian, and Spanish wines, all coloured by elderberries, enter freely into France. But the growers of the Narbonne district have themselves learned to make liberal use of the elderberry and of other ingredients less innocuous. Fuchsine, which is extracted from coal-tar, and of which immense quantities are employed, is the agent in the worst repute; but it imparts a fine ruby-red, and is therefore in high favour. Fuchsine, which is prepared by adding arsenical acid to aniline, is admitted on all hands to be poisonous, although the authorities have as yet hesitated to take vigorous action with regard to its abuse.

There are other colouring principles less dangerous than fuchsine, but still injurious to health, which are in daily requisition for the manipulation of wines. There is caramel, an extract of mallow; pink althæa; Mexican cochineal; rosaline, derived from tar; colorine, and many a fantastically named essence, sometimes of vegetable, sometimes of mineral, or even animal origin. The ammoniacal cochineal which gives so brilliant a dye to the scarlet cloth of an officer's uniform, is decidedly inappropriate as an adjunct to wine. Each ounce of cochineal, it should be known, represents several thousands of cochineal insects boiled down to a pulp, and was once excessively dear. It is cheaper now; and in the July of last year a single grocer of Narbonne sold ten thousand francs' worth of this scarlet colour to wine-growers of the village of Odeillan alone, for the artificial tinting of poor and pale wines.

M. Paul Massot, who in the French Assembly represents the department of the Eastern Pyrenees, has taken the leading part in a sort of crusade for the repression of the new frauds in the wine-manufacture, and has been able to lay before the government a mass of authentic evidence on the subject. It was proved, for instance, by careful analysis that a quart of one especial kind of wine, reddened by elderberry juice, contained no less than half an ounce of alum. It was proved also that the red extract of coal-tar, known as grenate, and formerly flung away as refuse, now commands a high price as an ingredient in the composition of that fuchsine which is now tossed by the hundred-weight into wine-vats.

The best and readiest means of detecting the presence of artificial colouring in wines we owe to the ingenuity of M. Didelot, a chemist in Nancy. A tiny ball of gun-cotton supplies us with the necessary test. Dip it in a glass of the suspected wine, then wash it, and it will resume its whiteness if the wine be pure; if not, it will retain the ruddy colour due to the treacherous fuchsine. The addition of a few drops of ammonia gives us a violet or a greenish hue when vegetable matters have been made use of to impart the desired colour.

Other and more elaborate tests on a larger scale have been devised; and with the aid of acids and ethers of peroxide of manganese, and notably of chloroform, the tricks of the wine-forger have been completely exposed. Even benzine forms, with fuchsine and its fellows, a red jelly that swims on the surface of the discoloured liquor, and by skilfully conducted processes, a precipitate, varying in colour, can in every instance be obtained. Government and the public have now taken alarm,

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and it may be hoped that before long the adulteration, by means of fuchsine at all events, will be effectually checked. It must be remembered that growers and dealers were probably in the first instance quite unaware of the dangerous nature of the convenient drug which gave so tempting an appearance to their stock in trade; but publicity, and the recent seizures of falsified wines which have taken place at Paris, Nancy, and Perpignan, may probably serve to enlighten them upon the subject.

## TIT FOR TAT.

So long as men are what they are, those who can hit will give blow for blow, literally or metaphorically as the case may be, and standers-by will delight in the passage-at-arms.

Certainly it is pleasant to hear a sayer of ill-natured things put down by an intended victim of his cynical tongue. 'The great assembly,' as Manningham terms it, must have greatly enjoyed the discomfiture of a certain Lord Paget, who, oblivious of his own mean origin, thought to extol his superiority by asking Sir Thomas White what he thought of the quality of the cloak he wore. 'Truly,' replied the worthy alderman, 'it seems to be a very good cloth; but I remember when I was a young beginner, selling your lordship's father a far better, to make him a gown when he was sergeant to the Lord Mayor; and he was a very honest sergeant.'

Nor did those behind the scenes at a certain theatre fail to appreciate the situation when a prosperous equestrian's daughter observed to a retired actress: 'After all, you were only a circus artist; my father recollects you well;' and the elder lady retorted: 'I daresay he does, my dear; he used to chalk my shoes.'

When Lincoln and Douglas stumped Illinois as rival candidates, the latter in one of his speeches declared he remembered his opponent when he served liquor behind a bar. 'That's so,' said Lincoln; 'but the judge has forgotten to mention that while I was serving the liquor on one side of the bar, he was drinking it on the other.' A mild bit of retaliation compared with that inflicted by Brougham upon his fellow-actor Burton. In reply to the first-named asking if he had read the last number of the *Lantern*, a comic paper in which Brougham was personally interested, Burton said he never read the thing unless he was tipsy; a compliment his questioner acknowledged with a bow and, 'Then, Mr Burton, I am sure of one constant reader!'

It is well not to shew contempt for a book to its author's face, as newly made Sergeant Murphy learned when dining in company with the author of *Ten Thousand a Year*. He called out across the table: 'Warren, I never had patience to finish that book of yours; tell me what was the end of Gammon?' 'Oh,' said Warren to the lawyer, 'they made him a sergeant, and he was never heard of after.'

Charles Dickens turning over the leaves of a literary lady's album, came upon a page bearing the autographs of Daniel O'Connell and Joseph Bonaparte, and over against them read, in Southey's handwriting:

> Birds of a feather flock together;
> But *vide* the opposite page;
> And thence you may gather,
> I'm not of a feather
> With some of the birds in this cage.

Underneath the Laureate's lines the novelist wrote:

> Now if I don't make
> The completest mistake
> That ever put man in a rage,
> This bird of two weathers
> Has moulted his feathers,
> And left them in some other cage—

a reflection upon the poet's political inconstancy, that called forth a *quid pro quo* from one of Southey's admirers, who thought a man had as much right to change his opinions as to alter his style:

> Put *his* first work and last work together,
> And learn from the groans of all men,
> That if *he* has not altered his feather,
> He's certainly altered his pen.

Seeing that men of all sorts delight in girding at the professors of law and physic, it is strange that instead of making common cause together, lawyers and doctors rather cherish a mutual antipathy, which finds vent in an amusing interchange of asperities. Cross-examining Dr Warren, a New York counsel declared that a doctor ought to be able to give an opinion of a disease without making mistakes.

'They make fewer mistakes than the lawyers,' responded the physician.

'That's not so,' said the counsellor; 'but doctors' mistakes are buried six feet under ground; a lawyer's are not.'

'No,' replied Warren; 'but they are sometimes hung as many feet above ground.' The advantage was with the doctor.

It was on the other side when, disputing as to the comparative merits of their professions, Sir Henry Holland said to Bobus Smith, ex-advocate-general: 'You must admit that your profession does not make angels of men?' and the lawyer replied: 'There you have the best of it; yours certainly gives them the best chance.'

Said a pompous man of money to Professor Agassiz: 'I once took some interest in natural science; but I became a banker, and I am what I am!' 'Ah!' replied Agassiz, 'my father procured a place for me in a bank; but I begged for one more year of study, then for a second, then for a third. That fixed my fate, sir. If it had not been for that little firmness of mine, I should now have been myself nothing but a banker.'

The money-dealer must have felt as small as the American judge who, finding his enforced bed-fellow by no means overwhelmed by the company of a person of his dignity, observed: 'Pat, you would have remained a long time in the old country before you could say you had slept with a judge.' 'True for you,' said Pat; 'and yer Honour would have been a long time in the ould counthry, I'm thinking, before ye'd been a judge!'

Joseph Hume, the economical reformer, having occasion to visit Brussels when Sir Robert Adair was our representative there, mindful of the

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minister's repute as a host, lost no time in leaving his name at the legation. Remembering Hume's constant attempts to cut down official salaries, Sir Robert was inclined to ignore the hint; but taking second thought, invited the troublesome economist to dine with him. Hume put his legs under the ambassador's mahogany in the expectation of tasting the choicest viands and the most exquisite wines, but had to content himself with poor soup and poorer sherry, roast mutton and light Bordeaux, a chicken and a salad; supplemented with Adair's apologetical observation when the banquet was over: 'You see, sir, what these confounded Radicals have brought us to with their reductions. By-and-by, I daresay we shall come to prison diet, with pudding perhaps on Sundays.'

Scribe the dramatist met his match in a nobleman ambitious of gaining a literary reputation by proxy; from whom he received the following curious epistle: 'SIR—I have the honour to propose to you to associate yourself with me in the composition of a drama. Your name will figure by the side of mine; you alone composing the play, and I alone defraying all the expenses of the first representation. You shall have all the profits, for I work only for glory.'

Scribe replied: 'SIR—I have never been accustomed to harness together in my carriage a horse and an ass; I am therefore unable to accept your very kind offer.'

The nobleman closed the correspondence with: 'MONSIEUR SCRIBE—I received your note of refusal to unite our literary labours. You are at liberty not to understand your own interest, but not to allow yourself to call me a horse.'

Would-be wits are apt to have the tables turned upon them. At a dinner in honour of Nick Denton, one of the staff of the Illinois Central Railway, his friend Jack Wallace, intrusted with the toast of the evening, proposed it in this wise: 'The two Nicks—Old Nick and Nick Denton!' Denton rose to respond, saying he appreciated the honour conferred upon him by connecting him with Mr Wallace's most intimate friend, and scarcely knew how to requite the compliment; but as one good turn deserves another, he would give 'The two Jacks—Jack Wallace and Jackass!'

Cham the caricaturist turning into a restaurant, chanced to take possession of the favourite seat of a stock-broker. Upon coming in and seeing how things were, the latter called the proprietor aside and inquired if he were aware that the tall thin stranger occupying his usual place was the executioner. The horrified man hurried to Cham and entreated him to go away, saying M. Heldenrich need not pay for what he had eaten if he would only leave at once. 'Who told you I was the headsman?' asked Cham, without displaying any surprise at what he had heard. The landlord pointed out his informant. 'Ah,' said Cham, as he rose to depart, 'he ought to know me; I flogged and branded him at Toulon not two years ago.'

Hood once took a proper revenge upon some practical jokers who upset a boat before he could get out of it, giving him a thorough ducking. Directly he was safe on land he began to complain of cramps and stitches, and at last went indoors. His friends, rather ashamed of their rough fun, persuaded him to go to bed, which he immediately did. His groans and complaints increased so alarmingly that they were at their wits' end what to do. Mrs Hood had received a quiet hint from the sufferer, and was therefore only amused at the terrified efforts and prescriptions of the repentant jokers. There was no doctor come-at-able; and all sorts of queer remedies were suggested and tried; the poet shaking with laughter, while they thought he was shaking with ague or fever. One rushed up-stairs with a kettle of boiling water, another tottered in under a tin bath, and a third brought a quantity of mustard. Hood then gave out in a sepulchral voice his belief that he was dying; and proceeded to give the most absurd instructions for his will, which his hearers could not see the fun of, for their fright. They begged him to forgive them for their unfortunate joke, and beseeched him to believe in their remorse; till unable to keep up the farce any longer, Hood burst into a perfect shout of laughter, which they thought at first was delirious frenzy, but which ultimately betrayed that the biters were bit.

General Charretie, known some thirty years ago as a capital talker, clever versifier, skilful musician, bold bettor, daring horseman, and dead-shot, was as cool as the proverbial cucumber. He once hired a Hertfordshire manor for the shooting-season, and in following his game was not particular about trespassing on the adjoining estate, belonging to a lord of high degree. The latter's keeper out with his master one morning, heard the General blazing away in an adjoining cover, and calling attention to the intruder's proceedings, was instructed to go and shoot one of the General's dogs and turn him off the ground. 'You had better take my pony; you will get back quicker,' said his lordship; and the keeper cantered away on a perfect treasure of a pony, that its owner would not have parted with for any amount. Upon reaching the spot where Charretie was blazing away at the pheasants, the keeper told him to get off the ground or, by his master's orders, he should shoot one of his dogs.

'Very well,' said the General; 'shoot the old one; but if you do, I shoot your pony; and as I am not sure where my manor ends, I shan't stir.'

The old dog dropped at a shot from the keeper; and before the man could turn round, the pony he bestrode was as dead as the dog.

'Now, my man,' said Charretie in the mildest of tones, 'if you shoot again, the next barrel is for yourself!'

The keeper took to his heels, told the doleful story to his master, who had not made up his mind how to act ere he received a challenge from the General for insulting him by ordering his servant to shoot his setter. Seeing the sort of customer he had to deal with, the nobleman thought it best to come to an amicable arrangement and accept the defeat.

The editor of the *Terre Haute Journal* had the impudence to write: 'The reason why Lafayette doesn't build a rink is this. The ladies of that city have such big feet that no more than four or five could skate in a rink at one time; therefore the concern wouldn't pay.' Whereupon the *Lafayette Journal* retorted: 'It is a number eleven lie. The Lafayette ladies are celebrated for their pretty feet. All's well, you know, that ends well, and the *Terre Haute* editor, afflicted with the daily exhibition of agricultural hoofs, is dying of envy. Goodwin of our city once made a pair of twenty-eights for a Terre Haute belle. He built

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them in the back-yard on a sort of marine railway, and launched them. If ever an old woman lived in a shoe, it was down at Terre Haute.'

Ladies know how to give tit for tat, as a politician learned when, piqued by a fair listener noticing a pet dog while he was holding forth to her on the Eastern Question, he asked how a woman of her intelligence could be so fond of a dog. 'Because he never talks politics,' was the significant reply.

An Englishman attached to the Washington Commission incautiously remarked to his pretty American partner at a ball, that although he had seen many beautiful women, he had not come across a handsome man in the States. 'I suppose there are plenty of handsome men in England?' she observed. 'O yes, lots,' said he; provoking the poser: 'Then why didn't Queen Victoria send some over here?'

## STORY OF A PARTRIDGE AND HER CHICKS.

One morning in the beginning of July an agricultural labourer, in the employment of an East Lothian farmer, was driving a reaping-machine in a field of long grass preparatory to haymaking. In a part of the field that the machine had not yet shorn, a hen partridge was sitting on a number of eggs which were within a few short hours of being hatched. It may naturally be conceived that the bird would hear with no little concern the sharp clipping noise made by the machine as, in its progress up and down the ridges, it approached nearer and nearer to the nest; but like a true mother, she would rather die than leave her nearly hatched young. As the knife of the machine, in quick shuttle-like motion, laid swath after swath of goodly rye-grass level with the ground, the iron fingers of the cutter struck the bird, killed her, and drove her some distance from the nest. To the moment of her death she kept the eggs warm; and the young life within them that she had cherished soon afterwards found protection.

The driver of the machine, who was a kind-hearted man, stopped his horses and gazed compassionately on the poor bird. Soon, however, his attention was withdrawn from the dead bird by hearing numerous minute, plaintive, peeping sounds—as if made by very tiny, fine-throated, tender chicks. Hastily concluding that a brood of young partridges lay buried and struggling for life in the nearest swath of grass, he turned it carefully over and over, in expectation of seeing a number of chicks; but after a diligent search, he could not discover any birds whatever. Still the peeping noises continued. The workman stood silent and listened attentively, in order that his ear might catch the true direction of the sounds. By the unceasing 'Peep, peep, peep,' he was attracted to a little hollow in the ground. There, almost hid from observation, lay sixteen sounding eggs, for it was from the eggs that the peeping chorus proceeded! The farmer, who was in the field, came to the spot where the driver was standing; and he being also of a humane disposition, placed the eggs carefully in his handkerchief, and carried them home to the farmstead, where they were soon placed under a common sitting hen. In a few hours afterwards the partridge chicks had broken open their shells, and were running about their foster-mother crying 'Peep, peep, peep.'

The writer may be permitted to add, that when partridge chicks are hatched by a common hen, they should be intrusted to a gamekeeper or other person who understands the kind of food the birds need, otherwise it will be almost impossible to rear them.

## THE FALL OF THE YEAR.

Coldly and bright draws in the day;
Gloomy and drear it steals away;
For slowly now comes up the sun,
His Summer's ardent labours done;
And low his golden wheel declines
Where Winter shews his starry signs.

No more to earth the fervid beams
Give beauty such as poet dreams;
No more descends the glorious ray,
The rapture of the summer day.
The sky's deep blue is waxing pale,
The sun's inspiring fervours fail;
The slanting beam he gives is chill
Within the vale and on the hill;
And now, with many a jealous fold,
The clouds would all his cheer withhold,
Nor would on plain or height bestow
The soothing of his waning glow.

The flowers are gone, save those that still,
Like friends who cleave to us through ill,
Outbrave the bitter wind that blows,
And deck their season to its close.
The leaves that late were only stirred
By gentlest breath, that only heard
The song-bird's note, round these the blast
Blows keen and fierce, and rude and fast
The rising gale flings far and wide
Their withered bloom and idle pride.
The birds have fled; the wind alone
Makes song in many a sullen tone.

But sudden through the bursting sky
The sun again comes out on high;
The clouds fall back to yield him way,
And fly before his eager ray;
And gladness fills the breast amain—
The glimpse of Summer come again!
Ah! sweet the beam, but like the smile
With which the dying would beguile
The mourning heart—the last sad ray
Love gives to cheer our tears away.
The light is gone, the moment's bloom
Is sunk again in cold and gloom.
So pass away all things of earth,
Whate'er we prize of love and worth—
The form once dear; the voice that cheered;
The friends by many a tie endeared;
The dreams the aching heart forgets;
The hopes that fade to cold regrets.

Sweet scenes, dear haunts, that once I knew,
My heart yet fondly turns to you.
Let seasons change, and be ye bright
With all the Summer-tide's delight,
Or let the Winter's gloom be yours,
Your beauty still for me endures;
For Memory keeps unfaded yet
What Love would have me not forget.

D. F.

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## THRIFT AND UNTHRIFT.

WE lately said a word on Rich Folks, hinting that so far from being the monsters of iniquity which moralists and preachers have for ages denounced them, they are, taken all in all, public benefactors; for without the accumulation of wealth, by means of thrift and honest enterprise, the world would still have been in a deplorably backward condition. Riches are of course comparative. An artisan who by savings and diligence in his calling has insured for himself a competence for old age, is doubtless rich and respectable. Doing his best, and with something to the good, he is worthy of our esteem. What he has laid aside in a spirit of economy goes to an augmentation of the national wealth. In a small way he is a capitalist—his modicum of surplus earnings helping to promote important schemes of public interest.

Great Britain, with its immense field for successful industry and enterprise, excels any country in the capacity for saving. In almost every branch of art there is a scope for thrift beyond what is obtainable elsewhere. Thriftiness, however, among the manual labouring classes was scarcely thought of in times within living remembrance. Savings-banks to receive spare earnings came into existence only in the early years of the present century. Now, spread in all directions, and established in the army and navy, they possess deposits amounting to nearly thirty millions sterling. Besides these accumulations, much is consigned to Friendly Societies; and it is pleasing to observe that within the last twenty years, the artisan classes have expended large sums in the purchase of dwellings purposely erected for their accommodation. All this looks like an advance in thrifty habits—a stride in civilisation.

But after every admission of this kind has been made, it is too certain that vast numbers live from hand to mouth, save nothing whatever from earnings however large, and are ever on the brink of starvation. In this respect, the working classes, as they are usually styled, fall considerably below the peasantry of France, who, though noted for their ignorance, and for the most part unable to read, have an extraordinary aptitude for saving; of which there is no more significant proof than their heavy loans to government when pressed to pay an enormous war indemnity to Germany. As the thrift of the French agriculturists sinks to the character of a sordid parsimony, which is adverse to social improvement, no political economist can speak of it with unqualified admiration. It only shews what can be done by two or three things—the economical use of earnings, the economical use of time, and the strict cultivation of temperate habits. From each of these predominating qualities a lesson might be judiciously taken. Though a lively race, fond of amusement, the French peasantry, and we may add, the peasantry of Switzerland, know the value of time. In them the 'gospel of idleness,' so pertinaciously preached up by indiscreet enthusiasts, has no adherents. In all our experience, we have never seen such assiduity in daily labour from early morn till eve, as among the French and Swiss rural population. They would repudiate any dictation of a hard and fast line as to hours. Time is their beneficent inheritance, to make the most of for themselves and families.

Pity it is that in our own country time is so unthriftily squandered. Obviously there is a growing disposition among the operative classes to diminish the daily hours of labour, to the detriment of individual and general prosperity. When we began life, ten hours a day, or sixty in the week, were considered a fair thing. Then came a diminution to nine, to eight hours, along with whole and half-holidays, but no lowering of wages. How this is to go on, we are unable to explain. We fear that unless something like common-sense intervene, a degree of individual and national disaster will ensue scarcely contemplated by the votaries of 'St Lubbock.' In his late speech at the opening of the Manchester Town-hall, Mr Bright adverted to the awkward consequences of indefinitely shortening the hours of labour. He is reported to

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have said: 'We have for many years past been gradually diminishing the period of time during which our machinery can work. We are surrounded by a combination whose object is not only to diminish the time of labour and the products of labour, but to increase the remuneration of labour. Every half an hour you diminish the time of labour, and every farthing you raise the payment of labour which is not raised by the ordinary economic and proper causes, has exactly the same effect upon us as the increase of the tariffs of foreign countries. Thus we often find, with all our philanthropy in wishing the people to have more recreation, and with our anxiety that the workman should better his condition through his combination, that we are ourselves aiding—it may be inevitably and necessarily—but it is a fact that we are aiding to increase the difficulties under which we labour in sending foreign countries the products of the industry of these districts; and we must bear in mind that great cities have fallen before Manchester and Liverpool were known; and that there have been great cities, great mercantile cities on the shores of the Mediterranean, the cities of Phœnicia, the cities of Carthage, Genoa, and Venice.' Such sentiments are worth taking to heart. The preaching up of recreation, otherwise idleness, has gone rather too far. We begin to perceive that wages can be paid only in proportion to work done, and that if people choose to amuse themselves, there must correspondingly be a new adjustment of payments.

At the late meeting of the British Association, there was some profitable discussion on work, wages, and thrift. One speaker emphatically pointed out that unthrift was more concerned in producing poverty in families than a deficiency in wages. He said, that where there was a deficiency of food 'it would mostly be found that what was wanted had been consumed in drink.' Adding, 'As a matter of fact, the large families did the best, and the greatest men in science and as statesmen were mostly members of large families and younger sons upon whom early struggles for mental growth had produced brilliant results.' This corresponds with ordinary experience. Within our own knowledge, the greater number of persons distinguished in literature, the arts, and in commerce have been the sons of parents whose means of bringing up their families did not exceed a hundred, in some instances not eighty, pounds a year. Yet upon these slender resources, through the effects of thrift—as, for example, the case given by the late Sir William Fairbairn—families of six or seven children were respectably reared, and attained prominent places in society.

In almost every large town is observed a painful but curious contrast in the administration of earnings. On one side are seen the families of small tradesmen making a manful struggle to keep up respectable appearances at a free revenue of not more than a hundred a year; while alongside of them are families earning two pounds a week and upwards, who make no effort at respectability, and are constantly in difficulties. The explanation simply lies in thrift and unthrift. In one case there are aspirations and enlightened foresight; in the other there is a total indifference to consequences. A few weeks ago, the Rev. F. O. Morris, of Nunburnholme Rectory, Hayton, York, communicated to the *Times* some remarkable revelations concerning unthrift. 'A gentleman of my acquaintance,' he says, 'living in a midland manufacturing town, gave me, two or three years ago, the following instances of the unthriftness, or rather the outrageous extravagance, of the artisans there; such cases being quite common, the exceptions only the other way. I must premise that many of them with families were at that time earning from eight to twelve pounds a week; a single man as much as five pounds a week, and yet, though paid on Saturday evenings, they would come on the following Monday night to ask the manager for an advance of the next week's wages. And this not for any legitimate expenditure, for even those who had families lived generally in one room, kept no servant, and only employed charwomen. Nevertheless, well they might be in want of ready-money, for often you would see a party setting out on a Sunday for an excursion to some place or other in a carriage with four horses, and dressed in the most extravagant manner, but at the same time with much taste, owing no doubt to their employment being in the lace-trade.

'A charwoman told the wife of my informant that she knew one married couple who can earn seven pounds a week who often came to her on a Thursday to borrow a shilling, their money being all gone. They lived in two rooms, very badly furnished. A needle-woman also told the lady that she knew a couple who earned eight pounds a week, or even more, between them, who lived in two rooms wretchedly furnished, without even a cup or saucer, besides the two they used, to give a friend a cup of tea; that the woman would give four or five guineas for a dress, and had given as much as six guineas, which she would wear all day, from the first thing in the morning till it was shabby, when she would buy another as expensive, or even more so, according to the fashion. She never cooked their own dinner, but bought the most expensive things, took them to a public-house to be cooked, and dined there, eating and drinking afterwards. The "hands" in the trade of the place would often order, for one week, black tea at 4s. a pound, and green at 6s. Thy would also buy cucumbers at 1s. and 1s. 6d. apiece, beefsteaks for breakfast at 1s. 3d. a pound, and would only eat them fried in butter; salmon in like manner when it first came in at 3s. or 4s. a pound, and lamb at a guinea a quarter. For more light fare they would buy oysters at 2s. or 2s. 6d. a dozen, put down gold on the counter, and eat them as fast as a man could open them for them. My friend saw two men thus eat 10s. worth standing at a stall in the market-place. A man earning L.3 a week, paid on the Saturday evening, got into a row with the police on the Sunday, was fined 25s. on the Monday, and not one out of a hundred or more of his fellow-workmen could advance him the money to pay the fine with, and he had to borrow it of the foreman. Another was earning L.4 a week. His master told him he ought to lay by. "Oh," said he, "I can spend all I make." "But," said the master, "what shall you do, if the times are bad, with your wife and children?" "Let 'em go to the Union," said he. The master himself told my friend this. Mr Baker, the Inspector of Factories, in one of his Reports, stated that a moulder, his wife, and boy on an average earn

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L.5, 10s. 6d. a week. He mentions a case of a moulder, his wife, and three children earning L.8, 7s. 2½d.

'How can we wonder, with such facts as these before us, that Mr Sandford, Her Majesty's Inspector, stated in one of his Reports: "Out of 50 (lads) examined in nine different night schools, 29, or 58 per cent., could not read. These night scholars are certainly not the most untaught of the collier lads. 'There's none of them as can read in our pit,' I heard two young colliers say; 'no, nor the master neither.' And yet we wonder that our colliers do not invest their earnings wisely."

Loud and prolonged has been the denunciation of public-houses as the cause of crime and misery—so easy is it to mistake secondary for primary causes. While admitting that public-houses scattered in profusion are the cause of many evils, we go a little farther, and looking for what produces the cause, find that it consists in depraved tastes, want of self-respect, unthrift. To a man of elevated tendencies and intelligent foresight, the number of public-houses is a matter of no importance. He passes by the whole with indifference. Their allurements only excite his pity. He scorns their temptations. It is to this pitch of fortitude we should like to see the weak-minded brought, through education and the habitual cultivation of self-respect, along with a deep consciousness of responsibilities. In therefore so exclusively attacking public-houses as the cause of intemperance, we are in a sense beginning the process of cure at the wrong end. We are expending energies on secondary causes, leaving the seat of the disease untouched. Under infatuations of this kind, the misdirection of moral power is pitiable. The subject is wide, and might be expatiated on to any extent. We here confine ourselves to the remark, that the thing to cultivate is Thrift—not only as regards the expenditure of money but expenditure of time, and in saying this we fear that those who have systematically, though with good intentions, advocated a degree of recreation that must be deemed excessive and dangerous, have not a little to answer for in promoting habits of unthrift.

W. C.

## FROM DAWN TO SUNSET.

### PART II.

### CHAPTER THE ELEVENTH.

It was about this time, or some three or four days after Kingston's arrival, that Mistress Dinnage was sitting—languidly for her—at the door of the lodge. Mistress Dinnage lived a life of constant energy; she did not sit and lament; she had her sorrows; but they were closed within the proudest heart that ever beat, and no man knew of them. But all the more dangerous is the stern sorrow that feeds upon itself, the aching, ever-present grief, so stoically disregarded. Mistress Dinnage indulged in neither tears nor regrets; bravely she did her duty day by day, and never would sit down to court a sweet and fancied dream. But when evening came, what had she to do? Father was not home; the tall clock in the corner went tick, tick, tick! Lady Deb was busied with her kinsman Kingston Fleming; old Marjory was no companion to Mistress Dinnage. Lives are so different. In some more genial lives, in some gay changeful or adventurous life, sorrow and despair are kept at bay. In contrast to this life of Margaret's, there was May Warriston far away, dreaming through courtly galleries, gazing on splendid pictures, listening to ravishing music, kneeling before gorgeous shrines. Amid such scenes as these, the heart-strings may be tuned to never a discordant note. But in eternal calm, in depressing sickness, in dreary hours of solitude, *then* the grim spectre looks on us face to face. We may work; ay, but when we pause to rest? Work, everlasting work, gives a stern sense of satisfaction and the comfort of 'something done;' but unlightened by sweeter moments, neither softens the heart nor strengthens the mind. Under that stern government, imagination sleeps, thought grows torpid, the poor wounded soul is grasped within the iron hand it defies. Nature herself lies bruised and bleeding.

In the hours of hard work and daylight, sorrow was to Margaret Dinnage unheeded, unheard, uncared for; but when forced inaction came, when the little room darkened slowly, and the lightest whisper of the breeze began to be heard above the hushed tumult of the world, then the tall clock told a monotonous tale moment by moment to the proud still heart—a tale of solitude and hopeless calm. She would go to the porch not to hear it; but to go out and roam about the happy fields she could not, for there she had played when a child. No; better stand at the door and watch; father would be coming soon.

One evening as Mistress Dinnage thus watched, the gate swung to; not the stooping form of old Jordan Dinnage, but a tall and tower-like figure loomed through the gloaming and darkened the doorway. Loud and full beat the heart of Mistress Dinnage; she could not speak. For the first time for years, she and Charles Fleming were alone.

'Who is at Enderby?' he asked, in a short stern voice.

'Mistress Deborah,' she answered, with hurried breathless utterance, 'an' Master Kingston Fleming.'

'Not my father?'

'No.'

'Has Master Sinclair been here lately?'

'Yes; he was over yesterday morning.'

Then the gloaming parted as it were to admit of a blink of sunshine, and the dark eyes that were gazing up sought the haggard eyes that were gazing down upon them, and all in a flash. Twilight and the wild sweet solitude around them drew those proud hearts together with a power that yearning nature could not resist. The spell of Love was woven around them. Not one word was uttered: stern silence, weary endless longing, pride, grief, trouble, despair, all were now hushed in one long embrace. Long and wordless as had been

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estrangement, so swift and wordless the wooing; no syllable was needed to tell what the soul had known.

What mattered it in that supreme moment that he was a hunted ruined fugitive—that she was a poor and penniless girl—that they met but to part again? The sweet summer breeze was blowing round them; the trees trembled with gladness overhead; they were young; the world was wide and free. The solemn warning voice of the old clock, for them spoke in vain.

When Mistress Dinnage could speak, she whispered on his breast: 'Thou'rt in trouble.'

'In trouble? Yes.' Then, with a reckless laugh, he took her face between his hands, and answered by wild and passionate kisses.

'Nay; thou must speak,' she went on earnestly, and holding back his head with her little hands. 'Kisses will not aid thee, or I would kiss thee till I died. Speak, Master Fleming! Art thou ruined?'

'Ay; stick and stone.'

'I saw it in thy face, only now the love-light covers it. Oh, how canst thou look so glad for my poor love, when thou'rt ruined and *disgraced?* Bethink thee, Master Fleming. Thine old home will go to strangers. Thy sister will share in thy disgrace. Thy father will go in sorrow to the grave. Thou'rt ruined, disgraced, *dishonoured!*'

He caught her to his heart, and then held her wildly from him, regarding her with infinite pathos. '*And wilt thou throw me over, Meg?*'

Then spoke she anxiously: 'What is it thou mean'st? Speak out to me. Let there be no secrets and no riddling. Dost thou love me *truly?*'

Then answered the proud liquid glance of those dark eyes; and whispered the youth low in her ear: 'I would like to kill thee for this questioning! *Truly*, love? Dost thou know Charles Fleming so little, that thou'rt in doubt? that thou canst believe he could wrong the only girl he ever loved? Ruffian, gamester, roysterer though I be, I would keep thee pure as snow—snowdrift. Thou shalt make me a better man, who knows? For thy love I thirst, Meg, and have thirsted long. Now—ruined, an outcast, a fugitive, is the moment I choose to seek thee! Wilt have me, Meg, for better, for worse? Wilt share the fortunes of a sinner? Perilous, comfortless, will be thy lot, love. Wilt thou be my wife?'

She could not speak; she answered by a low cry of love and joy. What recked Mistress Dinnage of the proud grand home and the heir of the Flemings, all passed away! She loved—with all the pure abandonment of a woman's love—this houseless wanderer.

So came Charlie Fleming, and went, and haunted in the twilight round Enderby, and no one knew of it save Mistress Dinnage. She was put about, dismayed, torn by anxiety by all she heard; and the two loves of her life, the loves of father and lover, were wrestling wildly in her soul. Though fearing for her lover, yet, strange inconsistency, her step was light as air, her heart was filled with a new joy, and her eyes with happy tears.

'I must go,' thought Kingston Fleming desperately to himself, the morning after the above scene. 'The old fellow won't turn up, neither does Charlie. I mustn't compromise *her*. But she must not be alone. I doubt—I doubt sorely about the future. Poor sweet child! I will speak to old Marjory; she must hold that flighty Mistress Dinnage in the house. And I will get Deb to send for May Warriston.' So thinking, Kingston went into the garden, where he saw Deborah at her flowers, and abruptly he began: 'I am come to say farewell, Deb. Don't look scared, little coz; you shall not be left alone.'

'Then whom shall I have, King?' she asked, clinging suddenly to his arm. 'Father is away; Charlie is away; and I am in hourly fear of evil tidings. You say, *not alone!* O King, I shall be alone indeed!'

'Little one, I am going to write to May Warriston, to beg her to come and bear you company. Meantime, I am going to see your father. I know his whereabouts, love; I will send him home to-night. And have ye not Marjory, Jordan, and your beloved Mistress Dinnage?'

'Ay, I have them all. But what are weak women and a poor old man compared to your size and strength? With you, King, I am safe. In your presence I can be thoughtless and glad again. In your presence—I am happy.'

'O Deb, Deb! Don't persuade me. I mustn't stay with you. Ill tongues will be talking of you and me.'

'What! of brother and sister? Of kinsfolk? It cannot, cannot be. But let the world talk! What matters it? Will you, for paltry slander, forsake me at this strait?'

'Not forsake you, but consider you. Let go my hand, Deb! I am easily unmanned nowadays. I must go.'

'Well, go, go!'—and she pushed him from her. 'And indeed I would have you seek my father, King, for I am very sad at heart. Cheer him up; comfort him; wean him from his temptation if you can. It is that terrible gambling that is the ruin of the Flemings. Oh, tell him so! But above all things, send him home, for I have a dark, dark foreboding on me; and this night alone at Enderby would drive me mad.'

'He shall come.'

'Then go, King, quickly.'

'You are in a hurry to be rid o' me, now. Good-bye, sweet Deb; good-bye. You will not come and see me off?'

'Nay; I cannot.'

'Well, good-bye, Enderby.' Kingston Fleming bared his head and gazed round, strangely moved, at the old familiar scene. His keen blue eyes grew dim. It did not shame his manhood that tears were drawn like life-blood from his heart, as he nobly renounced a sore temptation. 'Good-bye, Enderby; good-bye.'

He was gone. But still Deborah Fleming, amid her gay and dazzling flowers, seemed to see him standing there, a tall graceful figure, a face full of sadness and regret, a bared head that reverently bowed its adieus; and the words still rang in her ears: 'Good-bye, Enderby; good-bye.' Ten short minutes and all life had changed for her; only when he was gone, she waked to her despair. The sun had ceased to shine, the birds had ceased to sing, the flowers to bloom. She left her gathered flowers to die, and went home like one stunned.

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### CHAPTER THE TWELFTH.

Sir Vincent did return that night; he had seen Kingston, he said. He was very late, and he was tired. He asked Deborah if Mistress Dinnage were with her.

'Yes, dear father. But you are going to sleep at home?'

'Ay; but I may be off early—too early for even thee, my bird of dawn.'

'Nay, father; I will be up, not to see thee off, but to hold thee here. Thou shalt not go to-morrow!'

He smiled. He looked pale. He kissed her fondly.

'Lady Wilful, I must. I want to see my boy. He is ever in trouble.'

'Nay; think not about it to-night, father. King has promised to find him out.'

And so they parted. Weary-hearted, with all the brightness called up for her father laid aside, Deborah sought her chamber, weeping. She recalled, the night when her father had told her Kingston Fleming was betrothed, her wild despair. But she was a child, and the bright morrow had then brought hope and healing. Now she was a woman, and a woman's sorrow lay deep within her breast. Tired out, Deborah undressed and lay down on her bed, not to wake and weep, but to sink into a deep dreamless slumber. . . .

With a start she awoke. A start often wakes us from the soundest sleep, as if some spirit spoke. Deborah Fleming was so wide awake in a moment that she saw through her open window the little pale ghost of the waning moon, the drifting clouds flitting by. A strange feeling was on Deborah. Had she been dreaming that she had seen a light shining under her father's door? Dream or vision, she seemed to see it still, and was irresistibly drawn thither by a mysterious inner sense of alarm. She must go to her father's room, to see that all was well. With a wildly beating heart, she threw on her dressing-gown and went swiftly out. Gray dawn filled all the passages, a gray cold dawn, and the little birds were beginning to twitter. But yes—oh, strange and true, a light was glimmering under her father's door!

Deborah heard him moving; she knocked. 'Father!'—No answer.—'Father!'

'Who is there?'

'Deborah! Father, open your door; I must speak with you at once.'

She tried the door: it gave way; and Deborah saw a room scattered over with papers, in the wildest confusion. The window stood open, and Sir Vincent, looking gray and haggard in the uncertain light, stood against the table in the middle of the room. He was dressed; his long white hair was ruffled; his face was gray, pale; his eyes gleamed strangely on Deborah from under their lowering brows.

'Father!' said Deborah, 'my father!' A great trembling was on her, he looked at her so strangely; but she kept outwardly calm. She laid her hands upon his arm, and then her eyes fell from his troubled face to his trembling hand, which was striving vainly to hide something amongst the papers on the table. Deborah saw the handle of a pistol; she drew it out, and regarded him steadfastly. 'Father, father! what is this?'

He turned from her; his white head was bowed with shame in his hands, and she heard a bitter sob.

'I know it now,' said Deborah, with terrible calmness. 'God called me here. O dear father, what have you thought on? To get free of ruin, you would kill your soul. Kind heaven have mercy on thee! You would leave me, father; you would leave me and Charlie.' She flung the pistol out of the room; she threw her arms round him. Sobs were shaking the strong man's frame.

'O never think to leave me alone, father dear. It was sinful of you not to call me; you might have known your little daughter would sooner share your death, than wake to find you dead.'

'God forgive me, Deb; God forgive me;' and he sank into his chair faint, trembling, shuddering. Deborah, on her knees beside him, scarcely knew her proud father, he was so unmanned. She waited in silence, with her head laid down on his knee. When he could speak, he said: 'I see God's hand in this; I believe in Him as I never believed before. Child! nothing less than a miracle brought thee here, as heaven is my witness; in another moment, Deb, I should have been a dead man. I had the pistol in my hand; may He forgive me, Deb!'

Then Deborah looked up white and calm: 'What could have induced you, father? What ruin could be great enow to justify so great a sin? The loss of house and lands? Let them go. You and I had better live in some poor honest way, than keep at Enderby. Let it go. It is no great matter, so long as you have your children's love.'

He groaned. 'It isn't all, Deb; ruin isn't all. We have that, and enow. But ye know the old saying, "Death before dishonour."—Charlie, Charlie!' and the father's tremulous lips struggled piteously to utter more.

'Has Charlie *disgraced* us then? How, father?'

'God forbid that I tell thee how. My boy has killed me.'

'Will *money* save him, father?' The stern low voice scarcely seemed Deborah Fleming's.

'Money, ay; but we are beggars.'

Deborah started to her feet. 'Well, think of it no more; you are wearied to death, my father. Thinking won't right you nor save Charlie. Sleep in peace, father, for I will save ye both this day.'

He stared in her face. 'Heaven bless thee, Deb. I know not what thou say'st. I think my brain is shaken, Deb. But *thou'rt* my only stay.' With that, the heart-broken old man, fallen so lowly from his high estate, lay down, and fell into a deep sleep. Not so Deborah.

Late in the morning, Sir Vincent awaked, and called for his daughter. It seemed that she was near, for he had scarcely called before she stood beside his bed. His strength was recruited; the strong and nervous spirit had regained its power, and lived again in torture. He gazed up at Deborah, piteous in his grim sorrow; still, in all his strength, he turned to her: 'Deborah, my child, what is to be done?'

'I am decided, father. I will be Adam Sinclair's wife. He has money enow to buy Enderby. Look you, you have nothing more to say; only see that he knows he may marry me.'

'Thou 'lt marry Adam Sinclair! Deb, art in earnest? Can ye do this? But does it vex ye, love? Does it grieve ye *too* much?'

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She looked so calm, he could not believe this sacrifice, but half believed her indifferent; he was sorely trembling.

'Nay, father. How vexed? how grieved? Ask me no questions. You know, father, I was always "Lady Wilful," and very firm. Here now is a note writ by mine own hand to *him*. I am decided.'

Sir Vincent rose up; he knew not if he were most glad or grieved or scared, as he took her in his arms and blessed her. Never had Deborah received love or blessing so passively. She put the note in his hands, and looking at him with her great gray earnest eyes: 'Sweet father,' she said, 'it must needs be soon; and that he may know that I am in earnest, I have left that "soon" to him. I am sincere with him, father, and I tell him I have no love to give; but I would fain save Enderby; and so I ask him if he will save Enderby for love of me, and yet leave me free. There is a loophole, father, for I have no wish to wed. But if he must wed Deborah Fleming, and only this will move him, I am ready. But as he will choose the wedding-day, I stipulate for freedom till that day, never to write nor meet till the bells ring for the wedding. Let me be Deborah Fleming till then, and forget Adam Sinclair! Lovers and wooing I cannot abide. And life is long enow from the wedding to the grave!'

Sir Vincent stood with the letter in his hand. 'Deborah, ye speak strangely; yet you are smiling, and your eyes and cheeks are bright. Little one, tell thy wretched father if thou'rt unhappy over this? Speak, Deb, darling; and if it grieves thee, I will see myself in jail, and Charlie on the gallows, ere thou shalt sacrifice thy life. Deborah, be honest with me.'

'Why, I am honest always. It will not hurt *me*. I will be a good wife to him till the day I die, if it must needs be so. But would you have me say I love him, reverence him? This cannot be. But if he will not save Enderby otherwise, I will be his wife. Of the rest—I will not ask you—I dare not. But Charlie shall be saved.'

At these words Sir Vincent fell on his knees, and kissed his child's dress like one beside himself, and then pale and wordless, rushed away. . . . Then Deborah was left *alone*. The gay sun was shining in, and the birds were singing from far and near; away up, Deborah's pet bird the skylark was pouring out his supreme song of freedom in the blue fields of space. She heard the trilling cadence from the wild bird's throat. It drew her to the window, where she leaned out, and drank in those delirious strains of joy, and stretched out her arms to the blue sky, and thought of the little nest where the bird would drop, when tired with wandering and with song. Could she be Deborah Fleming? Would the messenger now speeding to Lincoln Castle bring her back freedom, or death in life? She must wait, she must wait! Meantime, the o'ercome was ringing in her ears of an old song that Kingston Fleming whistled when a boy, and the sweet warm sun was shining on her, and Deborah laid her aching head and her arms down on the window-sill and fell fast asleep. It was then that Mistress Dinnage stole in; her face too was pale and grave, but not so pale as the sleeping one over which she leaned. With her hands clasped, she stood regarding it till her lips quivered, and tears of troubled anxiety started to her eyes. 'Ay,' she said with stern tenderness, 'you will die for him yet; but *I* would die for *him* and *you*.' Then softly and in tender care, young Mistress Dinnage passed a soft cushion under the little head, and laid a light shawl over Deborah to shield her from the sun, and stole away.

## MARKET-GARDEN WOMEN.

WHILE the fruit-harvest is in progress, travellers through the western outskirts of London will doubtless have noticed the numerous gangs of women employed in gathering and packing fruit and vegetables for market; the railway in that district running for several miles through market-gardens and orchards. The peculiar dress of these women—consisting of a large calico sun-bonnet, brightly coloured neckerchief, short skirts reaching scarcely below the knee, and large holland aprons—is alone sufficient to attract attention, even in the momentary glimpse one obtains of them as the train sweeps past. Daily, in sunshine and rain, these women are busy collecting the fruit and vegetables which are nightly conveyed to the London markets; and as some knowledge of their manner of life and the amount of their earnings may prove interesting, we offer to our readers the substance of a conversation held with a member of one of the gangs during the earlier part of the season.

'Do we get pretty good wages? Well, you see, sir, it all depends on the season. Just now, when strawberries are in and peas, we can earn as much as thirty shillings a week—some weeks more. Raspberries and beans we do pretty well with, but gooseberries and currants ain't so good: eight-and-twenty shillings a week is as much as we can make at those, working hard and long for that. Of course we have to work long hours, beginning at four or five o'clock in the morning, and keeping at it till eight and sometimes later at night, generally taking about an hour's rest at dinner-time. But as we gather all the fruit by piece-work, and so to speak, our time is our own, what dinner-time we take depends on what sort of a morning's work we've made—sometimes longer and sometimes shorter. You see, this is how we work. In my gang there's six of us, that have always worked together for a good many years now. We get one on each side of a row of strawberries or raspberries or peas, or what not; and when one basket is full, we puts a few handfuls in our apron, always managing so as to take in all the baskets full together; and then at night, when our work is counted up, we share it equally amongst us. We always know every night how much we have made, but only get paid once a week, on Saturdays: Saturday, you know, being an easy day with us, on account of there being no market on Sunday. Our missis is very good that way: every Saturday, afore twelve o'clock, there is our money, much or little; though there is some of the masters as think nothing of keeping their women waiting about till six or seven o'clock at night before they pay them, and perhaps then only gives 'em a part of it; which comes hard on folks as live from hand to mouth, as we have to do; the shop at which we deal only giving one week's credit—pay up one Saturday night, and run on as much as you like till the next; or if you don't pay up, no more credit till you does.

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'Apples and pears and such-like fruit we have nothing to do with—men gather *them* in. In fact as often as not the master sells the fruit as it stands on the tree, and the buyer has to get his own men to pluck it. But there's always some sort of fruit or vegetables to be gathered from the beginning of spring till the end of summer as we can do by piecework; and then the potatoes come in, which we pick up after they've been turned out of the ground by men or by a machine; but that we does by day-work, getting one-and-sixpence a day when we work from six to six; and one-and-twopence when we work from eight till dark. In winter-time there's always something to be done dibbing in cabbage-plants, weeding, and such-like; but what with sharp frosts and heavy snows, we don't earn much then, perhaps doing three or four days' work in a week. Of course if we haven't had the sense to put by some of the money we make in the good times of summer, times come cruel hard on us in the winter; and very few of us like to apply to the parish if we can anyhow help it. Not but what our missis is good to us in that way, often finding us a day's work when it ain't needed, and always giving us a half-pint of beer at the end of the day; which we can't claim, you know.

'We don't take much count of rain either winter or summer, because, you see, people will have their fruit and vegetables fresh gathered; and so we wrap ourselves well up and make the best of it. As I said before, Saturday we don't do much; but then we have to make up for it on Sundays, so as to send the fruit fresh to Monday's market.

'Don't we suffer from rheumatics? Well, you mightn't think so, but it ain't often any of us ails much. You see, being out in all weathers, we get hardened to it; and besides, we always take good care to keep our feet warm and dry—that's why we wear such heavy boots; and that's the chief thing to look after, if you don't want to catch cold; so people say. There ain't many of us but what is on the wrong side of thirty; four out of *my* gang being widows this many a year, with grown-up sons and daughters; and it's the same in most gangs. Sometimes we have young women amongst us; but there's not many of 'em stays at it after they are married; not all the year through, I mean; perhaps coming for a day or two at the busiest times; but even then it hardly pays them, if they have a young family about 'em. The gangs of young women as you sometimes see, we don't count as belonging to us; they only coming up from Shropshire mostly—for a month or six weeks at the busiest part of the season. Children we never have working with us, I suppose because they wouldn't be careful enough about not crushing the fruit; which as *you* know, it would never pay to send crushed fruit into market. For my part, I'm very glad as there is no children allowed amongst us, as though it ain't very hard work, it's terribly tedious and back-aching. When our children is old enough, we send the girls out to service somewhere; and there's always plenty of work for the lads, of some sort, about the farms; which is a good deal better than breaking their backs at *our* work.

'We all of us in my gang live hereabouts, in those little cottages that you see yonder. Three shillings a week the rent of 'em is; but then there's a good piece of garden-ground at the back; and most of us has lodgers, young men what work on the farms and in the gardens mostly. Four rooms there is in my cottage; and I have three lodgers, sometimes four, two sleeping in one room. Good lads they are too. You see, as they get home before I do, I always lay my fire in the morning before I go out; and a neighbour of mine sets it alight in time for the kettle to be a-boiling when they come in to their tea at six o'clock; and they never misses leaving a potful of good strong tea for me to have when I get home; which you may be sure is all the more grateful through being the only hot drink I get all day, having only a drop of cold tea, which I carry in that can there, for my breakfast. And maybe if we are working near a public-house, we club up, and one of us goes and gets a drop of beer to drink with our dinners.

'If it wasn't for the lodgers, the gardens wouldn't be much use to us; but they generally take it in hand, and often comes to take a pride in it; so that we are never short of such vegetables as are in season; which helps a good way towards the rent. They also chop up my wood and fetch my water for me, and make themselves handy in a score of ways; indeed if I lost my lodgers, I don't know what I should do. It ain't much cooking I do in the week; but what there is to do I do after I come home. On Sunday the lads always look for a hot dinner; which when I'm at home, I cook for them; and when I 'm at work I get all ready on Saturday night, and one of 'em takes it to the bakehouse to be baked. When we do work on Sundays, if we anyhow can manage it, we try to get done by three or four o'clock, so as we may be in time to dress and go to church; which as a rule we mostly do.

'I can't read nor yet write, and I don't suppose as there's a-many amongst the oldest of us as can. It wasn't much chance of schooling girls like us got in my time, as we was sent out to work at something or other when we was about nine or ten. I did go to school for a little while; but if I learnt anything I must have forgotten it again. The young ones are better off for the matter of that, and are always willing to read or write a letter for us when we want 'em.

'Nineteen years I've been at it regular now, sir; and though I was left a widow with seven children, the oldest of 'em only ten and one at the breast, I'm proud and thankful to say as we've never had any need to ask once for a loaf of bread even from the parish, and trust as we never shall. I ain't the only one either, for there's Mrs Amblin as lives next door to me was left with nine children, oldest only twelve, and has lived to see 'em all doing for themselves without being beholden to nobody for a crust of bread. Some years, when the fruit has been backward or scarce, we've had a very close push to make ends meet; but it has only taught us to be more careful when we have a good season, and to put by a little more towards a bad one. We don't use any bank, bless you! what little we can manage to put by, we generally likes to have handy where we can put our hand on it when we want it. Of course, there's no telling what may happen; but while I have my health and strength left me, I shall always be able to earn as much as I need; and if it should happen as *they* fail me, well, what with lodgers and the shilling or two my children will help me with, I daresay I shall struggle along somehow. Mostly, though our children don't come to be much more than field-

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hands and farm-labourers, when the time comes they don't begrudge what is due to their parents, and manage somehow to keep 'em out of the workhouse. Not but some of 'em goes to the bad, as might be expected, seeing the little schooling we can afford to give them, and the temptations there is for them nowadays; but it is only here and there one, and they generally finish up by listing for a soldier, which soon steadies 'em. One of my lads is away now in the East Indies; and though I don't often hear from him, he seems to be getting on quite as well as ever he 'd ha' done at home. Our girls mostly gets acquainted with one or other of the men working about the place where they are at service, and get married, sooner perhaps than what we old folks think they ought to—about nineteen or twenty—and settle down near where their husbands work.

'We don't get much chance of holidays when once the season begins, until it is over; because, you see, sir, the master must keep the market supplied; and if he finds one of us not to be depended on to do our work every day, he very soon gets somebody in her place that is; which perhaps is one reason why young women never care to settle down to our life. Altogether, our work ain't so very hard; and if we do have to keep at it for a many hours at a stretch, it 's all in the open air, which is a good deal better than being shut up in the walls of a factory; and if we are anyways steady and careful, we can always make sure of a pretty good living. So that you see, sir, there 's many as is worse off than us poor garden-women.'

## SEA-SPOIL.

Somewhat more than a year ago, we called attention to the changes which are to be perceived in the relations of land and water; the action of rivers on the land, and the influence of delta-lands in restoring land, to the earth, being noted in the article alluded to; whilst the destructive action of the sea on many points of the coast was also detailed. In the present instance we purpose to examine a few of the more typical cases of sea-action viewed in its destructive effect upon the land, and also some aspects of earth-movements which undoubtedly favour the destructive power of the ocean.

As regards these destructive powers, much depends of course on the nature of the rock-formations which lie next the sea. A hard formation will, *cæteris paribus*, resist the attack of the waves to a greater extent than a deposit of soft nature; and the varying nature of the coast-lines of a country determines to a very great extent the regularity or irregularity of the sea's action. A well-known example of a case in which the ocean has acquired over the land an immense advantage in respect of the softness of the formations which favoured its inroad, is found on the Kentish coast. Visitors to Margate and Ramsgate, or voyagers around the south-east corner of our island, know the ancient church of Reculver—or the 'Reculvers' as it is now named—as a familiar landmark. Its two weather-beaten towers and the dismantled edifice are the best known objects amongst the views of the Kentish coast; and to both geologist and antiquary the 'Reculvers' present an object of engrossing interest. In the reign of Henry VIII. the church was one mile distant from the sea; and even in 1781 a very considerable space of ground intervened between the church and the coast-line—so considerable indeed, that several houses and a churchyard of tolerable size existed thereupon. In 1834 the sea had made such progress in the work of spoliation, that the intervening ground had disappeared, and the 'Reculvers' appeared to exist on the verge at once of the cliff and of destruction. An artificial breakwater has, however, saved the structure; but the sacred edifice has been dismantled, and its towers used as marine watch-houses. The surrounding strata are of singularly soft nature, and hence the rapidity with which the eroding action of the waves has proceeded.

An equally instructive case of the destructive action of the sea is afforded by the history of the parish of Eccles in the county of Norfolk. Prior to the accession of James VI. to the English crown the parish was a fairly populous one. At that date, however, the inhabitants petitioned the king for a reduction of taxes, basing their request on the ground that more than three hundred acres of their land had been swept away by the sea. The king's reply was short but characteristic. He dismissed the petition with the remark, that the people of Eccles should be thankful that the sea had been so merciful. Since the time of the niggardly sovereign just mentioned, Eccles has not been spared by the sea. Acres upon acres have been swallowed up by the insatiable waves, and as Sir Charles Lyell informs us, hills of blown sand—forming the characteristic *sand-dunes* of the geologist—occupy the place where the houses of King James's petitioners were situated. The spire of the parish church, in one drawing, is indeed depicted as projecting from amongst the surrounding sand-dunes, which the wind, as if in league with the ocean, has blown in upon this luckless coast.

The comparison of old maps of counties bordering on the sea with modern charts, affords a striking and clear idea of the rate and extent of this work of destruction. No better illustration can be cited of the ravages of the ocean than that exhibited in maps of the Yorkshire coast-lines, and particularly in the district lying between Flamborough Head and the mouth of the Humber. Whilst the district between the Wash in Lincolnshire and the estuary of the Thames shews an equally great amount of destructive change. Three feet per annum is said to be no uncommon rate for soft strata in these localities to be carried away; and the geologist may point to the famous Goodwin Sands—notorious alike in ancient and modern history—as another example of the results of sea-action, and of the wear and tear exercised by the mighty deep. The contemplation of such actions fits us in a singularly apt manner for the realisation of the full force and meaning of the Laureate's words:

> There rolls the deep where grew the tree.
> O Earth, what changes hast thou seen!

It is highly important, however, to note that the sea receives aid of no ordinary kind in its acts of spoliation by the operation of certain forces affecting the land itself. Land frequently disappears from sight beneath the surface of the sea by a process of subsidence or sinking. We must

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therefore clearly distinguish between the land which the sea literally takes by its own act, and that which becomes its property through this curious subsidence and sinking of the earth's crust. No doubt the result is practically the same in each case; the sea being in either instance the gainer, and the land the loser. But the sinking of land being a phenomenon less familiar to the ordinary reader, we venture to note a few of its more prominent aspects.

A primary consideration to which it is needful to direct attention consists in the due appreciation of the fact that the land and not the sea is to be here credited with the action under discussion. When a considerable part of a coast-line formerly existing above tide-marks is found to gradually sink below the sea-level, the observer is probably apt to assume that the sea has simply altered its level. The idea of the sea being a constantly changing body is so widely entertained, and that of the land being a solid and immovable portion of the constitution of the earth, is also so deeply rooted in the popular mind, that it may take some little thinking to throw on the land the burden of the change and alteration. It is nevertheless a fact that the great body of water we name the ocean in reality obeys the laws we see exemplified in the disposition of the water contained in a cup or bowl. The water of the sea thus maintains the same level, and is no more subject to violent and permanent alterations than is the water in the cup or bowl. Hence when part of a coast-line appears to become submerged, we must credit the land with being the seat of the change, seeing that the sea must be regarded as stable, unless indeed it could be shewn that the level of the sea had undergone a similar change on all the coasts it touches. Thus if the southern coast of England were found to have been depressed say to the extent of six feet, we must credit the land with the change, unless we could shew that the sea-level on the opposite or French coast had also changed. Now the alterations of land are mostly local or confined to limited areas, and are not seen in other lands bounded by the same sea or ocean as the altered portion. Hence that the land must be regarded as the unstable and the sea as the stable element, has come to be regarded as a fundamental axiom of geology.

When, therefore, the works of man—such as piers, harbours, and dwellings—become the spoil of the sea, the action has either been one effected by the force of the waves without any change of level of the land, or one in which land has simply subsided independently of the destructive action of the sea. In the extreme south of Sweden this action of land-subsidence is at present proceeding at a rate which has been determined by observations conducted for the past century and a half or more. The lower streets of many Swedish seaport towns have thus been under water for many years, and even streets originally situated far above the water-level have been rendered up as prey to the sea by this mysterious sinking of land. Linnæus (as on a former occasion we remarked) in 1749 marked the exact site and position of a certain stone. In 1836 this stone was found to be nearer the water's edge by one hundred feet than when the great naturalist had observed it; the subsidence having proceeded at this rate and degree in eighty-seven years. The earliest Moravian missionaries in Greenland had frequently to shift the position of the poles to which they moored their boats, owing to the subsidence of land carrying their poles seawards, as it were, by the inflow of the sea over what was once dry land. On the coasts of Devon and Cornwall the observer may detect numerous stumps of trees—still fixed by their roots in the soil in which they grew—existing under water; the site being that of an old forest which was submerged by the sinking of the land, and which has become converted into the spoil and possession of the sea. Even the long arm of the sea—the 'loch' of the Scotch and the 'fjord' of Norway—which seen in the outline of a map, or in all its natural beauty, imparts a character of its own to the scenery of a country, exists to the eye of the geologist simply as a submerged valley, whose sides were once 'with verdure clad,' and on whose fertile slopes trees grew in luxuriant plenty. The subsidence of the land has simply permitted its place to be occupied by water, and the vessel may sail for miles over what was once a fertile valley.

Occasionally the fluctuations of land may be exemplified to an extent which could hardly be expected, a fact well illustrated by the case of the Temple of Jupiter Serapis at Puzzuoli on the Bay of Naples. This temple, now in ruins, dates from a very ancient period, three marble pillars remaining to mark the extent of what was once a magnificent pile of buildings. Half-way up these pillars the marks of boring shell-fish are seen; some burrows formed by these molluscs still containing the shells by means of which they were excavated. At the present time, the sea-level is at the very base of the pillars, or exists even below that site. Hence arises the natural question—'How did the shell-fish gain access to the pillars, to burrow into them in the manner described?' Dismissing as an irrelevant and impossible idea that of the molluscs being able to ascend the dry pillars, two suppositions remain. Either the pillars and temple must have gone down to the sea through the subsidence of the land, or the sea must have come up to the pillars. If the latter theory be entertained, the sea-level must be regarded as having of necessity altered its level all along the Bay of Naples and along all the Mediterranean coasts. And as this inundation would have occurred within the historic period, we would expect not only to have had some record preserved to us of the calamity, but we should also have been able to point to distinct and ineffaceable traces of sea-action on the adjoining coasts. There is, however, no basis whatever for this supposition. No evidence is forthcoming that any such rise of the sea ever took place; and hence we are forced to conclude that the subsidence or sinking of the land contains the only rational explanation of the phenomena. We had thus a local sinking of land taking place at Puzzuoli. The old temple was gradually submerged; its pillars were buried beneath the waters of the sea, and the boring molluscs of the adjacent sea-bed fixed on the pillars as a habitation, and bored their way into the stone. Then a second geological change supervened. The action of subsidence was exchanged for one of elevation; and the temple and its pillars gradually arose from the sea, and attained their present level; whilst the stone-boring shell-fish were left to die in their homes. The surround-

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ing neighbourhood—that of Vesuvius—is the scene of constant change and alteration in land-level; and the incident is worth recording, if only to shew how the observation of the apparently trifling labours of shell-fish serves to substantiate a grave and important chapter in the history of the earth.

The statistics of wrecks and of the amount of human property which have fallen a prey to the 'sounding main' may thus be shewn to be not only paralleled but vastly exceeded in importance and extent by the records of the geologist, when he endeavours to compute the losses of the land or the gains of the sea. But on the other hand, the man of science asks us to reflect on the fact that the matter stolen from us by the sea is undergoing a process of redistribution and reconstruction. The fair acres of which we have been despoiled, will make their appearance in some other form and fashion as the land of the future; just indeed as the present land represents the consolidated sea-spoil of the past, which by a process of elevation has been raised from the sea-depths to constitute the existing order of the earth. Waste and repair are simply the two sides of the geological medal, and exist at the poles of a circle of ceaseless natural change. So that, if it be true that the sea reigns where the land once rose in all its majesty, as the Laureate has told us, no less certain is it that—to conclude with his lines—

> There where the long street roars, hath been
> The stillness of the central sea.

Thus the subject of sea-spoil, like many another scientific study, opens up before us a veritable chapter of romance, which should possess the greater charm and interest, because it is so true.

## THE ADMIRAL'S SECOND WIFE.

### CHAPTER IV.—LAURA BROUGHT TO TASK.

THE Admiral says 'good-night' to the last of his guests; then he turns to his daughter, who is evidently preparing for a speedy retreat.

'Don't run away yet, Laura; we keep early hours at Government House, but it is not very late yet.'

Rather reluctantly, Mrs Best obeys. She knows perfectly well why her father wishes her to remain, and she shrewdly suspects what subject of conversation he is likely to introduce. Now that she has had her triumph, by carrying out a pet plan with regard to Katie, that very success makes her uneasy, for she knows she will be called to account. However, she resolves to be brave, and at once leads the way to the music-room. The servants have already put out most of the lights, but here the wax-candles are throwing lustre over scattered music and deserted seats. Laura gathers up some of the songs, wondering when her father will begin, and how the attack will open. She knows it is coming, for he is restlessly pacing to and fro the room with that quarter-deck march of his, that betokens an uneasy mind.

'Why were the Greys not here this evening, Laura?'

She smooths out the leaves of an Italian duet, lays it on the music-stand, and replies with apparent indifference: 'Because they were not invited, papa.'

'Why not? I gave you the list, and I'm certain their names were down. Why did you omit them?'

'Is it always necessary to invite the same people over and over again? The Greys have been at every party that has taken place since I came here to stay.'

'Had you any *particular* reason for leaving them out, Laura?' asks the Admiral, turning round quickly, as he notes his daughter's slightly scornful tone of voice.

For a moment Mrs Best is undecided. Perhaps a slight meaningless excuse will do. But only for a passing second does she think thus. Her frank loyal nature asserts itself, and she says in a quick earnest manner, with her eyes a little lowered, her cheeks a little flushed: 'I had a good reason, papa. Kate Grey makes herself far too much at home here. One would imagine she has some special privilege in this house.'

'Well, and I am always glad to see her.'

'She knows that, and presumes on the knowledge. People seeing her so much at home at Government House, are beginning to talk in a most unpleasant manner.'

'What do they say, Laura?'

'They say you mean to make her your second wife. O papa, surely, *surely* you will never do that! A girl so selfish, so ambitious, so fond of admiration, so, so'——

'Stop, Laura! The category of faults you lay to poor Katie's charge is surely long enough. So people say I mean to make her my second wife, do they?'

A flush passes over the Admiral's face, and mounts to his brow. A quick throb rises at his heart, as for the first time he hears Katie's name coupled with his own. Till this moment, his thoughts about her have been vague and unsettled. He admires her very much—more than any other lady he knows; but the idea of making her an offer of marriage has never seriously entered his head. But now, his daughter's very cautions, her very reports of the world's gossip, shadow forth to him that a marriage between him and Miss Grey may not be so very preposterous after all, not such utter madness as he himself would have called it a few months ago.

Laura, seated on a music-stool, her hands clasped before her, and her eyes fixed on her father's face, reads its meaning at once; and as a brave, a loving, and a fearless daughter, she will not shrink from the duty she believes is required of her now. 'Dear papa,' she exclaims, 'let me entreat you not to risk your future happiness! Kate Grey would never make you a good wife. She cares far too much for herself ever to study the true interests of any other person.'

'Why are you so bitter against Miss Grey?'

'I am not bitter. I only tell the real sad truth.

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Don't let her come to rule in your house; don't let her rob me of my father's love.'

Sir Herbert draws near his daughter, and looks tenderly down at her flushed face and moistened eyes. 'Be reasonable, my child! No one can ever rob you of my love; but' (here he pauses, as though hesitating how to word his meaning—adding composedly enough) 'should I ever marry Miss Grey or any other lady, you must not be prejudiced against my choice, Laura. My marriage can never injure you in the least. Remember, your poor mother's fortune was all settled on you before you married Robert Best.'

'I am not thinking of money, papa. Mere money considerations do not influence me in the least.'

'Possibly not. But let me allude to the subject once more while we are talking. Robert has left you mistress of his fine estate. You have duties and responsibilities that separate you almost entirely from me now. Is not that the case?'

'Yes. I wish I could be more with you.'

'You cannot, Laura, without neglecting your own interests. Therefore I am at times lonely—very lonely in the midst of surrounding society and occupation. My house needs a head. My heart yearns sometimes for congenial companionship. Don't grudge me happiness, Laura, if I can see my way towards gaining it.'

'I hope and pray every possible happiness may be yours, papa; but don't look to Katie Grey for such a thing. She would marry any one to obtain position and wealth.'

Sir Herbert turns away, and walks to the end of the room; but he soon comes back again, and sees his daughter watching him with eyes that are misty and tearful.

'I am thinking of my own precious mother. Oh, how different she was from this girl! Miss Grey is all unworthy to take her place.'

In her earnestness, Mrs Best has risen from the music-stool, and stands before her father with great tears coursing down her cheeks. She raises her clasped hands to him in the most imploring of all attitudes. The snowy crispy dress with its white folds gives her a shadowy, almost ghost-like look; and as her pathetic entreating face turns to the Admiral, it almost seems to him as though the soul of her mother is appealing to him through Laura's eyes. Never has the likeness struck him so much. It is as though his beloved Bess had come from the grave to bid him beware.

The daughter sees the impression she has made, and like many another, presumes too much on her success, and goes a step too far. Had she stopped at this point, perhaps her father would have given her the promise she requires, that he will not marry Kate Grey. But Laura wipes away her tears, and exclaims: 'You are coming round to my views, papa! You are beginning to see how unfit this Katie is to be your wife. Miss Grimshaw quite agrees with me about her true character.'

Sir Herbert steps back—draws himself up to his full height. 'And what in the world does Miss Grimshaw know about the matter?'

'She has great powers of discernment. Indeed it was she who first raised my suspicions, and set me to watch Katie's manœuvres.'

'Very kind of her! I ought to be particularly grateful for her surveillance!'

A cloud gathers on the Admiral's brow; but Laura, unwarned, goes on: 'Adelaide Grimshaw is *all* kindness. O papa, I wish you would fix on *her!* She would fill the position of mistress to your household with tact and taste, and would make you an excellent wife.'

'Thank you for your suggestion, Laura; but be assured if ever I do marry, Miss Grimshaw will not be my choice.'

He shudders as memory recalls to his mind the lank figure of the very elderly lady his daughter commends to his notice. He recalls the faded face, the thin wiry curls, the lymphatic eyes, the bleating plausible voice, with which, in the calmest manner, she is wont to gossip over the frailties of her neighbours, and pass hard judgments on those who are younger and more attractive than herself. Then his thoughts revert to Katherine Grey. Whatever her faults may be, fortunately they are all the very opposite of Miss Grimshaw's: mind and body are altogether formed in a very different mould. After this, the conversation comes to a close, and father and daughter separate—she to lament over the Admiral's infatuation; he to wander for an hour or two more through the dimly lighted empty suite of rooms.

Laura's words have moved him strangely. His pulse quickens as he remembers that what has been to him a half-formed purpose, a whispered secret, is already the town's talk, and that everybody is watching to see what will come next.

Has Katie herself heard of these reports, and begun to trace out the shadow of possible coming events? Would she be very much surprised if he tried to give these airy rumours a solid foundation?

Such is the train of thought which floats through Sir Herbert's mind long after the great house is closed for the night, and left apparently to sleep and silence. He hears the measured tramp of the sentry on the cold damp pavement outside; the distant sound of the ships' bells in the harbour, as it is borne in by the wintry blast; and the musical peals from the church steeples that chime the small morning hours; but the question still rings its changes in his mind and finds no satisfactory answer.

### CHAPTER V.—THE QUESTION ANSWERED.

The next morning Katie takes up her position at her father's writing-table. She has a letter to answer—a very confidential one from her friend and confidant, Liddy Delmere—and she feels bound to return confidence for confidence. Ere the epistle is finished, she starts up and thrusts it into her desk. Her eyes have been constantly wandering from the paper to the cold slippery streets, where people are jostling against each other as they make their way through the showers of falling sleet and gusts of rough wind. Surely no one would venture out except in a case of absolute necessity; yet the girl evidently expects *some one;* and by the rapid closing of her desk, no doubt the 'somebody' is in sight.

A tall upright figure may be observed emerging from the crowds of passers-by; an officer, by the gold buttons on his rough outside coat. Guiding his umbrella skilfully, Sir Herbert walks quickly on, and soon Katie hears his well-known knock

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at the door, and his well-known step in the hall, as he takes his way to her father's library downstairs.

'He will come up here presently with some apology to me, or I'm much mistaken,' muses Kate, as she takes a swift look at herself in the glass; and ere long the door is thrown open, and Sir Herbert Dillworth announced. He glances quickly round the room, and this is what he sees: a pretty, well-harmonised interior, a blending of soft warm colours, and a blazing fire in the grate, that reflects itself in the polished steel surrounding it. And Kate Grey, the brightest point of the whole scene, is sitting beside the writing-table, and looking up with a smile to greet him. She wears a morning dress of ruby Cashmere, and a single knot of the same colour in the thick rolls of her dark hair. There is not a shadow of resentment in those lustrous eyes as she holds out her hand, frankly and pleasantly, to her visitor. Feeling perfectly self-possessed herself, she owns to a degree of satisfaction as she notices how disturbed Sir Herbert looks. The fact is his daughter's words are still ringing in his memory —'People say you mean to make her your second wife'—and he is wondering what Katie herself would say on such a subject. Will she ignore the dreary barrier of years that lies between them? Will she forget that he has gone some distance farther on in life's journey, while she is in the very prime and flush of girlhood? These thoughts flash through his mind, and make him appear nervous and absent as he begins to talk about last night's party. But his mind is made up.

'We missed *you*, Miss Grey. Will you pardon us that you had no invitation? My daughter is not much accustomed to sending them out.'

'Please, don't mention it, Sir Herbert. I am very glad to go to Government House when I'm wanted there; but one cannot always be invited, you know.'

'But I like you always to come. The omission shall not happen again. We had a wretchedly stupid gathering. Spare me similar disappointments in future, Miss Grey, by—by taking the right of arranging these matters into your own hands.'

The girl looks up inquiringly. Nothing can be more unsuspecting and guileless than the questioning eyes that meet Sir Herbert's.

'Will you *take* the right, Katie? My life has grown strangely desolate and lonely of late; will you cheer it with your presence? In short, will you be my wife?'

The question is asked now, eagerly and impassion'dly, and Miss Grey's eyes droop under the Admiral's gaze. This vision has been dazzling her mind so long; she has dreamt of it, thought of it; and now the offer of marriage has really come! Though the triumph is making her heart throb, she can hardly tell whether she is glad or sorry. But she does not draw back. For the treasure of Sir Herbert's loyal affection, for his true earnest love, she will give in exchange her youth and beauty. She thinks the bargain a fair one, and wonders can anything more be required.

When Sir Herbert leaves his affianced wife, he goes down to her father, to tell him of what he calls his 'good fortune.'

'Yes; and mamma and Helen shall hear all about it from me. Won't they be surprised!' adds the young lady with a short low laugh, as the Admiral goes out of the room. She hears him close the library door, and then says to herself with another little spasmodic laugh: 'Every one will be surprised, as I am myself, to think how quickly it has all come about. Last evening I was excluded from Government House, and now I have promised to rule and reign there. Which has conquered—Laura Best or I?'

### CHAPTER VI.—FAMILY COUNSEL.

Mr Grey's library is a curious little room, fitted up quite in his own way. Maps cover the sides of the walls, and a large bookcase holds the books, which are mostly nautical. Models of ships and steamers are on various shelves, there is an astrolabe near the window, and a sextant and some pattern guns on the table. Mr Grey is busy at the moment with official papers; his nimble fingers are copying a 'General Memo.' with wonderful rapidity. Hearing the stately step of his chief coming along the passage, he naturally supposes the Admiral has returned to give further directions about some orders ere long to be circulated amongst the ships. So he glances up over his spectacles pen in hand. Great is his surprise at seeing evident signs of agitation in Sir Herbert's face, as he says in a low tone: 'Put aside your papers for an instant, Grey. I want to consult you on quite another subject. I have come to ask your consent to my marriage with your daughter Katie.'

'Your marriage with my daughter, Sir Herbert!' and Mr Grey lets a huge drop of ink splash on his 'General Memo.' in his surprise.

'You seem astonished, Grey. Have you any objection to accept me as your son-in-law?'

'Pardon me, Sir Herbert, pardon my hesitation; but you startled me for the moment. I am conscious of the honour you are doing us; but have you considered how young and inexperienced Katie is? A mere girl, in fact. She is but little used to the ways of the world; hardly wise enough to hold the high position you offer her.'

The Admiral smiles. 'I will take the risk of all that. Katie is willing, and I am ready to marry her just as she is.'

'Then I give my full sanction.'

'Wish me joy, Grey. You don't say a word about that.'

'I will wish you something better and deeper than mere joy, Sir Herbert. I pray you may have true and unmixed happiness with my daughter. May she prove a wife worthy of you, and may you never regret your choice.'

There is a tremble in Mr Grey's voice as he grasps the Admiral's hand and ratifies the new bond sprung up so suddenly between them; and he looks thoughtfully after Sir Herbert as he leaves the room. Surely women are fickle, and his daughter Katie the most fickle of her sex!

Only two months ago, Walter Reeves had come into that very same room on the very same kind of mission. The same, but with a difference. He has not actually proposed for Katie, but had asked permission to visit at the house with that intention, in the event of his love being reciprocated. And Katie knows all this, and up to the present has received Walter's attentions, and seemed to take them as her right. But now all this is set aside, and a man nearly as old as her father himself

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has stepped in and won the girl as a willing prize. Well may the old sailor marvel! Things have changed since the days 'long ago,' when *he* wooed his wife, and waited nine long years for her because he could not afford to marry sooner. His true old-fashioned love has but intensified as years have sped on; the trials of life have but drawn the wedded pair closer to each other. Will this be the experience of Katie and the Admiral?'

Worthy Mr Grey cannot settle that point; so he goes up-stairs to hear what Katie herself has to say on the subject.

Miss Grey lingers in the drawing-room after the Admiral has gone. There seems something strangely sad and vague and solemn in the whole affair, now it has gone so far; and when her mother comes into the room with Helen leaning on her arm, she exclaims at once, with glowing cheeks and flashing eyes and defiant tone: 'Wish me joy, mother, and Helen! I am going to be married!'

'I'm glad it is settled at last, Katie; and I hope you will be very happy. Walter has had plenty of patience, I'm sure,' says Mrs Grey in her quiet voice, as she settles Helen comfortably on the sofa and turns round to give Katie a kiss of congratulation.

But her daughter draws back with a look of annoyance.

'Why do you talk of Walter? I am not going to marry *him*. My intended husband's name stands far higher in the Navy List. I'm going to be married to Admiral Sir Herbert Dillworth!'

'Sir Herbert!' exclaim Helen and her mother together.

'Yes. Why are you surprised?'

'I'm sure we've good reason for surprise, considering all that has gone on about Walter. Katie, Katie! what new fancy has hold of you now?' The voice is Mrs Grey's, the tone one of reproach.

Katie is growing angry. 'The fancy is no new one, mother. Had you not all been very blind, you might have guessed what was coming long ago.'

'Do you really love Sir Herbert?' asks Helen, with that deep-seeing look of hers, that somehow always makes her elder sister a little in awe of her.

'I like him; the rest will come by-and-by; and I'm glad and proud of my lot.'

There is a ring in Katie's voice, as though she has flung down the gauntlet of self-approval, and challenges any one to take it up and contradict her. Her father is not the one to do this. He comes into the room at the moment, hears Katie's asseveration, and feels as if a world of doubt had rolled away from his mind. Considering his own word 'his bond,' he judges his daughter by the same standard. 'That's right, Katie, and sounds earnest. You may well be proud of your lot, and of Sir Herbert too: there isn't a better, braver, more honourable man alive; he's unselfish and high-principled to his heart's core. I've served three commissions under him, and ought to know him well; and I'd rather see a child of mine lying in her grave, than that she should bring discredit on his name. Kiss me, my girl! I wish you happiness. Well may you be proud of our Admiral!'

Katie receives the kiss just a little impatiently; she believes she has won 'high stakes,' and does not relish any doubts on the subject.

## THE CROCODILE AND GAVIAL.

Two species of crocodile inhabit our Indian rivers, and both are especially numerous in such streams as the Ganges and its tributaries, the Berhampooter, and many others. Sir Emerson Tennent, in his *Natural History of Ceylon*, points out an error which Anglo-Indians and others are often given to—namely, of applying the term *alligator* to animals which are in reality *crocodiles*. There are no alligators in the Indian peninsula. The true alligator is the hideous cayman of South America, and differs in one or two important respects from the crocodile of the Nile and Ganges.

The first and by far the most widely distributed of the two saurians inhabiting our Indian rivers is the common crocodile, exactly similar to the animal frequenting the Nile and other streams of Northern Africa, and known throughout Bengal by its Hindustani title of 'Mugger.' The second species is the Gavial or Gurryal (*Gavialis Gangeticus*). This reptile is, I believe, only found in Hindustan, and is indigenous to the Ganges; hence its specific title.

The habits of the two creatures are in general very similar, but yet differ in one or two important points. The mugger often grows to an enormous size, not unfrequently reaching twenty feet in length, and is thick built in proportion. The limbs are short, feet palmated, the fore-feet furnished with five, the hind with four toes. The head (which in aspect is extremely hideous) is broad and wedge-shaped, the muzzle rather narrow, the eyes small, deep set, and of a villainous glassy green hue. The jaws when shut lock as closely and firmly together as a vice. The teeth are of a formidable description, varying much in size and length. When the mouth is closed, the tusks in the extremity of the lower jaw pass completely through and often project above the tip of the upper. The body is incased with scaly armour-plates, very thick and massive on the back, but to a less extent on the sides of the body. The reptile breathes through its nostrils, which are situated near the tip of the snout. By this wonderful provision of nature, the crocodile is enabled to lie in wait for its prey with the whole of its body, except the nostrils, concealed beneath the surface of the water.

The gavial much resembles the mugger in general structure (though the body is not usually so thickly built), with one notable exception, and that is the totally different shape and character of the snout. The jaws of the gavial are long, straight, and narrow; the teeth, which are regular, wide apart from one another, and even, are of a far less formidable description than those of the common crocodile. They much resemble in general appearance the rows of jagged teeth which garnish the edges of the upper jaw of the saw-fish. The snout is often several feet in length, and there is a peculiar knob or protuberance at the tip; and the nostrils, as in the other species, are situated near the extremity.

The gavial has been described by some writers as 'the scourge of the Ganges' and a 'ferocious animal;' but I venture to say that this is a highly

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exaggerated if not an altogether erroneous statement. It is possible that occasionally—though I am convinced *very rarely*—the gavial may seize a human being; but the reptile is essentially a fish-eater, and unlike the mugger, is little to be dreaded by the swimmer or bather. I have frequently, when strolling along the banks of our Indian rivers, observed the head of a gavial momentarily raised above the surface of the water in the act of swallowing some large fish held transversely across its jaws, the long beak and rows of sharp teeth with which nature has furnished it, greatly assisting the creature in snapping up such slippery prey.

Crocodiles frequent the wide open channels and reaches of our large Indian rivers, especially in the neighbourhood of large towns, such as Dinapore, Allahabad, or Benares. In such resorts, whole families of both gavials and muggers may be seen lying together side by side on points of sand or low mud islands left dry by the current of the stream; they delight to bask in the scorching rays of the mid-day sun.

The animals always lie asleep close to the margin, and generally with their heads pointing away from the water. They are extremely watchful; and on being alarmed by the near approach of some boat gliding past or human beings walking along the bank, after contemplating the objects of their suspicion for a short space of time, they one after another awkwardly wheel round, and with a splash and a flounder speedily vanish beneath the surface of the water, to reappear again so soon as the cause of their alarm has passed.

Though hideous and repulsive in appearance, these reptiles nevertheless fulfil a most useful office as scavengers. In the neighbourhood of large towns on the banks of the Ganges, hundreds of dead bodies are daily cast into the holy river by the Hindus; and in a tropical climate like India, were it not for crocodiles, turtles, and vultures assembling and devouring the corpses, speedily some dreadful plague would break out and spread death around.

Judging from the accounts of travellers, the crocodiles inhabiting the African continent must be far more dangerous than their confrères of Asia; for though we sometimes hear of muggers taking to man-eating, especially in Lower Bengal and parts of Assam, yet such practices are not the rule, as is generally supposed.

I have, however, seen patches of water near the foot of ghats or flights of steps fenced round with a close and strong hedge of bamboo stakes, driven firmly into the river-bed, for the purpose of protecting bathers or women drawing water from the assaults of man-eating crocodiles; and it is a dangerous practice at all times to bathe in pools frequented by such monsters. Cows, horses, sheep, goats, and dogs, besides the numerous wild inhabitants of the jungle, all form a prey of the mugger. The cunning animal, well acquainted with some spot where, towards sunset, flocks and herds, after the heat of the day has passed, are in the habit of drinking, there lies in wait concealed amid the sedge bordering the margin. Presently some unlucky victim in the shape of a poor bullock parched with thirst, comes hurrying down the bank and eagerly approaches the water; but hardly has its mouth reached the surface, when the blood-thirsty crocodile seizes it by the nose; and if once successful in securing a firm grip, the chances are, that unless the herdsman is at hand to render assistance, the unfortunate bullock, in spite of struggling desperately to free itself, is soon dragged down on to its knees, and later beneath the surface of the pool.

It has been asserted that tigers ere now have been seized, and after a hard fight, overpowered by the crocodile. Possibly this may occasionally happen; but I imagine such an occurrence to be extremely rare; and my impression is, that such redoubtable champions, each capable of inflicting severe punishment on his opponent, would avoid rather than risk coming to blows.

It is generally imagined that the plated coat of mail covering the crocodile's body renders the animal invulnerable to bullets. Such may have been the case in the days of brown-bess; but a spinning conical ball fired from a Martini-Henry or other grooved weapon of the present day, will not only readily pierce, but even pass completely through the body of the largest crocodile.

It is the extraordinary tenacity of life with which all the lizard family are endowed, that has in a great measure given rise to this notion of their invulnerability; for unless shot through the head, neck, heart, or such-like vital part, the crocodile, even when desperately wounded by a bullet through the body, will almost invariably gain the water, only shortly afterwards to sink dead to the bottom, to be devoured by some of its cannibal relations.

Near a station where I happened to be quartered for many years in Central India, there was a large lake where crocodiles were known yearly to breed. After some trouble, I procured two mugger's eggs from some fishermen who frequented the spot. They were of an oval shape, dirty white colour and rough surface. The female crocodile about the month of May, having scraped a hole with her feet in the sand or mud of some dry island, deposits her eggs therein, and carefully covers them up, leaving the heat of the sun to hatch out her progeny. Meanwhile she hovers about the spot, till at length the thin layer of sand covering the eggs upheaves, the young issue forth, and escorted by the mother, take to their natural element, the water.

J. H. B.

## SHAMROCK LEAVES.

### A WEDDING.

At Irish country weddings of the lower orders, the priest is paid by voluntary contributions of the wedding guests. The marriage is generally celebrated in the evening, and is followed, especially among the farming classes, by a grand festivity, to which his "Riverince" is always invited. After supper, when the hearts of the company are merry with corned beef and greens, roast goose, ham, and whisky-punch, the hat goes round.

Honor Malone was the prettiest girl in the barony; and a lucky boy on his marriage day was the bridegroom; albeit on the occasion he looked very ill at ease in a stiff, shiny, brand-new, tight-fitting suit of wedding clothes. Lucky, for in addition to her good looks, the bride had fifty pounds to her fortune and three fine cows.

Very pretty and modest she looked seated beside the priest, blushing a great deal, and wincing not a little at his Reverence's somewhat broad jokes.

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And most becoming was the 'white frock' in which she was attired; a many-skirted garment, resplendent with 'bow-knots' and trimmings of white satin ribbons.

'As good as new,' my lady's-maid at the Castle, from whom she had bought it, had assured her. 'Made by the grandest French dressmaker in all London, and worn at only a couple of balls; her young ladies were so cruel particular, and couldn't abide the suspicion of a crush or a soil on their gowns.'

In the midst of his jokes and his jollity (and with an eye to future dues, nowhere is a priest half so good-humoured as at a wedding), while apparently absorbed in attention to the pretty bride, whose health had just been drunk in a steaming tumbler, Father Murphy perceived with his business eye that preparations were being made for sending round the plate in his behalf.

The stir began at the end of the table where the 'sthrong farmers' mustered thickest. A goodly set they were, in their large heavy greatcoats of substantial frieze, corduroy knee-breeches, and bright blue stockings; their comely dames wearing the capacious blue or scarlet cloth cloak with silk-lined hood, which, like the greatcoat of the men, is an indispensable article in the gala toilet of their class, even in the dog-days.

In the midst of the group was Jim Ryan. Now this Jim Ryan was the sworn friend and adherent of Father Murphy; he would have gone through fire and water to serve his Reverence. He was rather a small man in the parish as regarded worldly goods, having neither snug holding nor dairy farm; but he was highly popular, being considered a 'dhroll boy' and good company.

When the proceedings of this devoted follower met the priest's business eye before alluded to, they caused considerable surprise to that intelligent organ, insomuch as greatly to damage a very pretty compliment his Reverence was in the act of making to the bride.

First Jim Ryan took hold of the collecting plate, and seemed about to carry it round. Then, as if suddenly recollecting himself, he stopped short, and dashed it down on the table with a clatter and a bang that made Mrs Malone wince, for it was one of her best china set.

Jim's next proceeding was to try all his pockets. He dived into his waistcoat, breeches, and swallow-tailed coat receptacles, one after another, but without finding what he wanted. At last, after much hunting and shaking, and many grimaces of disappointment, he pounced on the object of his search, and drew carefully from some unknown depths a large tattered leather pocket-book.

By this time every one's attention was fixed upon him. Deliberately he opened the book, and peering inside—having first ascertained by a covert glance around that the company were observing—he extracted from it a bank-note. This, when unfolded, he spread out and flattened ostentatiously on the table, so that all who looked might read 'Ten Pounds' inscribed upon it!

A flutter of astonishment ran through the guests, not unmixed with signs of dismay among the richer portion. Fat pocket-books that a few moments before were being pompously produced by their owners, were stealthily thrust back again. A sudden pause was followed by a great whispering and consulting among the farmers. Anxious and meaning looks were bestowed on the latter by their wives, to say nothing of expressive nudges, and digs into conjugal ribs where practicable. For there was always much rivalry in these offerings. Misther Hennessy, who drove his family to mass every Sunday in his own jaunting car, would scorn to give less than Misther Welsh; though *he* too was a 'warm' man, and always got top price for his butter at Limerick market. And now to be outdone by Jim Ryan! To proffer his Reverence five pounds, when the likes of him was giving ten! It was not to be thought of! So the result, after Jim had deposited his note with a complacent flourish on the plate, and had gone his rounds with the latter, was the largest collection that had ever gladdened the heart or filled the pockets of Father Murphy.

As the priest was leaving the place, Jim came up to him and laid his hand on the horse's bridle: 'A good turn I done yer Riverince this night, didn't I? Such a mort of notes an' silver an' coppers I niver laid eyes on! I thought the plate would be bruk in two halves with the weight. An' now'—in a whisper, and looking round to see there was no one listening—'where's my tin pound note back for me?'

'Your ten pound note, man! What do you mean by asking for it? Is it to give you back part of my dues, you want?

'Ah then now, Father Murphy dear, sure an' sure you niver was so innocent as to think that blessed note was mine! Where upon the face of the living earth would a poor boy like me get such a sight of money as that? Tin pounds! I borryed it, yer Riverince, for a schame; an' a mighty good an' profitable schame it's turned out. Sure I knew the sight of it would draw the coin out of all their pockets; an' by the powers! so it did.' A fact his Reverence could not deny, while—not without interest—he refunded Jim's ingenious decoy-duck.

## THE ITALIAN GRIST-TAX.

In our own favoured realms millers have their troubles, no doubt, as well as other folk, but at anyrate they are not tormented with a *grist-tax*; and indeed in these enlightened days we should have thought that such an impost was unknown in all countries claiming to have attained a high degree of civilisation. Mr Edward Herries, C.B., late Her Majesty's Secretary of Legation at Rome, in the course of his elaborate Report on the Financial System of Italy, has, however, shewn us our mistake; and in tracing the history and present position of the tax, he furnishes us with some curious particulars respecting it.

As our readers will doubtless be struck with the anomaly of a powerful government having recourse nowadays to indirect taxation to augment its revenue, it may be well at the outset to cite a brief paragraph from Mr Herries' Report, in order to shew how it happened that the grist-tax came to be reimposed upon the people of Italy.

Towards the close of the year 1865, he writes, M. Sella, then Minister of Finance, having to meet a deficit estimated for 1866 at upwards of two hundred and sixty-one million lire (say ten million

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four hundred and fifty thousand pounds), and being compelled, he said, to have recourse to indirect taxation for a large increase of revenue, urged upon the Chamber of Deputies the revival of the grist-tax, which he considered as fulfilling more completely than any other new impost that could be found the essential conditions of great productiveness, wide diffusion, and equal pressure on all parts of the kingdom.

The impost seems to have made its first appearance in Sicily, where it was a source of revenue during the Norman period, and there, no one was allowed to carry corn to be ground without first obtaining, after much delay, a permit, for which he had to pay the duty chargeable on the grinding of the corn. The attestation of the officer in charge of the mill was requisite for the removal of the flour, for which a certain route was prescribed, and which was always to be accompanied by the permit. The miller was not even allowed to keep the key of his own mill, and was prohibited from grinding corn between sunset and sunrise. The wants of the population, however, sometimes made it necessary to relax this rule; and in such cases the miller (whose family was never to remain in the mill with him) was securely locked and barred in for the night, without any means of communicating with the outer world, whatever might happen. This treatment, however, was at length seen to be cruel; and permission was granted to any miller exposed to imminent peril from fire, flood, or other calamity, to free himself from nocturnal incarceration by breaking (if he could) through the door, window, or roof. It does not seem to have been foreseen, Mr Herries aptly remarks, that such a gracious concession might be rendered nugatory by the strength of the barriers or the feebleness of the miller!

Up to 1842, the millers themselves were considered as responsible fiscal agents; but after that time, the supervision of every mill was intrusted to an official called a 'weigher' (*custode pesatore*); but not being usually a very faithful guardian, bribery soon became rampant. In the Ecclesiastical State, where the tax was farmed out to contractors, the mode of its exaction was in many respects similar to that existing in Sicily. By an edict of 1801, which deserves notice as a legislative curiosity, a miller was liable to be sent to the galleys, besides paying a heavy fine, for a variety of offences—such as that of grinding corn not regularly consigned to him in the manner prescribed; of receiving corn or sending out flour at night; and others of similar enormity. In the district of the Agro Romano, all bread had to be stamped; and the absence of the proper stamp exposed the guilty baker to a fine of one hundred scudi and corporal punishment, or even to slavery in the galleys. The inhabitants of this district were only allowed to use bread baked within it, and they might be compelled to declare where they got their bread.

Though the tax was temporarily abolished in its last strongholds in the year 1860, it was subsequently revived, until all the statutes relating to the subject were finally consolidated in 1874. The tax, which must now be paid to the miller at the time of grinding, is charged at the rate of two lire (of about tenpence each) per hundred kilograms on wheat; and one lira on maize, rye, oats, and barley. The miller pays periodically to the collector of taxes a corresponding fixed charge for every hundred revolutions of the millstone, to be ascertained by an instrument called *contatore*, which is affixed to the shaft at the cost of the government. The amount of this charge is determined for every mill according to the quality and force of the machinery and the mode of grinding. The miller may refuse the rate as first calculated; in which case the revenue authorities have the power to employ an instrument which will record the weight or volume of the corn ground; or of collecting the tax directly by their own officers, or of farming the tax. Should they not think fit to exercise such powers, the rate is determined by experts. The impost, it is perhaps hardly necessary to say, is an eminently unpopular one, and was only consented to under the pressure of extreme necessity.

The great difficulty in the way of the smooth working of the grist-tax was the impossibility of procuring the mechanical means of control contemplated by the law; and in point of fact, when it came into operation no effective instrument was in existence. By the end of August 1871, however, matters had changed, and no fewer than 78,250 registering instruments were supplied, and by 1874 the greater number of these *contatori* were in active operation. The *contatore*, however, does not give universal satisfaction; and Mr Herries thinks that what is wanted to remove doubts as to fair treatment, is some instrument capable of recording the weight or the quantity of wheat ground. Best of all would be the abolition of the grist-tax; but in a country where the mass of the people consume no articles of luxury which can be taxed by revenue officers, and also from whom no direct impost could be exacted, the continuation of the grist-tax seems to be an absolute necessity.

## SWEET LOVE AND I.

Sweet Love and I have strangers been
These many years,
So many years.
He came to me when Life was green
And free from fears,
These present fears.

He came, and for a little space
My life was gladdened by his grace;
But soon he fled, and joy gave place
To grief and tears.

'O Love, come to me once again!'
My lone heart sighs,
So sadly sighs.
'Recall thy fearless nature, then,
Sweet Love replies,
Softly replies.

'Thou canst not? Then I cannot be
The same that once I was to thee.
There's no room in the heart for me,
Where fears arise.'

A. C. S.

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## TOYS.

OF British industries, not the least interesting to a large world of readers, great and small, will be found the manufacture of toys. Mr Bartley, in treating this subject in Mr Stanford's useful series of Handbooks to British Manufactures, rightly assumes that objects which are so inseparably connected with the happiness of our early life cannot be held unimportant; while we need but mention the name of Charles Dickens, in order to lend a charm to the avocations of a doll's dressmaker and a journeyman toy-maker. Although the English productions are almost entirely confined to a few special types of goods, which not only hold their own among foreign rivals, but are largely exported to the continent, we find that in London alone there are, besides various importers of toys, eleven rocking-horse manufacturers, ten wholesale dealers, and one hundred and fifty-one retail dealers, not including the large tribe of small retailers, who combine other occupations with the sale of toys. Though Germany, Switzerland, and France are the great storehouses of all toys of which the material is soft wood, the toy manufacture of London forms a large and interesting industry.

Penny wooden toys are turned out of a manufacturing establishment which consists of a toy-maker, his wife, and family. When the father has finished his work on the lathe, the mother and children have each their particular share in gluing, pasting, and painting. The material for these articles are scraps of timber bought out of builders' yards, the principal tools being the chisel and the lathe. Pewter toys are made in London in very large quantities. At one establishment a ton of metal is consumed each month in the production of Lilliputian tea, coffee, and dinner sets. English taste may be gathered from the fact, that the number of *tea*-sets made is nearly thirty times larger than either of the other two. Twenty-three separate articles make up a set, and of these articles two millions and a half are made yearly by one house alone. The metal is provided from miscellaneous goods, such as old candlesticks, tea-pots, pots and pans, bought from 'marine' store-dealers by the hundredweight; and when melted, is formed into the required shapes by different processes of casting in moulds. One girl can make two thousand five hundred small tea-cups in a day. Putting together the four separate pieces of a mould made of hard gun-metal, she fills it with the molten metal, dips its mouth into cold water, takes it to pieces, and turns out a cup that only wants trimming.

Under the head of paper toys, miniature packs of cards demand a large amount of material and labour. It is astonishing to read that one firm alone in London turns out each year *one million* packs of toy cards, using five or six tons of paper for the purpose, on each sheet of which are printed three packs in black and red. When these sheets have been pasted on cards—called 'middlings'—one girl can cut up and complete eight hundred and sixty-four packs each day, earning about one pound a week. These cards are sold at twopence, one penny, and a halfpenny a pack. The penny cards have, as might be expected, far the largest sale with the public; the manufacturer getting five shillings for a gross of twelve dozen, or somewhat less than half the retail price. Many thousand gross of these little packs go to all parts of the world. The twopenny packs are precisely the same as the penny packs, with the addition of an ornamental paper back to each card. The demand for these superior packs is small, for when the price of an article gets above a penny, we read that it at once shuts it out from a certain class of the buying public. The purchaser that will spend more than a penny will spend sixpence. The spending public, it seems, go in sets. There is the farthing set, mostly children, who patronise small shops of toys and sweets; there is the halfpenny set; and the penny set. We then jump to the sixpenny set. There is a very large manufacture of toy picture-books which are sold at one penny, a halfpenny, and a farthing. Even the farthing books have a picture on the cover printed in four colours; and valentines

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printed from wood-blocks and hand-painted can be sold for a halfpenny.

Another large industry grown up or developed of late years is the manufacture of india-rubber toys. The india-rubber, cut up into small pieces, and formed, by the admixture of white-lead and other substances, into sheets of a putty-like inelastic material, is fitted into two pieces of an iron mould, variously shaped according to the requirements of the toy, and then plunged into the vulcanising bath—a vessel filled with sulphur and other ingredients. When taken out, the india-rubber has become elastic, the two pieces of mould are unscrewed, and the toy, after trimming and painting, is ready for use.

Toy-boats, which in their construction go through fifteen different hands, are very cheap, though the whole of the work is done by hand. In one London manufactory as many as ten thousand sailing-boats are made every year; upwards of five hundred twelve-feet lengths of three-inch deals being used in their manufacture, and eight tons of lead being required for their keels.

We have left to the last place notice of the toy which is the speciality of English toy-makers, the wax-doll. The wax, after being melted in large vessels by means of boiling water, is poured into hollow plaster-moulds made in three pieces, and laid in rows with the crown of the head downwards. When the workman has filled from a can ten or twelve of these moulds, returning to the first one in the row, he pours back into his can as much of the wax as remains fluid; and so on with the other moulds. Most of the wax is thus poured back again into the can; but that which adheres to the mould has now become a hollow wax head, thick or thin according to the time which elapses between pouring the wax into the mould and pouring it out again. Then comes the process of fixing the glass eyes, which, save the very best, are now made abroad, the Germans having driven the Birmingham manufacturers out of the field. The wax ridges left by the joints of the mould are smoothed down, the surface is brushed over with turpentine to clean it, and with violet powder to beautify it; and when the cheeks have been tinted with rouge and the lips with vermilion, the head is ready for the hair-dressing operations. For the best dolls, the wig is made by a lengthy process of fixing one or two hairs at a time, so as to give a natural appearance to the hair. In the common dolls, the hair is more quickly put on in locks. The black hair, most of which comes from abroad, is human; but the favourite flaxen curls are of mohair, the silky wool of the Angora goat. *Composition* dolls' heads are made of pasteboard from iron moulds. The pasteboard is placed over a mould representing half a head cut vertically behind the ear, and is then forced by means of a pestle into every crevice. Another mould for the other half of the head is similarly filled; and when nearly dry, the two halves are removed from the moulds and pasted together. The head thus moulded, which becomes as hard as leather, is coated with a composition of size and whiting, washed with oil and turpentine; and then having received a pair of eyes, is dipped into a vessel of melted wax, and re-dipped until it looks like a solid wax-head. The wax is then cut from off the eyes, and scraped from the part of the head which the hair will cover; and the head is then ready for painting, powdering, and hair-dressing. A third class of dolls, known in the trade by the misnomer of 'rag dolls,' is the pretty muslin-faced creature with blue eyes and becoming cap. Her face is of wax, covered with an outer skin of muslin, and is made by pressing a wax mask, moulded in the ordinary way, into a mould exactly like the one in which the wax was cast, over which is stretched a piece of thin muslin. In this way the wax necessarily adheres so closely to the muslin, that it becomes a sort of skin to the mask. These faces are nothing but masks, and require the caps to conceal the junction with the skulls, made of calico and sawdust, like the bodies. The bodies are mostly the handiwork of women and the smaller members of the doll-maker's family. The doll manufacturer gives out so many yards of calico which are to produce so many bodies, the sawdust to be found by the maker. Then by a division of labour in cutting out, sewing up, filling with sawdust, and making the joints, many dozen bodies will be turned out by one family in a week. The arms are a branch of the trade upon which certain persons are almost exclusively employed. They are made of calico above the elbow, of leather for the part below, and are paid for at the incredibly small price of sixpence-halfpenny a dozen pairs; smaller arms for very cheap dolls costing three-halfpence a dozen pairs. We read that the hands, which thus cost each the sixteenth part of a penny, have always a certain number of fingers! The materials are found by the makers themselves; so when we consider that each doll sold to the public for sixpence should not cost more than threepence in the making, if the toy-merchant and the retailer are to earn a living, there remains but a pittance to be earned by the Caleb Plummers and Jenny Wrens. Though most dolls leave their first homes in an undressed condition, the larger establishments employ many young women in the dress-making department of their trade. One article of dolls' attire forms a distinct branch of trade—the little many-coloured leather shoes, which are made from the waste material left by the makers of children's ornamental boots and shoes. A thousand such pairs are made weekly by one large manufactory in Clerkenwell.

And now we replace our puppets in their box, grateful for having been let into some of the mysteries of their creation, not only the more ready to admire the charming little picture of the toy-maker, by John Leech, in the *Cricket on the Hearth*, but more sensible of a sympathy with doll-nature, and more certain that toys are as much needed for old as for young. Happy is it if the

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toys of grown-up folks cause as little mischief and as much pleasure as the innocent toys of childhood!

## FROM DAWN TO SUNSET.

### PART II.

### CHAPTER THE THIRTEENTH.

When Deborah awaked, old Marjory was sitting watching over her; the sun was still glorious on the woods outside, but the chamber was left in grateful gloom. She could not even distinguish her father's picture; but soon, clear and distinct through the gloom, laughed out the boyish face of Charlie. Charlie? What had Charlie done? Mute and still, Deborah looked up at her old nurse, while the darkness of reality dawned on her wakening mind.

'Thou 'rt ill, child,' said old Marjory abruptly.

'What makes you think so, dame?' asked Deborah faintly.

'Why, thy face betrays thee; it is white as my apron, and thine was a sleep o' sorrow. *I* know it. Thou 'lt eat summat now, an' no more o' these airs.'

'Have ye no letter or message for me, Marjory? What are you hiding there?' and Deborah raised herself in feverish excitement.

'Why, it 's a letter that 'll keep, I warrant me, my Lady Deb. It 's from the old man at Lincoln.'

'Give it me, Marjory, and leave me, dear old dame. I wish to be alone.'

So Marjory left her; but soon the old woman was knocking at the door again with food and wine for Deborah. She found her sitting on the floor white as a ghost. 'O child, thou 'rt faintin' for good victuals! There! eat and drink like a Christian. Why, bless thee, Lady Deb, dear, I know the master 's in his old quandaries. But don't take on, my Rose.'

'Dame, come and comfort me. Pray, take that food away! Let me lay my head on thy kind old breast. Thou 'rt a mother to me, Marjory—always wert. Dame, I 've no dear mother!'

The dame took her darling in her arms, and rocked her gently to and fro, with the toil-hardened old hand stroking the girl's silken hair, and her grave old face laid against it.

'No; thou hast no mother, poor lamb; worse for thee.'

'It 's hard to know right from wrong, Marjory; but I am quick to decide, and once decided, never falter. I try to do all for the best.'

'I know it, I know it. But child, my Lady Deb, have no dealin's with that old man Master Sinclair. He 's a demon.'

'Hush! or give the demon his due, Marjory. *He* has been kind to my brother Charlie.'

'For what? We all know it; all Enderby knows what he 's after.'

'That is no concern of Enderby's. I hate this gossip. Look you, dame, if I choose to wed fifty such, it is no concern of Enderby's. If I did wed Master Sinclair, it would be of mine own free will: let all the world know that!'

'But thou 'lt never wed him, dearie!' cried the old nurse, in tremulous breathless haste.

'I do not answer you Yes or No; but I am my own mistress.'

'Too much so—ever too much so,' muttered Marjory below her breath.

'What say'st thou, Marjory?'

'That thou wantest a strong kind hand over thee, bein' too headstrong by half. I wish Master King was here; *he 'd* advise thee!'

'Best not,' said Deborah, with a quick breath of pain. 'Let "Master King" attend to his own affairs. Each one has his troubles. Nurse, love me! I have need of it. O that I were a little tiny child again, when, in affright or in distress, I wrapped these arms o' thine about me; and they would seem to shelter me from all the world! O that thou wert magician, fairy, to give me my childhood back! I was happy *then*.'

'An' not now? What ails my bright bird? Is it Master Charlie?'

'O Marjory, don't speak of that. Look you at his picture; look there! Could those fearless eyes ever turn aside in shame or dread? Would Charlie, with all his faults, ever bring *dishonour* on us? Tell me that?'

'No, *never*.' The old face turned white, but did not flinch; Marjory believed in the honour of her wild boy, as in her own soul.

'Ah, Marjory, nurse, my darling! How I do love thee! No; never believe that any but a black liar would ever accuse Charlie Fleming of a mean low act. Wild, reckless he may be, but dishonourable, never! Ah, my love, my comfort, our true and faithful friend, *we* believe in Charlie Fleming!'

'Where is my boy?' asked the old woman, with troubled tears in her eyes. 'Why don't he come to Enderby? They *will* say strange things o' him if he don't come home. Oh, he 'll break his father's heart by bein' so wild; but it 's his father's blood that 's in him.'

'And his mother's too, for they say our sweet mother was a mad, mad lass. Dame, who was she? What was my mother's name?'

The girl gazed straight at the old woman till Marjory's eyes fell, and the girl's fair face was flushed with crimson. 'I have never asked you,' she said, 'not since I was a child; but who was my mother, dame? Prithee, tell me. Ah, say not that there was shame! Poor and honest, I care not; but naught of *shame*.'

'No, my Lady Deb, no; naught o' shame. She was the child o' wedded parents, I promise thee; she was lawful wedded wife, thy mother; but if I was to tell thee who she was, Sir Vincent would strike me dead. I cannot tell thee; there 's my faithful promise given, not.'

'I will not ask ye then. One day I will—must know. Does Charlie know?'

'Ne'er from me or his father. But no one knows what Master Charlie knows.'

'There 's my father calling me; I must go. Good-bye, dame. Pray for me.'

Deborah went down into the hall. Sir Vincent got up and met her. He shut the door carefully, and led her to a chair; he sat down opposite her, and screening his face from the light with one great sinewy hand, gazed out from under its shadow, as if he would read his daughter's soul. For her part, she gazed at him with all her great and tender soul in her eyes, her own despair forgotten in her father's. There was a long silence between them, each gazing on the other, sorrow-stricken and speechless.

'Father,' said Deborah softly then, 'sweet father, have I not done thee some good? See! here 's the letter from Lincoln; and in three weeks I shall be

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Master Sinclair's wife. It is my duty, father, my free choice. My heart is very strong. Sweet father, thou'rt sad still, ay, even heart-broken; I know thy face so well! I have saved Charlie. Listen! This Master Sinclair puts everything in my power, makes me absolute mistress of all he has. My first act will be to save us from ruin; Charlie from ruin too. But tell me what more there is? What serpent has wronged Charlie falsely? ay, *falsely*, for before heaven, father, I would *swear* that Charlie has done no dishonour! Sooner would I doubt my own soul than his. He is incapable of double-dealing, incapable of all meanness and dishonesty. To doubt him, to believe for one moment that he could act dishonourably, is to believe that Charlie Fleming is no son of thine and mother's; that this Charlie Fleming is not the boy who has grown up under thine eyes and mine; graceless, truly, but the very soul of honour. Even the masters at his school, his tutors, his comrades who knew him best, have done him justice in calling him honourable and true. Then doubt him not for one moment!'

Under the fire and sweetness of her faith in her brother, Sir Vincent waxed wan, and his fierce eyes grew dim with sadness.

Laying one hand upon her hands, and shading his own face still, he whispered brokenly: 'Believe on—hope on. Sweet child, sweet Deb, my brave best one, I *must* confide in thee, or my old heart will break. This boy—this son, in whom I trusted—Ah me!' and with his clenched hand on his brow and his eyes raised to heaven, the father gave a deep and bitter sob—'has *betrayed* me—*his father!*' With a strange hoarse eager whisper, and eyes that gleamed like a madman's, Sir Vincent leaned forward and uttered those words to Deborah. She, white, still, waited without a word for more. 'I have seen the papers—Adam Sinclair holds them—by which that boy of mine has anticipated my death, and raised money upon Enderby; his writing—his name—Charles Stuart Fleming. Adam Sinclair has got those papers out of Parry's hands; and by marrying thee, my fairest and my best, he buys those papers of Parry and destroys their shameful purport. But Deb—does that wipe out the stain? Does that blot out the fact that that boy of mine, deceiving and betraying me—ay, cursing my lengthened life, and hungering for the old man's death—has got a hound to raise this money? Ay, that hound has in turn betrayed him into Sinclair's hands; and Charles Fleming's black-heartedness is laid bare to him and me.'

'Have ye seen those papers, father, with your very eyes? And Charlie's writing?'

'Ay, ay.'

Deborah panted, terribly white and wild she looked, with her hands pressed on her side. Sir Vincent kneeled down beside her and laid his head upon her shoulder. Bitter, bitter was that hour.

### CHAPTER THE FOURTEENTH.

Some days after that—it might have been centuries to Deborah Fleming—she heard a peal at the great hall bell; and Kingston Fleming, pale, disordered in dress, and haggard-eyed, entered the library. Deborah was looking idly over the books, not reading; she was stunned, and could neither read nor write; she scarcely had the power of thought. One look at King, and she knew that he knew her fate. 'Deborah!' he said, roughly and hoarsely, 'you have played me *false!* By words strong and binding as an oath, you told your brother you would not wed Adam Sinclair—that no ruin, no misery, should lead you to so ignoble a sacrifice. Is it then under the mask of doing good, ye do this grievous evil? Soiling your soul, sacrificing your life, not to save your father and your brother, for Charles Fleming would rather see you dead than accept your bounty *then*, but to win rank and money—to shuffle off this miserable coil of poverty, that wearies you; and to sell yourself for gold and tinsel to this hoary reprobate! No good intention, no amount of self-sacrifice, could justify so detestable a deed.'

Palely beautiful, but full of calm scorn, Deborah Fleming faced her fiery and impetuous kinsman; before she spoke, her haughty eyes flashed fire and disdain.

'Kingston Fleming, are *you* my brother? Are *you* my guardian, my master, or the master of this house, that you dare to insult me thus? What earthly right have you to question or to jeer at me? Were I a man, I would strike you on the face for this. Coward! Because I am alone and a woman, you dare to insult me by these words! What if I choose to be wed to Adam Sinclair, and to love his "gold and tinsel;" what is that to you? What if I choose to "sell" my precious self for his name and fortune; what is that to you? I have my father's consent; I am under my father's protection; you have no earthly claim on me. Fair and friendly have you ever been to me. Courteous has been your kindly interest in me from childhood upwards; but scarcely enough so, to justify your interference now. I thank you, Master Kingston Fleming, for your anxiety on my account; but I'll thank you also to leave me and mine alone.'

Even in that wild moment, Kingston saw that she was trembling with fierce passion—ay, she could have struck him; in that moment, she *hated* him. But Kingston too, goaded by his wild unavailing remorse and love, mad with the knowledge of how cruelly his taunt had wronged her, desperate at her beauty and her sacrifice, cared for nothing. Dashing down his hat and whip, he caught her hands in his: 'Beautiful, cruel, heartless, reckless Deborah! Child, I have loved thee—too late, too late. I am *free!* I am free to woo thee; I am a free man now! But when I come in mad haste to ask thy love and pity, I find thee betrothed, and cast away, and *sold!* Listen! I would have *made* thee love me. No woman on earth have I loved but Deborah Fleming! I would have *made* thee love me!'

Then, with a sharp bitter cry, Deborah wrenched away her hands. Conscious of her brother's dishonour, sublime in the greatness of her sacrifice, and her terrible secret and her suffering, she looked back on Kingston only with passion and scorn, to hide the love that would still master her, and hurled him back taunt for taunt. 'Ah! you are a good one to preach honour and good faith to me! throwing over one woman to woo another who is betrothed! I feel dishonoured even to have heard your words of love, when I have plighted troth to Adam Sinclair. But don't think to win or move me by thy treachery. Deborah

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Fleming doesn't change her troth-plight every hour. Her vows once made, are binding, binding till *death!*'

'Then good-bye, Deborah.' He took up his hat and whip and strode to the door. His looks were turned back on her, a smile was in his haggard eyes—intense passion, love, and suffering; his face was pale as death. His last sight of her was the proud erectness of her figure, and the bright watchfulness of her beautiful haughty eyes, following him, and burning on him. But when he was gone from her sight, the bells of Enderby, as all through their interview, came clanging wildly out, clashing on heart and brain.

'I know not if I love or hate him most!' cried the girl, half mad with her despair. 'I love him, and I hate him too!'

Then rang out the bells of Enderby, loud and clear, the refrain, 'I love him, and I hate him too!' Low in the lull, loud and clear on the gale, 'I love him, and I hate him too!'

Mistress Dinnage in those days was well-nigh desperate. After hearing that Deborah Fleming was betrothed to Adam Sinclair and was to be wedded to him in three weeks' time, she knew no rest. It was all for Charlie, it was on his account; Charlie therefore must know of this, and there would be an end of it. For two evenings Mistress Dinnage watched for her lover in vain. She had talked herself hoarse to Deborah; she had exhausted threats and entreaties: she might as well have talked to the idle wind—and so she knew—as to Deborah once resolved. On the third evening-watch, however, Margaret saw the well-known form. She was out in a moment under the gloom of the trees and the twilight.

'I have somewhat to tell you, Charlie. Let me speak quickly and clearly, love. Your sister Deborah is betrothed to Master Sinclair; they are to be wedded in two weeks and four days. There have been sad doings at Enderby. Your father! Ah! I dare not tell ye what I fear. But oh! grievous trouble has he been in through tidings from Master Sinclair about *you!* So Mistress Deborah promised then and there to be Master Sinclair's wife. Oh, I tell you she is desperate since! She loves another; I know it; but she gives up all for you and Enderby.'

'Can this be true! Meg, I will kill him first. Has he betrayed me then? What tidings has he sent?'

'I know not; but of terrible losses, be sure. Ah, dear, are ye not in terrible trouble, and waiting about for love of me? Stay no longer, Charlie! Think not o' me; I will follow; I've got good courage. Release sweet Mistress Deborah.'

'How, quotha? Death only will release that mad reckless girl. Ah! I might have known her.'

'Neither prayers nor commands, Charlie, would she listen to; no, not if you were rolling in riches now, she says she would not break her oath. Charlie! O love, what do I urge you to! You must fight that old man, and we must fly. Not to kill him, Charlie, hark ye!—not to kill him; but to disable him for what life he has left! Think me merciless, unwomanly; I care not, so that it saves her. Or stay, stay, Charlie! Will ye use all your influence first to turn him? O ye can talk to tenderness a heart o' stone! Talk to Adam Sinclair then till he melts to pity; but set sweet Deborah free!'

'*Talk* to him!' said Charlie Fleming, with a short laugh; 'ay, I will *talk*. But we have old accounts to settle first, old debts to square. We have a little affair to settle between ourselves, Adam Sinclair and I. Hark ye, Meg! He has accused me of foul play—not to my face, not he! but behind my back. He has accused me of cheating at cards—a dirty trick to brand on a man; and as ye know, love, whatever Charlie Fleming's faults, he would scorn so foul an act. I don't mind telling ye now, Meg, that I must wipe off this slander with blood. All my comrades are up in arms at it; and even *now* I am on my way to Lincoln, to meet Adam Sinclair face to face; and in case I fall, Meg—to bid thee now farewell.' He took her in his arms; he folded back the long dark hair from the passionate face. In bitter wrath and passion had she trembled at hearing of the foul slander put on his fair fame; and her fiery spirit, following the spirit of his words, had made her grasp his hands, and pant and frown in eagerness for revenge. But when she pictured him dead—lying perchance beneath the old man's deadly shot, stiffening in his blood, in the perished glory of his youth and strength—then her woman's heart began to shudder and to faint: she leaned on his broad breast and moaned.

'What! sick?' he whispered. 'Faint? A little *poltroon!* The wife of a Fleming must be brave. *Thou* wouldst hate and despise Charles Fleming if he could for one moment brook such an insult as this. Come; I meant to bid thee good-bye, and hide this from thee; but now I have told thee all, thou must face death with me, and take it as it comes.'

'I know it! I know it! Not for one moment would I say aught but "Go!" Yet, pity my woman's fears; think how long I have loved but thee! Ay, I have kissed the stones where thy shadow passed! and to lose thee now, *now*—my husband of but a week, my darling *husband!* Nay; I will not grieve before 'tis time!' she cried with sudden fire, gazing up at him. 'See! I am so brave that I would fain be thy second, and see thy true shot speed to that old coward heart! Oh, thou 'lt kill him, Charlie, thou 'lt kill him, or hurt him sorely. A dead-shot he may be; but men say thine is deadlier. Nay; do not laugh; I have listened, till I know better than thou canst know thyself, all Charles Fleming's brave gifts. They say thou 'rt a deadly shot.'

He stooped and kissed her. 'A deadly shot! Yes; I will shoot him for love of *thee*. Better not mangle the old traitor; I will kill him clean, or not at all. Thank heaven, if he kills me it will be clean! Love, if I fall, don't weep; *I leave a hope with thee.*' These words were whispered; she did not answer, she did not speak.

A few more happy stolen hours, and he was gone. She went with him to the gate in the woods, where he was wont to come and go, through the mossed entrance and the tangled clambering ivy. There they stood, her hand upon the gate; her dark head, that reached no higher than his heart, laid there. The mute clinging hand did not escape him; every motion, every gesture of his young love, was marked by his keen hawk eyes, as if it were her last. He pulled open the stubborn gate; still the two clung as if they would never part.

'Sweet love, good-bye.' He listened for her

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answer, but only heard a sob; kisses were Margaret's good-bye—kisses, and the deathless love within them. Then her arms fell asunder, and leaning against the gate, she let him go. With the iron grasped within her little hands, she stood gazing through the bars and saw him wave adieu; still stood, while the quick hoofs bore him far away; still stood, gazing for him through the night, though Mistress Margaret Fleming (for Mistress Fleming indeed she was) saw him no more!

## COD-FISHING IN ICELAND.

THOUGH the French are not naturally a maritime nation, there is a hardy race of fishermen to be found on the coasts of Normandy and Brittany, from whose ranks are obtained a large proportion of the hands that are employed in the cod-fishing of Newfoundland and Iceland. Though it is a painful and dangerous occupation, there are few that offer a higher remuneration to the masters and crews; the shoals of fish are inexhaustible, and the demand is always greater than the supply.

It is, however, not always easy to get up the necessary complement of hands; and captains sometimes have recourse to the unlawful acts of the press-gang of former days. A ship ready to start will enter a little creek on the coast of Brittany near an almost unknown village; and after mass on Sunday, the captain announces at the church door that he is in want of men for Iceland. The advantages are loudly proclaimed: good food, good wine, brandy, meat three times a week, and above all, an immediate bounty of from four to eight pounds, with future pay in proportion to the results. The extreme poverty of the peasants makes such a sum of money seem fabulous; they have only to say Yes. And yet, how hard it is to them to leave their beloved home and speak the fatal word! The captain knows how to overcome their irresolution. Installed in a neighbouring *cabaret*, he patiently waits until some young and vigorous men enter, when he pours forth all his eloquence, enumerates the advantages, slurs over the danger and fatigue, shakes the gold in his purse, orders an abundance of cider and brandy, and in the end, draws his victims into the net.

The engagement is signed; and the labourer, who has spent the winter in collecting sea-weed for the fields and sowing his crops, leaves the women to manage the rest. All being favourable, he will return in September with twenty pounds in his pocket. A few voyages make him a good sailor, when he can be drafted into the fleet at Cherbourg, thence to be transformed into a servant of his country.

From the difficulty of obtaining men, French shipbuilders reduce the labour by mechanical appliances; so that five or six men will navigate ships of two hundred tons. But in cod-fishing craft it is necessary to have as many men as possible, and twenty are usually taken. The arrangements are wofully insufficient. There are only sleeping-places for a third; one sailor resting whilst two are fishing. Thus, after six hours spent on deck without shelter from rain, wind, and snow, the waves washing over and the heavy line in their hands, the men go down stiff with cold and worn out with fatigue. Yet they must lie dressed as they are, on a hard damp mattress; and frequently the clothes are never changed from the beginning to the end of the voyage.

After five voyages a man is authorised to take the command, and though styled captain, he is nothing more than the head of the fishermen. It is his work to keep the account of the number of cod caught; the sailors taking care as they hook a fish to cut out its tongue and place it in a bag hung to their belt. When the hour of repose comes the tongues are taken to the captain, and about ten centimes is allowed for each. The second in office is only chosen as being the most skilful with his line; then comes the man who cuts off the cods' heads, opens and prepares the fish for the salter; and lastly the one who lays them in the barrels and closes them for sale.

With this short description of the crew we will pass over the voyage, as described by a French writer, M. Aragon, and take the reader to the Icelandic coast, Patrix-Fiord, where a number of vessels are already collected. Deserted during the past season, it now presents a scene of the greatest animation. A man-of-war is there to provide for any repairs that may be needed; carpenters and blacksmiths are busy doing their work, the bay echoes with the noise of hammers and saws. Other vessels, called *chasseurs*, come from France to take away the fish. On the shore rises the little wooden hut of the *cocman*, a Danish merchant who lives there during the summer months to trade with the people and sell spirits. No night comes on to interrupt the incessant labour; during the middle of May the sun is never below the horizon, and but a few stars may be seen on the zenith about the end of June.

Those ships that have chosen their position for fishing take down their sails and lie as quietly at anchor as the wind will permit, the men standing in a close line at the side of the vessel. They are clothed from head to foot in knitted or flannel garments, with waterproof capes and hats. A petticoat of strong linen is tied round the waist, descending below the knees, and to preserve the feet from wet they wear woollen stockings and waterproof boots. Thick woollen gloves lined with leather save their hands from the injury of constant friction from the heavy line. The whole forms a curious picture of ragged, patched, greasy, well-tarred habiliments, which a comic pencil might rejoice to portray. The men, indifferent to their appearance, seek only to be saved from moisture. The lines they use are necessarily very heavy to bring on board a fish weighing say forty pounds. There are two hooks baited with the entrails of fish; but the voracity of the cod is such that it is scarcely necessary to be too particular as to the bait. Thus the men stand for six hours consecutively, gently moving the line, and when a shake indicates a catch, lifting the heavy weight on board.

The fatigue is very great, and much of it is pure loss, as the line too often brings up another fish, called the flétan, which though very good to eat, does not bear preserving. The sailors hold this interloper in extreme aversion, as it often breaks the line by its weight, and gives them much trouble to heave on board.

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Let us now take a glance at the scenery which surrounds these hardy seamen. The coast is broken up into large gulfs, strewn with shoals and reefs of a most dangerous character, where misfortunes are so frequent that the place is called by the fishermen 'The Ships' Cemeteries.' Enormous precipices line the coast, with heaps of volcanic stones, worn by the action of the waves, lying at the foot. These rocks are cut at certain distances into spaces like the mouth of an immense river, called fiords, which communicate with the sea by a comparatively narrow inlet, and spread out into a sort of lake, surrounded by vertical and jagged rocks. The more sinuous the outlet, the more sure is the anchorage; and in each bay there is generally found one sandy spit, forming a sort of natural jetty, behind which the ships are secure, and where the cocman builds his hut. Far away in the distance rises the gigantic cone of the extinct volcano Sneffiels-Jœkul, whose summit is covered with rosy-tinted snow. In the hollows of the rocks thousands of sea-birds build their nests, to be slaughtered by the inhabitants at a certain season for the sake of *fuel*, their flesh being utterly unpalatable to the least fastidious appetite.

One of the most important fiords is the Dyre-Fiord, where a small hamlet of a dozen huts or *bœrs* is built in a large meadow. These constructions are not easy to describe; they are low and massive, formed of lava-stone and peat. To avoid cold and damp within, a very small door opens into a dark narrow passage, towards which the rooms converge. The walls and pointed roof are covered with turf, upon which grows a thick crop of grass, making it very difficult to distinguish the *bœr* from the field in which it stands. Within, the accommodation is most simple—a kitchen and one sleeping-apartment, with closets to contain provisions, clothes, and fishing apparatus. Beyond the vegetable garden is a building for drying fish, the planks of which are separated to admit the free circulation of the air. Here the decapitated cod are hung, emitting a savour far from pleasant. The heads form the food of the Icelanders with butter and milk; the fish are sold for export. The sea-wolf is also largely eaten, though its flesh is tough and rancid, the frequency of leprosy and elephantiasis in the island being attributed to this unwholesome diet.

Men and women, masters and servants, all inhabit the same room, whilst cleanliness is not much attended to; but poor as they are, and accustomed to great privations, they set an example of cheerful contentment. The beauty of the young girls is remarkable; their fair hair falls in long plaits, partially covered by a black cloth coif, daintily worn on one side of the head, and finished at the top with a tassel of coloured silk run through a silver or steel buckle, which floats on the shoulder. It reminds the traveller of the Greek head-dress; but the blue eyes with their sweet benevolent expression soon recall to his mind their Danish origin. The dress is made of the cloth woven in the country, and on festival days the bodice is gaily adorned with silver braid and velvet, whilst the belt and sleeves are ornamented with silver devices, beautifully chased and often of great value. On wet and cold days the shawl becomes a useful mantilla, completely enveloping the head, and defending the wearer from the effects of the frequent storms.

The people offer the most generous and cordial hospitality to all travellers, and especially to shipwrecked mariners. An opportunity for proving this hospitality once occurred in the open and dangerous bay of the Westre-Horn, surrounded by breakers and reefs. Here forty vessels were fishing on a fine morning in March, when the breeze began to freshen. The cod was abundant, and the men were tempted to stay too near the coast. All the vessels but five doubled the point; these beaten back by the enormous waves, and not daring to raise a sail, were broken on the rocks. Thirty men reached the shore, sixty-six found a watery grave. The *Sea-bird* struggled long, until breaking up, all perished excepting the mate and cabin-boy; the former had received a severe wound in the leg by falling on some broken glass. Tied to the rigging, together they awaited their fate, frozen with cold, the waves washing over them. After three hours the boy expired of exhaustion; and the mate unloosing the ropes was soon thrown on to the shore. The corpses of his friends were lying around him, the survivors having gone inland for shelter; but with great difficulty he followed them, crossing streams and marshes, sinking into ice and snow at every step, his wounded leg torn by the sharp points. Six weary hours were thus passed, when his heart-rending cries at length reached two Icelanders, who carried him into a *bœr* not far off.

For five months these good people nursed and tended the sufferer. At the end of that time he was still confined to bed, but the healing had begun. A vessel was sent round to bring him away; yet his hosts evinced much sorrow at the prospect of his departure. At their request the captain left him one night longer, when the shipwrecked mariner was escorted to the beach by the whole family, all manifesting a deep emotion. After thanking the father, not only for his care of the survivor, but also for the burial he had given to the victims of the storm, the captain assured him that the French government would indemnify him for the expense he had incurred; but the good man only pressed his hand, declaring that he had done his duty, and deserved neither indemnity, thanks, nor recompense. The Minister of Marine sent a gold medal to him after hearing of his generous conduct.

Robbery, murder, and theft are almost unknown in this peaceful little country; not a soldier or policeman is needed even in the capital Reikiavik; a fact which fully proves the virtues of the Icelanders. Travellers have asserted that the hospitality was not quite so disinterested as it appears, and there may be an exception in certain localities, such as the road to the Geysers, traversed every year by many tourists. Here the Lutheran ministers offer shelter in their churches, which are transformed into hotels, and provide fish, milk, and coffee for those who need it at a certain charge. Roads are almost unknown; the configuration of the ground wholly prevents their formation. The island has been the scene of such tremendous volcanic action that the mountains are heaped together in the most fantastic manner. From the glaciers which cover the summits of extinct volcanoes rush torrents of water, bringing down the disintegrated rocks to accumulate in the valleys below.

Yet in the midst of these convulsions, Nature

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does not forget her rights, and wherever a little earth can be found there grows a tuft of grass. Meadows undulating with the rocky ground cover it with a green mantle, and in summer the botanist will find most of the wild-flowers which bloom in our temperate climates. During the winter, the water infiltrating through the soil turns the whole into an impassable marsh, where the unwary traveller may sink into quicksands of the most dangerous character, since there is no exterior sign to denote their existence. In a country whose natural configuration scarcely admits of carriage-roads, ponies are invaluable, their robust constitution defying alike climate and fatigue. Small in size, quiet and patient, they resemble the Corsican or Pyrenean breed. Such is their docility, that the most inexperienced rider may mount without fear, and trust to their instinct in the difficult mountain passes. Three or four thousand are exported yearly into England, where they are used chiefly for coal-mines; and such is the estimation in which they are now held, that their cost has largely increased.

The eider-duck is one of the most profitable sources of revenue, and strict laws prevent their wanton destruction. A gun is not allowed to be fired near the places they frequent, for fear of alarming them; thus they have become so tame that they allow themselves to be stroked without fear. They choose the islands for their homes—where their deadly enemy the fox cannot reach them—and the steep barren rocks in the fiords. Many of the owners clear a thousand a year by the sale of the down, without any expense. It is scarcely necessary to make laws for the preservation of game, since shooting is a pleasure the Icelanders wholly despise. The curlew, snipe, golden plover, and wild-duck abound, as well as the delicate white partridge; but the natives despise them as food, and prefer smoked or dried salmon, with which their streams abound.

In the middle of August the greater part of the French ships meet in the Faskrud-Fiord before starting home. By this time the snow is beginning to fall and ice to form around the bays. Detached icebergs make their appearance in forms as singular as varied, sometimes resembling fantastic animals or the prow of a ship. The anchors are raised, and the convoy leaves the wintry shore; and anticipations of home once more dawn on the weary fishermen.

## THE ADMIRAL'S SECOND WIFE.

### CHAPTER VII.—COMING HOME.

PREPARATIONS for the much-talked-of marriage are pushed on rapidly; and before the spring flowers are making the slopes of Hayes Hill glad with their brightness, the wedding—a very quiet one—takes place. Laura Best is not present, though everybody says how charmingly she has acted towards Katie. She called on the bride-elect, and on the wedding morning a short perfumy note of congratulation and a handsome set of opals arrive as a marriage gift. Sir Herbert is pleased at his daughter's attentions to his bride, and is glad that after all such a friendly feeling has sprung up between them.

The fact is, Laura Best, finding that opposition cannot prevent the marriage, has decided to give it her apparent sanction. Not for worlds would she interfere with the happiness of the wedded pair or throw unpleasantness on their path. So she quietly does all that is needful in the way of proper attention, and then goes home to Hayes Hill to her children and duties there. Yet in secret she bears a heavy heart with her, and mourns over her father's infatuation.

If the Admiral's wedding has been a quiet one, the home-coming is destined to be quite the reverse. The whole town of Seabright wakes up, and great preparations are made to welcome the pair. The ships in the bay are illuminated, flags flutter in the breeze, and bells peal out their jubilant chimes.

Katie smiles proudly to herself as she walks through the lofty apartments of Government House, and feels she is mistress there now. It is pleasant to roam about everywhere, and know that she has the right to do so; pleasant also to stand in the shade of the deep window, and listen to the joyous pealing of the bells, which she knows are pealing for her. Wealth and rank are in her grasp; she has entered on the honours of her new position, and will rule with no timid hand. Self-confident and fearless, she laughs to herself in utter exultation at the warnings, the croakings, the forebodings that a while ago assailed her. Walter Reeves is very angry indeed, when he finds out how unceremoniously he has been set aside; and he is intensely bitter against Katie in the first flush of his disappointment; so doubtless it is fortunate for all concerned that his ship, the *Leo*, is ordered off on a cruise in the Mediterranean. He will be away for nearly twelve months, and surely in that time the most poignant heart-wound may be healed. Besides, change of scene is all-potent in such cases!

As months pass away, Lady Dillworth's tastes rapidly expand and assert themselves; ere long she becomes the leader of society in Seabright, and the most fashionably dressed woman there. Sir Herbert is generous beyond measure; Katie must not have a wish ungratified, or a desire unfulfilled if he can help it. And so the young wife, loving admiration and homage with a wild passion, basks in them to her heart's content. The semi-official parties at Government House, stately and dignified as they were, rapidly give place to balls and quadrille assemblies, to late hours and overcrowded rooms. The junior officers of the ships rejoice at the change; while the older ones shake their heads ominously, and gradually withdraw themselves from excitements that have no longer any charms for them.

Lady Dillworth is the belle on all occasions. Whether she entertains the company with her rich voice as she sings for them, or delights them with her sparkling conversation, or whirls with some favoured ones through waltz or galop, she is ever the attraction of the evening.

If the Admiral sometimes thinks there is rather

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too much gaiety, and longs to have Katie now and then all to himself, he does not say so, for he cannot bear to deprive her of any enjoyment on which her heart is set. Often and often during the season, at Katie's old home, sounds of the rattle of carriages come up to the cosy drawing-room, and the lamps flash for a moment on the blinds.

'There they go—another party at Government House, I suppose!' Mr Grey will say, as he quietly looks up from his books.

'Yes, my dear; Katie is giving a ball to-night, and such a magnificent dress she has got for it! Sir Herbert grudges her nothing.'

'So much the worse for Katie. Spending is an art easily learned; and where in the world *she* gained her education on that point, I am puzzled to know. Not from you, Sarah; you were always economical.'

'Katie's position is different from ours, dear; she must keep it up.'

'But she has no need to keep up such an endless whirl. I wonder the Admiral is not tired to death of it. *I* should be, I know.'

And so, all through the quiet night, husband and wife are roused every now and then from their slumbers by the rattle of passing wheels; and Mrs Grey sighs to herself about Katie's love for excitement, but will not blame her aloud, even to her husband's ears.

### CHAPTER VIII.—RETURN OF THE 'LEO.'

December comes round again with its blustering winds and rude gales; there is every prospect of a spell of rough weather, and Captain Walter Reeves looks with intense satisfaction at his gallant ship the *Leo*, again riding securely at her anchor in Seabright Bay.

A season on shore just now, when festivities are about to commence, is in his idea far preferable to being tossed about on a squally sea or cruising about from port to port; so he congratulates himself on being ordered home. He hears of the gay doings at Government House, and how Katie is the reigning belle of Seabright; and he listens placidly, without one throb of emotion. Time has proved a panacea. He has no pang of regret that Sir Herbert is the husband of this very attractive woman of fashion, instead of himself. As a matter of duty, he is on his way to call at Government House, when outside a fashionable shop in one of the streets he sees a well-appointed carriage drawn up, and in it he catches a glimpse of a well-known form and face. An obsequious shopman is standing on the edge of the curb-stone displaying some articles of bijouterie; a coachman in dark livery, with a black cockade in his hat, is holding the reins. It *is* Lady Dillworth. There is no mistaking her imperial manner, as she speaks out in that slightly commanding voice; neither is there any mistaking her handsome face, her brilliant eyes, her dark coronal of hair, as she sits there in her proud beauty. Walter, as he crosses the street, takes note of her velvet, her sealskin, and the feathers and the damask rosebuds in her bonnet, and thinks all this suits the Admiral's wife very well. He hears her say to the shopman:

'The price is eight guineas, you say. Are the stones real?'

'Yes, my Lady; and they are very fine and well set. You are the first to whom I have had the honour of shewing them.'

'Send one of them to Government House. Or stay,' adds she musingly—'I want another for a present for a friend; so you may send me two bouquet-holders.'

'Sixteen guineas for such rubbish as that! I'm very glad the money comes out of the Admiral's purse, and not out of mine. A poor Commander's exchequer would not stand many such attacks as that,' thinks Walter, rather ungallantly, as he now greets the occupant of the carriage.

Katie is surprised to see him, and says so as she holds out her daintily gloved hand. 'I had no idea the *Leo* had returned. Have you been long here?'

'I arrived only last night, and am on my way to Government House.'

'How unfortunate there is no one at home! Sir Herbert went to Belton Park this morning, and I am on my way to the station to meet a friend who is coming to stay with me. By-the-by, you know the young lady—Liddy Delmere. Do you remember her?'

'Isn't she very pretty and a blonde?'

'Yes; she has both those attractions.'

'And doesn't she sing nicely?'

'O yes! Liddy can sing if she likes; and her voice is not a bad soprano,' replies Lady Dillworth with one of her brightest smiles.

'Then I'm sure I've often met her at your house in former days.'

'You had better come and refresh your memory this evening. We shall be quite alone, and very pleased to see you at Government House.'

Captain Reeves is of course delighted to meet Lady Dillworth on such friendly terms. He accepts the impromptu invitation at once.

The past, with its shadows and disappointments and jealousies, is gone for ever. Better now to banish every recollection of it from his heart, and meet Katie on an entirely new footing.

As if by tacit understanding, they both decide this is the wisest plan. They meet and separate as mere every-day acquaintances. Nothing can be more unembarrassed than her ladyship's smile as she acknowledges Walter's parting bow, and drives off, to the admiration of the staring urchins in the street.

'Quite alone' is a mere relative term with Lady Dillworth; for when the footman throws open the drawing-room door on that evening to announce Captain Reeves, the latter sees the room is already half full of guests. Katie stands near the piano; her dark velvet dress falls in sweeping folds, unbroken by flounce or trimming; the beautiful set of opals—her step-daughter's wedding present—shine out with a subdued light from neck, arms, and breast. Beside her is Liddy Delmere, who in her bright blue silk dress, and with her sunny hair tied with ribbons of the same azure tint, forms a contrast to her hostess, in which neither loses.

Ere long, Walter finds himself seated beside Miss Delmere, for they have renewed their acquaintanceship with mutual satisfaction, and plunge at once into discursive recollections of the past.

'We had some pleasant times together in the days long ago,' begins Walter.

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'O yes; I remember meeting you several times at Mrs Grey's, also at a picnic on Bushby Plain, and at a gipsy party. Hadn't we capital fun sometimes?'

'Yes, really. What a pity these happy days are over. We never can recall those bright fresh hours, when the heart gilds everything with a magic glamour.'

'Speak for yourself, Captain Reeves! For *my* part, I enjoy things as much as ever I did; and my heart "gilds" a good deal still. Do tell me some of your adventures. What have you been doing all the months you were away?'

'Nothing worth relating. I neither discovered a desert island nor a new race of savages. I really have no wonders to narrate.'

'How marvellous! The very lack of incidents makes the thing curious. Now, if *I* had been cruising about in the *Leo* for months, I should have gleaned materials enough for at least two volumes of travels.'

'Ah! you ladies draw largely on the imagination. My experience is just this: I went away from England last spring; I return again in time for the Christmas pudding.'

'You sailors are all alike. I never met one yet who could give me the merest sketch of his voyage —all seems a blank, but the going and returning,' Liddy asserts laughingly.

'We had some nice balls at Malta,' replies Walter, rousing himself with a sudden recollection.

'Had you? Who gave them?'

'Sometimes *we* did; and crowds of the prettiest girls I ever saw, came.'

'Very flattering to the givers.'

'Oh, I wish you could see the *Auberge de Provence* when it is made ready for a ball; it looks just like a fairy scene. The old knights of Provence would never recognise the place if they could return to take a peep at it. As one passes through the hall, it appears like an orange grove; the trees are full of golden fruit and fragrant blossoms; and clusters of coloured lamps shine out like rubies through the green leaves.'

Walter is fairly launched into his subject now; one recollection speedily calls up another, till Liddy and he grow eloquent, and enjoy themselves amazingly.

He begins describing some musical charades they 'got up' at Malta.

'How nice they must be! But I can't quite understand them.'

'We merely take a word, divide it, and make our singing descriptive of the parts, instead of acting them out. For instance, take Ravenswood.'

'A sweet word, particularly if one has to croak out a raven chorus! Oh, I should like that extremely!' laughs Liddy.

'Ah, no; you don't catch my meaning. We make quite a grand affair of it, have a drop-scene, on which birds and trees are painted, and our illustrations are from the opera of *Lucia di Lammermoor*.'

'Quite a musical drama on a small scale, I declare! I wish we could get up something of the sort here. I'll ask Lady Dillworth about it. And here she comes.'

Katie walks over, looking rather amused at the evident good understanding between Liddy and Walter, as they thus interchange recollections with much *empressement*. She seats herself beside them, and the subject is discussed in all its points. Lady Dillworth enters into it with impulsive eagerness. Already she is longing for something new and fresh, something that will cause a sensation among the 'upper ten' at Seabright.

Several other guests join them, and ere long an animated group of people are professing willingness to aid such a charming scheme; anything novel is so attractive to those whose whole life is excitement. Walter takes the initiative at once.

'I have all the music we need. The bandmaster of the 25th arranged it for me with the songs, duets, and choruses. It 's capital for drawing-room practice, if we can only get enough performers.'

Everybody is ready to join, so the *rôle* is settled on the spot. Walter is to be Edgar; Liddy, Lucy Ashton. But here the young lady enters a protest.

'I don't wish to be Lucy. If you want me, you must let me be Lucy's mother. I make a splendid old woman.'

'Then who will be the unfortunate bride?—Will you, Lady Dillworth?' asks Major Dillon, turning towards her.

'O yes, if Miss Delmere objects.'

So it is settled. Walter infects the whole party with his eagerness. Scenes, music, costumes, and arrangements are talked over; and Katie is all anxiety to carry out the plans with due effect. Walter is to bring on shore the music-scroll and sketches of the costume; and the intended performers are invited to meet him to-morrow morning at Government House, for the first rehearsal.

'Now *that* affair is settled, we'll have some music,' Katie says, as she rises and goes towards the piano. Walter follows her. 'Have you forgotten all your songs, Captain Reeves?'

'O no. How could I? *You* taught me most of them,' he replies.

'Will you try one now?'

'Don't ask me to sing a solo. I should break down at once; but if you will allow me to join you in a duet, I'll try to manage it.'

Katie turns over a book of manuscript music, and they fix on *Then and Now*.

'The words are dreadfully stupid, but the air is pretty,' asserts Lady Dillworth, as she runs over the prelude:

We heard the tower bells pealing
On that soft summer night,
Your hand was linked with mine, love;
Your heart, like mine, was light.
We whispered low together
Of that hope and of this;
While far above, the joyous bells
Seemed echoes of our bliss.

Again those bells are pealing;
We hear them now, and sigh;
No longer can their chimes, love,
Blend with our thoughts of joy.
Our lives for aye are parted;
And on the wintry air,
Those crashing sounds but haunt us now,
Like echoes of despair.

The two voices ring harmoniously and plaintively through the rooms. One could almost imagine the singers are actually using the 'past to give pathos' to the words. But nothing is further

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from their thoughts. Katie is only deciding that, after all, Walter's voice will 'do' with hers in the duets of the charade; and Walter is wishing—just a little—that Miss Delmere had retained the part of Lucy, as at first proposed.

## ELECTRICITY AS A LIGHT-PRODUCER.

It has long been the opinion of scientific people that in electricity we have a power the development of which is only at present in its infancy. The marvellous details of our telegraphic system constantly remind us that there is a mysterious fluid round about us which can to a certain extent be made subservient and obedient to the will of man. This familiarity with that which would a few centuries ago have been stigmatised as the outcome of sorcery, has led the ignorant to place a blind belief in its powers. The subtle fluid has in fact taken the place of the necromancer's wand, and is believed by many to be capable of anything or everything. The electrician is thus credited with much that does not of right belong to his domain, and the wildest speculations are occasionally indulged in as to what next he will do for us. That electricity will prove of far more extended use than the present state of knowledge allows, we all have vague anticipations, and among these is the reasonable hope that it will some day supersede coal-gas as a means of artificial illumination. We propose, by a brief review of the present position of electrical research, to point out how far such a hope is justified by facts.

Sir Humphry Davy was the first to discover that when the terminal wires of a powerful electric battery were furnished with carbon-points and brought into such a position that they almost touched, the space between them became bridged over with a dazzling arc of light. The excessive cost of producing this light (owing to the rapid consumption of the metal-plates and acids which together form the battery-power) rendered it for a long time almost inapplicable to any other purpose than that of lecture-room demonstration. But it was evident to all that a means of illumination so nearly approaching in its intensity the light of the sun, would, if practicable, be of immense value to society at large. Apart from its cost, there were many other hindrances to its ready adoption. The incandescent carbon-points—which we may here remark are cut from a hard form of gas-coke—were found to waste away unequally. Some plan had therefore to be hit upon of not only replacing them at certain intervals, but also, in view of this inequality of consumption, of preserving their relative distance the one from the other; otherwise the light they gave became intermittent and irregular. These difficulties were met by employing clock-work as a regulator, and more recently by a train of wheelwork and magnets set in motion by the current itself. These arrangements naturally led to complications, which required the constant supervision of skilled operators, and the coveted light was necessarily confined to uses of a special nature where the question of cost and trouble was unimportant.

The use of the battery for the electric light has for some years been almost entirely superseded by the magneto-electric machine. The construction of this machine is based upon Faraday's discovery, that when a piece of soft iron inclosed in a coil of metal wire is caused to pass by the poles of a magnet, an electric current is produced in the wire. The common form of this machine consists of a number of such iron cores so arranged upon a revolving cylinder that in continual succession they fly past a number of stationary horse-shoe magnets placed in a frame round its circumference. By a piece of mechanism called a commutator, the various small streams of electricity thus induced are collected together into one powerful current. This invention forms one of the most advanced steps in the history of the electric light. But although it produces electricity without the consumption of metal involved in the battery system, another element of cost comes into view in the expense of the steam-power necessary to work it; besides which the original outlay is considerable.

In the year 1853 a Company was formed at Paris for producing (by the aid of some large magneto-electric machines) gas for combustion, by the decomposition of water. The Company failed to produce gas, and what was perhaps more to the annoyance of the subscribers, they failed also to shew any dividends, and the expensive machines were voted impostors. However, an Englishman, Mr Holms, succeeded in turning them to better account, and eventually produced by their aid a light of great power. Mr Wilde of Manchester was another worker in the same field; and improved machines were soon introduced to public notice by both gentlemen. A few years after, the South Foreland and Dungeness lighthouses were provided with experimental lights. (The first-named headland had previously been furnished with an oxyhydrogen or lime light, a source of illumination which is also open to the same objections of requiring constant attention and renewal.)

It is a matter of surprise to most visitors to the South Foreland lighthouse to find that a small factory and staff of men are necessary to keep the electric apparatus in working order. The extent of the establishment is partly explained by the fact that, in case of a breakdown of any part of the apparatus, everything is kept in duplicate. Hence there are two ten horse-power steam-engines, and a double set of magneto-electric machines, although only half that number are in actual use at one time. The old oil-lamps are also kept ready, in view of the improbable event of both sets of electrical apparatus going wrong.

Although lighthouses were the first places to which electrical illumination was applied, there are many other purposes for which that species of light is invaluable. One of the chief of these is its use in submarine operations. Unlike other lights, being quite independent of atmospheric air or any kind of gas for its support, and merely requiring an attachment of a couple of gutta-percha-covered wires for its connection with the source of electricity (which may be at a considerable distance from the place of combustion), it is specially applicable to the use of divers. The importance of a means of brilliantly lighting the work of those engaged in clearing wreck or laying the foundations of subaqueous structures cannot be over-estimated. There is another service too in which we may hope some day to see it commonly employed: we mean as a source of light to our miners. For this purpose, the burner could be placed in a thick glass globe hermetically closed;

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in fact the globe might even be exhausted of air, for experiments prove that the light is in several respects improved when burnt in a vacuum! The danger of fire-damp explosion would by this means be almost altogether obviated; for unless the glass were broken (and abundant means suggest themselves for protecting it), no communication could be made between the light and the gas-laden air of the mine. As a means of night-signalling, the electric light can also be profitably applied. This can be done by an alphabet of flashes of varying duration; the readiness with which the light can be extinguished and rekindled by the mere touch of a wire, rendering it peculiarly adapted for such a purpose; while the distance at which it can be seen is perhaps only limited by the convexity of the earth. Several of Her Majesty's ships are now being fitted with the electric light, which is to serve both for signalling purposes, and as a precautionary measure against the attack of torpedo-boats. For military field operations a brilliant light is often useful; and an electrical apparatus is in actual use by one of the belligerents in the present war. In this case, the light is doubtless worked by an electric battery, as a steam-engine is hardly a convenient addition to the impedimenta of a moving column.

Having called our readers' attention to the several special public uses for which the electric light is available, we may now consider how far it can serve us for the more common wants of every-day life. In its crude state as we have described it, governed by such a touchy thing as clock-work, it could not possibly compete with gas for ordinary purposes. But one or two improvements have within the last few months been made, which have led many to hope that the day is not far distant when the light will become common in our streets, if not in our houses.

These improvements are two in number. The one is a plan whereby the electric current can be subdivided so as to serve a number of different lights, and the other is an improvement in the arrangement of the burner. The first-mentioned invention seems most certainly to bring the system more on a par with gas-lighting, only that wires take the place of pipes. But the second offers features of a more novel character. The carbons, instead of being placed point to point, one above the other, as in the old system, are put side by side and made into a kind of candle. The carbons therefore represent a double wick; while the portion of the candle usually made of tallow is made of kaolin, a form of white clay used in the manufacture of porcelain. The points are thus kept at a fixed distance apart; and as they burn, they vitrify the kaolin between them, which both checks their waste and adds, by its incandescence, to the light produced. The old difficulty of keeping the carbons apart by the aid of clock-work, therefore disappears. The invention of this 'electric candle' is due to a Russian engineer, M. Jablochkoff. Another plan which is also credited to the same inventor is that of doing away with the carbon-points altogether, and substituting for them a thin plate of kaolin. The light produced is said to be softer, steadier, and more constant than that obtained by any previous method. Successful experiments with M. Jablochkoff's invention both in France and England have shewn it to be readily applicable to many purposes. It was lately tried at the West India Docks, London, where its power of illuminating large areas for the purpose (among others) of unloading ships by night, was fully demonstrated. Moreover, its portability is such that it can be carried into the depths of a ship's hold. We may mention as a result of these experiments, that the various gas companies' shares have been depreciated to a considerable extent.

Meanwhile, improvements in the magneto-electric machine have not been wanting; Siemens in England and Gramme in France have succeeded in obtaining intense currents from machines far less bulky than those of the old pattern. But still steam-power is required to set them in motion, and until this is obviated, we cannot expect that the electric light can become really available for more general use. The inventors claim that their method of illumination is, for the amount of light obtained, far cheaper than any other known, pleading that one burner is equal to one hundred gas-lights. But we must remember that for ordinary purposes this amount of light is far beyond our needs. In factories where steam-power is already available, and where the light would supersede a large number of gas-burners, it can of course be employed with profit. Indeed we learn that at several large workshops in different parts of France the light is in actual use with the best results. Some of the railway stations both there and in Belgium are also making arrangements for its immediate adoption.

The problem, however, which has now to be solved is, whether the light can be made available for domestic purposes. We fear that the necessary motive-power presents an insuperable objection; for although, as we have explained, one engine will feed a certain number of lights, it will bear no comparison in this respect with the capabilities of a small gas-holder. Besides which, a man would have far more difficulty and expense in starting a steam-engine in his back-garden than he would have (as is commonly done in country districts) in founding a small gas-factory for the supply of his premises. Without losing sight of the benefits which coal-gas has given us, we may hope that it is not the last and best kind of artificial illumination open to us. It blackens our ceilings and walls; it spoils our books and pictures, besides robbing our dwellings of oxygen, and giving us instead a close and unhealthy atmosphere. The combustion of electricity is on the other hand, as we have already shewn, *independent of any supply of air;* and instead of vitiating the atmosphere, it adds to it a supply of that sea-side luxury ozone, which may truly be said to be 'recommended by the faculty.' Besides these advantages, it can be used without any sensible rise of temperature. Another great advantage which its use secures is its actinic qualities, which would enable artists and all whose work depends upon a correct appreciation of colours, to be independent of daylight.

In conclusion, we may say that, beyond the special uses for the electric light which we have enumerated, and for which it has by experience been found practicable, we see no likelihood of its more general adoption until two requisites are discovered. The one is a substance that will, without wasting away and requiring constant renewal, act as an incandescent burner; and the

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other is a cheap and ready method of obtaining the electric fluid. For the former we know not where to look, for even the hardest diamond disappears under contact with the electric poles. But with regard to the latter, we cannot help thinking how, many years ago, Franklin succeeded by the aid of a kite-string in drawing electricity from the clouds. Is it too much to hope that other philosophers may discover some means not only of obtaining the luminous fluid from the same source, but of storing it up for the benefit of all?

## JAPANESE WRESTLERS.

It is a fine clear day in February; and the bright sun shining without a cloud to impede his rays, lights up the hull of H.M.S. *Lyre*, swinging lazily round her anchors in Yokohama Bay. Scarcely a ripple can be seen on the surface of the water, and numberless boats are darting to and fro, conveying passengers from the various ships to the shore. On board the corvette the blue-jackets and marines are reclining about the forecastle smoking and sewing, for it is Thursday afternoon, the day set apart in English men-of-war for the men to make and mend their clothes; a concession which Jack values the more for the privilege of smoking all the afternoon which accompanies it. Clearly it is not a day for any one to remain cooped up in a ship, who is not detained there by duty. So think we officers; for most of us have shifted into plain clothes, and are ready to go ashore. The officer of the afternoon watch, who is endeavouring to beguile the weary four hours he has to spend on deck by levelling his spyglass at every object far and near, looks gloomily at a party of us getting into a sampan, and remarks, with a view to cheering us up, that the glass is falling rapidly, and he expects dirty weather before the night; *he* wouldn't go ashore if he could, &c. But we have been at sea too long to be persuaded out of anything by a little chaff; so with a parting joke at sour grapes, we get into the crazy little sampan, and manage to seat ourselves without capsizing her, a work of some little difficulty. The four half-naked, muscular little fellows who form our crew work their long sculls with great vigour, keeping time to the beat of the unwieldy oars with a shrill monotonous chant, whose burden is 'Go ashore! go ashore!'

It is a glorious view that lies before us on that bright winter day. The long esplanade, or *bund*, that fringes the shore is lined with the tall white houses of the foreign settlement, to the southward of which is the beautiful wooded hill called the Bluff, the white cliffs of which are dazzlingly bright in the sunlight. The bungalows of the foreign residents are for the most part on the Bluff, each house inclosed in its own beautiful grounds; and here too, about two miles from the settlement, is the race-course, an invariable accompaniment to any large gathering of Englishmen in the East. Yokohama itself lies in a valley between the Bluff on the one hand and the Kanagawa hills on the other; but inland rises range after range of lofty mountains, and towering far above everything is the snow-capped crest of Fusiyama, the 'peerless' mountain of Japan, which is forty-five miles distant from the bay where our ship is lying. Fusiyama is a volcano in the shape of a truncated cone, but no eruption has taken place for more than a century; a fortunate thing for the country, as fifty thousand people are said to have perished at its last great outbreak, which almost destroyed the capital, Yeddo. Shocks of earthquake are very frequent, though slight, in Yokohama and the neighbouring town, Kanagawa; in fact, most of Japan is subject to these volcanic disturbances, which occasionally cause great damage. It is on this account that the houses are built generally of such slight materials, as they can endure shocks which would infallibly overthrow any building constructed after the European fashion. In the summer, when the snow has melted from the top of Fusiyama, bands of pilgrims dressed in white, who have come from all parts of the empire to worship the peerless mountain, throng in great numbers along the roads at its base. At this season the ascent is often accomplished by foreigners for the sake of the magnificent view which is obtained from the summit on a clear day; though whether it is worth while going through so much to obtain so little is of course a matter of opinion. Many people will tell you they go up for the sake of saying they have been there, forgetting that any one who has not been there can as easily say the same thing. For my own part I never could see the object of climbing a mountain only to come down again on the other side, and therefore in my numerous excursions into the interior of Japan, I gave Fusiyama a wide berth. Ponies are usually employed by those who believe in the merits of four legs as compared to two; and the deep ashes which cover the upper part of the mountain render this mode of ascent preferable to the severe labour of climbing on foot. The weather is so clear on the day in question that the deep gullies down the sides can be easily traced by the naked eye as we are pulling ashore.

While we have been admiring the beauties of the scene, our sampan has passed round the projecting arm of the English Hatoba, a stone jetty which protects the landing-place from the heavy swell which often sets into the bay; so we land and make our way to the bund with some difficulty, owing to the crowd of coolies who are passing to and from the merchants' godowns with heavy packages slung on bamboo poles between two men. Now comes the question, how are we to pass our time? for amusements are somewhat limited in a small settlement like Yokohama. To be sure, we can go to the club and play billiards or bowls or read the papers; but the afternoon is so fine that it seems a pity to waste it indoors. We might spend a few hours very pleasantly in the Benten Doré, a street filled with shops for the sale of lacquer-work and curiosities of different sorts; but unfortunately it is nearly the end of the month, and I need scarcely tell any one acquainted with the manners and customs of naval officers that our dollars have grown small by degrees and beautifully less, and we are anxiously waiting for pay-day.

The most popular idea seems to be to walk round the race-course to Mississippi Bay, on the south side of the Bluff, the favourite drive of the Yokohama ladies; but just as we have resolved on this, a man passes making some proclamation in a high sing-song tone, which seems to meet with general approval from the natives. On inquiring, we find that he is announcing the arrival of the champion troupe of wrestlers, who intend giving a performance that afternoon on a piece of waste

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land just outside the boundaries of the foreign settlement. Nothing could have happened more apropos; so jumping into some of the odd-looking little hand-carriages which ply for hire in great numbers about the streets of most Japanese towns, we are rattled along the streets at a rapid rate by the active little drivers, who seem to possess the enviable faculty of never tiring, for they trot along as gaily at the end of a thirty miles' run over indifferent roads, as when they started. On arriving at our destination, we find numbers of natives on the same errand, 'gaily dressed in their Sunday best,' entering an inclosure which has been hastily made out of long bamboos covered with matting, to keep out the too curious eyes that would gaze at the performance gratis. A payment of a quarter *bu* each (about threepence in English money) admits us to the interior, which presents a very striking scene. Round the sides of the large inclosure are numerous bamboo stages, crowded with the wealthier class of natives and a few foreigners; while in the amphitheatre some thousands of people are assembled, many of them women, whose gay robes set off their attractions to perfection.

Every one has his holiday face on, and the ceremonious politeness which usually characterises the meeting of any Japanese, has for the time given place to mirth and gaiety. Itinerant vendors of cakes and sweets ply their trade among the crowd with much apparent success; and here and there is a stall for the sale of *saki*, a strong spirit brewed from rice, and much resembling inferior sherry in the taste and smell. There is a total absence of intoxication, and I may say very few drunken men are ever to be seen about the streets. By the time we have mounted a stage, and settled down on the chairs a neatly dressed *musume* (young girl) has procured for us, the performances are about to commence, and a man is giving out the names of the first pair of wrestlers.

In the centre of the amphitheatre a mound has been raised, on which a ring has been formed by banking up the earth to the height of a few inches. Two grave-looking elderly men, apparently the judges, now seat themselves upon mats on the mound, and unfurling their paper umbrellas, light their pipes, and commence smoking in dignified composure; while the two wrestlers doff their *kimonos* (robes) and enter the ring perfectly naked but for a cloth round the loins. They are very far removed from our idea of what an athlete ought to be, for though muscular, they have an ungainly heaviness of figure. Weight is indeed thought of such importance in these contests that men are fattened for them like prize cattle, under the mistaken belief that such size is an advantage to the fortunate possessor!

A tedious preliminary performance has to be gone through before the actual business of wrestling commences. Each man comes to the centre of the ring, and squatting down in front of his antagonist, raises each leg in turn, and then brings it down heavily on the ground, at the same time striking his thigh smartly with his open hand. I suppose this is meant as a sort of challenge; but it has an extremely ludicrous effect, at least to foreigners, to see two very fat men so employing themselves. Both men now quit the ring and take a draught of water and a pinch of salt, while they rub their arms and hands with mud, in order that they may get a better hold of each other's naked body. At length they re-enter the ring, and the real struggle now begins. They squat in front of each other like two huge frogs and strike their hands together, at the same time uttering a curious hissing noise, which gets louder and louder till they suddenly fly at each other like angry cats. Heavy blows and slaps are exchanged freely in the effort to close, but umpires are behind each shouting out cautions at any attempted infringement of the rules on either side. When they have fairly got hold of each other many a cunning feint and twist is shewn, and the struggling bodies and limbs entwine so rapidly that the pair look like one gigantic octopus. At length the bout is concluded by one man being hurled bodily out of the ring into the crowd outside, and the cheering from the excited spectators is absolutely deafening. The victor stalks about the ring for some time in great dignity, receiving the congratulations of his friends, and then repeats his former challenge, striking his thighs heavily and crowing like a bantam cock. Another wrestler, nothing daunted, at once comes forward to try his fortune; while the vanquished combatant, who has picked himself up amidst a running fire of chaff from the unsympathising crowd, resumes his *kimono* with an assumed air of indifference and vanishes behind the spectators.

Three men in succession did the first victor overthrow before he found a foeman worthy of his grip; but he too in turn soon succumbed to a fresh challenger. The judges during all the confusion maintained their seats in great dignity, and smoked away with quiet unconcern while the wrestlers strove and kicked beside them. Their office seemed to be to settle any disputes; but it was almost a sinecure, as I saw hardly any during the afternoon, everything being conducted with perfect fairness and good-humour. All the hard work seemed to be done by the umpires, who were dancing about each combatant in a perfect state of frenzy, and their repeated screams of 'Anatta! anatta!' (Sir! sir!) when any unfair movement was attempted on either side, soon reduced their voices to mere croaks. To win a round, a man had either to lay his opponent flat on the ground or thrust him out of the ring. Several of the first bouts we witnessed were decided in the latter manner, a heavy man driving his antagonist clean out of the circle by the weight and impetus of his first assault. Any method whatever seemed to be allowed in catching hold; I saw one man win a heat by dexterously catching his opponent by the scruff of the neck and jamming his head on the ground, the whole body perforce following suit. This seemed to be regarded as a sort of 'fool's mate,' for I noticed that the loser was much laughed at; and although the same manœuvre was attempted several times afterwards, it was never successful.

The light weights had their contest first; and then came the middle weights, if such a term can be applied to men of fifteen stone at least. But the real event of the day was the concluding struggle between the champions, about a dozen in number, who would have passed muster in any assembly where height and strength were the test. Not one of them was under six feet in height, and most of them were considerably over; one gigantic fellow must have been nearly seven feet. All of them were disfigured by the same inordinate

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amount of flesh; but the muscles of the arms and legs were very powerfully developed, and the activity displayed in spite of their enormous size was something marvellous. In one severe contest the gigantic champion threw a lesser athlete clear out of the ring on to the heads of the spectators below, overwhelming one of the unfortunate judges in the transit. The latter, however, soon arose, gave himself a shake, and resumed his pipe and seat, apparently none the worse for his rude shock.

The final contest of the day, which took place just before dusk, was between our friend the giant and the next biggest of the band; and after a severe struggle, ended in the former being thrown as scientifically as ever I wished to see. The earth shook with the violence of the fall; but the vanquished hero picked himself up at once, and with a good-humoured laugh at his opponent, resumed his *kimono*; and the sports were concluded.

Not the least amusing part of the afternoon's amusement was afforded by a blue-jacket on leave from the *Lyre*, who threw his cap into the ring, and wanted to try conclusions with the biggest man of the party for a few dollars. A long and amusing conversation took place between the sailor and the natives; but the challenge was not accepted, so Jack put on his hat and walked jauntily away. He was a tall powerful man, and I daresay could have held his own against the giant himself, in spite of his inferiority of weight; for it is a well-known fact that the enormous amount of flesh cultivated by the Japanese wrestlers stands seriously in their way when opposed to a foreigner in good condition. It is not very many years ago that a shining light of the English Church in the East came to Japan and astonished the natives by throwing some of their best men. No doubt, before many years, the Japanese, who are very quick at seizing any new idea, will perceive the folly of feeding their athletes to such a size, and follow the English system of training. A very noticeable feature about these contests was the perfect good-humour with which they were conducted, not a single man losing his temper, in spite of the heavy blows and cuffs which were exchanged with great vigour before closing with each other. While discussing the afternoon's amusement, we walked to the bund in the twilight, and a twelve-oared cutter soon took us on board in time for dinner. Next morning at daylight we were under weigh for Hong-kong.

## SHAMROCK LEAVES.

### A WAKE.

TIM SCANLAN, while he lived, was only a labouring man; but he was well liked in the country; and it was expected that his funeral would be an unusually large gathering. Crowds flocked to the wake, and a great provision of tea, whisky, pipes, and tobacco had been made. The widow occupied her post of honour at the head of the coffin, and displayed a fair show of grief, joining in with vociferous weeping whenever the 'keening' was led by the older women. She was young enough to have been the dead man's daughter, having come to his house a 'slip' of a servant-girl, whom he had married and ruled over very masterfully.

As the night wore on, the whisky began to tell on those outside the room where the corpse lay. The noise increased, and soon apparently became loud enough to 'wake the dead,' as the saying is; for to the consternation and amazement of every one present, the defunct, after a deep sigh and sundry groans, opened his eyes and struggled up into a sitting posture. When the startled company had recovered from the shock, poor Tim was lifted out of the coffin; whisky was liberally poured down his throat; and well wrapped up in blankets and seated in the big chair by the fire, he gradually revived from the trance or stupor that had been mistaken for death. The last of the guests had departed from the cabin, and Tim, still propped up before the fire, was left to the care of his wife. Instead of coming near him however, she slunk off, cringing timidly away into a dark corner behind his chair, whence she directed frightened glances at her resuscitated spouse.

'Mary!' said the man in a stern voice.

No answer.

'Are you there?' peering round, his face quivering with anger and weakness.

'Yis, Tim, I'm here,' faltered Mary, without stirring.

'Bring me my stick.'

'Ah, no, Tim; no! Sure you never rose yer hand to me yet! And 'tisn't now, when you're all as one as come back from the dead, that'——

'Bring me my stick.'

The stick was brought, and down on her knees beside the big chair flopped the cowering wife.

'Well you know what you desarve. Well you know, you young thief o' the world! that if I was to take and beat you this blessed minute as black as a mourning-coach, 'twould be only sarving you right, after the mean, dirthy, shameful turn you've done me!'

'It would, it would!' sobbed the girl.

'Look here!' gasped Tim, opening his breast and shewing an old tattered shirt. 'Look at them rags! Look at what you dressed up my poor corpse in; shaming me before all the decent neighbours at the wake! An' you knowing as well as I did about the elegant brand-new shirt I'd bought o' purpose for my berrin; a shirt I wouldn't have put on my living back—no, not if I had gone naked in my skin! You knew I had it there in the chest laid up; and you grudged it to my unfortunate carcase when I couldn't spake up for myself!'

'O Tim, darlin', forgive me!' cried Mary. 'Forgive me this once, and on my two knees I promise never, never to do the likes again! I don't know what came over me at all. Sure, I think, the divil—Lord save us!—must have been at my elbow when I went to get out the shirt; tempting me, and whispering that it was a pity and a sin to put good linen like that into the clay. Oh, how could I do it at all?'

'Now, hearken to me, Mary;' and Tim raised the stick and laid it on her shoulder. She knew

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he wouldn't beat her even if he could with his trembling hands; but she pretended to wince and cower away. 'Mind what I say. As sure as you do me the like turn again, and go for to dress me in those undacent rags, I tell you what I'll do—I'll *walk*.'

'O don't, Tim, don't!' shrieked Mary, as pale as ashes. 'Murther me now, if it 's plazing to you, or do anything to me you like; but for the love of the blessed Vargin and all the Saints, keep in yer grave! I'll put the new shirt on you; my two hands 'll starch it and make it up as white as snow, after lying by so long in the old chest. Yer corpse will look lovely, niver fear! And I'll give you the grandest wake that iver man had, even if I had to sell the pig, and part with every stick in the cabin to buy the tay and the whisky. I swear to you I will, darlin'. There 's my hand on it, this blessed night!'

'Well, mind you do, or 'twill be worse for you. And now give me a drop of wather to drink, and put a taste of sperrits through it; for I'm like to faint with thirst and with weakness.'

Mary kept her promise; for such a wake was never remembered as Tim Scanlan's, when, soon after, the poor man really did depart this life. And the 'get up' of the 'elegant brand-new shirt' in which the corpse was arrayed, was the admiration of all beholders.

## CARRIER-PIGEONS.

THE value of these birds as carriers of messages was interestingly demonstrated at the siege of Paris, as it used to be in the French war seventy years ago, before the invention of the electric telegraph. It now appears that carrier-pigeons may be employed with advantage in taking messages from boats engaged in the Scottish herring-fisheries, when no species of telegraph is available. The following notice of the fact occurs in the *Fishing Gazette*:

'The experiment which was tried last year of employing carrier-pigeons for the purpose of bringing early intelligence each morning from the fishing-ground of the results of the night's labour, is again being resorted to this season, and with the most satisfactory results. One of the birds is taken out in each boat in the afternoon; and after the nets have been hauled on the following morning and the extent of the catch ascertained, the pigeon is despatched with a small piece of parchment tied round its neck, containing information as to the number of crans on board, the position of the boat, the direction of the wind, and the prospects of the return journey, &c. If there is not wind to take the boat back, or if it is blowing in an unfavourable direction, a request is made for a tug; and from the particulars given as to the bearings of the craft, she can be picked up easily by the steamer. The other advantages of the system are that, when the curers are apprised of the quantity of herrings they may expect, they can make preparations for expediting the delivering and curing of the fish. Most of the pigeons belong to Messrs Moir and Son, Aberdeen. When let off from the boats, the birds invariably circle three times round overhead, and then sweep away towards the land with great rapidity, generally flying at the rate of about a mile per minute. Two superior birds in Messrs Moir's possession have occasionally come a distance of twenty or twenty-five miles in as many minutes; and on Tuesday one of these pigeons came home sixteen miles in the same number of minutes. Another of Messrs Moir's pigeons flew on board the *Heather-bell* on Tuesday afternoon off the Girdleness, bearing a slip of paper containing the intelligence that the boat from which it had been despatched at 11.54 had a cargo of twenty-five barrels of herrings. The pigeons require very little training, and soon know where to land with their message. A cot has been fitted up on the roof of Messrs Moir's premises at the quay for the accommodation of the birds, and they invariably alight there on their return from sea.'

According to the London newspapers, there was lately an amusing experiment to test the flight of carrier-pigeons against the speed of a railway train. The following is the account given of this curious race, which took place on the 13th July: 'The race was from Dover to London between the continental mail express train and a carrier-pigeon conveying a document of an urgent nature from the French police. The pigeon, which was bred by Messrs Hartley and Sons of Woolwich, and "homed" when a few weeks old to a building in Cannon Street, City, was of the best breed of homing pigeons, known as "Belgian voyageurs." The bird was tossed through the railway carriage window by a French official as the train moved from the Admiralty Pier, the wind being west and the atmosphere hazy, but with the sun shining. For upwards of a minute the carrier-pigeon circled round to an altitude of about half a mile, and then sailed away towards London. By this time the train, which carried the European mails, and was timed not to stop between Dover and Cannon Street, had got up to full speed, and was proceeding at the rate of sixty miles an hour towards London. The odds at starting seemed against the bird; and the railway officials predicted that the little messenger would be beaten in the race. The pigeon, however, as soon as it ascertained its bearings, took the nearest homeward route in a direction midway between Maidstone and Sittingbourne, the distance "as the crow flies" between Dover and London being seventy miles, and by rail seventy-six and a half miles. When the continental mail express came into Cannon Street station, the bird had been home twenty minutes; having beaten Her Majesty's royal mail by a time allowance representing eighteen miles.'

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## SEA-MONSTERS.

WHETHER the sea contains any creature at all answering to the popular idea of a 'sea-serpent'—that ophidian monster which is annually reported to have been interviewed by various crews and persons—is a problem which will only be solved by the actual capture of one of those visitors. There are, as will presently be pointed out, certain well-known true sea-snakes, the *Hydrophidæ* of the Indian Ocean, which swim by means of their compressed fin-like tails; but whether these marine serpents will correspond to the 'sea-serpents' of popular tales, is a matter deserving further investigation. The wide ocean presents features well suited to tempt the imagination to stray into the wildest flights. Its vastness; the difficulty of exploring even a small portion of its surface, as well as its enormous depths; its capacity for containing the strangest and most gigantic objects that fancy can picture: these are attributes of the mighty deep that have ever attracted the attention and prompted the weird imaginings of man.

It is a curious fact that recent scientific research has revealed the existence in the sea, at the greatest depths, of most minute and wonderfully formed organisms, the beauty and rarity of which necessarily secure our admiration; but instances of animals of enormous size being met with beyond those already known, are few and far between. This fact may be accounted for by the circumstance that while it is easy to construct instruments for capturing the smaller creatures living in the deep, it is a very different matter to entrap and secure an unseen monster, whose very size must endow him with enormous strength. The whale, so far as we know, is the largest denizen of the deep. Whether it is possible that it can be equalled by giants of some other order or race, is the point which public curiosity is very keen to have settled.

The appearance of great snakes at sea is recorded by more than one old voyager; but it would seem to have been only of late years that the idea of their existence has been generally confined to one, familiar to us all as the 'Great sea-serpent.'

In *Opuscula Omnia Botanica, Thomæ Johnsoni*, 1629, we have an account of a great serpent captured off Sandwich by two men, who found it stranded among the shoal water by the sea-shore. It is described as being fifty feet long, and of a fiery colour. We are also told that they conveyed the carcase home, and after *eating* it, stuffed the skin with hay, to preserve it 'as a perpetual remembrance of the fact.'

In David Crantz's *History of Greenland*, published in 1766, we have an extract (illustrated by a drawing) concerning the *kraken*, from the narrative of a Captain Paul Egede, supposed to be the brother of a famous Danish missionary of the same name. The kraken, it is however necessary to remark, is the northern name for a giant cuttle-fish, the existence of such a monster being now a matter of scientific fact.

'On the 6th of July 1734,' says this old seaman, 'as I was proceeding on my second voyage to Greenland, in the latitude of the Cape of Good Hope, a hideous monster was seen to raise its body so high above the water that its head overtopped our main-sail. It had a pointed nose, and spouted out water like a whale; instead of fins it had great broad flaps like wings; its body seemed to be grown over with shell-work, and its skin was very rugged and uneven; when it dived into the water again, it threw up its tail, which was like that of a serpent, and was at least a whole ship's length above the water; we judged the body to be equal in bulk to our ship, and to be three or four times as long.'

Eric Pontoppidan, Bishop of Bergen, celebrated in his days as a naturalist, though he never actually saw it or met any one who *had* seen it, believed implicitly in the great sea-serpent existing somewhere; and in his writings has a good deal to tell us about its ways and habits; and it is upon record that Sir Lawrence de Ferry, commander of the old castle of Bergen, not only saw the monster, but shot at it on the high seas, wounded it, was pursued by it, in its pain and

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fury, so closely that he narrowly escaped with his life.

In 1801 there was cast ashore on the coast of Dorsetshire a snake twenty-eight feet in length and twenty feet in circumference; but this has since been alleged to have been a Basking-shark; and the same has been said of a great snake-like carcase that was beaten to pieces by a tempest, and cast ashore on one of the Orkney Isles in the autumn of 1809, and some fragments of which, the *Scots Magazine* for that year states, were lodged in the Museum of the Edinburgh University.

A very distinct description of the sea-serpent occurs in Dr Hooker's *Testimony* respecting it, and communicated to Dr Brewster's *Journal of Science*. About half-past six o'clock on a cloudless evening at sea, the doctor heard suddenly a rushing noise ahead of the ship, which at first he supposed to be a whale spouting, but soon found to be a colossal serpent, of which he made a sketch as it passed the vessel at fifty yards' distance, slowly, neither turning to the right nor left. 'As soon as his head had reached the stern, he gradually laid it down in a horizontal position with his body, and floated along like the mast of a vessel. That there was upwards of sixty feet visible, is shewn by the circumstance that the length of the ship was a hundred and twenty feet, and that at the time his head was off the stern, the other end had not passed the main-mast. . . . His motion in the water was meandering, like that of an eel; and the wake he left behind him, was like that occasioned by a small craft passing through the water. . . . The humps on his back resembled in size and shape those of a dromedary.'

Dr Hooker states further, that the description precisely accorded with that of a serpent seen five years before by Captain Bennet of Boston. At a later period, three officers in Her Majesty's service—namely, Captain Sullivan, Lieutenant Maclachlan, and Ensign Malcolm of the Rifle Brigade—beheld a similar creature gambolling in the sea near Halifax; but they asserted that it was at least one hundred and eighty feet in length, and thicker than the trunk of a moderately sized tree. Nor must we forget the official account which was transmitted in 1848 to the Lords of the Admiralty, by Captain Peter M'Quhae of Her Majesty's ship *Dædalus*, past which, he and his crew saw the great sea-serpent swimming merrily—a document which produced, or provoked, a learned paper in the *Westminster Review;* while Professor Owen asserted that what was seen from the deck of the *Dædalus*, would be nothing more than a large seal borne rapidly southward on a floe or iceberg.

Recently, the appearances of the serpent have been amusingly frequent and clearly detailed. He has been seen in the north seas and the south seas, and in many places nearer home; in the Firth of Forth, off Filey Bay and the North Foreland, off Hastings and the Isle of Arran, the Menai Strait and Prawle Point; and in 1875, a battle between it and a whale was viewed from the deck of the good ship *Pauline* of London, Captain Drevar, when proceeding with a cargo of coals from Shields to Zanzibar, destined for Her Majesty's ship *London*. When the *Pauline* reached the region of the trade-winds and equatorial currents, she was carried out of her course, and after a severe storm, found herself off Cape Roque, where several sperm-whales were seen playing about her. While the crew were watching them, they suddenly beheld a sight that filled every man on board with terror. Starting straight from the bosom of the deep, a gigantic serpent rose and wound itself twice in two mighty coils round the largest of the whales, which it proceeded to crush in genuine boa-constrictor fashion. In vain did the hapless whale struggle, lash the water into foam, and even bellow, for all its efforts were as nothing against the supernatural powers of its dreadful adversary, whose strength 'may be further imagined,' says a leader in the *Daily Telegraph*, 'from the fact that the ribs of the ill-fated fish were distinctly heard cracking one after the other with a report like that of a small cannon. Soon the struggles of the wretched whale grew fainter and fainter; its bellowings ceased, and the great serpent sank with its prey beneath the surface of the ocean.'

Its total length was estimated at fifty yards, and its aspect was allowed to be simply 'terrific.' Twice again it reared its crest sixty feet out of the water, as if meditating an attack upon the *Pauline*, which bore away with all her canvas spread. Her crew told their terrible story. But critics there were who averred that what they had seen was no serpent at all, but only a bottle-nosed whale attacked by grampuses!

In a letter to the London prints concerning this affair, we have another description of our old friend the serpent, as he appeared off St David's Head, to John Abes, mate of a merchantman, in 1863. 'I was the first who saw the monster, and shouted out. A terrible-looking thing it was! Seen at a little distance in the moonlight, his two eyes appeared about the size of *plates*, and were very bright and sparkling.' All on board thought his length about ninety feet; but as he curled and twirled rapidly, it was a difficult matter to determine. Captain Taylor ordered him to be noosed lasso-fashion with a rope; which John Abes tells us he got on the bowsprit to throw, but in the attempt, threw himself overboard. 'The horror of my feelings at the moment I must leave you to imagine,' continues this remarkable epistle (which is dated from Totterdown, Bristol, September 19, 1875). 'The brute was then within a few yards of me, with its monstrous head and wavy body, looking ten times more terrible than it did on board the brig. I shiver even now when I think of it. Whether the noise made by throwing the ropes over to save me scared him, I cannot say; but he went down suddenly, though not more so than I came up. After a few minutes he appeared some distance from us, and then we lost him.'

When next we hear of the sea-serpent after his adventure off Cape Roque, he was beheld by the crew of no less a ship than Her Majesty's yacht the *Osborne*, the captain and officers of which, in June 1877, forwarded an official Report to the Admiralty, containing an account of the monster's appearance off the coast of Sicily on the 2d of that month. 'The time was five o'clock in the afternoon. The sea was exceptionally smooth, and the officers were provided with good telescopes. The monster had a smooth skin, devoid of scales, a bullet-shaped head, and a face like an alligator. It was of immense length, and along the back was a ridge of fins about *fifteen* feet in length and *six* feet apart.

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It moved slowly, and was seen by all the ship's officers.'

This account was further supplemented by a sketch in a well-known illustrated paper, from the pencil of Lieutenant W. P. Hynes of the *Osborne*, who to the above description adds, that the fins were of irregular height, and about forty feet in extent, and 'as we were passing through the water at ten and a half knots, I could only get a view of it "end on."' It was about fifteen or twenty feet broad at the shoulders, with flappers or fins that seemed to have a semi-revolving motion. 'From the top of the head to the part of the back where it became immersed, I should consider about fifty feet, and that seemed about a third of the whole length. All this part was smooth, resembling a seal.'

In the following month, the Scottish prints reported, that when the Earl of Glasgow's steam-yacht *Valetta* was cruising off Garroch Head, on the coast of Bute, with a party of ladies and gentlemen on board, an enormous fish or serpent, forty feet in length and about fifteen in diameter, suddenly rose from the sea. Under sail and steam the *Valetta* gave chase. A gentleman on board speared it with a salmon 'leister;' on which the serpent dived, and after a time reappeared with the iron part of the weapon sticking in its back. The monster scudded along for some minutes, again dived, and was not seen afterwards. There is little doubt, however, that the animal which figured in this instance was a very large basking-shark (*Selache maxima*).

An animal of exactly similar shape and dimensions was reported as being seen in the subsequent August by twelve persons in Massachusetts Bay; and soon after on three different occasions in the same quarter by the crew of a coasting vessel.

In May 1877, the 'sea-serpent' would seem to have shifted his quarters to the Indian Ocean, which it must be remarked is the habitat of the true sea-snakes. On the 21st of that month, in latitude 2° north and longitude 90° 53′ east, the monster was alleged to have been seen by the crew of the barque *Georgina*, bound from Rangoon to Falmouth. It seemed to be about fifty feet long, 'gray and yellow in colour, and ten or eleven inches thick. It was on view for about twenty minutes, during which time it crossed the bow, and ultimately disappeared under the port quarter.' A second account of this affair stated, that 'for some days previously the crew had seen several smaller serpents, of from six to ten feet in length, playing about the vessel.'

Strange as all these stories seem, it is difficult to suppose they are all quite untrue, for nautical superstition apart, we have the ready testimony of various men of education and veracity. That there is only one serpentine monster in the ocean, is an idea which the great disparity in the various descriptions would seem to contradict; and certainly the most astounding aspect presented by this supposed and most ubiquitous animal, was his form and size when seen by the officers of the Queen's yacht off the coast of Sicily; though it is somewhat singular that these gentlemen made no attempt to kill or capture the mighty fish, or whatever it was they saw.

By way of conclusion to these remarks we may briefly summarise the chief facts presented by 'sea-serpent tales' as they appear under the light of scientific criticism. There is, it must firstly be remarked, nothing in the slightest degree improbable in the idea that an ordinary species of sea-snake, belonging to a well-known group of reptiles, may undergo a gigantic development and appear as a monster serpent of the deep. The experience of comparative anatomists is decidedly in agreement with such an opinion. Largely developed individuals of almost every species of animals and plants occasionally occur. Within the past few years new species of cuttle-fishes—of dimensions compared with which the largest of hitherto known forms are mere pigmies—have been brought to light. And if huge cuttle-fishes may thus be developed, why, it may be asked, may not sea-snakes of ordinary size be elevated, through extraordinary development, to become veritable 'leviathans' of the deep? That there is a strong reason for belief in the veracity of sea-serpent tales, is supported by the consideration of the utter want of any motive for prevarication, and by the very different and varied accounts given of the monsters seen. That the appearances cannot always be explained on the supposition that lifeless objects, such as trees, sea-weed, &c. have been seen, is equally evident from the detailed nature of many of the accounts of the animals, which have been inspected from a near distance. And it may also be remarked that in some cases, in which largely developed sea-snakes themselves may not have appeared, certain fishes may have represented the reptilian inhabitants of the ocean. As Dr Andrew Wilson has insisted, a giant tape-fish viewed from a distance would personate a 'sea-serpent' in a very successful manner; and there can be no doubt that tape-fishes have occasionally been described as 'sea-serpents.'

On the whole, if we admit the probability of giant-developments of ordinary species of sea-snakes; or the existence (and why not?) of enormous species of sea-snakes and certain fishes *as yet unknown to science*, the solution of the sea-serpent problem is not likely to be any longer a matter of difficulty.

## FROM DAWN TO SUNSET.

### CHAPTER THE FIFTEENTH.

Strange and terrible tidings reached Enderby the day after that. As Deborah Fleming was standing in the red sunset, she saw old Jordan, in his scarlet waistcoat and shirt sleeves, running bare-headed towards her under the archway. Deborah went quietly forward to meet him, dreading and yet hoping, she knew not what.

'Master Sinclair's shot!' gasped the old man. 'Killed a-duelling!'

'Who shot him?' asked Deborah, with the blood coursing in a fierce wild tide of joy through her veins, and yet a sure foreboding of the truth. 'Who? Who?'

'Need ye ask, Mistress Deborah?' asked Jordan, shaking his gray head, and regarding her with a wild reproachful gaze. 'Why, Master Charlie. Who else?'

'But he killed him in fair fight, Jordan?' panted Deborah, with her hands pressed over her beating heart, and a loud ringing in her ears. 'No one

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can blame him or touch him for that! O Charlie, O my brother!' and she fell in a dead-faint at old Jordan's feet. He caught her up, and bore her in to Marjory; with anxious earnest tenderness they cared for her. But Deborah was soon herself. Rousing, she saw the two old sorrowful faces; and with a hand on a shoulder of each ancient lover, burst into a wild laugh of joy. 'Free! free!' she cried. 'Free to act and think, and laugh and weep! Charlie has set me free! The old man is *dead!* Oh, poor sad old man, *whither has fled his soul?*—Jordan, is Charlie hurt? Tell me truly; is my poor, sweet, gallant, faithful Charlie hurt?' And she sat up, erect and resolute.

'No, no, my lamb; he ain't hurt; he's safe enow; only he must be off for a time out o' this. Master Charlie has done for the "old fox," Mistress Deborah!' and Jordan began to chuckle triumphantly. Deborah laughed too, aloud. Marjory looked on scared and scandalised.

'Oh, am I mad?' quoth Deborah, as she started up and began to pace the stone hall like a wild creature. 'Am I mad, that I care not for bloodshed, or that old man's hereafter, or anything, so long as I get freedom? Free! free!' she cried aloud in ecstasy, as she ran from one window to another laughing wildly; and then, while the two old servants stood half-aghast, she sped away into the open air, into the sun—and liberty! There, alone, on the green turf, under the waving trees, under the blue and boundless sky; where chased the little white clouds like winged spirits; while through all the beautiful demesne, where the birds were singing melodiously, and all nature was glad, Deborah Fleming wept her wild heart calm.

But Mistress Fleming? Young Mistress Margaret Fleming? She shed not a tear that day. With a heart relieved of a mighty weight, yet overcharged with anxiety, love, and fear, she watched till darkness fell, ever thinking of Deborah's wild and radiant face, till, late on in the night, or rather early morning, tidings were sent her of her love.

And where was Charlie Fleming then? Far, far away—hunted by the dogs of vengeance and the law. Mounted on his good bay horse, he passed through Enderby that night, in his wild flight; and as he fled, looked back, with hand uplifted to the high dim lights of Enderby, and bade it—a long adieu. Turrets, towers, and trees passed from him, like shadows in a dream. . . .

Deborah's trials were not ended. Where was her poor unhappy father? Gone, gone again, ere she knew of it; and she was terribly anxious about him—as to how he would take this news; terribly anxious too, now that reason and calmness had returned to her, about her exiled brother, though Mistress Margaret had told her that he was safe out of England. Thoughts, wild and vague too, of her lover and kinsman haunted her. Where was he? She had enough to drive her distraught; but Deborah possessed a bold heart and iron will, and would not be subdued; and ever the glorious sense of recovered freedom made her heart throb with ecstasy of joy.

Some days after the duel at Lincoln, while Deborah was restlessly pacing the great lonely saloon, the outer bell rang. What now? Tidings good or evil? She felt prepared for anything that might befall. Old Marjory came to the door.

'Master Parry, Mistress Deborah;' and a small thin wizened man entered, with a bag in his hand. Deborah Fleming, from her stately height, looked down on the sly crafty face and shrinking figure, and with a woman's swift instinctive judgment, disliked and distrusted him. She bowed, ever so slightly. He, the cunning man of law and of the world, was half abashed and wholly uneasy at the full gaze bent upon him, and at the girl's bold and easy bearing. She waited for him to speak.

'Mistress Fleming,' he said with a low bow, 'at this sad time I must humbly apologise for this intrusion. I would have spoken with Sir Vincent; but he is away, I find. May I venture then to address his daughter in his stead? For my business, Mistress Fleming, is with you.'

'Certainly. Sit down, Master Parry, and say what you have to say.'

With another low bow he drew up a chair, and placing his hat on the table, and glancing first at the closed door, said in a mysterious tone: 'I come to you, Mistress Fleming, as the bearer of two great good pieces of intelligence; one, I am sure will afford Mistress Fleming's generous heart great joy, and that I will reserve till last.'

Deborah bowed in silence; her instinctive thoughts uttered 'Hypocrite!'

'Mistress Fleming,' continued the lawyer, still uneasy under that steady gaze, but still overflowing with polite urbanity and humble deference, 'I, as the sole executor of the late Adam Sinclair' (and his countenance lengthened visibly and his eyelids fell), 'have the pleasure of informing you that "Deborah Fleming" is left by his will the sole inheritor of all his property, landed and personal, unconditionally and without reserve.'

There was silence for a moment; Deborah had started and then kept still and calm, while first a great horror of the dead man's gold, and then thoughts of her father and brother and Enderby, coursed through her startled mind. In that moment the lawyer Parry shot one furtive glance from his crafty eyes, and perceived her deep in abstracted thought; and marvelled at her coolness and dignity, little guessing the combative thoughts that were surging in her breast.

'This was generous of Master Sinclair,' said Deborah. 'You have something else to tell me?' She turned her eyes on him. He fidgeted; he avoided her gaze; he looked down, he looked out on the sky, he looked up at the carved chimney-piece, where grotesque faces grinned down at him; he looked anywhere but at Deborah. It was but a slight tremor, a slight hesitation, only very quick eyes would have discerned it, under the flow of ready words: 'Yes, Mistress Fleming; it relates to your brother, Master Charles Fleming;

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and though it is a proof sure and convincing that will clear him from a foul aspersion which has incidentally (*incidentally*, mind you) come to my knowledge; at the same time—and with deep reluctance I say it—it shews Master Sinclair in ill colours, and casts bitter blame on his memory. But mark, Mistress Fleming; Master Sinclair was my oldest friend, my benefactor; what I tell you now, I tell you in confidence, and the secret had best perish between your family and myself. But first I will shew what I mean.' He then drew some papers from a bag, and spread them before Deborah's eyes, with his hands upon them. 'See, see!' he muttered, apparently trembling with sudden excitement, 'what Adam Sinclair and his myrmidons have done! And to get you in his power, Mistress Fleming! All to win your favour! I swear it, for I discovered them in the act! This writing you would say is your brother's? There too is his signature. But I hereby swear it to be a base forgery, and no more Master Fleming's writing than it is mine. This was a plot to throw dust in Sir Vincent's eyes, and disgrace on his son's name, by proving that Master Fleming had secretly raised money on this estate.'

'I know it—I know it all,' said Deborah, very white and calm. 'Cannot you tell me *who* wrote this?' And she laid her finger on her brother's name, and fixed her clear eyes upon the wrinkled crafty being before her, till they seemed to read his soul.

'I cannot inform you of that, Mistress Fleming,' he answered with sorrowful regret, and looked away, and up at the grinning faces that seemed to mock him, so that he glanced quickly away from them again.

'You are generous,' said Deborah; but a look of unutterable disdain was clouding those clear eyes with passion and with scorn. 'You will tell me thus far, but no further, not even this creature's name. Why, I would give all my new possessions, Master Parry, just to bring him to justice for this. But what is your purpose in bringing this paper to me? Am *I* to buy it of you, as Master Sinclair would have done, had not death taken him? I heard your name and his in connection with this matter; no other.'

Master Parry wished himself away from Enderby, and well out of it all, with a heavy purse. 'Mistress Fleming,' he said, 'what you suspect, or what charge you would bring against *me*, I know not. I only swear to you that I got possession of this paper by great and grievous trouble, and no small exercise of talent. The villain's name who compassed this forgery I cannot divulge; but if ye would shield the dead man's memory, save the honour of your name, and that of your father and brother, and prevent this paper for ever from seeing light—take it of me.'

'Ye *do* trade on it then?' said Deborah, still with those eyes and lips of ineffable disdain.

'Mistress Fleming, another trades with *me*,' answered the man of law, with a semblance of grave and dignified reproof and a glance of injured innocence. 'I have suffered much already in this cause, and small thanks I get. If I am not well paid therefore, this paper must go back to the owner, and he makes it public. If I am well paid, it is mine—it is yours—to burn, to do with it what you will.'

'I see now, Master Parry, why it is more convenient to negotiate with Mistress Fleming than with Sir Vincent. I am a woman. You can threaten me, and think to daunt me; but you shall find yourself mistaken. If ye are not this arch-villain himself, ye are playing into his hands. Why, I tell ye, girl as I am, and ignorant, I know the emptiness of your threats! To what end would this forged paper be published? What harm could it do Charles Fleming? To publish *this*'—and Deborah rose with a laugh of scorn, and struck her hand upon it—'would be but to bring disgrace on him who published it—disgrace! ay, and *death!* My brother's innocence would be proved, and this man brought to the gallows. *Now*, would ye have me buy it, Master Parry? Nay, you had better not, for I would have no mercy on the author of this villainy. *Destroy* it! Nay; I would publish it to all the world.'

'Ah Mistress, ye know little of the world then, or of the result of such a trial. It might go hard with Master Fleming, I warn ye. But if ye will have it so, I'll e'en give this back, and let him work his will. He's not a man to be made a foe of with impunity. I sadly fear ye will rue this rash act. I might have saved you. But be it, Mistress Fleming, as you will.'

With a savage consciousness of having been worsted, nay, utterly defeated, by a young and dauntless maiden, Master Parry stood with hat and bag in hand. Mistress Fleming had read him through. He had won neither gold nor favour from the future Mistress of Lincoln, only stern defiance and proud disdain.

How he hated her, but how blandly he smiled!

'I am not afraid,' quoth haughty Mistress Fleming; and looking beyond the lawyer and over his head, she bowed him calmly to the door.

One low reverence and a muttered curse between his teeth, and the doors of Enderby closed for aye on Master Parry.

Deborah was herself then. With thoughts collected and brows lowering she threw open all the windows; then standing on the hearth, she muttered: 'He has done it himself. I am trembling now with passion—only I would not vent it on a thing so mean—though my hands ached to be at him, woman as I am! Have I acted and judged aright? Oh, I know not; I know naught o' business; I cannot abide it. But I have acted a woman's part in this; not from pity, but because it would shame me to drag the name of Fleming through such mud. Only I was fain to shew the worm what I *could* do. O King, King! where art thou? O dear father; and poor, brave, gallant, honourable Charlie! Where, where is father, that I may tell him this great good news? O my precious brother, to think we should e'er have doubted *thee!* Well-a-day! I am a rich heiress—I am a great lady; I will pay all our debts; and Enderby—Enderby is *mine!* to give away to father and to Charlie! O wretched Adam Sinclair—poor perjured soul! Would your wealth not do such untold good, I would none of it. Honour and charity together shall wipe the stains from off your gold, and make it good for use.'

Sir Vincent came home late one evening, some days after Adam Sinclair's death. Some one, some careless tongue had told him suddenly that Adam Sinclair had met his death at the hand of Charles Fleming. He stopped at the lodge, and got off his horse feebly.

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'Mistress Dinnage,' said he, 'where is my boy Charlie?'

She gazed at him earnestly, then answered: 'He is gone away on a journey, Sir Vincent. He 'll be home again before long.'

'Before long! Ah, he's a good boy to the old man, with all his faults, whatever they may say. Where's Adam Sinclair?'

She evaded that question. 'Come home with me,' she said tenderly; and unwonted tears lurked in the dark splendour of her eyes.

So, arm in arm, proud young Mistress Fleming and the poor broken-down master of Enderby walked slowly home.

Deborah saw them pass the window; and started forward and met them. But the glorious tidings of Charlie's unstained honour, the proud consciousness of power and position, the brightness in her eyes, and the bright colour in her cheeks, left her, on looking on her father. He stretched out his hands; there was terrible pathos in that feeble but impassioned gesture, and a sad and wandering smile replaced the light of intellect.

'Deb, little Deb! O my darling! I have been looking for thee. They told me thou wert dead! It shook me terribly. Thank God, thou 'rt alive and well. And how is it with thee, my dove?'

'He is wandering,' whispered Margaret below her breath. 'We must nurse him, Mistress Deborah dear; he will soon be well.'

For Deborah, leaning her brave heart on her father's breast, was trembling like a leaf, and tears of agony were gathered in her eyes. Was that strong mind, that tender father's care, dead to her for ever? Would he never, never know the innocence of his darling, whose imagined treachery had stricken him thus? 'Father!' she cried, in piercing accents of despair, 'father! Charlie is innocent. Charlie never wrote that paper, father dear; but a bad man did it, forging Charlie's name! Charlie never, never raised money upon Enderby! He is as guiltless and as true to thee as Deborah! Dost hear me, father? Dost hear me? Dost understand?'

He smiled at her vehemence, and stroked back her hair. 'Ay; I understand thee. Charlie is a good fellow, and our own dear brave boy. Though that running off from school, Deb,' he whispered, 'was the wild blood cropping up! Ha, ha, ha! *that* was a mistake; eh, Deb?' and he laughed vehemently again.

'O Mistress Fleming,' said Deborah, with her hand to her brow, 'this is harder to me than all. Margaret, Margaret! what shall we do? This is death in life.—O father, dear father! dost not know me? We have stood side by side in all our troubles, and now all trouble is at an end. We are rich! and Enderby, Enderby, father, is ours! We have money, father—riches, plenty! Charlie shall come home to thee—come home and live at Enderby! O sweet father, be thyself! Be calm, love, and God will restore thee, make thee well. Father, father, I am little Deb! Be my own dear father. Be thyself. Look! better times are coming, father, for Charlie and for thee!' Wild, sweet, impassioned were Deborah's words and tones and looks.

Sir Vincent Fleming raised his hand to his head, and gazed all round, and gazed at her and Margaret. 'Deb,' he said, 'I am tired, very tired of this world, dear love. Take me home, home to thy mother and to Enderby. I must rest.'

Pale and tearless, Deborah glanced at Mistress Fleming, and led the old man to his chair by the fireside. But for Mistress Fleming, she could see no more; her eyes were blind with tears.

### CHAPTER THE SIXTEENTH.

That night Charlie's secretly made wife Meg Dinnage wrote and despatched a letter to Kingston Fleming, in this wise: 'Master Kingston Fleming, we are in a sore strait. Master Sinclair is dead; ye may have heard it. Master Charles Fleming is gone away. My Lady Deb is all alone, for her poor father is helpless on our hands. As ye are kind and true, come with speed to Enderby. You will be welcome.'

That same night Mistress Fleming and Deborah conferred long together, and talked themselves light-hearted about the future. Then said Mistress Fleming: 'Let me brush your lovely long hair, Lady Deb; for soon you will have a maid for this and a maid for that. Lady o' Lincoln Castle! Oh, who would have thought on such luck! I no longer hate the poor fox who has died and left you all, but pity him from my heart. Ah, Lady Deb, I wish Master Fleming could hear o' this.'

'*You* know where he is hiding, Mistress Dinnage, but will not tell me.'

'Nay; I am under oath. But why should Master Fleming tell "Mistress Dinnage" his hiding-place?'

'Ye cannot blind me, Margaret; you are also a maiden; you are happy. Nay; come round to me, dear. The time has come. But my own selfish sorrows have kept me dumb hitherto. Margaret, you love him! He has spoken!' Deborah leaned back in her chair, gazing up, with her hair falling like a golden shower behind her.

Mistress Fleming, dark-haired, dark-eyed, blushing, drooped, till she sank and laid her head on Deborah's knees. The action was eloquent.

'And ye have kept this from me?' whispered Deborah, drooping over her. 'O Mistress Dinnage, Mistress Dinnage! but you shall be wedded now as soon as ever Lincoln tragedy is blown over, and poor Adam Sinclair's fate forgot. Meantime, what doeth Charlie, dear? Speak! I will guard the secret.'

'He has gone to fight. He has 'listed with the Irish to fight against England. Ye have driven me to add to your sorrows, Lady Deb; lightening my own heart to tell you this.'

'O Margaret, Margaret! what could induce him to do this mad thing? Has he really joined?'

'A week ago.'

'And a private! O Charlie Fleming, this is a sore trouble, yet no disgrace. But you thought yourself a ruined man.'

'We must pray for him, Lady Deb. Oh, night and day he is my prayer. God guard him!'

'It is well father cannot know of *this*;' and Deborah fell into deep thought.

'Mistress Dinnage,' said she suddenly, 'I was happy this morning: I heard from May Warriston.'

'I saw you did.'

'She told me news. Mistress Blancheflower was married a month ago at Naples to Count Mazzini. There was a very grand wedding.'

'What! Did she desert Master King Fleming then, for this foreign count?'

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'Ay, she did!' said Deborah bitterly. 'I would not have believed it. And I taunted him, and called him false and a traitor, Mistress Dinnage, when he came over last and told me he was free. And now I hear that *she* threw him over so soon as the rich count appeared. Heaven forgive her! She has cost me much.'

'For naught,' added Mistress Fleming fiercely; and then Mistress Fleming thought, and laughed to herself. 'When Master King Fleming comes again,' she continued softly, 'you will not chide him *then*. No; you will be kind, for sake of those hard words. I like Master King Fleming dearly.'

'Nay,' answered Deborah, speaking coldly and blushing warmly; 'I have more to forgive than he. We both spoke hotly; but King said a hard thing of me anent my wedding Master Sinclair. We were both hot. But take my word for it, Mistress Dinnage, he will come no more to Enderby.'

'He will, and will be welcome too. He would make the Master his old self again; so father says, and I well believe it.'

'O hush, Mistress Dinnage, hush! He will come no more to Enderby, nor do we need him now.'

One long day passed; but another dawn brought Kingston Fleming. Mistress Margaret, eagerly watching from her window, saw him ride up, and was out before Marjory. As she stood in the early sun, he wondered at her beauty, though his soul was in another's. She held his horse; he wondered at her graciousness, little wotting that the girl's proud heart was all subdued by the same subtle shaft that quivered in his own. She thought of herself no more.

'Thank ye,' said Kingston. 'And thank ye, dear Mistress Dinnage, for the little letter. Did Deborah know of *that*?'

'Nay; I writ without her knowledge. But she will welcome ye. Only try.'

'O Mistress Dinnage, I was hard and brutal with her.'

'She has forgot. Only try.'

'Where is she? And the poor old master?'

'They are in the house. I will run to him; and Lady Deb shall go into the garden, unwitting you are here. It is best so. Go round.'

'But stay, Mistress Dinnage, one moment. Where is Charlie Fleming?'

'How can I tell you?' replied Mistress Margaret with her old hauteur. 'His sister would better know;' and turned away, as the scarlet blood dyed face and throat and hands.

So Kingston sauntered round, just as if his heart were not knocking against his side with tumultuous love and desperate longing hope.

There soon walked his sweet love into the garden. Little did Kingston, there watching through the trees, know of the great fortune that had befallen her, or he would have seen himself far enough away before seeking Deborah Fleming's ear. Hark! she is singing. She is passing close to him while she sings, his first—last—only love! She was looking pale and sorrowful, that sweet Rose of Enderby. O to pluck that fair Rose from the thorny stem of Enderby, and wear it for ever on his breast! As he gazed, Kingston Fleming felt himself capable of anything for her dear sake. His heart swelled with joy and triumph, to think that she was poor and lonely, and that *he* could hew a place for her amongst the great ones of the earth. He stepped forward, and faltered—'Deborah!'

Deborah was taken aback. She stood, and first faded to a white rose and then flushed to a red, and not a word to say.

'Deborah,' said Kingston Fleming, 'don't resent my coming. I heard of my uncle Vincent's illness—and, of Master Sinclair's death. Love! I will not offend by word or look or deed; only bid me serve thee!'

'And hast forgiven me, Kingston?' faltered the girl, her passionate love pleading wildly within her breast, and quelling all else beside, forgetting utterly that she too had thought herself aggrieved.

'*Forgiven* thee, Deb?' asked Kingston, paling. 'Hast thou forgiven *me*?' I did thee grievous wrong; I knew my words were base and false, my noble one!'

'Ah, speak not of that, for heaven's sake! We were mad, King, and both maybe have been to blame in our past lives. We know all now; there is no secret between us.'

'No. If I know of Master Sinclair's death, you know of Mistress Blancheflower's wedding.'

'Dost know *all*, King?' asked Deborah suddenly, and tears and laughter were lurking in her upraised eyes.

'Nay; what more? Naught will surprise me.'

'Charlie has cut himself off from England, and enlisted with the Irish rebels. Master Sinclair, little knowing my brother would kill him, has left me all his wealth and lands.'

Kingston started; he had frowned at the first tidings, but the last overclouded his brow like night. 'I knew naught of all this,' he answered calmly.

'Yes, King,' continued Mistress Fleming, with her old gaiety, 'I am a great lady now! It seems so strange for poor Deborah Fleming to be an heiress. But bethink ye: this will save Charlie; we will have him back soon!'

'Ay; it will save Charlie,' muttered Kingston thoughtfully.

'Why, you are not glad at my good fortune! Father, dear father, when he is himself, will be right glad to hear it. King, you once told me you would be proud of me if I were a grand lady. Now, ye have not a word o' congratulation to offer me, though I am Lady of Lincoln!'

'I wish ye were aught else. Deb, I would ye were a beggar!'

'O loving wish! I have been beggar long enough. Why dost wish this? Tell me.'

'Because it is Adam Sinclair's gold; because ye owe all to *him*. But Deb, I must bid ye adieu, love, when I have seen your father. I came but for a few hours; I have business at Granta.'

'Always going! always gone! King, ye are like a wreath of smoke—ever evanishing in thin air.'

He wrung her hand, and turned away; yet he saw that tears were in her eyes. Deborah felt that if he went, he went for ever. The truth flashed upon her: he loved her still, but her fortune sundered them in his eyes. What should she do? Woo him? He knew not even of her love. She plucked a daisy from the grass, and gave it him: 'King, rememberest thou? "He loved me *not*?"'

'*Who* loved thee not?' And he stood and gazed upon her.

Trembling like an aspen leaf at her own bold-

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ness, she answered tremulously: 'Why, Kingston Fleming.'

'Didst love Kingston Fleming *then?*'

'Then—now—and always!' And she sank upon his breast.

(*To be concluded next month.*)

## SKETCHES IN VANCOUVER ISLAND.

Vancouver Island, which forms part of British North America, and stretches a length of three hundred miles along the coast of the Pacific, is still little known, although singularly attractive for its picturesque beauty, its fine climate, and its many interesting objects in natural history. The writer of this happened to be a resident in that beautiful island in 1876, and is able to say something of its scenery and products.

We were particularly struck with the grandeur of the forests. The huge dimensions of some of the trees fill one with amazement; nor is there less surprise at the profusion of gem-like berries of many varieties. The moist alluvial soil produces the delicious salmon-berry, in appearance a glowing jewel of gold; these, with cranberries, bramble-berries, currants, and a small black gooseberry, are very abundant. The most arid and rocky situations are often fairly black with grape-like bunches of the sweet sellal berry, which grows on a low hardy evergreen, and defies frosts until late in the season. Another variety of the gooseberry, larger than the black ones, with a skin covered with a bitter and glutinous secretion, grows very abundantly on the dryer soils. Its pulp when ripe is similar to cultivated varieties. The red huckleberry, strawberry, and raspberry, with some others, abound in the gravelly pine-lands. Man's constant need of timber is abundantly met in these forests. The Douglas or red fir, a tough dense wood, attains a great size, and prevails almost universally. The red cedar, hemlock, spruce, white pine, balsam pine, and other useful conifers, are plentiful; while among deciduous trees may be mentioned maples, beeches, cherries, and oaks, which are more sparsely distributed.

To the lover of natural scenery few things are more delightful than a canoe cruise along this coast and among the intricate avenue-like channels which surround the adjacent islands. The rocky shores, mostly of a sandstone formation, are for miles wrought and carved by ocean tides and sands until they resemble fantastic Gothic architecture. The lofty snow-clad peaks of the neighbouring continent afford a sublime background to the clear azure sea and verdant graces of the nearer coasts, whose inviting bays and tiny coves seem to bid the voyager to land and explore.

Both Siwash and Cloochman, as the males and females of Vancouver Island are respectively styled, ply the paddle and sail with great dexterity. Canoeing is their forte. Many families spend more than half their lives on the water, travelling immense distances, and boldly crossing wide straits in seas that are often boisterous. Most picturesque in its details is an Indian encampment, as seen every day in the vicinity of Nanaimo, Comet, and other settlements on the eastern coast. The capacious canoe is hauled beyond reach of tides, and if in sunny weather, carefully shaded, to prevent cracking. Everything needed for use is removed to the camping-ground. A few poles and rush-mats form the necessary shelter. In making the mats the squaws (women) are very skilful, and form an ever-present and prominent adjunct to the Indian household. If the family have just returned from a successful hunt, they will probably have four or five deer to skin and dress; besides a dozen or two of grouse, a few ducks and geese; and often a seal, or elk, or black bear adds variety to the bill of fare. The skins of the animals are stretched, dried, and sold, together with such superfluous meat as can be disposed of. Two or three small wolfish dogs are generally to be seen tied up and eyeing the butchering operations with keen interest. Towards evening, presuming the necessary tasks have been accomplished, men women and children recline lazily upon their mats, and for hours make the night hideous with their peculiar clucking language.

Besides the substantial supplies already enumerated, Ocean furnishes with no niggardly hand his gleaming luxuries, of which the salmon forms the chief. In a fragile bark which holds but one, and can be lifted with one hand, Siwash or Cloochman starts for the salmon-grounds, often a mile or two from the village. Trolling a line of about twenty yards with a spoon bait or natural fish attached, he or she paddles at a moderate pace, carefully avoiding entanglement with sea-weed. The line being held with the paddle, each stroke of the latter gives the bait a spasmodic and life-like movement, highly conducive to success. Many salmon (of inferior quality) are taken in the rivers by spearing; and though the river-banks are frequently offensive from the number of fish that have died from injuries received in ascending to and returning from the spawning-ground, hungry bears and sea-fowl innumerable perform the scavenger's cleanly offices.

The natives have a peculiar mode of catching a small fish which resembles a herring, but is inferior to it in size. Taking a lath-like stick of tough wood, the edge of the end not handled being armed for several feet with thin iron spikes, they proceed slowly in search of their prey, using their implement like a paddle, and darting it rapidly through the finny droves. By this manœuvre a dozen or two are frequently impaled at a stroke, and adroitly transferred to the canoe to be used as bait. Herring and herring-*spawn* are largely eaten, both fresh and dried, the spawn being obtained by placing fir branches in the quiet bays which the herring frequent. As soon as the branches are covered, the spawn is collected and dried in the sun. Halibut and rock-cod are also caught in these waters. Among shell-fish may be mentioned a poor apology for the oyster, which seldom attains a diameter exceeding an inch. Its near neighbour the clam atones for this deficiency, and is frequently got upwards of a pound in weight. Very dear to the heart of Siwash is this mud-loving crustacean, which plays an active part in rustic repasts. The bivalve is often smoked, dried, and put on long skewers; and together with dried salmon, forms an unfailing adjunct to the Indian cuisine. Besides the oyster and clam, the mussel, razor-fish, cockle, and a few others are found on these coasts.

The Vancouver Islanders are a broad-shouldered, stalwart race, though perhaps a trifle below the medium stature. On their 'reservations' a few families raise stock, grain, and potatoes.

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This result, however, has not been obtained without much official encouragement. A few are employed as occasional day-labourers about the Nanaimo coal-mines, and some are employed more steadily by the miners underground. The store-keepers avail themselves of their services when they need porters. Many households also employ the women for washing, &c. A language called Chinook is learned both by whites and reds, for mutual convenience in trading and ordinary intercourse. This mixture of many tongues was introduced by the Hudson Bay Company, but can scarcely be called a classical language, being far more useful than elegant, English, French, and native dialects being among its constituent parts. Another remaining mark of Hudson Bay influence is found in the curious currency existing among these people. Probably no race has ever had so bulky a circulating medium as the ordinary blanket, which in the rude lodges of the richer chiefs is stored up by hundreds, and is everywhere acknowledged to be the token of wealth.

The squaws are cunning in the manufacture of water-tight baskets, which are used for many household purposes. Their bark canoe-balers are also unique though simple in construction. Not only in canoe-building do the Siwashes display their handicraft, but many of the villages are ornamented with grotesque carvings, apparently of heathen deities. At Comox and Nanaimo might be seen a short time ago poles two or three feet in diameter with fantastic figures carved one over the other nearly to the top. At the latter place a colossal painting of a fish resembling a salmon, though perhaps intended for a whale, confronted us as we approached the village from the water.

Weird and ghostly in appearance is the Indian burial-ground hard by this spot. Steering up towards the head of the broad Nanaimo Bay until the rising ground with its heavy forests casts darkling shadows over the waters, one sees two strange goblin-like figures, hideous with paint and ghastly protruding eyeballs, apparently keeping guard over this 'city of the dead.' By the side of each of these wooden figures are poles supporting white flags, which may be intended as emblems of that truce to evil thoughts which all humanity observes towards the dead. These simple children of Nature, like some who claim more refinement, seem sadly loath to be placed underground, many of the Indian corpses being laid upon beds and covered with blankets, while a rude wooden hut is erected around. Within reach of the dead Indian's hand is often placed a piece of tobacco; and food and water are added by loving survivors. The Methodists have laboured devotedly here, together with Episcopalians and Roman Catholics.

The aboriginal tribes of the island, now that they are being brought face to face with modern civilisation, are rapidly disappearing. Small-pox has reaped its thousands, and vice and intemperance their tens of thousands, among these and neighbouring races. In Victoria and other of the towns and settlements, one remarks the comfortable European attire of many of the Indians, particularly the younger ones, who seem to prize such apparel more than most of the Pacific tribes do. During the long winter evenings, men, women, and children will gather together in one of their capacious halls and hold their sports far into the night. The hall, often more than one hundred feet in length and fifty broad, is brilliantly lighted and warmed by huge fires of bark or pitch pine; the fires being built on the earthen floor, three in a row on each side of the interior, and having an attendant specially detailed to look after them. Seldom more than one person dances at once. If a Siwash is performing, he is often decorated with a garland of feathers, with perhaps a panther or bear skin loosely thrown across the shoulders, and bells fastened around the ankles. His movements are agile rather than graceful, a succession of high leaps and bounds being often accompanied with dumb-show and singing, in which latter the audience join strenuously. When the broad-faced, good-humoured Cloochman (the literal meaning in Chinook of the last word is goodman!) appears in the arena, her dress is often of the usual cotton fabric, her features are daubed with paint, and her thick raven locks absurdly smothered in white downy feathers. She sometimes jingles an instrument like a tambourine, and from her movements appears deeply impressed with the motto 'Excelsior;' but alas! her vast superfluity of adipose tissue and the forces of gravity combine to extinguish her lofty aspirations. If mortal eyes could behold a well-fed duck striving earnestly for gymnastic fame, its performances would probably resemble those of our lady-friend. No conventional ideas bid her to use the toe more than the heel in dancing. Upon making careful inquiries, the spectator will discover that the performers in these dances are generally in a kind of delirium, the result of severe fasting extended over many days. Their utterances are regarded as the inspirations of the Great Spirit, and the dancers doubtless obtain a tribute of reverence from their comrades in return for their privations.

Another peculiar custom is to hold a potlatch, or free distribution of gifts, at the principal villages every summer. Potlatch in Chinook signifies 'to give,' or 'a gift.' These meetings of many tribes are the scenes of much festivity. Clad in the skins of the bear, panther, wolf, beaver, eagle, or elk, Indians represent the respective animals, imitating their peculiar cries and other characteristics with wonderful fidelity to nature. When the time arrives, the chief and principal men among the hosts proceed to distribute large supplies of blankets and muskets, the latter being often thrown into the sea and dived for. Much honour is accorded to the greatest giver, and the chiefs need to be large-hearted as well as wealthy to retain their dignity.

When the writer of this sketch left the island, its mineral wealth was very considerable, and still continues to be so. Many thousand tons of the best coal on the Pacific coast were exported every month from Nanaimo and vicinity. Other large veins known to exist, were not worked, from a lack of capital and for other reasons best known to the proprietors. The Texada iron mountain, in the Straits of Georgia, together with other metallic deposits, may in the future claim the attention they deserve. When finished, the Canadian Pacific Railway will bring the right kind of emigrants to these shores, and doubtless more extensive quantities of arable land than are now cultivated will be found in the interior, when the demand for it is increased. The present race of settlers are a hardy, hospitable class of

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men, expert with the axe, daring and dexterous canoeists, and very ingenious in meeting the continual difficulties and vicissitudes of backwoods life. Keen hunters are often to be met among them, men who are so successful with the rifle that their families keep a full larder without the aid of butcher or poulterer.

An enlightened system of free schools enables the widely scattered children of this island and of the other portions of British Columbia to obtain a substantial education at the public expense; and much credit is due to the energy and ability of the school superintendent, whose task it has been to organise and perfect the present satisfactory educational arrangements. We shall be glad if these sketches help to stir up an interest concerning this beautiful and productive island.

## THE ADMIRAL'S SECOND WIFE.

### CHAPTER IX.—TANGLED THREADS.

THERE is another listener to the song, and every word of it falls on his heart with intense meaning. It seems to him a lamenting wail of despair wrung out from aching hearts. The Admiral has returned from an official dinner-party, and when he reaches the drawing-room door, the duet is just begun. Rather surprised, and a good deal vexed at seeing Walter Reeves so soon installed as a familiar guest at Government House, he pauses, and the words of the song fall distinctly on his ear.

In bygone days, Captain Reeves was the only one amongst all Katie's admirers who really gave him uneasiness; and if truth must be confessed, he had often felt a pang of jealousy at the great attention Walter paid her, and by his unconcealed admiration of the young lady. He had made up his mind there was an end to all that now. His wife would henceforth be far removed from such influence; and when she and Walter should chance to meet, their acquaintanceship would be strictly ceremonious.

Yet now, they have taken up the old strain, and are already deploring in doleful song the hard fortune that has divided their lives. Sir Herbert has no idea of pretence or mere acting or of singing for effect. He is true to the 'heart's core' himself, and would not deign to seem other than he is. The words come to him with terrible meaning, and rouse him to sudden awakening. Has he spoiled their lives? While he would shield his wife from every rough wind and from all that could vex and annoy, has he only been driving her to despair? The guests are all so occupied that they do not notice the Admiral at the door, nor do they see him turn away with bowed head and a weight like an added ten years pressing on his heart.

Are Laura's words proving true? Has Katie only married him for wealth and position, while her heart has been given to Walter Reeves? Is she growing weary already, and pining in her gilded chains? Terrible thoughts these! They eat into his very soul, and crush him down as he has never been crushed before. He is only thankful no one sees the storm of agony that sweeps over him, while the merry music still goes on up-stairs.

Why did he not tell Katie *then*? She would have flown to his arms, and assured him, truthfully enough, that she has grown to love him better than any one else in the world. Pleasure-loving, thoughtless, she may be, but no thought of disloyalty to her husband has ever entered her heart. But the Admiral asks no question, gives no sign, only shrouds himself up with a proud man's reticence and reserve. Though deeply hurt and wounded, he goes on his way silently, and Katie never for a moment suspects that she is making him wretched.

The next morning Walter arrives, and all the others who are to take part in the entertainment arrive also; so the rooms are again crowded, and the rehearsal goes on with spirit. There is a sound of music and talk, of song and discussion. Peals of silvery laughter burst forth; snatches of various airs are heard; Major Dillon's voice loud and prompt; Liddy Delmere's, clear and ringing. All are excited; and Walter Reeves, from his experience on the subject, is voted by all, chief authority and general manager.

Nothing loath to bear the honour, he makes even the consequential Major play second-fiddle to him. He flirts with Liddy, while she purposely goes wrong, to be set right by him; and Katie smiles more than ever at the rapid friendship springing up between the two. It is on this scene of distracting confusion that Sir Herbert looks, as he returns home an hour earlier than usual. He glances gravely round on the busy groups, who are all talking and laughing together, and cannot understand what they are about in the broad daylight, turning the quiet matter-of-fact noonday into the revelry of night. His greeting to the guests is rather formal; there is a faint compression on his lips, a slight furrow on his brow, as he listens to the allusions and watches the proceedings. In fact the guests, his wife, and all seem to him to have gone a little out of their senses. At last the visitors decide it is time to depart, and they go off in high spirits, promising to meet again there in the evening.

Sir Herbert has all that morning been taking himself to task for his hard thoughts about Katie; but resolves to atone by paying her more devoted attention. What would he not do to win her back! No sacrifice can be too great, he thinks; so he begins by coming home an hour earlier than usual, only to find fresh annoyance and disappointment. When the guests are gone, he turns his grave inflexible face to Katie, and says: 'I came back early, my darling, on purpose to drive you to Belton Park.'

Lady Dillworth is gathering up the pen-and-ink sketches of costumes, glancing at each, and mentally considering what jewels she will use to adorn the highly ornamented stomacher of Lucy Ashton's blue dress, so she replies quickly: 'I 'm sorry you fixed on this morning for a drive, Herbert, for I cannot possibly get away; I 've no end of music to try over.'

'Perhaps there will be time in the afternoon then. Lady Ribson leaves Belton Park in a few days, and I promised to introduce you to her.'

'Does she return to Scotland?'

'Yes. Had she not been so old and feeble, she would have come here to call for you.'

'Oh, I am so sorry about it, Herbert; but every minute of to-day is portioned out: I 've a hundred things to do.'

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'Katie, I very much wish you to know Lady Ribson.'

'I know, I know; and I wish it also; but our meeting can't be to-day. Don't urge me, Herbert. This afternoon I 'm to call at Madame Darcy's my dressmaker; she is to try to make some wonderful medieval robes for me.'

'Surely you are not thinking of having a fancy ball here?'

'No, no; only a charade party. But we are all to appear in apropos costume. There! that's the luncheon bell.—Liddy, are you ready?'

Miss Delmere has wandered off to the music-room, and has not heard the matrimonial conversation. She comes out radiant and gleeful, a smile on her lip, as she thinks of the pleasant morning she has passed, the pleasant evening still in prospect.

'Won't the charade party be nice, Sir Herbert? I wish you were to take a part in it.'

'Thank you, Miss Delmere; but my days of masquerading are over. Allow me to take you down to luncheon.'

He walks gravely down the broad stairs with the ladies. As far as the Admiral is concerned, the meal is a gloomy one. He eats but little himself, and joins but rarely in the conversation Liddy and his wife are keeping up. Sir Herbert does not like Miss Delmere. There is a mocking satirical manner about her, a tone of banter in her voice, an expression of raillery in her clear blue eyes, and a love of badinage in her thoughtless little heart, that he cannot understand. He can never distinguish whether she is in jest or earnest, and he is not the man to probe deeply into the character of one for whom he cares so little. He would fain see the friendship between Liddy and his wife die out; but with his morbid shrinking from interfering with his wife's plans or thwarting her wishes, he does not put his wish into words. When luncheon is over, Sir Herbert does not again allude to the proposed drive to Belton Park, and the subject appears to have passed from Katie's mind also, for when he goes out, she and Liddy decide about driving at once to Madame Darcy's.

After this, preparations for the charade party go on with great energy. Liddy is in her element, for Walter comes every day to consult and rehearse. The expensive dresses are ordered; invitations are sent out; the drop-scene is being painted by a local artist; and the erewhile solemn stately shades of Government House re-echo at all hours with unwonted strains of melody and mirth.

*(To be continued.)*

## A LEGEND OF 'THE FORTY-FIVE.'

THE news of the expected landing of Prince Charles Edward Stuart in Scotland to attempt to recover the crown of his forefathers had reached a secluded glen, and many were the hopes and fears that animated the breasts of the Highlanders.

There dwelt in a small sheeling on the hill-side a young girl of eighteen, the only daughter of a Highlander. Her rare beauty and gentle manners had won her the admiration and approval of both young and old in the glen; many were the suitors that had sought young Flora's hand, and many were the sad hearts that had left the sheeling with the gentle yet firm refusal of the Highland lassie. Her companion from childhood had been young Donald of the clachan. The children had grown up together from their earliest years, had wandered among the bonnie heather braes, and sat beside each other in the primitive school of the glen, for years before either had known the meaning of the word love. On stormy days, when winds were high and the blinding snow-drift swept over the glen, young Donald would wrap the pretty child in his plaid, and though only two years her senior, seemed to consider himself the guardian of the mitherless bairn.

Thus years had passed away in all the innocent attachment of childhood. When the hours for play came, these children, instead of romping with the others in the school, would wander to some sunny brae and twine the purple heather in a necklet for the fair white neck of the little Flora, or to deck the blue bonnet of young Donald. Their natures seemed formed in the same mould—calm loving natures, cheerful and sunny, yet not impulsive, nor boisterous, nor cruel. Years had fled without a cloud to darken the sky of their young existence; Flora had fulfilled the promise of her childhood, and had grown in beauty both of person and mind. Hers was the same innocent and loving nature that had nestled in childhood beneath the plaid of the young Donald, who had now grown to manhood. A finer specimen of a young Highlander could not be seen; strength, agility, comeliness, and the proud bearing which is so native to the mountaineer, were his; but the artless confidence of childhood had been usurped by the deep strong power of love, and they met with more reserve as time went on.

Flora's father was proud of his only child, who so reminded him of her mother, his first and only love, that he had laid in the grave years ago. Proud of the admiration and respect that his child met with on all hands, he reasoned with himself that it was his duty as a father to endeavour to get his daughter to make a good match, which to his idea was a wealthy one. He had liked Donald, and encouraged him when they were children in the care he took of young Flora. But Donald was a shepherd, the only son of a widowed mother; and why should any foolish feeling on the part of Flora prevent her marrying some one of the well-to-do farmers who had sought her hand?

It was a winter's night; the fire was burning brightly on the hearth; and Donald, who had been spending the evening with them, had just left, when the first shadow came over young Flora's life. Her father spoke words which went like arrows to her heart, and brought tears to her glorious eyes. Donald was forbidden to come to the house again; and the name of a wealthy man whose suit she had rejected, but who had again asked her father for her hand, was pronounced with the sternness of parental authority to be the one he had selected for her future husband.

Flora loved her father, and at first only gazed at him with a look of incredulity; but the words were repeated, harsher and more stern than formerly. The tears were gone; there was an expression in Flora's eyes, not of anger, but it spoke volumes. She rose, kissed her father's forehead, and left the room.

Long hours passed ere sleep closed the tear-dimmed eyes of young Flora. Her love, her duty to her father on one side; her deep, pure, and virgin love for young Donald on the other: hard fate to

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have to choose between. But the conflict was over; her decision was made. She had been truthful as the sun from childhood; and without thinking of it perhaps, her father had asked her to swear a lie at the altar of God, in pronouncing the marriage vows to a man whom she did not even respect, when her heart, her life, her love, were given to young Donald. It could not be.

'What am I to say to Errick of the Bracken Braes, Flora?' said her father, in his most winning way, the following morning.

'Tell him, I hae nae heart to gie him, and that my heart and my hand gang thegither,' was the reply.

The Highlander swore an oath, and muttering he would have his own way, left the sheeling.

Next day was Sunday, and Donald and Flora met at the little chapel in the glen. He observed that his lassie looked sad, and was even more reserved than usual. 'Meet me at the Eagles' Cairn to-morrow, Donald, when I gang to milk the goats; ye ken the hour;' and with a smile she passed on.

At the Eagles' Cairn young Flora told her lover the stern decree her father had made. 'So ye mustna be coming again, Donald,' she said, struggling in vain to hide her emotion.

At the Eagles' Cairn there was a tableau: the distant mountains, the murmuring burn, the goats grouped around, and the collie dogs reposing amongst the heather; in the centre a youth and a maiden, his arm round her waist, her head resting on his breast. The first kiss of love had been given; their troth was plighted, and the fire-god shone on the scene.

The standard of the Stuarts had been raised, and the clans were marshalling to strike the most chivalrous blow that was ever struck on behalf of a fallen dynasty. Every sheeling was sending forth its men capable of bearing arms; and with heavy hearts, yet with all the pride of their race, the Highland wives, mothers, and sweethearts were placing the white cockade in the bonnets of their darlings. Sad was the heart of young Flora when Donald told her the news; she made his white cockade in secret, and gave it to him with a parting kiss at the Eagles' Cairn the night before that sad morning that saw all that was dear to her in this world, her father and lover, march down the glen.

Donald has asked Flora to take care of his mother, now that she would be left alone; and she had gone to live with the poor old widow, whose heart was nearly broken; but she shed not a tear as her handsome boy, arrayed in his tartan, marched away to fight for bonnie Prince Charlie.

Donald's Highland pride had felt bitterly the conduct of Flora's father, but for the sake of his heart's idol, he could not hate him. They fought side by side in the first battle at which the Highland army encountered the English forces. At a critical period of the fight, Donald beheld the stalwart form of Flora's father engaged in a hand-to-hand encounter with an English soldier; he had little doubt of the result of the contest, and the smoke that enveloped the scene hid them from his sight; as it for a moment cleared away, he saw the brave Highlander hard pressed by three of the enemy, and he rushed to his assistance. Ere he reached the scene of conflict, two of the English soldiers were lying on the ground; but in giving the blow that felled the second, the brave Highlander had lost his footing; and before he could recover himself, the third closed with him and had him down. With a wild Highland yell, Donald sprang forward like a tiger, and buried his dirk between the shoulders of the English soldier, as he was in the act of using the prostrate Highlander's dirk, while he firmly grasped his throat with the right hand. It was the work of a moment to hurl the dead soldier off the Highlander; and Flora's father sprang to his feet, to recognise in the boy he had so harshly treated, the saviour of his life. 'Donald!' he exclaimed; but the brave boy had not waited for thanks, but hurried on to join his clan, in pursuit of the now routed and disorganised English army.

Time passed on, and Highland pride on both sides had maintained the coldness that existed between the two Highlanders. It was a lovely morning when the two armies were again drawn up in order of battle, eager for the coming fray; the wild slogan of the bagpipe, the waving plumes, and flowing tartans on the one side, and the serried ranks and scarlet uniforms of the English army on the other. Its tale has oft been told. The fight was over; the impetuous charge of the Highlanders had carried everything before it, and the English army was in full retreat.

Beside a rude couch sat young Donald, who with the exception of a sabre-cut on the shoulder, had come scathless through that day of battle and victory. Not so Flora's father; he lay mortally wounded, his handsome features pale, and his broad chest heaving. He had clasped the boy's hand in his own, and spoke with difficulty: 'Donald, forgive me,' he exclaimed. 'I am wearing away: never shall I see the bonnie glen and the sheeling, or clasp again to my breast my ain dear lassie. Tell her that my dying words were seeking forgiveness from her, from you. Tell her that in health and strength, I thought mair o' riches than her happiness. God forgive me! Tell her that you saved my life; I, the wretch that would have wrecked both your young lives for gold; I that was so harsh with you. O Donald! tell her you gladdened the dying moments of her father, and that he gave her to you, with a dying man's blessing, as freely as she gave herself.' Here a spasm convulsed his paleness, and he ceased from exhaustion. Donald sat with tear-dimmed eyes; his heart was full, and his thoughts were far away.

The dying Highlander's lips moved; his voice for a moment regained its old tone: 'Tell them in the glen that Alister died the proudest death a Highlander can die—fighting for his chief, his Prince, and Scotland.' A slight tremor over his frame, and the brave heart had ceased for ever.

We will not trace the varying fortunes of the Highland army; the sun of Culloden had set in disaster, the Prince was a wanderer, the clans routed and dispersed.

A young Highlander, pale and haggard, with his arm in a sling, was resting on a bed in the clachan; an old woman counting her beads, and a young and beautiful girl, were the only inmates of the room. The sad tale of death and defeat had been told. 'Yes, Flora,' said young Donald (for he it was); 'he gied ye to me on his death-bed. Will ye still hae me?' Young Flora's lips pressed those of the wounded soldier in reply. And Donald and Flora parted no more, till Death called one away; but the

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parting was not for long—within three days Death called the other. Stalwart lads and bonnie lasses laid their parents beneath the old rowan-tree in the glen, full of years, and mourned by the country-side.

## THE MONTH:

### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE usual holiday quiet has been animated by news of the discovery that the planet Mars has two moons—that a star in the constellation Cygnus is changing into a nebula—that Mr Stanley has made his way down the Congo to the sea—that Sir William Thomson has invented a chemical indicator which when attached to a sounding-line will tell the depth without stopping the ship, and that the ancient obelisk which has been talked about from the beginning of the present century, is at last on its way from Egypt to England. And now the quiet time is over; for colleges, schools, and hospitals have begun their scientific lectures; the learned Societies are resuming their evening meetings and discussions; the Royal Society have given notice that applications for aid from the funds for promotion of science voted by parliament must be sent in before December 31; and soon the men of philosophy and science will be as busy as the men whose talk is of merchandise.

Planetary satellites are a characteristic of our solar system, and now that the able astronomers at Washington have shewn that Mars has two moons, that mythological deity ceases to be exceptional. Neither in rate of motion nor in distance from the planet is there agreement between the two; for we are informed by Mr Christie of the Greenwich Observatory, that 'the outer satellite revolves once in less than a day and a quarter, and the inner three and a quarter times in one day. The phenomena,' he continues, 'presented to an inhabitant of Mars must be very remarkable, for the outer satellite will remain above the horizon for two and a half days and nights, and the inner will rise in the west and set in the east twice in the course of the night. The lunar method of determining longitudes must be singularly easy with such a rapidly moving satellite, which is equivalent to the addition of a minute-hand to the celestial clock, which in our case has to be read by the hour-hand alone.'

Mr Christie tells us further that the two moons have been seen by observers at Greenwich, Paris, and other places; and he remarks, that if they 'have been in existence for ages, it seems strange they have not been discovered before, especially at the opposition of 1862, when Mars approached the earth as closely as this year; but it is naturally much easier to see an object that has once been found than to discover it independently. The satellites must be much smaller than any of the minor planets hitherto discovered. Can Mars have picked up a couple of very large meteorites, which have approached him closely?'

Leaving this question to the experts, we add, in passing from the subject, that the orbital velocity of one of the moons is seventy-nine miles a minute; of the other, fifty miles; and that their discovery has enabled astronomers to determine the mass of Mars, and thus settle what has been to them an important and long-standing problem.

As a reverse to this astronomical triumph, we have to record the death of Le Verrier, an astronomer pre-eminent among the astronomers of the century, with such insight and such capacity for work as have rarely been equalled. He will be known through coming ages by his theory of the motions of the planets, and the tables founded thereon; for provided with these, astronomers all over the world are enabled to carry on their work with an accuracy hitherto unapproachable, and to widen its application. France has lost one of her greatest sons, and Science one of her most distinguished elaborators; but he lives in his works, and through them will continue to guide and instruct the mariner, the astronomer, and the physicist.

Mr Stanley's exploit in turn settles an interesting geographical question, for embarking on the Lualaba, he followed that river down to the Congo, and the Congo down to the sea. Thus the drainage of the lake-region of Central Africa finds its way into the Atlantic. The voyage proved fatal to some of the party through conflict with hostile natives, and accidents among the cataracts, which on the equator impede navigation for a distance of thirteen miles. The river is described as from two to ten miles wide: it drains an area of one million four hundred thousand square miles; and now with the Congo and the Nile, Africa may claim two of the largest rivers in the world.

It often happens in dark weather that the position of a ship can be ascertained only by sounding; and when near the land, the soundings should be frequent if danger is to be avoided. But as the depth cannot be accurately measured without bringing the ship to a stand-still, the seaman is apt to prefer risk to loss of time; and the consequence is at times—a wreck. Sir William Thomson, to whom navigation is indebted for an important improvement in sounding apparatus, has recently proved by experiment that by adding thereto a chemical appliance the sounding may be taken while the ship is in motion. This appliance consists of a copper tube, attached to the lower end of the sounding wire, and inclosing a slender glass tube, and a small quantity of sulphate of iron. As the tube descends, the pressure of the water forces the sulphate into the glass tube: it leaves a stain on the glass; and according to the height of the stain, as indicated on a scale, such is the depth of the water. We are informed that this ingenious instrument has been tried on board the *Minotaur* with satisfactory proof of its 'absolute accuracy and extreme handiness.'

H.M.S. *Téméraire* is appropriately named, for she is big enough and heavy enough to do battle with any antagonist that may venture to face her in the Mediterranean, whither she is bound. The engines are 7697 horse-power. No wonder that the mighty vessel when under way pushes up a ten-foot wave at her bow! The diameter of the principal cylinders is seventy inches; of the crank shaft, twenty-two inches; from which an idea may be formed of the bulk of the ponderous mass. To reduce the weight as much as possible, wrought-iron and brass are largely used in the construction of the engines and fittings, in place of cast-iron, so that in the condensers there are more than eleven thousand brass tubes, which make up a cooling surface of fourteen thousand square feet. To assist the movements and facilitate the working of

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this giant among war-ships, there are on board thirty-four small engines, thus distributed: two turning, two starting, four feed, two circulating, four fan, two bilge, one capstan, one steering, four pumping, four ashes lifters, two hydraulic gear workers, one torpedo reservoir charger, one to work the electric machine which feeds the lights on the bridge, and four others. In all this there seems something of complication; but we may hope that everything will work well even in the worst of weather, so that the ship may justify her name and the merits of her builders.

The Iron and Steel Institute held their annual meeting at Newcastle-on-Tyne, where, and in the neighbourhood, the manufactures and other mechanical operations abound in which the members take most interest. That these are mines, coking furnaces, brick-works, iron-works, and foundries, may easily be imagined. One of the papers read shewed that cast-steel could be produced without compression, and as readily as cast-iron; which if confirmed by further experiment, will prove of great value in the manufacture of heavy cannon.

In a visit to Sir William Armstrong's works at Elswick, the members saw the welding of coils for guns under the great steam-hammer, which weighs thirty tons, and falls upon an anvil of one hundred and twenty tons, with a stroke of twelve feet six inches; and yet so perfect is the hydraulic moving machinery, that it can be easily worked by one man. The four cranes too by which the ponderous masses of red-hot metal are lifted, are 'under the command of one man, who can sling them right and left, or move the load up or down just as he pleases without moving from his post.' Another example of what can be done by water was shewn at the swing-bridge across the Tyne, which has four spans of about one hundred feet each. The portion which opens weighs fifteen hundred tons. 'The hydraulic machinery for actuating it, is contained in the hollow pier which forms the pivot on which it turns. The pier is surmounted by a watch-tower, in which are the levers for opening and shutting the bridge. It takes just one minute to swing the bridge from its closed position across the river to the open one in line with the stream.'

Mechanists have pointed out that water-engines use the same amount of water when merely driving themselves (which is next to doing nothing) as when exerting their entire power. If it be true that there should be a proportion between the amount of work and the quantity of water, this, as we are informed, is provided for by Hastie and Company of Greenock in an invention by means of which an automatic lengthening or shortening of the stroke of the engine takes place, in accordance with the work to be done. No sooner does the engine become, so to speak, aware of the demand on its power, than it immediately adapts itself thereto without external assistance.

To revert to the Institute: A description was given of the coking coal-field of South Durham; it is thirteen miles long by eleven miles wide, and assists in supplying the present demand for fourteen and a half million tons of coke yearly. At one of the collieries there used to be a waste of three hundred tons of coal every week; but now by means of improved coking ovens, and intercepting the waste heat, this loss is prevented. It is found too that the large deposits of inferior coal can be utilised, by crushing, washing, and then coking: a very important fact, for there is in all our coal-fields a large breadth of coal which has been hitherto rejected as worthless, but which will now be worked and converted into coke.

A paper was read which shews that ways are opening for the utilisation of slag: it is now converted into bricks, cement, mortar, concrete, glass, and cotton or wool. This wool is an excellent material for covering boilers and pipes to prevent waste of heat. Four million bricks have been made, which looks promising.

The *Journal* of the Institute contains descriptions of machinery with which we may fitly supplement the foregoing: At Smethwick near Birmingham, there is a screw-factory which, with its clever mechanical contrivances, is something to wonder at. All the sizes of screws used in carpentry and cabinet-making are made of iron wire chopped into lengths, and shaped in a series of self-acting machines. A blow on one end forms a head, which is speedily turned true in a revolving chuck, the nick is cut by a small circular saw, a revolving jaw then seizes the head, and the 'worm' or screw is turned in a twinkling; and in this way half a million screws an hour are produced. This seems almost incredible; but the screwing-shed alone covers nearly an acre and a half, and contains two thousand machines. These being self-acting, five or six can be kept going by one woman.

Another example from the same source shews the application of machinery to soft goods and tailoring: At a wholesale clothing establishment in Leeds, more than a thousand hands and three hundred sewing-machines are employed. The cutting-out is done by means of knife-machines driven by steam, which cut through thirty-five layers of thick or a hundred and twenty layers of thin cloth at once, the pattern being marked on the topmost piece. The pile, as is stated, is manipulated around the knife-blade, just as a block of wood is moved when being cut by a band-saw. Pressing-machines heated by gas are used in place of the old tailor's goose, and as they are worked by a treadle, the workman's hands are at liberty to guide the heated iron over the seams.

As our readers know, experiments with continuous brakes for railway trains have been made in England and America. We now learn from a published Report that similar experiments have been made in Germany, and that generally preference is given to the Westinghouse brake. All other things being equal, that must be the best brake which will stop a train within the shortest distance, and that this is done by the Westinghouse appears to be clearly established. This brake has been adopted for the state railways by the Belgian government; and that the question should be settled without delay is regarded as essential in all the countries where it has been tried. The Board of Trade in a recent Report take an unusually decided tone on this point. As the *Times* remarks: 'They not only constantly refer to continuous brakes as the great railway want of the day, but they also lay down, for the first time, the qualities which a continuous brake ought to possess. The chief of these are instantaneous action when applied either by driver or guard, automatic action, regular use in daily work, and uniformity upon different lines, so that when vehicles from one line are connected with the

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trains of another the same brake-power may be available for both.' We are further informed that the Board have sent a circular to the railway companies with intimation that the sooner the requirements implied in the foregoing description are put into practice the better will it be for all concerned. There is common-sense in this: it will be read with satisfaction by all who travel by railway.

Social Science this year ventured into a high latitude, and held its Congress at Aberdeen, where the usual endeavours were made to promote health, wealth, and morality, which includes law. A paper read by Mr Caird on 'Economy and Trade,' chiefly as regards agriculture, will comfort those timid folk who are always looking for that troublous time when all our foreign supply of 'bread-stuffs' shall be cut off. 'We grow at present,' he said, 'nearly one million acres less wheat than we did twenty years ago. We have only to revert to the acreage of 1856 to meet such a deficiency as would be caused by all Europe being shut against us. And beyond that, we possess in our immense breadth of pasture-land a never-failing resource of stored-up agricultural power, which could be at once applied to the production of corn, if from any circumstance that course became at the same time necessary and profitable.'

Mr Edwin Chadwick, a veteran among sanitary reformers, read papers on Cleanliness and Health and on 'House Accommodation,' which deserve wide diffusion and careful consideration. But it may be said of these, as well as of many other topics brought forward for discussion, that 'it is better to be in possession of a few important principles than a host of facts; then reflection and reason have elbow-room, and are not hampered and brought to a dead-lock, by cramming a disorganised mass of knowledge into the brain.'

Mr H. C. Russell, government astronomer for New South Wales, has published a descriptive, historical, and tabular account of the climate of that colony in an octavo volume of more than two hundred pages, with a map and diagrams. Although the colony is not yet a hundred years old, Mr Russell has been unable to fill up the gaps which unfortunately exist in the record of its winds and weather; but his book is interesting and valuable nevertheless. He discusses the whole range of meteorological phenomena; he tells us about the hot winds and where they come from; about thunder and hail-storms; about lakes, floods, and tides; about droughts; about the rains, and why they vary; and about the great swarms of moths which at times come in clouds and infest miles of country. In his description of the physical characteristics of New South Wales, he gives particulars which will be quite new and perhaps surprising to many readers. 'Within the colony,' he says, 'may be found all climates, from the cold of Kiandra, where the thermometer sometimes falls eight degrees below zero, and frost and snow hold everything in wintry bonds for months at a stretch, and where upwards of eight feet of snow sometimes falls in a single month, to the more than tropical heat and extreme dryness of our inland plains, where frost is never seen, and the thermometer in summer often for days together reads from one hundred to one hundred and sixteen degrees, and sometimes in hot winds reaches one hundred and thirty degrees, and where the average annual rainfall is only twelve to thirteen inches, and sometimes *nil* for a whole year.' Clearly there is more scope than was thought for settlers who like 'bracing weather.' In discussing the observations, Mr Russell is of opinion that a periodicity, or a tendency to cycles of phenomena, is discoverable.

How to prevent famine, will be for some time to come a very serious question in India; and while charity seeks to palliate the misery, science is trying to discover the laws of the rainfall, and to devise means of storing large supplies of water against seasons of drought. Examples are not wanting. More than a thousand years ago one of the kings of Ceylon erected a tank, Kanthalai, on a scale so enormous, that were it to be built now it would cost a million sterling. This tank is to be repaired and made available for irrigation. In another district the tank of Kalowewa was twelve miles long and thirty miles in circumference, inclosed by embankments sixty feet in height, and was kept full by two rivers which flowed into it from the hills. In the district of Manaar the Giant's tank offers a further resource, and makes us aware of the pains taken by the natives to secure a sufficient water-supply in former ages. If India has not tanks enough for her wants, they must be built, for periodical famines are an opprobrium to Christian civilisation.

As regards Ceylon, we learn from an address delivered by Sir W. H. Gregory, the governor, that great improvements have been made in that fertile island: jungle and swamp have been converted into rice-fields or lakes: in Kandy there is a constant water-supply: fountains are set up in the villages: laws are in force for preservation of the forests, of the deer, buffalo, and elephant: the pearl-oyster, after some years' disappearance, has returned to the shores: a breakwater is in course of building which will convert the open roadstead of Colombo into a safe harbour, accessible to large ships at all seasons, and it is thought that in time Ceylon will become the great free port of the East.

Pitury is a stimulant said to be of marvellous power, and known to be used by the aborigines of Central Australia; but its origin has hitherto remained undiscovered. Last February, however, after vainly endeavouring for many years to obtain a specimen of the plant, Baron Ferdinand von Müller, Director of the Botanical Gardens at Melbourne, succeeded in getting some leaves; and after careful microscopic examination, he has shewn that they are derived from the *Duboisia Hopwoodii*, which he described in 1861. This bush extends from the Darling River and Barcoo to West Australia, through desert scrubs, but is of exceedingly sparse occurrence anywhere. In fixing the origin of the pitury, a wide field for further inquiry is opened up, inasmuch as a second species of *Duboisia* extends in the forest-lands from the neighbourhood of Sydney to near Cape York, and has also been traced in New Caledonia, and more recently in New Guinea. In all probability the latter shares the properties of the former, as Baron von Müller finds that they both have the same burning acrid taste. The natives of Central Australia chew the leaves of the pitury, just as the Peruvians and Chilians masticate those of the coca, to invigorate themselves during their long foot-journeys through the deserts. Baron von Müller is not

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certain whether the aborigines of all districts in which the pitury grows are really aware of its stimulating power; but those living near the Barcoo travel many days' journey to obtain this, to them, precious foliage, which they always carry about with them, broken into small fragments and tied up in little bags. The blacks use the pitury to excite their courage in warfare, and a large dose has the effect of infuriating them. It is by no means improbable that experiments may shew that by this discovery a new and perhaps important medicinal plant has been gained.

## A STRANGE PAIR.

About half-way between Martinsville and Liberty Corner, Pennsylvania, hidden from inquisitive eyes by tall trees and dense-growing shrubs, stands a neatly built house of ancient date; the home of a pair of lovers of a quiet life, who, the world forgetting, by the world forgot, have dwelt there in a semi-hermit way for nigh upon forty years.

Samuel and Joseph Pooley, brothers in mind as well as in blood, claim kindred on their mother's side with one of England's wealthiest nobles, and boast direct descent paternally from a follower of the Norman, who settled in Kent. In 1828 they set up in business together in New York; and in the same year Samuel, the elder of the two, coming over to England, fell in love with a beautiful girl, and wooed and won her; at least it was settled that she should become Mrs Pooley so soon as the success of the New York establishment was assured. A second visit to the old country in 1834 proved less happy in result. Samuel was not prepared to take a bride home with him; and tired of living upon hope deferred, the lady declared off; and not very long afterwards put the renewal of the engagement beyond possibility by marrying a readier suitor.

From that time Samuel Pooley became another man. The brisk man of business, the ardent politician, the lively companion, lost all liking for society, politics, and trade. His brother sympathised with his altered mood; and when, a few years later, a legacy fell to them, they resolved to retire far from the busy city and its restless crowd, and live as men whom man delighted not, nor women either.

Four thousand dollars made the Pennsylvanian homestead and its hundred and five acres their own; and there they have abided ever since, never, except when necessity compelled, finding their way even so far as the neighbouring village. Twenty years ago a sister-in-law spent a day or two at the farm; but from that time to this no woman's foot has crossed its threshold. A New York reporter describes Joseph Pooley as a ruddy-complexioned merry man, with large round wide-open eyes, a long pointed white beard, and snow-white locks bristling up nearly three inches from his scalp. Samuel, better known as 'the Squire,' is seventy-three years old—two years older than his brother, and not so stoutly built. He sports a short tuft of iron-gray beard, jutting out abruptly between his chin and throat.

As the inquisitive caller came upon the pair enjoying the cool evening air in the garden, the raggedness of their raiment struck him as something simply perfect. Joseph was arrayed in a woollen shirt (or rather enough of one to suggest what it once had been), a considerable portion of a jacket, and a very fair representation of the leading features of a pair of pantaloons; a pair of stout shoes and a gray felt hat of no particular shape completing his costume. As to the Squire's outfit, the facilities for ventilation were even greater than those enjoyed by his brother. His skin gleamed through innumerable rips and rents, to the great convenience of the mosquitoes, which he did not seem to notice; and his black felt hat was a more antique effort of the hatter's art than the gray one decking Joseph's head.

'It is unjust to say of them,' writes the note-taking visitor, 'as some do say, that they have not washed their faces or hands for ten years; they wash themselves when they feel like doing it. But seeing them, one would not find it difficult to believe that they had not felt like it for five years. At all events, this does not seem to be their year for ablutions.'

The consumption of water at the hermitage is not calculated to cause a scarcity of that article. 'On the table were standing a number of dishes of coarse yellow and blue and white delf, which had evidently just been used for supper. They always stand there, and they always have evidently just been used. Dish-washing is looked upon as a superfluous frivolity and waste of exertion. If perchance a sudden freak takes one of the hermits, just as he is sitting down to eat, that he would like to put on a little extra style, he wipes his plate with a bunch of grass or a piece of paper. But they are men of settled habits and seldom have freaks.' These Pennsylvanian disciples of Zimmerman would be at home among the dirt-loving Eastern Christians, whose domestic arrangements lately wrung from a special correspondent the declaration, that he would rather dine off a Turkish floor than a Bulgarian plate.

Like recluses in general, the Pooleys seem to be physically none the worse for contemning cleanliness, being troubled with fewer infirmities than most men at their time of life; while, unlike the common run of solitarians, they have kept their mental faculties in working order by the constant use of a first-rate collection of books, their library counting up eight hundred volumes. Neither miserly by nature, nor compelled to be so by poverty, they are by no means anchorites; and if they do go raggedly clad, it is not from economical motives, but because they are comfortable in their tatters, and have no reason to study appearances, since those who know them care not how they are dressed; and for the opinion of those who do not know them they care nothing.

Said Joseph to the New Yorker: 'It may seem strange to you that we should exile ourselves in this way from the life of the big town, after such a busy life as ours used to be; but I assure you we see enough of life to content us here. The life of the birds, the bees, the waving branches over our heads, the flowers blooming about us, and the grass beneath our feet—all these fill our hearts with a quiet content; and here we are truly happy.' It is something to know that two men in the world have succeeded in attaining this degree of contentment, though not quite to be generally admired.

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## THE GAELIC NUISANCE.

IT is not a very creditable fact that after centuries of national consolidation, there should be communities within the British Islands who use different vernacular tongues and are ignorant of English. In other words, there are large numbers of persons who cannot in ordinary circumstances be directly communicated with. They can neither send nor intelligibly receive letters through the post-office. Summoned as witnesses on civil or criminal trials, they are in the position of foreigners, and stand in need of interpreters. Cut off from English books and newspapers, a correct knowledge of history, of science and art, and of passing events is scarcely possible. They necessarily vegetate amidst vague legends and superstitions. Theirs is a life of stagnation and impoverishment, in the spot where they were born; for anything like voluntary emigration to improve circumstances is only exceptional. And all this has been complacently tolerated, if not pampered, for hundreds of years by a nation full of enterprise, and which, with no injustice, aspires to be in the front rank of general civilisation.

We are quite aware that much the same thing can be said of most of the continental nations. All are a little behind in this respect. The ancient Breton language survives in France, as does the Basque in Spain. Switzerland, Germany, and Russia are respectively a jumble of spoken tongues. In Holland and Belgium, we have the Dutch, French, Flemish, and Walloon. To accommodate the inhabitants of Brussels, the names of the streets are stuck up in two languages. These continental diversities do not greatly surprise us. In frequent wars, revolutions, conquests, annexations, along with want of means, and a host of inveterate prejudices to be encountered, we have an explanation of the strange mixture of languages and dialects which still prevails in continental Europe.

The case is somewhat different in the United Kingdom, where everything but old prejudices would seem to favour a uniform native language which all can use and understand. Yet, as we have said, there exist communities who are still less or more ignorant of English. Centuries have rolled on, and notwithstanding all appliances, groups of people are yet found speaking a language which was common a thousand years ago, but now occupies an obscure and fragmentary position. We do not say that matters have not been advancing towards uniformity. Little by little, outlying communities have been satisfactorily Anglicised, not by anything like legal compulsion, but by what might be termed a natural process of assimilation. We may speak of two important cases. In the Shetland and Orkney Islands the Norwegian language existed until within the last two centuries. It is now totally gone, and the vernacular is a pure English; vastly to the advantage of the natives, who besides being open to common civilising influences, are prepared for pushing their fortunes in any part of the British dominions; some of them indeed making no mean figure in current literature. The other case is that of Galloway, a district embracing two counties in the south-west of Scotland, where the Gaelic prevailed longest in any part of the Lowlands. 'The wild Scots of Galloway' was once a well-known phrase. It has passed away along with the Gaelic speech. The Gallowegians—abounding in men of genius—are now a lively and prosperous English-speaking and English-writing people. For them the change has been a very happy one.

With a knowledge of these two instances of social improvement, there is the more reason to regret the protracted existence of non-English speaking races. No one will say that any good has come of the continued prevalence of Erse, the old Irish tongue; nor of Manx in the Isle of Man; nor of Welsh, though that, as regards literature, is considerably ahead of any branch of the once universal Celtic tongue. Considering what spirit is demonstrated in the way of books, newspapers, and otherwise, Welsh rises to a comparatively prominent position; but there always remains the unpleasant reflection, that interesting as the Welsh tongue may be, it distinctly mars national unity, and must be a drawback on those adhering to it

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alone, and reared in ignorance of English. To this cause is doubtless attributable the lingering of many whimsical superstitions in the Principality.

Should any one desire to see what mischiefs are effected by adherence to a language long since out of date, he should visit some parts of the Highlands and the Western Islands of Scotland, where, by a well-meant but mistaken policy, Gaelic is still perseveringly maintained. Some years since, it was our fortune to pay a visit to Barra, one of the Outer Hebrides; and the feeling which rose in our mind was that what we beheld was a specimen of Scotland as it existed in the sixth century, when St Columba spread a knowledge of Christianity in the western Caledonian regions. We seemed to step back twelve hundred years. It was a marvellous kind of look into antiquity. In their language, in their rude dwellings of stone and turf, in their religious forms, and in their dress, the people belonged to a far-back age. Their existence was an anachronism. And the curious thing was to find this condition of affairs within four-and-twenty hours of Glasgow, with its enterprise and prodigiously busy population. We have seen the Micmacs living in a way little better than dogs in the wilds of Nova Scotia, but one is not greatly astonished to see Indians dwelling in a state of primitive wretchedness. The sentiment of wonder is raised on finding natives within the British Islands still living as their ancestors did at a time coeval with Vortigern and the Saxon Heptarchy. There they are, for anything we can see, unimprovable. Speaking Gaelic and nothing else, they, in their dismal isolation, are left behind in all ordinary means of advancement. Who has not heard of the institutions plausibly and benevolently set on foot to enlighten the aborigines of the Highlands and Islands? Well, here, after all that is done, things are much as they were in the era of St Columba—people living almost like savages, without the ability to hold intercourse with strangers, or the power to improve their circumstances, in consequence of knowing no other tongue than Gaelic. That language is their bane. It keeps them poor, it keeps them ignorant. So far as they are concerned, the art of printing might as well never have been invented. The intelligence communicated by books and newspapers is for them wholly unavailing. Practically, they are living hundreds of years before the ingenious discoveries of Gutenberg and Coster. To think that with all the costly apparatus of national education, such should be going on within the compass of the British Islands!

It is no use to mince a matter so grave in its results. The upholding of Gaelic as a vernacular tongue is, in our opinion, an error to be lamented and abandoned. In saying so, we are reminded that an effort has been made by an eminently enthusiastic Professor to gather funds for the purpose of endowing a Celtic Chair in the University of Edinburgh. To that effort, which is likely to prove successful, we make no special objection. Let Celtic, like any other ancient language, by all means be cultivated among the higher aims of philology. Students who like to pursue learned inquiries of this kind may do so. But it is a wholly different thing to maintain a system of elementary teaching in schools which tends to perpetuate Gaelic as a spoken tongue to the exclusion of English. Apart from social intercommunication, there may be a difficulty in substituting English for Gaelic. Teaching to read English alone in Gaelic-speaking districts is said to be of little use. The pupils learn to pronounce the words without attaching any meaning to them. Impressed with this awkward consequence, the Society for the support of Gaelic schools, which has been in existence upwards of seventy years, suggests that the best way to promote a knowledge of and taste for English is to begin by teaching pupils to read Gaelic. 'The people,' it is represented, 'having once got a taste for learning, are not satisfied with their children being able to read Gaelic; a number of them pay the teacher for instructing them also in reading English and writing at extra hours.' There may be some truth in this view of the matter; but unfortunately we are confronted with the greater truth, that considerable numbers in the Highlands and Islands still speak Gaelic, and are ignorant of English to any useful purpose.

If it be absolutely necessary that schoolmasters must begin by teaching to read the Gaelic, they ought not to end there, but proceed to offer, by a close translation, the requisite knowledge of English. There are surely teachers qualified to make Gaelic-speaking children understand the meaning of English words. The trouble to be taken may be considerable, but there are few things either great or good which can be effected without trouble. We cannot doubt that Highland school-boards might find a way to make pupils understand English provided they have the will to do so. Indifference and the grudging of expense perhaps lie quite as much at the root of the difficulty as traditional prejudice. It is open to conjecture that, but for undue fostering, Gaelic would stand a fair chance of disappearing altogether from the Highlands and Islands, as it did in Galloway and elsewhere simply through the operation of natural causes.

The question, Gaelic or no Gaelic, has, we fear, been too long treated in a sentimental point of view. For example, we see it fervently argued that Highlanders should be able to understand and relish the ancient Gaelic poetry, as if an acquaintanceship with a few old songs and ballads were a primary concern in life. Poor people nailed to a sterile soil by their hereditary ignorance of English, are to be congratulated for their knowledge of some poem which the world at large never heard of, and does not care about! Happy people, to whom food, clothing, and cultured intelligence are as nothing in comparison to the enviable pleasure of singing a ditty ascribed to Fingal or some more modern and less apocryphal Celtic bard! It is gratifying to know that Highlanders themselves are a little scandalised by these and similarly absurd propositions. Sensibly, they observe that it is time to get rid of Gaelic, as being entirely out of date, and only an impediment. Two years ago, in a Glasgow newspaper, one who subscribed himself a 'Western Highlander,' took exception to the unreasonable clamour that had been got up for the maintenance of Gaelic as a spoken tongue. He says very rationally: 'We Highlanders have a language that, whatever its beauties, suffices merely for speech; a language by which we cannot acquire knowledge in art, science, history, commerce, or—if we exclude the Bible—even religion. With a poor and infertile

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soil, we live alongside a people rich in every gift of nature, possessing every advantage that can insure worldly prosperity. We are debarred from all the stores of wisdom locked up in the English language. Thus heavily weighted, we cannot hope to rival our neighbours' wealth, but we can wish and strive to make the best of our opportunities. We intend to win our way if industry and thrift can do it. We can endeavour to improve our infertile soil, to attract capital to our agriculture, to establish better communication with the rest of the world. Proud as we are of the mountain and the glen, we know that we cannot live by scenic beauty alone. We are tired too of kilted glory, and of dressing and acting up to Cockney sentiment about the savage Celt. We wish to recognise and study the conditions of existence, the methods of supporting life and securing comfort. And to do all this, if our much-loved language has become an impediment rather than a gain, why, let it go. We shall remain good Highlanders regardless of any particular mode of speech. At a time when the first whisperings of prosperity are beginning to reach us, when steamers deeper and deeper laden ply to every corner of the west, when the completion of a railway will soon make Oban a great commercial centre, when comforts hitherto undreamt of are everywhere obtainable—is it right at such a time of promise to intensify our disadvantages and to make our backwardness more backward still?' Shrewd remarks these, well worth taking to heart.

It cannot be ascertained from any official Reports what is the exact number of persons—men, women, and children—whose language is wholly confined to Gaelic. In the second Report of the Education Commission published in 1867, it is said to be 'probable that the population of the parishes within which Gaelic continues to be the only language which is understood by the majority of the people cannot exceed a hundred and fifty thousand; these being chiefly the parishes of the Hebrides, which are wholly insular, and the mainland parishes of the west coast of the counties of Sutherland, Ross, Inverness, and Argyle.' It is believed that since 1867, the number whose speech is limited to Gaelic has diminished through various influences, among which commercial intercourse by means of steam-vessels and otherwise has been conspicuous. We should almost aver that Hutcheson's magnificent fleet of steam-vessels, whether devoted to the carrying of goods or passengers, had done more to introduce a knowledge of English, along with conditions of prosperity, into the Hebrides than any other appliance whatsoever. In the remoter or lesser islands which are little visited by strangers, there is a corresponding backwardness. Barra we have already spoken of as still in a singularly primitive condition. At Coll, Tyree, and some other islands, the knowledge of English is also unhappily deficient. In comparatively recent times, a great change in proprietorship has come over these islands. The old families—such as the Macneils and Macleans—have mostly disappeared, and new landlords with the means and desire to improve the condition of the soil and the population, find themselves obstructed by the difficulty of holding any intelligent intercourse with the natives. The disadvantage is mutual, for on all hands the Gaelic-speaking inhabitants are unable to make their wants and feelings known to those who wish to be their friends. A melancholy case of a rigid adherence to Gaelic, is that of the extremely remote island of St Kilda. Here, as was described a few months ago by Mr J. Sands in our pages, the natives speak Gaelic and nothing else; in Gaelic they are preached to by a minister originally from the mainland; he and his wife being the only individuals who know English. Of course the natives can hold no epistolary correspondence with the exterior world, on whose sympathy they are forced to rely. A present of English books would be valueless, for they could not read them. They could not emigrate unless accompanied by an interpreter, much after the manner of a party of travellers in the East under the guidance of a dragoman. We ask, Is that a position in which any of Her Majesty's subjects should continue to be placed through the effect of custom or prejudice? Such an afflicting condition of affairs is little better than a national disgrace.

It is hard to run counter to long-cherished and in the main amiable feelings. It is hard to find fault with persons and institutions whose motives in encouraging Gaelic have been alike pious and benevolent. But circumstances oblige us to be candid in a matter so momentous to public welfare. The Gaelic language may be as copious and energetic as the Greek; it may be not less suitable for poetry than the Italian; it has strong archæological claims as a relic of the tongue which in its various forms was at one time spoken all over the British Islands, if not over all Europe; but it has survived its usefulness, and is out of place as a vernacular. In short, looking to the wants of modern society, and seeing the mischief it produces, we are—however hateful the term—warranted in characterising Gaelic as a NUISANCE, which every one should aid in removing with all reasonable speed. W. G.

## FROM DAWN TO SUNSET.

BY 'ALASTER GRAME.'

IN THREE PARTS.—PART II.

### CHAPTER THE SEVENTEENTH.

No one but Mistress Margaret and Marjory knew that Deborah and Kingston Fleming were betrothed. Meantime Deborah, with her love-secret folded like a flower within her heart, devoted herself to her father, and Kingston remained with them. But Deborah's presence was required at Lincoln; the tenantry were anxious to welcome the new mistress; and like a dutiful daughter, fondly hoping that the change would restore her father, she determined, by Kingston's advice, to go there at once, and to leave Enderby to undergo thorough repair. So they left the dear old place. 'What will happen,' thought Deborah Fleming, 'ere I see Enderby again?' Mistress Margaret would not leave Enderby, for certain private and sufficient reasons of her own; so she pleaded to be left behind. She was in daily expectation of receiving a secret summons to follow her husband, and her heart clung to her old father and the old place.

They arrived at Lincoln Castle in the late summer gloaming. Groups of solemn cedars were just visible, and the little melancholy bats were flitting round like spirits; the grand old ivied

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keep loomed darkly before them; and beyond, under a glimmering archway, were lights and figures. Deborah shuddered; she knew not whether to weep or pray, as she laid her head on her father's shoulder, and thought of herself entering in triumph as Adam Sinclair's bride. She felt a traitor, taking Kingston there, her lover, her betrothed, even though he was going away that night; and the grim presence of Adam Sinclair pervaded all the place. The same in the gorgeous rooms, gloomy though full of brilliant lights. On one side walked her tall kinsman-lover, and on the other stalked the spectre of Adam Sinclair. Deborah shivered, and clung to Kingston's arm. She went out with him under the stars to bid him good-bye. Two tall cedars met overhead, and the night-wind just sighed amongst their branches; the night-flowers were exhaling their fragrant odours.

'Deb,' whispered Kingston, 'I have half a mind to leave thee, love! Men of rank and position would flock to woo my beautiful one. Thou 'rt very young. Wait; and let me come and know thy mind hereafter. *Wait*, Deb. I speak no jest. Wert thou poor, I would make thee wed me now; but love—as thou art—I cannot. Wait, Deb; and I will exact no promise from thee.'

'Thou never didst know me, King, and never will! My love was quick to come, but it was and ever will be changeless. Dear, I have seen many men; and more than thou wott'st of have made love to me. But what are they all to thee? From childhood, *thou* hast been my love; I feel no shame to tell it thee. And wilt thou, for my poor fortune, leave me? Why, thou dost tempt me to fling it all away as dross, rather than lose thy love. King, if thou leavest me, I shall *die!* For old kin's sake, thou couldst not! Remember that we are kin near and dear! Thy father and mine were boys at Enderby, and played in the same old haunts; companions near and dear. Ah well, King as thou lovest me, promise soon to come back!'

He took her face between his hands and hesitated. Perilously dear was she to him; but oh! that golden casket in which his jewel lay—he hated it! Kingston Fleming was proud where he loved.

'If thou wilt not promise,' said Deborah, 'thou shalt not go! *I* shall do the wooing!—Oh, I am too bold! But my heart saith thou lovest me. Then fling this pride away. King, darling, do not break my heart!'

He was vanquished. Vows, caresses, sighs, and the lovers parted.

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## PART III.—NIGHT.

### CHAPTER THE FIRST.

The young and beautiful Lady of Lincoln won all hearts; not that she visited any but the poor in those days; but the fame of her beauty and sweetness spread abroad even so; and the 'Rose of Enderby,' though not to be seen, was known to be brightening the stern old castle. The tall gaunt father and the beautiful girl lived in utter seclusion, except when amongst the poor—always together. Strangely enough, he never tried to wander. She never had him left alone day or night; but he never seemed happy save with Deborah. And still she watched for and prayed for a change in him. She talked to him, waited on him, sang to him from morning till night. Out in the broad sunny court that lay between the door and the entrance-gates, Deborah and her father, and often old Marjory with them, would sit and look up the long grass avenue that stretched far away, a vista of giant trees, ever twilight, where the antlered deer would trot past, to seek fresh shade and pasturage, and where the far-away murmur of country life, the lowing of cows, the tinkle of a sheep-bell, the bark of a dog, the shout of a boy, or the cries of children at play, would be wafted to them musically.

One morning, left alone, Sir Vincent said to his child: 'Where are we, Deb?'

Often he had asked the same question before; and she answered as before: 'At Lincoln Castle, father.'

But he went on: 'Who lives here?'

'You and I, father, and I hope Charlie soon. Adam Sinclair gave us this place. Wasn't it good of him?'

'Adam Sinclair?' He looked bewildered, and shook his head. 'I know naught of him, Deb. Deb, little Deb, I was thinking of Kate Shaw. I saw her yesterday.'

'Who was she, father, dear?'

He stared at her. 'Why, your mother!'

Her heart fluttered. 'My mother! And did you see her yesterday?'

'Ay; she was walking under the trees yonder. But she looked ill, sadly ill; her hair was as white as mine. She gave me such a look!'

Deborah went and kneeled by her father, and put her arms around him. 'Poor sweet father! This could not be. Thou knowest my mother died long, long ago. And was her name Kate Shaw, father?'

'Ay;' and he smiled. Wrapt and intent, his eyes seemed gazing far through and away. 'She was Kate Shaw, Deb; a gipsy lass, and beautiful as the dawn. No one like her! Such eyes, such feet, such grace! Sweet Kate! sweet Kate!'

Deborah knew that her mother's name had been Kate. She marvelled, trembled.

'I walked with her yesterday, Deb; didn't I? Yes; under the trees at Enderby; and I found she loved me. Little witch! She was hard, hard to win; so coy, so whimsical! She had a gipsy lover too. I made short work of *him*.'

'Didst shoot him, father?'

Sir Vincent laughed aloud, then feigned to look greatly scandalised amid his mirth. 'Shoot him? Fie, fie, Deb! Ask me not what I did, child. Why, one day she cared for him, the next for me. I could not stand it. A Fleming too! The Flemings woo maidens honourably. 'Fore heaven, I made Kate my Lady Fleming—my sweet little wife Kate! But I let her go no more to the camp. Sometimes I think she pines. She talks sometimes about her mother, in her dreams—that old hag! My wife must give up all, and cleave to me. Kate, Kate! dear love!' Then he said no more, nor did Deborah; but she marvelled at what she had heard, and what could have recalled her mother so vividly.

It happened one afternoon a few days after this and their arrival at Lincoln, Dame Marjory entered with a pale face. 'My Lady Deb, there 's a poor woman round there at the gates wantin' to see thee; she is very ill. She lies there; 'tis like

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she's dyin'; so Master Coleman thinks. She can't be moved away.'

'I will come,' cried Deborah. 'Send Coleman to father. I will speak to her.' Beautiful, pitiful, Deborah appeared in her long black robes to the vision of the dying woman, bending down to her. She was an old, old woman, with wild and wintry hair; death in her face, but life in her great burning eyes, and those were fixed on Deborah. Deborah started back. It was *the* gipsy! A hundred doubts and certainties rushed surging to her brain. The gipsy beckoned her nearer.

'Speak to her,' whispered old Marjory emphatically. 'Go nearer.' And then Marjory, standing by gaunt and grim, waved the other servants away.

Deborah kneeled and bent her ear to the dying woman's lips. 'Girl,' said the faint voice, 'I forgive and forget! Let me die like a woman, not like a dog. I am thy mother's mother, an' I have been round day an' night to seek thee. *She* cast me off—Kate Shaw, thy mother. Because she was my Lady Fleming, she forgot her old mother. I was the dirt under her feet. Thy servants turned me off, Mistress. But take me into your grand house an' let me die in peace.'

Deborah rose to her feet, and turned like a ghost on Marjory. 'Nurse,' she whispered, 'is this my grandmother?'

'Yes, Mistress Deborah; it is true.'

Then Deborah beckoned to the men, and bid them bear the dying woman in and lay her on a bed. And then Deborah, with Marjory on the other side, sat down beside her. She seemed almost gone; the breath came labouring. But the breeze that swept in at the open windows seemed to revive her. It blew on the long white locks straggling across the brow; on those glazing eyes, so dark, sunken, piteous—eyes that burned up again, and sought Deborah's face as the embers of a dying fire flicker up and throw into the room an unexpected light.

'My girl,' she said, 'if Kate had been like *thee!* Hark! I hated, an' yet I always loved thee! *Thou'dst* ne'er ha' treated me like a dog. An', ah me! I loved her like my soul!'

'Grandmother,' answered Deborah sweetly and with a clear utterance, that pierced to the dying ears, 'my mother loved you. Only the other day I heard that great as she was, she never forgot you, even in her dreams. Day and night she thought of you; but her promise to her husband kept her from you, though she pined to see you once again. Oh, be merciful then! Forgive her! You are going now to meet again. O forgive her! that God may let ye meet in heaven!'

The great eyes stirred not from Deborah's face. 'Shall I win to heaven, lass? Speak to me o' heaven.' And Deborah described to her that beautiful place, that land glorious with promise and with bliss, that 'eye hath not seen, nor heart of man conceived.' The dying gipsy listened with her soul in her eyes. Then said she, very faintly: 'I am goin'. O Jesus, let me come! O Kate—my Kate!' Then, with wonderful sudden life and fire: 'Hi! you, my lass! Where's the boy? the rogue—"wild Charlie" they called him. Where's *he?*'

'In Ireland. Gone to fight for the Irish, grandmother.'

She laughed exultantly. 'Why, I tell thee why—*his mother* was Irish, an' he knew it. Mad boy, mad boy!'

Deborah laid her white hand on the old brown trembling hand, and smiled. She watched to see again and again a strange look of Charlie in that faded face and those large and wistful eyes. A great new-born love was flooding Deborah's heart for the dying vagrant. But death was taking the wanderer away. 'O Jesus, let me come!' Deborah heard her say again.

The fire died out; the flame sank low; the embers of life just smouldered, nothing more. . . . The fresh wind blew in vain on the wild gipsy face. She was gone.

Scarcely had Katharine Shaw been laid in her grave when Sir Vincent Fleming became very ill—so ill, that Deborah despatched a letter post-haste to Mistress Margaret Fleming, begging her to make known the fact to Charlie at once. But Mistress Fleming had started for Dublin; and this is how it befell. One morning a letter came to her. She often received such; but this one had cost her a laugh and a cry of joy. Just as she was in the perusal, old Jordan entered, and stared in wonderment at the glorious happiness of her face. 'Why, my maid,' he said, 'what hast got there? It's naught but paper, is it?'

'No, dad; but something writ upon it. Father,' she said, and rose and slid the beautiful arm around his neck, 'haven't I been a good daughter to thee? Proud and pursed up with mine own conceit, the lads o' the village have always called me. But, father, "Mistress Dinnage" has been a good daughter unto thee?'

'Ay, ay, lass, thou hast! What wouldst be comin' at? What ails thee now, Mistress?'

'Why, I come to ask thy blessing on me. Don't look scared, father; no shame will ever fall on thee through Mistress Dinnage. But I will out with it, for I can never beat about the bush. Father, I am Charles Fleming's lawful wife!'

Jordan seized his child by the shoulders, and his old grotesque visage grew dignified and terribly stern in its earnestness as he almost shrieked: 'Not—not unbeknown to the Master—an' Mistress Deborah?'

'Unbeknown that we are wedded, but not that we love, father. Mistress Deborah has known and wished it long; and Sir Vincent—he has seen us twice together, father, when we were walking secretly, an' has smiled on us. Mistress Deborah has heard him say a hundred times that he would fain, if he had wealth, have for his daughter-in-law an "honest poor man's child." So father, dear father, ye must not be angered.'

'Child, child! thou 'st done wrong in keepin' it hid. Married? What—*married?* Honestly?'

'Ay,' was the proud answer. 'Charles Fleming and Margaret Dinnage went to Daxford Church, and were wed; we came out man and wife. Ask Master Rawdon. Father, he's in Ireland; but it's kept secret from all but Mistress Deborah. He's gone soldiering, father; and in this letter he asks me to go. Father, I am his wife!'

'Ay, an' *Jordan's daughter*, Meg,' said the old man brokenly. 'I'm a'most dazed. And thou 'rt goin' to leave the old man alone—alone!'

'Only for a little time, father—a little, little time; for soon Charlie, when all the trouble's over, will come home to Enderby. It's all arranged between Lady Deb and me. A fine home-comin'

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it 'll be, an' it please thee, Master Dinnage! Father, I won't go for long, dear. But o' nights, thinkin' o' Charlie, I weil nigh go distraught. There is danger, father, as thou know'st! Hundreds o' men are slain. I must be *there*. I must go, dear; but I won't be long.'

'Go, go!' muttered Jordan irefully. 'Thou 'dst allus the bit atween thy teeth, Mistress Dinnage; so had thy poor dear mother. Go along! I've no need o' thee; yon brave young fellow hath. Thou 'lt be killed next, girl, killed, ay, an' wus than killed, at the hands o' the wild Irish. But, go, go! I don't want thee here.'

Anger, pride, and sorrow struggled fiercely in the brave old heart; but 'Mistress Dinnage' knew how to take him. 'Father,' she said, sorrowfully regarding him, with her head slightly on one side, and her hands playing nervously with her apron, in her earnest pleading, 'if thou wert newly wed, an' so parted from mother by land an' sea—an' she in trouble, needin' thee sore—thou 'dst wade through fire an' water, only to win to *her*. My heart is broke in twain 'tween thee both—one half is at home with thee, an' the other gone to Charlie. Though I don't speak or cry, my heart is wounded with every man that's killed, an' trouble wears me sore. Think of mother, my father! Think when thou wert first wed, what it would be for one to part thee—think o' it, an' bid me go!'

So Mistress Margaret won the day.

## OUR INDIAN PETS.

Among the many, many good things swept from India by the great Mutiny storm was the time-honoured order of Griffs—that is, officers under a year's service in the country. Every regiment owned one or two members, and in large stations they were usually to be found by the half-dozen. They were generally the life of the station, and in every way were our *prime* pets. What would Mrs General and Mrs Brigadier have done without their griffs to patronise and make use of in various ways, such as filling up sudden vacancies at their dinner-tables, or helping to fill their ball-rooms? Griffs invariably started Indian life with the three animals which are also included in the list of 'our Indian pets'—namely the horse or his humble representative the pony, the dog, and the monkey. No griff considered his establishment complete without these three animals; there would be a general uniformity among the monkeys; but a collection of griff horses, ponies, and dogs formed a rare aggregation of screws and curs of all sorts, sizes, and colours.

There is a peculiar charm about Indian life which is rarely seen at home, and that is the compactness and domesticity of each establishment. In each household the master, and if he is married, his wife and children, is in direct contact with his servants and his animals; all are housed near him; and the daily morning stroll leads him from the stables to the farm-yard, then to the garden, and so home by the tree beneath which the monkey is chained, the dogs being in close attendance. The horses are brought up to be fed under their master's eye, and generally receive a crust of bread, a biscuit, or a chupátee (an unleavened wheaten cake like a pancake; the 'unleavened bread' of Scripture) from his or his wife's hands; the dogs have the free run of the house, and at their stated hours have their meals under some one's eyes; while the farm-yard is under the direct charge of the mistress, who fusses about among the cows, looks after the eggs and chickens, and makes over the victims selected for the table. Then on the march we are in still closer contact with our servants and animals; for a few steps only separate us from all. Emerging from the tent, a few paces to the rear bring us to the cook's tent, and behind or beside it is that belonging to the servants. Behind them are our horses and dogs, the latter generally tied up during the day and loose at night.

So it happens that in cantonments, and more especially on the march, we are virtually monarchs of all we survey; and I well remember that in the pleasant days of my griffinage, on the occasion of my first march, I felt quite patriarchal as I sat in the tent-door with all my earthly belongings around me; the bearer (valet) and the other servants attending to their various duties, my dear Caboolee horse Tom dozing in the sunshine, my faithful setter Belle lying at my feet, and my monkeys Jacko and Moony busy with their own affairs.

And now to 'our Indian pets;' and I purpose passing some of mine in pleasant review; but in doing so I shall not record anything remarkable, or what any kind observer of animals and their habits cannot fully indorse.

One of my first purchases was a horse we called Tom, a gray, thoroughbred, thick-necked, and sturdy Caboolee, for whom I paid ninety rupees (nine pounds); and right valuable did he turn out. I bought him in 1854, rode him from one end of the presidency to the other, through the Mutiny, and up to 1866, when I pensioned him. In 1869 he was attacked by black cancer, and at length I was sorrowfully obliged to put an end to his existance, to save him from a cruel, lingering death. There was nothing about him externally different from other thoroughbred Caboolees; but being made a great pet of, his mental abilities shone more remarkably, especially under daily observation. For instance, he had a strong sense of the comic. If I spoke to him when mounted, he would turn his head as much as he could and look at me; or he would take a cake or bit of sugar-cane out of my stretched-out hand, and munch it as he went along; or if I tickled one ear with my cane, he would unmistakably present the other ear to be similarly treated. He was a great thief, and I had great difficulty in restraining him from plunder when riding through crops. He was very fond of my wife's horse Punch, and neither would be stabled apart from the other; and it was most amusing to watch their nose-rubbings across the stall partition. Much, however, as he loved Punch, he would never allow him to precede him in the walk or canter, nor would he move until the dogs had been let loose and had jumped up to his nose. He knew his name perfectly, and would trot up to me when called, from any part of the field. He carried me unflinchingly through the Mutiny until wounded, and thought nothing of our weary rides of between thirty and forty miles a night.

On one memorable occasion we were escaping from a threatened attack, and I had dismounted to look at the girths; a shot from the rear elicited

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the exclamation: 'I wonder where that bullet has gone to;' and I again mounted, but had hardly gone two paces when Tom began to limp. I got off at once, and then found that the bullet had struck him just outside the off-knee, had run round under the skin, and lodged in front. I tried to cut it out then and there; but the horse was too restive, and I again mounted, but only to find the poor brute getting more and more lame. I was now well behind, and the rest of our party urged me to come on. As I still lagged, they cried out to abandon the horse, as we were being pursued. This I grudgingly did, and trudged on hurriedly to join our party; having done this, I looked back, and saw poor old Tom hobbling after me. I could not stand this, so brought him on at once. When we reached comparative safety some days after, I extracted the bullet.

I have already mentioned Punch my wife's horse. He was ridden as a charger through the battle of Gujrát in January 1849, and with his rider, had a remarkable escape from a shell, which exploded between his rider's foot and his own off-shoulder. The wound inflicted left a scar, into the hollow of which you could thrust half a fist. He was a perfect lady's horse, and quite free from vice, possessing a gentle and affectionate disposition. He was fonder of Tom than Tom was of him, and used to exhibit great anxiety when, in his opinion, his friend was longer absent from his stall than usual, his return to which was greeted by a loud neigh of welcome. I have never seen so gentle or loving a horse. He quite understood the difference between adults and children, and would allow the latter to take all kinds of liberties with him, and was perfectly aware how to behave when they mounted him, as they always did when he returned from the morning or evening ride. He was a darling horse, and like true friends, his and Tom's best qualities came out under trial. Both had suddenly to exhibit their best points when the Mutiny broke out, and both behaved nobly. When Tom was disabled, I rode Punch, and during these weary days and nights he fully understood his position; many a time had we to snatch an hour or two of sleep when we could on the bare road; I would lie down with the bridle round my arm, and he would sleep standing beside me. One morning we broke down together, and both fell asleep while progressing, being rudely awoke by finding ourselves in a large roadside bush. Poor old Punch was subject to a disorder which eventually carried him off in November 1864, in the twenty-third year of his age. Unlike Tom, he was hale and hearty to the last. Peace to the memory of these two humble and faithful friends! Several horses have subsequently been in my stables, and I might narrate something about each, did time and space allow, but none of them ever took our affections so completely as did Tom and Punch; they were our first and best equine loves.

Let me pass some of my dogs in review; and how tender are the memories which some of their names recall! Dear old Belle, an English brown and white setter, leads the way: she was too old for active service, had been left in the country by her former master, and had passed from one hand to the other, getting thinner and thinner with each change. When I got her she seemed to think a new master a matter of course, and accepted the change without emotion; but when she saw that she had really found a permanent master and a comfortable home, then all her pent-up affection welled forth, and she seemed to feel that she could not shew enough of it. She was my constant and faithful companion in the early years of my service, and I felt her loss keenly when carried off by distemper, which on that occasion killed all my dogs. Her last acts were to lick my hand and feebly wag her tail as I bent over her prostrate form.

Belle number two comes on the scene: a small black and white spaniel, which I had as a pup. She was specially noted for an intimacy she struck up with another dog Topsy, and a cat; and the romps of the three were most amusing, but at the same time most destructive to a bed of melons they always selected for their invariable game of Hide-and-seek. The gardener protested in vain against their romps, though he allowed that Belle effectually protected the melon-bed from the jackals at night. She accompanied me in our flight in the Mutiny; but, poor little thing, was lost on the road. Topsy was a great pet; a very singular-looking little animal of a mixed breed, very peppery, full of life, and immensely affectionate. Her peculiarities were—intense antipathy to jackals, whose howl she would at once imitate if you called to her: 'Jackals, Tops;' and the clear manner in which she articulated grand-mam—má-á-á, if you interrupted her growling with your finger. She accompanied her mistress to England as a co-refugee from the Mutiny, and was made much of in consequence, returning to this country only to die prematurely, dear little Tops.

Rosie! Rosie! Here is a small liver and white smooth terrier, very affectionate, and noted for her antipathy to musk-rats and squirrels; the former she invariably killed, and the latter she tried hard to, but rarely succeeded, as they were too agile, and always got up the nearest tree. I have had to drag her away from the foot of a palm-tree, at which she had been sitting all the morning watching a squirrel. Her first litter consisted of one pup, about which she made an immense fuss, and was inclined to resent a great liberty I took with her. I found one day a starving outcast kitten, and bringing it home, put Rosie on her side, and told her to be kind to it. The kitten ravenously seized a teat; and Rosie was very uneasy, not quite making out the animal which was draining her, and evidently suspecting it to be a squirrel. After a day or two she took to the stranger; and the kitten at once made itself quite at home; rather too much so, for she would claw at the pup most unmercifully, while it yelled complainingly, the mother not knowing what to make of the arrangement. But the tables were turned as soon as the pup got its teeth and legs; and then it fiercely maintained its rights, and there used to be regular scrimmages over a favourite teat; Rosie looking on in blank amazement, and wincing under the scratches of her strange pup. The three pulled on together in a way; but there was never much love lost among them.

My monkeys Jacko and Moony I bought as a griff at Umballah for the large sum of one rupee. They were just emerging from babyhood, and so required some care and looking after. I never taught them anything; for such education, as with dogs, always necessitates more or less

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severity; but I carefully cultivated the talents they possessed. The looking-glass was always a standing joke. Either monkey would cautiously approach its image, making the usual recognition grimaces, which of course were duly returned; then it would sit close up to the glass, and now and then look sideways at the reflection; or it would put a hand behind the glass, as if feeling for the other monkey. If I seized the hand, a fight with the glass at once ensued, which I kept up with my hand, and then suddenly dropped the glass. The amazement of the monkey at the sudden disappearance of its adversary was most ludicrous to behold.

Moony was very fond of a delicacy well known in India as mango-fool. The spirit of mischief induced me one day to add a teaspoonful of spirits of wine to her daily saucer of mango-fool, and for the first and last time in my life I saw an intoxicated monkey; her antics and attempts to keep the perpendicular were most absurd. She certainly attempted to dance and clap her hands, but ultimately was obliged gradually to subside and yield to the soporific influence of the spirits. As a great treat I used occasionally to loosen both monkeys and let them scamper up a large tree. At first they appreciated my kindness and came down at call to be tied up for the night; but the sweets of liberty were too great, and they gradually began to be tardy in their descent, and at last Moony preferred to spend the night in the tree. To prevent the return of such behaviour, I bombarded Moony next day with my goolél or pellet-bow (a weapon with which in those days I was remarkably skilful), and soon brought her to my feet. Both monkeys were familiar with the goolél, for I often harmlessly tested their agility by shelling them with it; but Moony now learned for the first time the punishment it could inflict; and ever thereafter, if I merely called out (when she hesitated to descend) to the bearer: 'Goolél lao' (Pellet-bow bring), she would hurry down the tree repentant. This story savours somewhat of the American colonel and opossum; but it is strictly true.

Moony had her first young one when about fifteen months old; and the fuss she made with it, and the fierce affection she exhibited, were interesting to behold. Her babe was still at the breast when the Mutiny broke out. Among the ruffians who burned my bungalow was one who provoked her in some way or other. She attacked him at once, but was killed by one blow of a láthee (stout bamboo staff), her young one sharing her fate. Jacko escaped in the confusion, and became a vagrant.

A native gentleman once presented me with a black gibbon (*Hylobates agilis*), called by the natives from its yell, Hookoo or Hoolook. Its tremendous teeth and unearthly yell impressed me unfavourably, and I kept it in confinement, much against my will, as it always seemed so gentle. The poor brute soon died. Some time after, when staying with a dear and congenial friend at Alipore, near Calcutta, I became acquainted with a second gibbon, which was quite tame, and allowed to be at large. We at once exchanged confidences, and the poor creature's loving affection for me became quite overpowering. So thoroughly did I trust it, that I allowed my boy of three years of age to play with her, and the way the two rolled over on the turf was most amusing to behold. The agility of the animal was simply marvellous. I have seen it go round the large house hanging by its finger-tips to the cornice beading which went round. To run up the rain-pipes was as easy to it as a ladder would be to a man; in fact, it could go anywhere and everywhere, and so often vexed us by its depredations. It found out where my boy's milk was kept, and helped itself in this strange fashion. Its great length of arm prevented it from drinking direct from the vessel, as monkeys do, the arms always intervening between the vessel and the animal's mouth; so she was obliged to sit at some distance from the vessel, and scoop out its contents with her fingers, letting the milk drop from them into her mouth. She did not drink from the hollowed hand, but let the fingers drip the liquid into the mouth. One day the gibbon had annoyed my friend by eating some of his papers, and in the afternoon we were conversing together in his study, when suddenly it appeared, and sidled up to me. With a half-angry laugh, my friend made a gesture as if to throw a book at it, and exclaimed: 'Get out, you mischievous brute.' She accordingly got out, in her silent mysterious manner, and we went on talking. We then adjourned to the roof for a view, and I drew my friend's attention to the gibbon, which was timidly surveying us from behind a distant chimney. Playfully shaking his fist at her, we walked together to the opposite end of the roof and leaned over the parapet. Presently I saw the gibbon stealing quietly towards us along the parapet. As soon as she saw that she was observed, she boldly ran up to me, threw her long arms around me, and nestled into my breast. Could I resist such an appeal for forgiveness and protection? We were both much touched by it, and winked at many of her subsequent misdoings.

So much for our principal pets: minor ones are cats, pigeons, parrots, cockatoos, minas, squirrels, and the mongoose. I might devote an article to each of these animals; but time and space warn me to stop.

## THE ADMIRAL'S SECOND WIFE.

### CHAPTER X.—ONLY TWO LETTERS!

At length the day for the party arrives. A hundred or more invitations have been accepted, and much expectation and curiosity is evoked at Seabright about the coming grand entertainment. Lady Dillworth's eagerness intensifies, and doubts spring up in her mind. What if the charade should prove a failure after all? She is nervous at having to sing in character, and angry with herself for her trepidation. She even tells Walter of her cowardice; and after the last rehearsal, as he goes away, she implores him to help her as much as he possibly can.

'Do, do come early, and manage everything, for I feel as if I were going to break down in the very midst. Recollect, the whole responsibility of making it a success rests on you.'

Walter promises all she requires; but Katie is not convinced, and her doubts increase as the time draws near.

The morning of that day does not begin auspiciously. A fierce storm has been raging for many

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hours. When the Admiral glances over the newspapers at breakfast, his face becomes grave as he reads down the long list of disasters and wrecks. Presently the footman hands him a letter, and then his face becomes still graver.

'Anything wrong, Herbert?' asks her Ladyship.

'A ship aground on the Short Reefs,' replies he shortly.

'O dear, how dreadful! What is the name of the ship, Sir Herbert?' asks Liddy clasping her hands, and opening her eyes very wide.

'The *Daring;* and unless they get her off at the top of spring-tide, I fear she will go to pieces on the rocks.'

The Admiral drinks his coffee quickly, and prepares to leave the room.

'Where are you going, Herbert? You haven't taken half a breakfast.'

'I can't stay, Kate; for I must give orders about sending off help to the *Daring.*'

'Are any lives lost?'

'Not so far, I'm thankful to say. I hope we shall have her afloat before long;' and he goes to the library with the letter in his hand.

Lady Dillworth is very busy that morning, and not the least of her engagements is trying on her 'Lucia' dress. Before she goes up to her dressing-room on this important business, she runs into the library to ask Sir Herbert what time he is to be home to dinner. But the room is empty. The Admiral must have been called out suddenly, for a letter, still glowing with wet ink, lies open on his desk. His wife glances at it in passing, then pauses, and bends over it closely. The words are few, written off in her husband's bold dashing hand, and the contents are evidently for her father. It is an order for the *Leo* to be despatched at once to the assistance of the unfortunate *Daring.*

Lady Dillworth stands aghast. How can the charade party get on without Captain Reeves? It will be an utter disappointment, and she will be overwhelmed with mortification and vexation in the eyes of all her guests!

'Why did Herbert fix on the *Leo?* There are numbers of other ships; any one of them would do as well. The *Leoni,* for instance,' she exclaims half aloud.

In an instant the pen is in her hand, and with an impulse that seems irresistible she adds two letters to the *Leo's* name, and is surprised to see how exactly she has imitated her husband's writing.

'Of course I must tell Herbert, and explain why I did it. What will he think of my daring?' she asks laughingly, as she returns the pen to its place.

Then she goes up-stairs, and is soon closeted with her dressmaker; and the recollection of ships and all such matters is soon banished from her memory; for the dress is an odious fit! The alterations required are legion. Madame Darcy may be clever at fashionable modern dress; but in medieval costume she has failed utterly. Katie waits patiently while the assistant, with scissors and needle, brings the garment into wearable shape. After the woman is gone, Lady Dillworth recollects about the letter, and returns to the library to tell her husband of the change she has made in it. But the letter has vanished, and the footman meets her with a message.

'My Lady, Sir Herbert told me to say he would not be home to dinner.'

'Did your master say where he was going?'

'No, my Lady; but the groom told me he was called off to Hillview, and was to go by the twelve o'clock train; and it's half-past twelve now, my Lady.'

So there is no help for it; the explanation cannot be given now; and Katie is fain to console herself by thinking that one ship is as good as another, and it can't matter much whether the *Leo* or the *Leoni* goes off to the rescue.

The day passes quickly. When it grows dark, Katie and Liddy, still in their morning dresses, and shivering a little from the cold, find their way up to Lady Dillworth's 'boudoir'—a cosy retreat, with its bright fire and closely drawn curtains. Here are Katie's books, her writing-table, and all the odds and ends that somehow gather in work-boxes and baskets. Here are periodicals uncut, for she has not had much time for reading of late, and drawing materials which are rarely touched.

On a round table near the fire is spread a delicately pink-tinted set of tea-things; and Dresden china baskets filled with tea-cakes and shortbread give promise of a dainty little meal. Miss Delmere, in a most becoming morning dress, with a warm blue shawl round her shoulders, plunges herself into the depths of a large arm-chair, places her feet on the fender-stool, and looks up brightly out of her merry blue eyes.

'How cosy this is, Kate! I'm quite enjoying it.' She pours a supply of cream into her fragrant tea and sips with keen relish.

'I wish Herbert were here,' sighs Katie in reply.

'Is he dining at Hillview this evening?'

'I hardly know, for he left no message about that; but I rather think he will dine at Belton Park, which is only a couple of miles from Hillview.'

'Is Lady Ribson gone back to Scotland yet?'

'No; she leaves Belton Park to-morrow; and I'm *so* sorry I have never once seen her, for Herbert is very desirous we should know each other. I believe old Lady Ribson is his *beau idéal* of what a woman should be. She is his god-mother; and her niece Bessie was his first wife.'

'You've never had time to go to Belton Park, Katie.'

'I know that; but I'm sorry now I didn't "*make* time," by setting other things aside. This hateful charade business has taken up every spare minute.'

'Hateful!' echoes Liddy reproachfully.

'Perhaps that is too strong a term; but the preparations have swallowed up all my time and everything else.'

'Don't begin to croak at the last minute. *I* mean to enjoy myself thoroughly!' exclaims Liddy, putting her cup down for more tea. Then she asks confidentially: 'Do you think Sir Herbert altered? Captain Reeves says he never saw a man aged so much in so short a time: he thinks the Admiral looks very ill.'

Lady Dillworth starts up impatiently: 'I don't know why Captain Reeves should think any such thing. My husband is *not* ill; I have never once heard him complain.'

'Ah! his is one of those grand reserved natures that would rather suffer anything than make a moan,' says Liddy, stirring her tea calmly.

'Why did you not tell me about Herbert's looking ill before, Liddy? I declare you make me quite uneasy.'

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'Oh, I daresay it 's all imagination on Walter's part. I'm sorry I ever mentioned it,' Liddy replies quickly.

'You needn't regret telling me; for if there *is* anything the matter, I ought to know it.'

Liddy is vexed at having introduced so disquieting a subject, for Katie remains silent and thoughtful during the rest of the repast, then goes languidly up-stairs to dress for the party.

### CHAPTER XL.—THE CHARADE PARTY.

The bitter storm raging over the country, and spreading woe and terror and desolation far out at sea, does not much affect the expected guests. Carriage after carriage drives in at the gates of Government House; and ere long, many eager eyes are fixed on the drop-scene, the owners of them ready to be pleased or otherwise by the coming performance. Curiosity and criticism are on the alert; some of the audience are just as much inclined to find fault as to admire. When Lady Dillworth 'comes on' she feels unaccountably agitated at seeing her 'dear friends' sitting in solemn state on rows of chairs, all ready to detect her slightest shortcomings. For the moment she feels as though she would fain dart away beyond their range of vision. But this nervousness speedily vanishes. Amidst the bursts of applause that greet her, she begins to catch somewhat of the spirit of a successful *débutante*, and her pulse throbs triumphantly. Her voice rings out in strains of pathetic melody; she forgets her qualms, her trepidation, and almost even her own identity, so carried away is she by the intensely tragic music.

During the first part, the singing goes on faultlessly, then a somewhat awkward sense of failure begins to steal over the performers. Major Dillon and Walter differ about some minor points, and the former nearly bewilders the others with his eccentric proceedings. The chorus get out of tune, and the Major reproves them so vigorously that he nearly banishes all sense of harmony out of their heads.

Liddy Delmere is much amused, and she and Walter make themselves conspicuous with ill-timed mirth. This is unfortunate, as the irate mother of the hapless 'Lucia' should be grave and dignified. But Liddy forgets her part, the words and air and everything, and only remembers Walter Reeves is beside her. Lady Dillworth calls her to order with one of her haughtiest looks.

'Liddy, Liddy! do be reasonable. Don't you see what wretched idiots we are making of ourselves? We are only bringing down ridicule on our heads.'

Then in a pause, when she is not wanted to sing, Katie slips away to a room adjoining, that has been fitted up temporarily for the performers. She lifts the window-blind, and looks out on the rather grim garden, dimly lighted up with flickering coloured lamps. Dense clumps of evergreens glitter with raindrops, and cast deep uncertain shadows on the grass. The bare branches of the beech-trees are swaying wildly in the wind, and flinging themselves about like gaunt weird arms. Above in the troubled sky, heavy masses of storm-cloud are driven rapidly past, giving glimpses now and then of an almost full moon.

'Oh, what a fearful night this must be at sea!' muses Katie, and then a sudden shudder comes over her as her thoughts fly off to the unfortunate ship *Daring*, perhaps even now wrecked and broken up on the fatal Short Reefs.

'What have I done? what have I done?' she exclaims wildly, as like a lightning flash, a sudden revelation of the possible result of her act that morning comes before her. She has prevented the *Leo* from going to sea by altering her husband's order; her own meddling fingers have kept back the very aid that might have saved the ship. The *Leo* is at that moment safely riding at her anchor in Seabright harbour; her captain is sporting himself in delightful ease. But what about the *Daring*? Where is she?

Even now the pitiless waves may be dashing over her, even now she may be breaking up on the sharp rocks. Perhaps the storm that rages past is bearing on its wild wings the awful death-shrieks of sailors as they go down into the pitiless waters.

Ah, they may be crying for help, that never comes!—help, *she* has kept back from them, foolishly, wickedly kept back! Souls, precious souls, may be going to their doom, in life's full prime, with unrepented sins on their heads; and she indirectly may be the one who has hurled them to their end. These thoughts rush through Lady Dillworth's mind with a crushing force, and with a vividness that makes her heart bound, her whole frame tremble. In the howling of the wind, as it sobs with wild violence through the trees, she fancies she hears the cries of the sailors writhing in agony amidst the surging waves. She thinks they are calling on *her*—accusing *her*, and her brain whirls and her heart beats almost to madness.

'"There is sorrow on the sea; it cannot be quiet." O God! help these poor men in their distress—lay not their death to my charge!' she cries almost aloud, and then she looks up, and sees Liddy Delmere watching her with alarm.

'O Lady Dillworth! what *is* the matter? How pale and ill you look! Shall I call any one? Shall I get anything?'

'Be quiet, Liddy; I insist. I feel faint; but you need not proclaim the fact to the whole world.'

Katie covers her face with her hands, and stands for a minute trying to recover herself—trying—while the angry wind howls like an avenging spirit in her ears. Presently she looks up: 'I feel better now. What do you want of me, Liddy?'

'Have you forgotten our duet comes on when this chorus is over? Are you well enough to sing?' asks Miss Delmere, as she gazes with amazement at Lady Dillworth's haggard face and startled eyes.

'O yes; I will sing. Don't be uneasy; I *shall* not break down.' She takes Liddy's arm, and they make their appearance on the stage just in time. Much license has been taken with the score of *Lucia di Lammermoor*—new songs and duets have been introduced, and it is one of the latter in which Katie is now required to take a part.

With a great effort she composes herself, and begins. As she goes on, her voice regains its rich fullness; no one would suppose such a tempest of agony had so lately swept over her.

While she is sustaining a rather prolonged cadence, she sees the Admiral enter the room. He stands for a minute looking at her, and listening; then he catches a glimpse of Walter

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Reeves, and goes quickly towards him. Though in the middle of her duet, Katie notices the start her husband gives and the quick frown that gathers on his brow. She sees him beckon Walter aside; the heads are bowed a moment as an excited whisper passes, then they leave the room together. Ere her part is over, she sees Walter return alone, and quietly make his way among the groups of people till he gets near the stage again, and there he takes up his position. The moment Lady Dillworth is free she is at his side, questioning and eager.

'I saw Sir Herbert here a minute ago. Where is he now?'

'He went out to find your father, for he said he must see him at once. I offered to go; but Sir Herbert would not hear of that.—How splendidly you sang in that duet, Lady Dillworth! Your voice came out in perfection.'

'Why did he want to see my father?' she asks impatiently.

'Sir Herbert did not say; but something appears to have annoyed him very much. I never saw him more put out, though he gave no explanation.'

Katie changes the subject abruptly.

'Is it very stormy at sea to-night, Captain Reeves? I mean, is there any danger to ships?'

'I should think there is. We haven't had such a storm as this since last winter. Every roar of the wind only makes me congratulate myself on being in such snug quarters. There's a wonderful difference between this fairy scene, with its music and mirth and its galaxy of youth and beauty, and what one would meet with out on the wild billows to-night.—What a charming evening you have given us, Lady Dillworth!'

Katie can hardly keep herself from stamping her little foot with impatience, as she looks up at Walter's self-satisfied face, beaming with enjoyment; and then she watches the smile with which he presently bends down to whisper something to Miss Delmere. Liddy responds with a flash of her bright blue eyes, and a heightened colour springs to her cheek as she makes room for Walter beside her. Never has she looked better than on this evening; the quaint antiquated costume contrasts capitally with her fair laughing face. At last the charade comes to an end; there is a subdued murmur of applause as everybody says how cleverly it has all been done. They make wild guesses at the word, and Walter has at last to explain the secret. Lady Dillworth listens to the comments of her guests with an abstracted air; and when the last carriage drives away, she summons the footman and inquires whether Sir Herbert has returned.

Hunter is an old servant of the Admiral's, and has followed his master's fortunes in various places and homes, and was with him when the first Lady Dillworth died; so he knows his ways, and sees more than perhaps his employers give him credit for. He turns a grave face towards his mistress, as he replies: 'Yes, my Lady. Master came in just when the acting was over; and when he saw the company wasn't gone, he told me to tell your Ladyship he was very tired, and would go to bed at once, instead of going back to the drawing-room.'

'*Very* tired, did he say?'

'Yes, my Lady; and he looked weary-like.'

'That will do, Hunter. We want breakfast very early to-morrow morning, as Miss Delmere is going away by the first train.'

Then Katie goes up to her boudoir. The fire is still burning brightly, and the lamp is throwing a soft light through the curtained room. Still in her fancy dress, the stomacher flashing with jewels, she seats herself in the arm-chair; and there, while the warmth steals over her, she covers her face with her hands, and thinks bitterly, confusedly—the loud shrieking of the wind and the fury of the cruel storm keeping up a wild accompaniment to her musings.

She wonders what she had better do. Shall she rouse her husband from his slumbers, and tell him all, or shall she wait till events call forth a confession? Never has she felt such a poor, mean, despicable coward. She hates herself for her irresolution; and all the time her fancy pictures up the surging whirlpools, the jagged rocks, the dashing waves, the yawning gulfs, and the drowning men with their despairing eyes, ever calling for the help that does not come!

## REMINISCENCES OF QUEBEC.

For the following reminiscences connected with the stay of one of the British regiments at Quebec during the winter of 1870–71, we are indebted to an officer of the garrison. He writes as follows:

Until the close of 1871, Quebec was a fortress occupied by British troops; but before the winter set in, the *Orontes* and other store-ships carried away the troops and their possessions, and the stronghold passed for ever away from the rule of Great Britain.

Quebec, the principal fortress of Canada, also known as the 'Gibraltar of the West,' is built upon the strip of land projecting into the confluence of the St Lawrence and St Charles rivers. Originally a French settlement, it afterwards became one of the colonies of Great Britain, and has continued to be so until the present date.

'There is but one Quebec, and its beautiful scenery,' remarked a valued friend to the writer, as one autumn afternoon we scanned the view from the Levis Cliffs, and watched the 'Fall fleet' preparing to depart for England ere winter had closed the St Lawrence. 'The scenic beauty of Quebec,' says an old writer, 'has been the theme of general eulogy.' The majestic appearance of Cape Diamond, surmounted by fortifications; the cupolas and minarets, like those of an eastern city, blazing and sparkling in the sun; the loveliness of the panorama, the noble river like a sheet of purest silver, in which one hundred vessels may ride with safety; the graceful meandering of the river St Charles before it finds its way into the St Lawrence; the numerous village spires scattered around; the fertile fields clothed with innumerable cottages, the abodes of a rich and moral peasantry; the distant Falls of Montmorenci; the rich park-like scenery of Levis; the lovely Isle of Orleans; and more distant still the frowning Cape Tourment, and the lofty range of purple mountains of the most picturesque forms, which bound the prospect, unite to make a *coup d'œil* which without exaggeration is scarcely to be surpassed in any part of the world.

In the winter-time there is much more leisure for the merchants than in summer, as the St

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Lawrence from the end of December until the end of April is one vast ice-field, isolating Quebec from water-commerce, but giving full employment to numbers of 'ice-men' to saw out great oblong masses of clear bright ice to fill the ice-houses with this much-needed summer luxury. The ice and snow are also turned to account in the fashionable amusements of snow-shoeing, tobogganing, skating, sleigh-driving, &c. Snow-shoeing is capital exercise, but somewhat trying at the commencement; for with a pair of snow-shoes fastened to the feet, the beginner is rather apt to find himself immersed in a snow-drift, and it is a difficult matter to get upon his legs again. This pastime, however, is so well known in theory that we pass to the more favourite one of tobogganing. The toboggan or Indian sleigh—one or two thin planks neatly curled round at one end—is drawn over the snow to the top of a hill. The passengers sit down, carefully 'tucking in' all articles of dress; a slight push is given, and away glides the toboggan at the rate of from twenty to thirty miles an hour. Starting is easy enough; but to descend to the desired spot is not so easy as might appear at first sight, and requires some skill in steering; for if that important matter be unskilfully performed, the toboggan, like a boat, gets 'broadside on' to the hill, twists and turns, shooting out its passengers, who rarely escape some hard knocks. If, however, the steering is successful, the tourists have, in school-boy phrase, a 'jolly ride,' and glide along the level ground at the foot of the slope for a considerable distance. There is, of course, the bother of pulling the toboggan up to the top of the hill; but such effect has the exhilarating dryness of the atmosphere upon one's spirits, and such is the charm of the amusement, that this labour is cheerfully undertaken.

One favourite run was down the citadel glacis, through a gap in a fence and into a closed yard at the base; another, also from the glacis, but running in the direction of the Plains of Abraham. The former being the most dangerous slide, was the favourite one, and many hard blows were given and received. One young gentleman met his fate in the form of a deep cut across his knee, by being tossed out of the toboggan among some scrap-iron and old stove-pipes hidden under the snow. Much sympathy was felt for him, for the wound took a long while to heal, and prevented him tobogganing more that winter. Another gentleman coming down the slide by moonlight with two young ladies in his toboggan, in place of steering through the fence, steered into it, and his face came in contact with a post; unluckily for him, the post was the hardest, and he escaped with a broken jaw, and the ladies with more or less bruises. There was a laughable upset on another occasion. A lady, said to be at least forty (also 'fat and fair'), with a friend of the opposite sex, tempted fortune in a toboggan; but as they approached the gap above mentioned she lost her nerve, and threw herself out as the toboggan was rushing down the steepest part of the slide. In less time than the reader will take to peruse this incident, she was on her head in the snow, and her feet, incased in very black boots, in the air; she then tumbled across the slide; the toboggan with its remaining occupant flew lightly over her, and then this frisky matron and her friend rolled like a pair of frolicksome lambkins to the foot of the slope, the toboggan of course arriving before them.

Skating at Quebec is chiefly carried on at the Rink, a large building about one hundred and seventy feet long and seventy wide, the earth-floor of which is flooded. The ice is carefully swept daily; and each evening the rink-keeper 'dusts' it with just enough water to fill up the cuts made in it by the skaters; so that each morning finds a fresh field of glittering smooth ice. The wooden shed does three duties—namely, keeps out the heat of spring, keeps off the snow, and keeps in the cold of winter; so that skating can often be had at the Rink and nowhere else.

The band of the Rifles often played at the Rink, which was sometimes lighted up at night by gas; and visitors to Quebec had capital opportunities of seeing its young ladies exhibit their skill in the execution of sundry intricate skating-figures. Some years ago, there was a fancy-dress ball on the Quebec rink, and we have extracted a portion of its description from one of the local papers of that date: 'The bugle sounded at nine o'clock, and the motley crowd of skaters rushed on the ice, over which they dashed in high glee, their spirits stirred to the utmost by the enlivening music and the cheering presence of hundreds of ladies and gentlemen. Over the glittering floor sped dozens of flying figures, circling, skimming, wheeling, and intermingling with a new swiftness, the bright and varied colours, the rich and grotesque costumes succeeding each other, or combining with bewildering rapidity and effect. The gentlemen, in addition to the usual characters, introduced some novelties: an owl, a monkey, a monster bottle, a tailor at work, a boy on horseback—all capital representations and by good skaters. Among the ladies were representations of "Night" and "Morning," a vivandière, a habitant's wife, and other characters that appeared to advantage. The skaters presented both a varied and brilliant appearance, their parts being well sustained as to costume and deportment, and their movements on the ice being characterised by that grace and skill of movement bred of long practice. The dances included quadrilles, waltzes, galops, &c.'

That this elegant accomplishment can be turned to use is proved by a legend of two settlers in the Far West who saved their lives by the aid of a pair of skates. One had been captured by Indians, who did not intend to let him live long; but amongst his baggage was a pair of skates. The Indians' curiosity was excited, and the white man was desired to explain their use; he led his captors to the edge of a wide lake, where the smooth ice stretched away as far as the eye could see, and put on the skates. Exciting the laughter of his captors by tumbling about in a clumsy manner, he at length contrived to get a hundred yards from them without arousing their suspicion, when he skated away as fast as he could, and finally escaped.

The other settler is said to have been skating alone one moonlight night; and while contemplating the reflection of the firmament in the clear ice, and the vast dark mass of forest surrounding the lake and stretching away in the background, he suddenly discovered, to his horror, that the adjacent bank was lined with a pack of wolves. He at once 'made tracks' for home, followed by these animals; but the skater kept ahead, and one

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by one the pack tailed off; two or three of the foremost, however, kept up the chase; but when they attempted to close with the skater, by adroitly turning aside he allowed them to pass him. And after a few unsuccessful and vicious attempts on the part of the wolves, he succeeded in reaching his log-hut in safety.

The cold during the winter of 1870–71 was often extreme, the thermometer ranging as low as forty degrees below zero. Upon two days the writer had the pleasure of witnessing the beautiful phenomenon called silver-thaw—that is, the trees and shrubs encircled with ice-crystal, the glitter of which on the twigs and branches in the sunlight is wonderfully beautiful. Occasionally the St Lawrence is entirely frozen over opposite Quebec, and ice boats (on skates) are popular, and the bark glides along at a pace that depends upon the wind and quantity of sail carried. Sleighing was much in fashion; and it is agreeable enough rushing through the extremely cold but dry atmosphere with a pretty young lady nestling against you as you fly along the noiseless track to the music of the sleigh bells, which the law requires each horse to carry on its harness.

Practical jokes are not unknown at Quebec, and several silly ones without wit or purpose were perpetrated that winter; but one of a special and decidedly original character played upon the Control Department, may be worth recording. The Control Department—at the head of which was Deputy-Controller Martindale—was intrusted with the providing of fuel, food, ammunition, bedding, transport, &c. for the British troops, and for some reason or another that branch of the department at Quebec is said to have been somewhat unpopular in the garrison.

On the 23d and 24th February the following advertisement appeared in the columns of the principal French paper, *l'Evénement*:* 'CHATS! CHATS! CHATS! 50 CHATS sont demandés pour donner la chasse aux Rats et Souris qui infestent les Magasins du Gouvernement. Toute personne qui apportera un Chat au Bureau du Député-Contrôleur Martindale, entre 11 heures et midi un jour quelconque jusqu'au 28 du courant, recevra en retour un Dollar (1 $) par Chat.—Par ordre,

D. C. MARTINDALE, *Député-Contrôleur.*

QUEBEC, 23 *Fév.* 1871—3*f.*'

The powers of advertising were in this instance wonderfully exemplified, for at least eight hundred cats were duly brought to the Bureau; but the unfortunate cat-merchants did not receive a dollar. Some, being of a speculative turn, had bought up a number of their neighbours' cats at prices varying between ten cents and twenty-five cents each; and what with the ire of the cat-merchants at the hoax, the astonishment and indignation of the Control officers, and the caterwauling of the pussies brought in boxes, baskets, bags, &c., the scene was one which will long be remembered in Quebec. On Sunday, 26th February (according to a local custom of treating *government advertisements*), the doors of the churches in the country districts round Quebec had the 'cat advertisement' duly posted up, so that on Monday the 27th a bountiful supply of mousers was brought from suburban districts to complete the Control catastrophe.

Of course very strict inquiries were made, with a view of ascertaining the author of the hoax; but that individual has not yet presented himself to public notice, and judiciously made use of the post-office to carry the letter to the *Evénement* respecting the insertion of the advertisement. We also understand the editor of the *Evénement* was politely requested to render his account for the advertisements to the Control Department. There is, we believe, an old proverb, 'A cat may look at a king;' but many of the inhabitants of the Quebec suburbs did not like to look at cats for some time afterwards.

* Cats! Cats! Cats! 50 Cats are required to capture the rats and mice that are infesting the Government Magazines. Whoever shall bring a cat to Deputy-Controller Martindale's office between 11 and 12 o'clock on any day up till the 28th inst., shall receive one dollar per cat. By order, &c.

## FRENCH FISHER-FOLK.

THEY live by themselves and to themselves, these French fisher-folk; an amphibious race, as completely cut off from the shore-staying population as any caste of Hindustan. The quaint village that they inhabit consists of half a score of steep and narrow lanes, and as many airless courts or alleys, clinging to the cliff as limpets anchor to a rock, and topped by the weather-beaten spire of a church, dedicated of course to St Peter. Hard by there may be a town rich and populous; but its wide streets and display of plate-glass are not envied by the piscatorial clan outside. They have shops of their own, where sails and shawls, ropes and ornaments, high surf-boots and gaudy gown-pieces, jostle one another in picturesque profusion. From the upper windows of the private dwellings project gaffs and booms, whence dangle, for drying purposes, wet suits of dark-blue pilot cloth and dripping pea-coats. Everywhere prevails an ancient and fish-like smell, struggling with the wholesome scent of hot pitch simmering for the manufacture of tarpaulins and waterproofs. Half the houses are draped in nets, some newly tanned to toughen them, others whose long chain of corks is still silvered with herring-scales. The very children are carving boats out of lumps of dark wreck-wood, or holding a mock auction for tiny crabs and spiked sea-urchins. The whole atmosphere of the place has a briny and Neptunian savour about it, and is redolent of the ocean.

A word now as to the fishers themselves; as proud, self-reliant, and independent a race as those hardy Norsemen from whom ethnologists believe them to descend by no fictitious pedigree. Of the purity of their blood there can be little doubt, since the fish-maiden who mates with any but a fisherman is considered to have lost caste; precisely as the gipsy girl who marries a Busné is deemed to be a deserter from the tribe. Marrying among themselves then, it is not surprising that there should be an odd sort of family likeness among them, with one marked type of face and form, or rather two, for the men, curiously enough, are utterly unlike the women. Your French fisher is scarcely ever above the middle height, a compact thick-set little merman, with crisply curling hair, gold rings in his ears, and a brown honest face, the unfailing good-humour of which is enhanced

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by the gleam of the strong white teeth between the parted lips.

The good looks of the women of this aquatic stock have passed into a proverb; but theirs is no buxom style of peasant comeliness. Half the drawing-rooms of London or Paris might be ransacked before an artist could find as worthy models of aristocratic beauty as that of scores of these young fish-girls, reared in the midst of creels and shrimp-nets and lobster-traps. Their tall slight figures, clear bright complexions, and delicate clean-cut features, not seldom of the Greek mould, contrast with the sun-burnt sturdiness of husband, brother, and betrothed; while the small hands and small feet combine to give to their owners an air of somewhat languid elegance, apparently quite out of keeping with a rough life and the duties of a workaday world.

Work, however—hard and trying work, makes up the staple existence of French fisher-folks, as of French landsmen. In the shrimp-catching season, it must indeed be wild weather which scares the girls who ply this branch of industry, with bare bronzed feet and dexterously wielded net, among the breakers. Others, a few years older, may be seen staggering under weighty baskets of oysters, or assisting at the trimming and sorting the many truck-loads of fish freighted for far-away Paris. The married women have their household cares, never shirked, for no children are better tended than these water-babies, that are destined from the cradle to live by net and line; while the widows—under government authority—board the English steam-packets, and enjoy the sole right of trundling off the portmanteaus of English travellers to their hotel.

The men, the real bread-winners of the community, enter well provided into the field of their hereditary labour. The big Boulogne luggers, strongly manned, and superior in tonnage and number to those which any other French port sends forth, are known throughout the Channel, and beyond it. They need to be large and roomy, since they scorn to be cooped within the contracted limits of the narrow seas, but sail away year after year to bleak Norway and savage Iceland; and their skippers, during the herring-fishery, are as familiar with the Scottish coast as with that of their native Picardy. It is requisite too that they should be strong and fit to 'keep,' in nautical parlance, the sea; for Boulogne, lying just where the Channel broadens out to meet the Atlantic, is exposed to the full force of the resistless south-west gale, that once drove Philip II.'s boasted Armada northward to wreck and ruin.

These south-west gales, with the abrupt changes of weather due to the neighbourhood of the fickle Atlantic, constitute the romance, or compose the stumbling-block of the fisherman's life. His calling may seem an easy and even an enviable one, to those who on summer mornings watch the fishing fleet glide out of harbour; the red-brown sails gilded by the welcome sunshine and filled by the balmy breeze, the nets festooned, the lines on the reel; keg and bait-can and windlass, harmonising well with the groups of seafaring men and lads lounging about on board; too many, as the novice thinks, for the navigation of the craft. But at any moment, with short warning, the blue sea may become leaden-hued, and the sky ragged with torn clouds and veiled with flying scud, and the howling storm may drive the fishers far from home, to beat about as best they may for days and nights, and at length to land and sell their fish (heedfully preserved in ice) at Dunkirk, Ostend, Flushing, or even some English harbour perhaps a hundred and fifty miles away.

The conscription, that relentless leech which claims its tithe of the blood and manhood of all continental nations, in due course takes toll of the fishers. The maritime population, however, supplies the navy, not the *army* with recruits. It is not until flagship and frigate are manned, that the overplus of unlucky drawers in that state lottery of which the prizes are exemption, get drafted into the ranks. These young sailors find military life a bitter pill to swallow. The writer of these lines has before his eyes a letter from a conscript to his mother in the fishing village, and in which the young defender of his country describes last year's autumn manœuvres in Touraine, the Little War as he calls it, from a soldier's point of view. There is not a spark of martial ardour or professional pride in this simple document. All the lad knows is that he is marched and countermarched about vast sandy plains from dawn till dark, wet, hungry, and footsore; and how difficult it is at the halting-place to collect an armful of brushwood, by whose cheerful blaze he may warm his stiff fingers and cook his solitary pannikin of soldier's soup.

As might be expected, in a community which more resembles an overgrown family than the mere members of a trade, there exists among these people an unusual amount of charity and rough good-nature. The neighbourly virtues shine brightly amid their darksome lanes and stifling courts, and a helping hand is freely held out to those whom some disaster has crippled in the struggle for existence. Bold and self-assertive as their bearing may be, there are no Jacobins, no partisans of the Red faction among these French fishers. They are pious also in their way, seldom failing to attend *en masse* at the church of St Nicholas or the cathedral of Notre-Dame, before they set out on a distant cruise.

Once and again in early summer, a fisher's picnic will be organised, when in long carts roofed over with green boughs, Piscator and his female relatives, from the grizzled grandmother to the lisping little maiden, who in her lace-cap and scarlet petticoat looks scarcely larger than a doll, go merrily jolting off to dine beneath the oaks of the forest. In their quiet way, they are fond of pleasure, holding in summer dancing assemblies, where all the merry-making is at an end by half-past nine, and which are as decorous, if less ceremonious, as any ball can be. They are patrons of the theatre too, giving a preference to sentimental dramas, and shedding simple tears over the fictitious sorrows of a stage heroine; while in ecclesiastical processions the brightest patches of colour, artistically arranged, are those which are produced by the red kirtles, the blue or yellow shawls, and the snowy caps of the sailor-maidens.

The gay holiday attire, frequently copied, on the occasion of a fancy dress-ball, by Parisian ladies of the loftiest rank, with all its adjuncts of rich colour and spotless lace; the ear-rings and cross of yellow gold, the silver rings, trim slippers, and coquettish headgear of these French mermaidens; no doubt lends a piquancy to their beauty which might otherwise be lacking. Sometimes an excep-

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tionally lovely fisher-girl may be tempted by a brilliant proposal of marriage, and leaves her clan to become a viscountess, or it may be a marchioness, for mercenary marriages are not universal in France. But such incongruous unions seldom end very happily; for the mermaiden is, alas! entirely uneducated, and proves at best too rough a diamond to appear to advantage in a golden setting.

## EMERGENCIES.

Accidents of various kinds are continually occurring in which the spectator is suddenly called upon to do his best to save life or relieve suffering without the aid of skilled advice or scientific appliances. A body has been drawn from the water in an insensible condition, and thus far a rescue has been effected; but the scene may be more or less distant, not only from the residence of the nearest doctor, but from any house; and unless the bystander is able to apply prompt means to restore respiration and warmth, a life may yet be lost. Again, a lady's dress is in flames, or it may be fire has broken out in a bedroom—accidents which, if immediate steps be not taken, may end fatally to life and property, long before the arrival of the physician or fire-brigade. One's own life too may be placed in such instant jeopardy that it can only be preserved by active and intelligent exertions on our own part. Situations of this kind attend the sailor, soldier, and traveller as 'permanent risks;' while in the city or field, and even in the security of home, dangers of different kinds confront us which are best described by the word emergencies.

The pressing question in any emergency is of course, 'What is to be done?' Unhappily, the answer is not always at hand. We are often altogether unprepared to act, or we act in such a way as only to increase the danger. The most humane onlooker in a case of partial drowning may at the same time be the most helpless. While in any of the frequent casualties to children—such as choking, scalding, &c.—the tenderest mother may but contribute to the calamity, either by the use of wrong means or the inability to apply right ones. How common this is in respect of many kinds of accidents, and how many of those cases returned 'fatal' might have had a happier issue had the spectator but known 'what to do.'

The terse advice supposed to meet every species of emergency is to 'keep cool.' We admit its force, and agree that it cannot be too frequently insisted upon. Without presence of mind, neither the zeal of self-interest nor the solicitude of affection itself can act with effect. In some instances even, special skill and knowledge may be paralysed by an access of nervousness and its consequent confusion of mind. Again there occur many grave situations in which tact and self-possession are all that are necessary to avert serious calamity. The following anecdote illustrative of this went the round of the newspapers shortly after the disastrous fire in Brooklyn Theatre. Some stage-properties suddenly took fire during a performance before a crowded audience at a certain European theatre. The usual panic ensued. A well-known actor, aware that the danger was not serious, and dreading the result of a sudden rush from the house, coolly stepped in front of the curtain, and in calm tones announced that his Majesty the Emperor, who then occupied the imperial box, had been robbed of some valuable jewels, and that any one attempting to leave the theatre would be immediately arrested. The threat would of itself have been useless, but the fact and manner of its delivery conveyed an assurance of safety to the excited people which no direct appeal to their reason could have done. They resumed their places; the fire was subdued; and not till next day did they learn the *real* peril they had escaped by the timely ruse of the great actor. How terrible a contrast that unhappy and unchecked panic which led to the loss of life at Brooklyn!

The effects of panic and confusion have sometimes their amusing side. We have seen ordinarily sane people casting crockery and other brittle ware into the street from a height of several stories—*to save it from fire;* and there occurs a passage in one of Hood's witty ballads which seems to prove the incident by no means a rare one:

> Only see how she throws out her *chaney*,
> Her basins and tea-pots and all;
> The most brittle of *her* goods—or any;
> But they all break in breaking their fall.

But while a jest may be pardonable in such a case, this losing one's head too often takes place in circumstances involving loss of life or property. An excited pitying crowd, for example, is gathered round a person struck in the street with apoplexy. An alarm has been given, and a curious gaping group has come to witness a case of suicide by hanging. A concourse of people stand before a house from which issue the first symptoms of a fire. In such cases the spectators are usually nerveless and purposeless: the danger to life or property is in the exact ratio of the number of onlookers. How curious and instructive to note the change which comes over the scene on the arrival of a single sensible and self-possessed person. One of the idle sympathisers of the apoplectic patient suddenly frees the neck and chest; a second goes sanely in search of temporary appliances; a third runs zealously for a doctor, and the remainder go about their business. One stroke of a knife and the would-be suicide has been placed in the hands of a few of the more intelligent by-standers for resuscitation. The precise locality of the fire has been reached, and the fire either extinguished promptly with the means at hand, or kept under until the arrival of the fire-engines which have been at once sent for.

Now, what is the real source of this exceptional self-possession—so all-important in an emergency? Is it not, after all, the quiet confidence begot of knowing what is best and proper to be done under given circumstances? It is quite true, no doubt, that presence of mind is a moral quality more or less independent of technical knowledge, but in a plain practical way it is directly *its result*. To become familiar with difficulties is to divest them of their character as such, and to enable us to act with all the coolness and precision exercised in

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ordinary events. To a surgeon, an accident is a 'case,' not an 'emergency;' while even an abstract knowledge of 'what to do' arms the mind of the non-professional against excitement or confusion. The possession of one little fact, the recollection of some read or heard of device or remedy, is often, sufficient to steady the mind and enable it to act effectively. How frequently some half-forgotten item of surgical knowledge, some stray prescription, or some plan casually recommended ever so long ago, is the means, here and there, of eluding the fatal possibilities of an emergency.

There is really little excuse for ignorance of the means and methods required to meet ordinary cases, seeing that information in abundance is to be had at trifling cost and with little trouble. There are surgical and medical works, published at almost nominal prices, the expressed aim of which is to instruct the public what steps to take in most kinds of accidents, in the absence of professional assistance. There are works also which, treating mainly of household matters, contain valuable hints to parents and others on the subject of accidents to children, as also of fires to person and property; while here and there in our serial literature may be found useful advice on such special kinds of emergencies as the bolting of horses, capsizing of boats, bites by poisonous snakes, &c. But above all, to those who care to remember what they read, the columns of the daily newspapers afford much sound instruction in every species of untoward event. In spite, however, of the ease with which people might inform themselves, and in spite of frequently bitter experience, there is a very general apathy regarding such matters. In upper and middle class families, a certain amount of interest is no doubt evinced, and books of reference are found in their libraries; but the practical importance of knowing their contents, and so forearming against contingencies, is by no means widely recognised. It is scarcely surprising then to find the masses so indifferent, and as a consequence so helpless to assist themselves or each other in any unusual situation.

The idea of giving the subject some place in the common school course is one, we think, worthy of consideration. Physical education receives a fair share of encouragement in the higher class of schools; and some of the exercises enjoined, such as running, climbing, swimming, and rowing, are direct provisions against accidents by field or water; while all of them, by giving a degree of confidence to the mind, are of the greatest value as a training to meet emergencies generally. Physiology too is gradually making good its claim to the attention of teachers; and the instruction in Domestic Economy prescribed for girls comprises hints how to act in what may be called household emergencies. All this is very satisfactory; and were some pains taken in addition to point out to pupils of both sexes the commoner dangers by which life is beset, and were they told in a plain practical way how these are best averted, we believe the case would be very fairly met. To the skilled teacher, a short series of lessons of this kind would not necessarily be any great tax upon his time, but would rather form one of the most interesting of those 'asides' to which he properly resorts as an occasional relief to the tedium of school-routine.

To children of a larger growth, we can only repeat that the means of informing themselves are not beyond reach. There are, of course, now and then such combinations of circumstances as no knowledge or training can provide for, just as there are many accidents which no human foresight can prevent. Leaving these out of the question, however, few of us pass through life without having at one time or other to exercise our intelligence and knowledge to preserve either our own life or property, or the life or property of others in circumstances where these may be exercised successfully. Our interest and duty alike enjoin us to take reasonable pains to forearm ourselves, and the neglect to do so is clearly culpable. But we may have occasion by and by to present our readers with a few practical hints on the subject of 'What to do in Emergencies.'

### THE TRADE IN ARTIFICIAL EYES.

On this subject, the *New York Sun* gives some amusing particulars: 'Between eight and ten thousand eyes are sold annually in the United States. An eye-maker gives one in one hundred and twenty-five as the proportion of one-eyed people. Computing the population of the country at forty-two millions, this rate gives three hundred and thirty-six thousand as the number of persons with only one eye in the Republic. Consequently, while ten thousand people supply their optical deficiency with an artificial eye, two hundred and twenty-six thousand go without. In proportion to the population, the eye-maker said, there are more one-eyed people in Paterson, New Jersey, than any other town in this or any other country. All towns that have many foundries and factories, and whose air is impregnated with soot and smoke, count their one-eyed inhabitants by the score; but Paterson is ahead of the rest. The eye-maker knew of the three proprietors of a single foundry there each losing an eye. Pittsburg comes next. In this city one-eyed folks abound in the neighbourhood of manufacturing establishments. Once he had four patients from near a foundry in West Eleventh Street alone. Not only the foul atmosphere destroys the sight, but flying pieces of metal burn out the eyes of the workmen. An importer who sells one thousand five hundred eyes annually sends one-third to Canada; Chicago takes three hundred; and Cincinnati more than St Louis. New Orleans, Nashville, and other towns west and south buy the remainder. The colour for eyes most in demand is what is known as "Irish blue," a peculiarly light azure that predominates in Ireland. The average cost of an eye is ten dollars. He sells comparatively few eyes in this city, as New Yorkers prefer to have their eyes made to order.'

### A NOBLE OCCUPATION.

A newspaper records as follows: 'The Duke of Hamilton left Hamilton Palace for the south yesterday. During his stay of six days he shot 373½ brace of grouse, 4 brace of black-game, 4 hares, and 2 snipes.' This makes a slaughter of seven hundred and sixty-one animals in six days, or at an average upwards of a hundred and twenty-six per diem. Hard work!

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## THE ROYAL GAME OF GOLF.

FOR ages golf has been pre-eminently the national game of Scotland. As its history emerges from the mists of antiquity we find football and it linked together as representative games, in fulminations against 'unprofitabill sportis,' unduly distracting the attention of the people from more serious affairs. But our game far exceeds this old rival in interest; and if it were not for the popularity of curling in its season, no rival pastime could pretend to vie with golf in Scotland.

The mode of playing golf is so well known in these days that it may suffice to explain that it is a game played over extensive commons, or 'links' as they are termed; that the implements used are peculiarly constructed clubs, so weighted at the crook or 'head' of the shaft, as to give great impetus to the small hard gutta-percha ball to be driven along the grass; and that the object of the players—either as single antagonists or two against two—is to endeavour to vie with each other as to who shall drive the ball towards and into a series of small artificially made holes, in the fewest strokes. From hole to hole the party proceeds, sometimes one winning a hole, sometimes another, and occasionally (by evenly contested play) halving: until the whole round of the green has been traversed; when the party who has gained the greatest number of holes is declared the winner. The links ought to be of considerable extent, and the holes several hundred yards apart, so as to give opportunity for skilful driving and other niceties of the game. To those unfortunates who have only read of the pastime, it may appear hard to believe in the reality of the enthusiasm shewn by its votaries; but whenever they are privileged to come under its influence, even as spectators, they will find it is one of the most fascinating of pursuits. How can a man describe in fitting language the subtle spell that brings him out in all weathers and seasons, and makes him find perfect pleasure in 'grinding round a barren stretch of ground, impelling a gutta-percha ball before him, striving to land it in a succession of small holes in fewer strokes than his companion and opponent,' as the game might be described by one of that class of men to whom the 'primrose by the river's brink a primrose is, and nothing more.'

The fascinations of the game have enlisted in the ranks of its votaries men of all classes, many of them famous on other fields, who have made their reminiscences of their beloved pursuit mediums for many a bright word-picture in prose and verse. Hitherto no attempt has been made to gather together what has been so said and sung in praise of the pastime; but in Mr Robert Clark's beautiful volume now before us, entitled *Golf—a Royal and Ancient Game*, ample amends have been made for this neglect, by one of the most enthusiastic and best golfers of the day. Here we have presented in a gossipy way so beloved by golfers, wealth of material, both as regards the history and literature of the fascinating game—a labour of love in an artistic guise. What the author is on the links, so seems he to be among his printers and artists and binders—*facile princeps*. The volume before us, though unfortunately too costly to be very generally available, is a marvel of beautiful typography and tasteful binding. Our author has gone for his information to the most various sources—old acts of the Scots parliament, proclamations by kings, burgh records, minutes of the more prominent golf-clubs, books and magazines; and by judicious editing of this medley has shewn the many-sidedness of the game in a way that none but a devotee could.

Mr Clark wastes no space on unprofitable speculations as to the origin of golf. All that is clear in this vexed subject is that though Scotland is the chosen home of the game, she is not its birthplace. It is, however, of little moment whether the game came in with the Scandinavians who settled on the east coast of Scotland, or whether it was brought northward over the Border as a variety of the English 'bandy-ball;' or even if we have to go back to the Campus Martius, and look for the parent of golf in the curved club and feather ball of the Roman *Paganica*. Games of ball seem

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to have existed in all ages, and it is therefore probable that golf is a development of some older game, or perhaps a 'selection of the fittest' from several previously existing ball-games. It is sufficient for our purpose that early in the fifteenth century it was at least as popular with all classes as it is to-day.

When gunpowder made archery a thing of the past, the conflict between love of country and love of golf ceased, and the game went on prospering under the smiles of royal favour, surviving proclamations of various town-councils directed against sacrilegious golfers whose sin was held to be, not so much that they played on Sunday, as on that part of the day called 'the tyme of the sermonnes.' This matter was set at rest by the decree of James VI. of Scotland, who in 1618 sent from his new kingdom of England an order that after divine service 'our good people be not discouraged from any harmless recreation,' but prohibiting 'the said recreations to any that are not present in the church, at the service of God, before their going to the said recreations;' or as Charles I., when subsequently ratifying this order, puts it, 'having first done their dutie to God.'

Besides James VI.'s crowning act of founding the Royal Blackheath Club, Mr Clark has recalled two other instances of royal connection with the game in a charming way, as one of the illustrations in his book is from Sir John Gilbert's picture of Charles I. receiving, during a game on Leith Links, the intelligence of Sir Phelim O'Neill's rebellion in Ireland in 1642; while another is a delicately drawn pen-and-ink sketch by Mr James Drummond, R.S.A., of the house in the Canongate of Edinburgh, which John Patersone, shoemaker, built for himself with half the stake in that famous 'foursome'—the Duke of York (James VII.) and Patersone against two English noblemen.

With the Stuarts went out for a time royal countenance of the game, till William IV. became patron of the Royal and Ancient Club of St Andrews, and presented to it for annual competition that coveted golfing trophy, the gold medal.

But though there came kings who knew not golf, the game lost none of its old popularity. Still, as before, pre-eminently the game of the people, we find it associated with many a notable scene and character in the history of Scotland. So fond of the game was the great Montrose, that hardly had the minstrels ceased to serenade him and his day-old bride 'Sweet Mistress Magdalene Carnegie,' when we find him hard at work with clubs and ball. That fifty years later it continued to be the favourite amusement of the aristocracy of the Scottish capital, we can gather from the curious books of expenditure of Sir John Foulis of Ravelstoun, who seems to have spent most of his leisure time 'losing at golfe' on Musselburgh and Leith Links with Hamilton and Rothes and others of the highest quality of the time. We read of Balmerino's brother, Alexander Elphinston, and Captain Porteous, the victim of the famous 'mob,' playing in 1724 'a solemn match at golf' for twenty guineas on Leith Links, where, a few years later, might constantly be seen Lord President Forbes of Culloden, who was such a keen golfer, that when Leith Links were covered with snow he played on the sands; though even he has to yield in all-absorbing devotion to the game to Alexander M'Kellar, 'the Cock o' the Green,' immortalised in Kay's *Portraits*, who played every day and all day long, and then practised 'putting' at the 'short holes' by candle-light.

It is almost superfluous to say that in our own day the noble and ancient pastime is still the game of the Scots, and latterly of the English, of all classes and in all parts of the world. One little fact that incontestably proves the eminent respectability of the game is that 'the minister' can be a golfer without the least fear of the straitest-laced of presbyteries. It is said that when the canny Scot abroad 'prospects' for a new settlement, while he naturally rivets one eye on the main chance, with the other he reckons up the capabilities of the ground for his favourite game; therefore it is that golf has taken firm root and flourishes in many a distant colony. Across the Border the game is so acclimatised that formidable rivals to our native players are now trained on well-known English greens. That it may go on and prosper is of course the wish of every true lover of the invigorating pastime.

Mr Clark gives us some historical notes of the more prominent of the many golfing clubs that now flourish in different parts of Scotland, and extracts from their minute-books the leading events of their career. Now and then we come across eccentricities, such as the feats of Mr Sceales and Mr Smellie of the Edinburgh Burgess Club in driving balls over the dome of St Giles's Cathedral, one hundred and sixty-one feet high; or the even more wonderful achievement of another member of this club, who drove a ball in forty-four strokes from *inside* their golf-house on Bruntsfield Links over the hill of Arthur Seat. As a rule, however, these clubs pursue the even tenor of their way, the members finding their best happiness in playing the pure and simple game.

While the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers is generally held to be the oldest Scotch Club, so great has been the development of its sister Club at St Andrews, and so great are the attractions of golfing on the famous links of the venerable city, that the 'Royal and Ancient' takes precedence over all, and is indisputably *the* club of the kingdom. What Newmarket is to racing, or Melton to hunting, St Andrews is to golf. In St Andrews, it is not a mere pastime, but a business and a passion. It is the one recreation of the inhabitants from the Principal of the College to the youngest urchin; it has even invaded the domain of croquet, and has taken captive the ladies, who now take so keen an interest in the game, that on more links than those of St Andrews their green is a charming feature of the place. In short, in St Andrews 'no living thing that does not play golf, or talk golf, or think golf, or at least thoroughly knock under to golf, can live.'

The chief prize of the 'Royal and Ancient'—the gold challenge medal played for every autumn, presented in 1837 by King William IV.—is termed the 'Blue Ribbon of Golf.' To win it is the dream of every member of the Club. Other clubs, such as North Berwick, Musselburgh, Montrose, Perth, Prestwick, Burgess, &c. have each its own time-honoured challenge trophy, that of the Royal Musselburgh being laden with more than a century of medals commemorating each winner. That English clubs too are following fast the fashion set by their older brethren north of the Tweed, is attested by the prizes now competed for at Westward Ho!

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in Devonshire, Hoylake in Cheshire, and at Wimbledon, &c.; though it is but fair to state that Blackheath claims with good reason to be father of all English golf-clubs, and has for long been celebrated for the keenness of its players and the prizes offered for competition.

So much for the history of the game; let us now glance at its literature. In the interesting collection of prose papers Mr Clark has gathered from various quarters, we can study the peculiar features of the game and the effect it has, for the time, on the tempers of its votaries. As we have seen at St Andrews, the ardent golfer has little time for thought or conversation unconnected with the game. For the time being the be-all and end-all of his life lies within the pot-hook-shaped course he has to traverse; and not a little of his happiness or his misery for the day depends on the nature of the match he succeeds in getting. Though the game is as a rule an exceedingly social one, and admits of quiet chat and occasional good-natured banter, the *true* golfer at work is essentially a man of silence; chattering during the crises of the game is as abhorrent to him as conversation during whist; one thing only is as obnoxious as the human voice to him then—that is, any movement of the human body near him. 'Stand still while I'm putting,' and 'Don't speak on the stroke,' are two postulates he would fain enforce. This over-sensitiveness to external influences may explain the seeming ungallantry of the 'Colonel' in H. J. M.'s amusing account of *The Golfer at Home*, which appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine* a few years ago. After a charming little picture of the 'Colonel' resenting, though he does not openly object to Browne being accompanied over the course by 'his women,' as he ungallantly terms Mrs Browne and her sister, he says to his partner: 'The Links is not the place for women; they talk incessantly, they never stand still, and if they do, the wind won't allow their dresses to stand still.' However, as they settle down to their game, the 'Colonel's' good temper returns under the healthy influence of an invigorating 'round,' and gives H. J. M. an opportunity of pointing out how all ill-humours of body and mind give way before the equable and bracing exercise of a round or two of the Links of St Rule. That the reader may see the amount of walking exercise taken in a round of St Andrews Links, it may be interesting to note that the exact distance, as the crow flies, is three miles eleven hundred and fifty-four yards; so that the golfer who takes his daily three rounds walks *at least* eleven miles. It is no wonder, then, that in addition to its own attractions, golf is esteemed as a capital preparation for the moors or the stubbles, hardening as it does the muscles both of arms and legs. What hunting does for the cavalry soldier as a training for more important bursts in the battle-field, the like does golf for the infantry soldier in bracing him to encounter forced marching with ease. The Links have formed the training-ground of many a brilliant officer.

Space will not allow us to dwell on the genial gossip about St Andrews and St Andrews players —amateur and professional—that we find in Mr Clark's book, further than to mention three names. First, that of the great champion of the professionals, Allan Robertson, who was 'never beaten in a match;' of the brilliant but short-lived career of poor 'young Tom Morris,' the champion player of his day—son of a worthy sire who still survives; of Mr Sutherland, an old gentleman who made golf the chief business of his life, whose interest in his fellow-men, not as men but as golfers, is well shewn in this anecdote. His antagonist was about to strike off for the finishing hole at St Andrews, when a boy appeared on the bridge over the burn. Old Sutherland shouted out: 'Stop, stop! Don't play upon *him;* he's a fine young golfer!'

It is in verse, however, that the votary of golf finds the field congenial to his subject.

In 1842 appeared a clever collection of poems, entitled *Golfiana*, by George Fullerton Carnegie of Pittarrow, which delighted the golfers of that day by the humorous way in which it hit off the playing characteristics of the men he introduced into it. He begins by throwing down the gauntlet to those students of Scottish history who sigh over the musty memories and deplore the decayed glories of the city of their patron saint:

St Andrews! they say that thy glories are gone,
That thy streets are deserted, thy castles o'erthrown:
If thy glories *be* gone, they are only, methinks,
As it were by enchantment transferred to thy Links.
Though thy streets be not now, as of yore, full of prelates,
Of abbots and monks, and of hot-headed zealots,
Let none judge us rashly, or blame us as scoffers,
When we say that instead there are Links full of golfers,
With more of good heart and good feeling among them
Than the abbots, the monks, and the zealots who sung them!

We have many capital songs in honour of the game; amongst others a parody of Lord Houghton's well-known song, *Strangers yet*, from which it will be seen that something more is necessary to make a good golfer than a set of clubs and an anxious 'cady' to carry them:

DUFFERS YET.—BY TWO 'LONG SPOONS.'

After years of play together,
After fair and stormy weather,
After rounds of every green
From Westward Ho! to Aberdeen;
Why did e'er we buy a set
If we must be duffers yet!
Duffers yet! Duffers yet!

After singles, foursomes—all,
Fractured club and cloven ball;
After grief in sand and whin,
Foozled drives and 'putts' not in—
Ev'n our cadies scarce regret
When we part as duffers yet,
Duffers yet! Duffers yet!

After days of frugal fare,
Still we spend our force in air;
After nips to give us nerve,
Not the less our drivers swerve;
Friends may back and foes may bet,
And ourselves be duffers yet,
Duffers yet! Duffers yet!

Must it ever then be thus?
Failure most mysterious!
Shall we never fairly stand
Eye on ball as club in hand?
Are the bounds eternal set
To retain us duffers yet?
Duffers yet! Duffers yet!

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In conclusion, we may remark that though golf, to the uninitiated, may appear to be a game requiring considerable strength of muscle for its achievement, it is not so; for the easier it is played, the better are the results. To apply much force to the stroke is to imperil the chance of driving a far ball; whereas by a moderate swing of the club, the ball is not only driven far and sure, but goes from no effort apparent to the striker.

A notion also prevails that golf is a game suited for young and middle-aged folks only. This is a delusion, for no outdoor pastime is more fitted for elderly people. To attain *great* excellence in the game, the player must commence early in life; but to become enamoured of its joys requires but a beginning, and that beginning may be made by men who have long passed the meridian of life. We could point to many elderly gentlemen whose lives are being lengthened by the vigour-inspiring game, and who, when their daily round or rounds are finished, can fight their battles o'er again in the cheery club-house, with all the zest of youth. When games such as cricket have been found too much, or perhaps the exertion of tramping the moors too severe, the sexagenarian may safely take to the easy but invigorating pursuit of golf, and 'bless the chiel who invented it.' If he misgives his ability to cope with the exertion, or fancied exertion, of pacing a few miles of green turf and wielding a club, our advice to him is to place himself in the hands of a professional golf-player—plenty of whom are to be found wherever there are links—and try; and in a wonderfully short time our veteran may find himself interested, perhaps absorbed, in a game the delights of which he has lived all these years without having been able till now to realise!

## FROM DAWN TO SUNSET.

### PART III.

### CHAPTER THE SECOND.

DEBORAH waited and watched—a gloom unutterable weighed on her spirits—and no Mistress Fleming came. At last old Jordan Dinnage arrived at the castle alone, looking scared and sorrow-stricken.

'The master is very ill,' said Mistress Marjory, as she waited on Jordan. 'These be bad days, Master Dinnage. I doubt if he lives till morning. Doctor says he won't; but doctors know naught. In general, if doctors say "He 'll be dead by mornin'," it means he 'll live to a good old age; I 've seed it often. But mark my words, Jordan Dinnage: there 's not much life in our dear Master; *he 's goin'*. This comes o' leavin' Enderby. I felt it; I knew'd 'twould be so. *This comes o' Master Sinclair's leavin's.* O Jordan Dinnage, it 's wrong, it 's grievous wrong, this leavin' Enderby, for this grand blowed-out old place, an' these flaunting livery-men an' maids. Master Sinclair's curse is on us!'

'Nay, nay, Mistress Marjory; these be women's superstitions. Mistress Deborah did rightly. A goose she would ha' been to fling all this grandery and gold guineas in the ditch, for fear o' bad luck, 'sooth! It 's no more that, than thou 'rt a wise woman! The Master 'll pull through; an' if he don't, better die a prince than a beggar.'

Marjory shook her head. 'Give me honest beggary. An' where 's Mistress Dinnage? Be sure Lady Deb 'ud be glad o' her company now. Why didst not bring her along, Jordan? It speaks not much for her love.'

Jordan reddened. 'Not a word agen Meg, Mistress Marjory! She 'll be comin' soon. I must see Mistress Deborah.'

'Well, come now. An' heaven send Master Kingston soon.'

Deborah met the dear old man with outstretched hands. 'Jordan, I am so glad to see ye! Where is Margaret?'

Jordan shuffled from one foot to the other, and twisted his hat round in his hands. 'Well, Lady Deb—Mistress Deborah—I 've not brought Meg along.'

'I see ye have not!' cried Deborah impetuously. 'But where is she?'

The old gray eyes, growing dim with age, looked straight and honestly on their young Mistress, yet humbly too, as he answered in a low voice: 'Where she ought to be, Mistress Deborah—off to her young husband, Master Charlie Fleming.'

'Jordan, Jordan! Is this true? Her husband? Ye bewilder me. Are they wedded then? Is she gone to Ireland?'

'Sure enow! O Mistress Deborah, I come to ask forgiveness! It isn't for the like o' Jordan Dinnage to have his daughter Mistress Fleming; but dear heaven knows I know'd naught, an' never sought it out, nor had high notions. Mistress Deborah, I ask forgiveness, an' I hope the master 'll forgive me.'

Deborah took the old trembling hand. 'The master is in no state to blame or to forgive. But, Jordan, thou may'st give me joy o' this. It gladdens mine heart in my sore troubles like a sunbeam on a dark, dark cloud. Forgive thee? Ay, I am proud to be Margaret Fleming's sister; an' well believe my father would bid her welcome too—faithful honest Jordan. Now come, Jordan, come, and see how he lies. He knows me not, and he calls ever upon Charlie. Hast sent my letter to Ireland? Hast the address?'

'Ay, ay; it 's gone.'

'Then I will write again to-night. Heaven send he may come in time. Sometimes, Jordan, he lieth in a stupor; again he calls for Charlie or for me.'

Reverently pulling his white forelock, with his old habit of respect, to his fiery but beloved master, Jordan stood at the foot of the bed, and saw the shadow of death on the face of Vincent Fleming.

'My boy,' murmured the dying man, with his eyes upon Jordan—'my boy Charlie!'

Old Jordan gazed helplessly and sorrowfully from him to the doctor who stood by, and Marjory, who entered. 'What 's to be done?' he muttered. 'It kills him!'

'Patience, patience!' whispered the solemn doctor; 'he may see his son yet. There is great hope for him, Mistress Fleming; keep good heart.'

'Not hope of his recovery, Master Allan,' said Deborah, with stern and still despair. 'I know death when I see it. You have held out hope before; yet make him live till my brother comes. Ye hear me, Master Allan?'

'Ay, Mistress Fleming; I will use my poor skill to the utmost. Bear up. I will return to-night, Mistress Fleming;' and with a courtly bow, he left her.

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But for Deborah, she kneeled beside her father, and with old days and old memories her heart was like to break. Jordan was weeping bitterly; she heard the old man's sobs; but on her own heart a still Hand was laid, enforcing strength and calmness. For two things she prayed: that Charlie might come in time; and that her father might be himself before he died, to hear that Charlie had ever been true to him. And so through the long night she watched; and old Marjory oft slept and nodded, as age and dulled senses will; and though Sir Vincent at times called plaintively for his Deb, his 'Rose of Enderby,' his more frequent plaint was for his boy.

### CHAPTER THE THIRD.

In those days there were wild doings in Ireland. 'Liberty and Reform' were the watch-words which did then, and ever will, electrify the fiery, rebellious, ardent spirits that flocked under one banner to struggle and to die. Irish and French met and fought together against the iron hand of England; thousands perished; the fated isle ran blood.

It is the eve of a battle. Gray dawn is slowly breaking over forest and mountain, where strange and wonderful echoes are wont to be heard amongst the rocks and caves; but in the gray of this dread dawn, on the eve of battle and blood, all seems silent as the grave, saving the thunderous roar of the waterfall in its descent into the lake, that seems to make the silence the more intense.

But hark! through the mist of morning a bugle suddenly sounds loud and clear; and when it ceases —far away, a spirit-bugle answers. A soldier, driven to frenzy, they say, by an insulting taunt from a superior officer, had struck him down in the heat of the instant. Short shrift in those days; the man has been tried, condemned, and is about to be led out to execution. So, loud and clear the bugle calls: 'Come forth to thy death,' as plain as a human voice could speak; and he whom it summons cannot mistake that voice, and comes forth guarded, but with steady step, and head erect and soldierly; while in front of him bristles a long line of musketry, and behind yawns an open grave. The condemned soldier is Charles Fleming. Have his ungovernable passions and his strong uncurbed will brought him to this? Ay; and the stubborn pride which has ever been his bane, leads him now to die without that word of extenuation or appeal which even yet might save him.

Yet who may tell how that proud heart swells well-nigh to breaking beneath the broad breast, as he thinks on the old white-haired father and his son's death of shame! He sees too the shadows on the woods of Enderby. He hears the voice of a little sister, calling 'Charlie, Charlie!' at play. And the trees are waving their long arms round the old, old home; and his little playmate Margaret—his *young wife Margaret*—stands beneath and smiles. And then his bold eyes ask for death, merciful death, which shall put him out of his anguish. Yet hold! Even as the muskets are raised, but ere the triggers are pressed, there is a wild shriek of 'Rescue! rescue! Pardon! pardon for Charles Fleming!'

And there, headlong down the way—while all reel back before him—rides one spurring for life or death, his horse in a lather of foam, his head bare, and his long hair flying in the wind. In one hand he clenches a packet, and waves it above his head—the Royal pardon! He reaches them; he stays the deadly fire with his wild outstretched arms raised to heaven, with white face and blazing eyes, and lips which fail to speak. But *one* could have undertaken and accomplished that famous ride; but *one* could have saved him in this strait. In male disguise, that *one* proves to be Margaret Dinning! ''Tis my wife!' cried Charles Fleming in piercing accents; ''tis my wife Margaret!' And with that, the king's messenger sways in the saddle, and is supported to the ground by the commanding officer. . . .

And thus it came to pass that Deborah, watching at her father's bedside, heard rumours of that battle by which the name of Charles Fleming became famous. It was early morning. The great wild clouds of dawn were parted, and rolled asunder. The glorious sun rose on the watcher's weary eyes, and steeped the land in splendour. Deborah threw up the windows wide, and returned to the dying man. O heaven, tender mercy, cannot the light of summer sunrise rob that dear face of aught of its wintry wanness?

'Father, sweet father!' she said in thrilling tones of grief, 'art thou not better? See the glorious sun, father!'

'Nay, Deb,' he answered plaintively; 'I see no sun; mine eyes are dark. How little thou dost look to me! Thou 'rt grown so small! My child, my darling, I am very ill.'

Then Deborah raised his head upon her shoulder; she knew that he was himself again, himself but to die; her brave heart sank, yet she answered calmly: 'Yes, thou hast been very ill. Dost thou remember all that happed?'

'Ay, ay. My boy, my boy!' And he sobbed.

'Hush, father; that was wrong; that was false! That was a wicked forgery. Charlie never wronged thee by thought or deed. Charlie hath ever been loyal to thee and thine. Art thou content now, dear?'

A brilliant smile stole over the fading face of Vincent Fleming. 'Ay,' said he, 'content to *die!*' He lay musing, his eyes closed. 'Deb,' said he at last, 'whisper me. My boy is true to me—is 't not so?'

'Yes, father; true as steel: he loves thee dearly. And for *thee*,' she went on, with heaving breast, 'he hath done brave things! Charlie is a soldier, and men are all saying he hath won great honour and renown.'

'Ah, Deb; thank God, thank God for this! And thou, Deb, sweet Deb, how is 't with thee?'

'I am rich, dear. I am betrothed to King Fleming, whom I love most dearly; and I have wealth enough for all. It is well with thy two children, thou seest.'

And ere the night fell, two messengers came gently to his side. One, radiant with 'white raiment' and drooped wings; the other, footsore, travel-stained, and war-worn. And one was the Angel of Death, who stood and looked upon them pitifully; the other was his prodigal son, who kneeled and folded his arms around his father, and bowed his head and wept.

'Now,' said Sir Vincent, 'I die in peace. How

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have I yearned for thee! God bless thee! I bless thee, my boy! Deb, this is death!'

And so, raised in Charlie's strong arms and with his hands in Deborah's, without a struggle, the spirit passed away.

CHAPTER THE LAST.

Two figures stand together in one of the deep oriel windows of the old hall at Enderby. The blood-red splendour of a setting sun fills the marsh, the low land, and the hanging woods; and streaming like a beacon in at the windows, floods those two with radiant light. They are Charles Fleming and his bride. The storms have swept by, and left her thrice his own, with the old walls and the sacred hearth of Enderby. Thus may God send on us the lightning of His chastisement, and yet guide and guard us through all—through the morning of wild and sunny childhood; through the noon of gay and love-bright youth, environed as it is by perils; through the sudden-falling night of dread, despair, and death. He does not leave us 'comfortless.' As for Deborah Fleming, passionately as she loved the beauteous world, she never again lost sight of the valley up which had passed the souls of those she loved, and the golden gates across the shining flood. And in later days, when children's children clustered eagerly round the stately old Lady of Lincoln, she, with the faithfulness of old age, would return lovingly, lingeringly to the days of her youth, when 'Charlie and she were young.'

O happy time—blessed childhood—how can I end better than with thee? Over the shadows of evening rises the day-star of childhood's memories.

It knows no night—
There is *no* night in a glad and green old age.

THE END.

## CHARLES DICKENS' MANUSCRIPTS.

A GLIMPSE of the manuscripts of the late Charles Dickens, which now form part of the 'Forster Collection' in the South Kensington Museum, conjures up a vision of numerous characters in his popular novels. On looking attentively at the manuscripts, we are at once struck by the number of alterations and interlineations with which the pages abound; and our first sentiment is one of surprise that the books which appear so wonderfully natural and fluent when we read them, should evidently have been the result of much anxious thought, care, and elaboration.

The collection comprises the original manuscripts of the following works: *Oliver Twist*, published in 1838–39; *Master Humphrey's Clock*, comprising the *Old Curiosity Shop* and *Barnaby Rudge*, published in 1840–41; *Barnaby Rudge*, a separate volume, 1840–41; *American Notes*, 1842; *Martin Chuzzlewit*, 1843–44; *The Chimes*, Christmas 1844; *Dombey and Son*, 1846–48; *David Copperfield*, 1849–50; *Bleak House*, which has in the original manuscript a secondary title, *The East Wind*, 1852–53; *Hard Times*, 1854; *Little Dorrit*, 1855–57; *A Tale of Two Cities*, 1859; and *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* (his last but unfinished work), 1870. There are also proof volumes from the printers, consisting of *Dombey and Son*, *David Copperfield*, *Bleak House*, and *Little Dorrit*, the pages of which bear marginal and other corrections and alterations, in ink, by the author.

Of course, as the collection is placed under a glass case, the public can only see one or two pages of each work; but even with this meagre guide, the acute observer is able in some degree to trace the working of the writer's mind, and to follow to some extent the development of his ideas. As we have already remarked, the first thing which strikes us is the comparatively large number of alterations and interlineations which occur in the manuscript. It is evident that Charles Dickens wrote with the greatest care, and scrupulously revised his writing, in order to render each sentence as perfect as might be. Taking the works in their chronological order, we may notice that in *Oliver Twist*, which is open at 'Chapter the Twelfth'—'In which Oliver is taken better care of than he ever was before, with some particulars concerning a certain picture'—there are few alterations in the manuscript; the writing also being larger and firmer than in the majority of the later works. Charles Dickens made his alterations so carefully that it is difficult to trace the words which he had originally written; but the one or two which occur on this page give us some little insight into the careful manner in which the author worked up his sentences into a well-rounded and euphonious form. The passage at which this manuscript is opened runs as follows: 'The coach rattled away down Mount Pleasant and up Exmouth Street—over nearly the same ground as that which Oliver had traversed when he first entered London in;' and here occurs the first alteration, 'the D——' is erased, and 'company with the Dodger' is written in its place; the author evidently considering the latter a more euphonious form of expression than 'in the Dodger's company,' as it was doubtless his original intention to make the passage. The alteration to which we have referred may appear, as indeed it is, of exceedingly small significance; but we have mentioned it simply as an instance of the extremely careful way in which Dickens studied the details and minutiæ of composition.

The next manuscript in point of date is *Master Humphrey's Clock*, which is open at 'No. IV.,' headed 'Master Humphrey from his clock-side in the chimney corner,' and commences as follows: 'Night is generally my time for walking. In the summer I often leave home early in the morning and roam about fields and lanes all day, or even escape for days or weeks together, but, saving in the country' [this originally stood 'but, at other seasons of the year;' but Dickens doubtless saw that the expression as it now stands would be more consistent with the context], 'I seldom go out until after dark, though, Heaven be thanked, I love its light and feel the cheerfulness it sheds upon the earth as much as any creature living.' This page of manuscript has only a moderate share of alterations.

Then we come to the volume of *Barnaby Rudge*, which is opened at 'Chapter One,' and also contains only a moderate number of alterations, one being in the height of the *Maypole* sign, and another in the distance of Epping Forest from Cornhill;

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both of which are noticeable as further illustrations of the conscientious love of accuracy which characterised the author's mind. Next in order follows the *American Notes*, which has very few corrections, and is opened at the page headed 'Chapter the First. Introductory and necessary to be read;' in which the author challenges the right of any person 'to pass judgment on this book or to arrive at any reasonable conclusion in reference to it without first being at the trouble of becoming acquainted with its design and purpose.' Surely a caution fair and reasonable enough on the part of the writer of a book which he could not but feel would probably give offence, where such an end was farthest from his wish.

*The Life and Adventures of Martin Chuzzlewit* comes next, open at 'Chapter I. Introductory. Concerning the Pedigree of the Chuzzlewit Family;' and giving us a brief but telling satire on the pride of birth by assuring us that this family 'undoubtedly descended in a direct line from Adam and Eve, and was in the very earliest times closely connected with the agricultural interest.' This page is notably full of alterations, and seems a fair indication that with Charles Dickens, as with many others, the first step was the most difficult of all. The caligraphy in this as in all the other manuscripts is legible but rather small, the letters being distinctly formed, and the use of abbreviations studiously avoided.

We next turn to *The Chimes*, one of those delightful stories with which Dickens introduced to us those Christmas annuals, which now form so important a section of our periodical literature. This again is open at the commencement, where the author lays down the dogma that there are not many people who would care to sleep in a church: 'I don't mean at sermon-time in warm weather (when the thing has actually been done once or twice), but in the night, and alone.' This sentence originally finished with 'in the night;' but we can readily imagine the development of the idea in the brain of the writer; and the words 'and alone' suggesting themselves as lending an additional ground of fear for the situation. The manuscript of this page bears a moderate number of alterations.

In *Dombey and Son* we find a large number of alterations on the first page, the very title itself having been altered more than once. The sketch of the newly-born Paul, who was placed in front of the fire, 'as if his constitution were analogous to that of a muffin, and it was essential to toast him brown while he was very new,' is very good indeed; but it is evident that the passage was rather the result of careful elaboration than of spontaneous humour. And the same remark will apply to the opening chapter of *David Copperfield*, in which, although the passage descriptive of the birth of the hero is very neat and natural as it now stands, the same careful revision and alteration are again apparent.

*Bleak House* too is notably full of alterations on the first page, especially in the passage which tells us that in the muddy condition of the London streets 'it would not be wonderful to meet a Megalosaurus forty feet long or so waddling like an elephantine lizard up Holborn Hill.'

In *Hard Times*, where we are introduced to the gentleman who wants nothing but 'Facts,' and in the opening chapter of *Little Dorrit*, in which we have a description of Marseilles as it 'lay broiling in the sun one day,' we find a large number of alterations; but in these, as in most of the other instances, the primary words have been erased so carefully, that it is next to impossible to form an idea of how the passages originally stood. The *Tale of Two Cities*, on the contrary, contains remarkably few corrections; and the opening passage descriptive of 'The Period' is telling, and apparently written spontaneously. *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* has been opened with good judgment at the last page. The manuscript is very small, but fairly legible, and having but a moderate number of alterations. In a literary sense, it is not perhaps so interesting as some of the others; but it possesses a sad and melancholy claim upon our attention and sympathy, inasmuch as it is the last page of manuscript ever written by this gifted hand.

In the proof volumes with corrections in the handwriting of the author there is nothing which calls for especial note save an unimportant deletion in *Bleak House*, and a more interesting alteration in *David Copperfield*. In the former there is a passage marked 'out,' in which Sir Leicester Dedlock speaks to Mrs Rouncewell of her grandson in the following passage: 'If (he said) the boy could not settle down at Chesney Wold, in itself the most astonishing circumstance in the world, could he not serve his country in the ranks of her defenders, as his brother had done? Must he rush to her destruction at his early age and with his parricidal hand strike at her?'

In *David Copperfield* we find by a passage in which Mr Dick is referring to his Memorial that his original hallucination took the form of a 'bull in a china shop;' a rather trite idea, and it was not until after the proof had actually been submitted to him by the printers that Charles Dickens introduced the whimsical and happier notion of 'King Charles's Head.'

Before bringing our brief paper to a conclusion, we would venture to suggest to the gentleman or gentlemen to whom is intrusted the arrangement of these manuscripts, that the present positions of the manuscripts and printed volumes should be transposed, so that the manuscripts should occupy the lower half of the case, as in their present position it is rather difficult to decipher the caligraphy; and to any one below the ordinary height is must involve an amount of physical contortion as uncomfortable as it is inelegant. The manuscripts being of course of greater interest than the printed proofs, should certainly occupy the more prominent space, especially as the latter could be read without any difficulty if placed in the rear rank.

We have no doubt that many of those who read this short article will have seen the Dickens manuscripts for themselves; many more doubtless will see them; but there will still be a large number who will not have the opportunity; and while we think that our remarks will be endorsed by the first and second classes, we hope that they will prove interesting to the third less fortunate class, and will enable them to enjoy, at least in imagination, a somewhat closer intimacy than they have known before with that great and gifted man, whose books have effected so many beneficial changes both in society at large and in many an individual heart and life, uprooting and casting to the winds much

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that was base, worthless, and contemptible, and implanting in their stead the seeds of those gentler sympathies and nobler aspirations which find their fruition in a well-spent life.

## THE ADMIRAL'S SECOND WIFE.

### CHAPTER XII.—OTHER EVENTS OF THAT EVENING.

LADY DILLWORTH'S reverie is doomed to be a short one. She feels a soft caressing touch on her arm, and looks up to see Miss Delmere close by her chair. Her long light hair is streaming over her shoulders, and an embroidered Indian dressing-gown covers her antique dress.

'Liddy, you quite frightened me! Why do you come creeping in like a mouse? You ought to be in bed.'

'I have something to tell you, Katie; something you will be *so* glad to hear, and something that makes me *so* happy. I cannot sleep till I tell you all about it.'

Miss Delmere flings herself on a low stool at Katie's feet, and looks up through her mass of sunny hair with flushed cheeks, glowing eyes, and lips that *will* form themselves into smiles. She cannot hide her joy.

'Walter Reeves has asked me to be his wife. Are you surprised, Katie?'

'Not exactly; I thought there must be some outcome from all that flirting. Do you know, Liddy, if he had not made you an offer, and if you had not accepted him, I should have been very angry, and should have given you a lecture.'

Liddy looks up at her friend with surprise, the words are so cold, the tone of voice so hard and unsympathising.

'Are you not glad about it, Katie?'

'Of course I am; and I hope you will both be happy.'

'I owe it all to *you*, darling Katie! Had it not been for this dear delightful charade party, I should never have found out that Walter really cared for me. How sudden it has all been! And what good news I shall have to carry home to-morrow! Little did I think when I came to stay with you, that my wedding was so near!' The words came out in joyous gasps between hugs and kisses, for Miss Delmere is demonstrative, and shews it.

Then Liddy flits away, radiant in her delight, never dreaming of the anguish in Katie's heart that constrains her again to bury her face in her hands, and utter short, eager, impassioned prayers for the poor sailors whom she believes are at that very hour in dire and mortal conflict with the winds and waves.

But we must take a glimpse at Sir Herbert's proceedings. He never even glances at the order after his wife's fingers have altered it to her will; he merely folds it up, puts it in the envelope, and despatches it to its destination. Though he decides the *Leo* shall proceed on the dangerous enterprise, no thought of malice towards Captain Reeves actuates him. It never enters his thought that it is a good way of getting rid of him for a while, and thus stopping the constant visits to Government House. The idea is altogether too paltry and despicable—it is beneath a man of Sir Herbert's tone of mind. He fixes on that particular ship simply because she is best fitted for the duty. Weighing anchor in such a storm near the Short Reefs on an iron-bound coast, and rendering assistance to a vessel in danger, is an undertaking that requires a good ship, a steady crew, and an able captain.

All these qualifications the *Leo* possesses to perfection. She is a well-built handsome craft; her hardy tars are smart and well disciplined; and there is no braver officer in the British navy than Walter Reeves. True, when on shore he seems rather too fond of amusement, and has been called 'conceited,' 'trifling,' 'frivolous,' 'dandified,' and what not, by men who are jealous of him; but let his foot once touch the quarter-deck, and even his enemies can never charge him with these questionable qualities. There all his frippery and nonsense vanish away like dew in the sunshine; and he becomes the true sailor, with courage to plan and carry out deeds of daring; he becomes the gallant officer fired with vigour and ambition. Never would he shirk a duty or hesitate to undertake any lawful enterprise even though it led to danger or death. Sir Herbert knows all this, and therefore he is right in selecting the *Leo*.

Hardly has he sent away the order when he is called off to Hillview; and when his duties there are over, he determines to pay a farewell visit to Lady Ribson. He thinks of Katie all the way he is going to Belton Park. But when is he *not* thinking of her? His love has not lessened, though he has begun to see her faults. He is sorry she is not with him, and that she has never paid the needful respect to his god-mother. He has often and often urged her to call, but his persuasions have failed. Whenever he has made the suggestion, Katie has been so overwhelmed with engagements that she has hardly given him a hearing, and of late he has dropped the subject. He goes towards Belton Park in rather a gloomy mood after all. Lady Ribson quite expects Katie on this last evening, and while she welcomes the Admiral, she looks over his shoulder inquiringly.

'Ah! I knew you would come to say "good-bye," Herbert. But where is the "gudewife," the bonnie Katie?'

'Miss Delmere is staying with her, and she has many engagements; besides, you could hardly expect her out in this storm.'

'Ah no, certainly not. There are many reasons for Lady Dillworth's staying at home, and but few inducements for her to come out to see an old woman like me.'

'Katie has often said how anxious she is to know you.'

'True, true, Herbert; so you must bring her to Scotland with you in the bright summer-time—that is, if I'm spared to see it; but life is uncertain, my friend, life is uncertain.'

Lady Ribson, who is the brightest, kindest, dearest old woman in the world, smiles on her god-son, and does not let him see how much she is hurt by Katie's neglect of her; but in her heart she is sorry for him, more sorry than she would like him to know. Bessie his first wife was in her opinion perfection; and Katie she suspects is very much the reverse.

To her old eyes, the Admiral is still young, and she thinks there is hardly a woman in the world good enough to mate with him. 'I can see Herbert is not happy; and Laura Best was right when she foretold the risk her father ran in marrying a mere frivolous girl,' she decides in her own

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mind; but none of her suspicions float to the surface, so gay, so kindly, so warm is her manner. The Admiral sets out early on his homeward journey; his thoughts still turn to Katie, but they have grown softer, more tender. The gloom has passed from his spirit; the interview with Lady Ribson has calmed his ruffled thoughts; his reserve and pride have altogether melted down, and he longs to press his darling wife to his heart and forgive all her follies. He feels, even with all her failings, he loves her more completely, more passionately than he has ever loved the dead Bessie.

When he reaches Government House, it is brilliantly lighted up. The guests are assembled, and fragments of song and melody are floating out on the rough night-wind. Sir Herbert makes his way at once to the scene of festivity, and pauses at the door, astonished at the unwonted appearance of the rooms. As he has not been initiated into the arrangements, nor witnessed the preparations, the merest stranger present is not more ignorant than he is of all that has been going on. So he looks on the scene with curiosity. The music-room has been turned into a raised stage, with painted wings and festoons of scarlet curtains. A crescent-shaped row of gas jets serves as foot-lights, and throws a soft clear brilliance on the performers. Wreaths of flowers, clusters of trailing evergreens, pots of rich exotics, groups of banners, add to the display. Nothing that taste, art, fancy, or money can accomplish is wanting. The Admiral looks at all this; then at the rows of spectators; then at his wife, who comes forward on the stage at that moment leaning on Liddy's arm. Presently their voices ring out through the rooms; then a solo falls to Katie's share, and her husband listens spell-bound to her singing. Her voice is tuned to the deepest pathos, and her face is sad as her song.

Never has he seen Katie look like that before. The curiously cut costume suits her wonderfully well; the dress of azure silk falls in rich bright folds; her bodice glitters with gold and gems; and her hair turned back in its own luxuriant wealth of tresses, has no ornament but a diamond cluster. The mellowed rays from gas jets, hidden by the curtains, fall full on her head, and she shines out as though surrounded by a strange unearthly glory.

She seems altered, spiritualised, refined, incorporealised in her marvellously weird-like beauty, and her husband cannot remove his rapt gaze from her. But presently a single turn of his head changes his glance of admiration into one of surprise and anger. In the shade of a gigantic azalea he spies Captain Walter Reeves, standing in an attitude of calm listening enjoyment. Instantly the Admiral's eye flashes with indignation. How dares Walter Reeves to be here, in his wife's drawing-room, when he ought to be miles away out on the stormy seas?

In an instant the offender is called out of the room, and Sir Herbert demands to know why he has disobeyed orders by staying on shore.

'I have had no orders to weigh anchor, Sir Herbert.'

'Perhaps the order is still lying on your cabin table; it was issued at ten o'clock this morning.'

'No despatch has reached the *Leo*, for I've been on board all day, Sir Herbert, and came direct to Government House.'

'Very strange, very! There must be some terrible mistake in the matter. Is Mr Grey here to-night?'

'No, Sir Herbert.'

'I must see him at once. The subject admits of no delay.'

'Shall *I* go to North Street, and fetch him here?'

The Admiral pauses for a moment, and takes a survey of Walter from head to foot. He notes the velvet suit, the delicate lace ruffles, the Montero cap, the large plume of feathers, the dark cloak set so jauntily on his shoulder, the thin shining shoes, and the huge glittering buckles; and a *soupçon* of contempt glances from his eyes, a slight sneer trembles on his lip. 'I think I am more fitted to brave the storm than you are to-night, so I'll go to Mr Grey myself.' Then without another word, he walks down the stairs, and passes out into the wind and rain. The house in North Street is closed for the night, and Mrs Grey and Helen are sleeping the sleep of the quiet-minded. Only the master of the house is still up, and he is finishing a cigar in his library. He starts up in alarm when he hears the authoritative knock at the door, and visions of fire and thieves start up before him. His alarm is in no whit lessened when he sees his august son-in-law on the steps.

'Sir Herbert! Who would have thought of seeing you so late! Is anything wrong? Is Katie ill?'

'No; your daughter is quite well. I left her just now dressed up like some medieval heroine, and lamenting her woes in song.'

'True; I recollect this is the night of Katie's charade party.'

They have both gone into the library now; Mr Grey has flung the stump of his cigar aside, and the Admiral speedily explains the cause of his late visit.

'I acted as your note directed, Sir Herbert, and at once sent off the *Leoni* to assist the *Daring*.'

'The *Leoni!* Were you mad, Grey?'

'I confess your order amazed me. I did all I could to consult with you about it, but you were gone to Hillview. Here is the order; you will see the *Leoni's* name written plainly.'

The Admiral takes the paper in his hand, holds it near his gaze, scrutinises it afar off, glances at it through his eye-glass; but the fact is indisputable —there is the word *Leoni*, apparently in his own writing.

'This is a vile forgery, Grey! I never wrote that, never dreamt of giving such a mad order. Heaven alone knows what results, what complications may arise from it! I shudder to think of the *Daring* still aground on the Short Reefs, or perhaps altogether broken up long ere this.'

'The *Leoni* couldn't help her much, I fear.'

'Help her! She'll never reach her. I should not be surprised if she were a wreck herself by this time; a hideous, top-heavy, unmanageable craft like that couldn't take care even of herself in such a storm.'

'What had better be done now, Sir Herbert?'

'Despatch the *Leo* at once; though I fear her services will come too late.'

Practical discussions follow, that keep the Admiral and his secretary employed for some time longer. When Sir Herbert returns home, it is

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no vain excuse that makes him retire to his room in very weariness of spirit, very fatigue of body. He finds Walter Reeves is already gone away; but some of the guests are still lingering in the rooms, trying to prolong their amusements to the last minute.

### CHAPTER XIII.—CONFESSION.

The storm has spent itself before the next morning. Katie can see that, as she listlessly looks out of the bay-window of the breakfast-room. One would hardly suppose the treacherous gale had been holding such wild revels the night before. The tossing waves that had leaped with frothy crests over the serrated rocks of the Short Reefs, are placid enough now—dancing perhaps over those who went down a few hours before into the cruel depths. Lady Dillworth has a headache; she listens calmly to Liddy, who blushing and blooming, pours forth her rose-coloured confidences, and swallows her coffee between whiles. Hunter is helping the groom to carry her boxes down-stairs; and Miss Delmere, with only a few minutes to spare, is selfish in the exuberance of her joy, and cannot see the dark circles round Katie's sleepless eyes nor note the deep sadness of her looks. At length she goes away, and the Admiral enters the room.

'You are just in time, Herbert; Hunter has brought up some fresh coffee.'

'None for me, thank you. I knew you would be engaged with Miss Delmere; and as I had papers to examine, I had my breakfast brought to the library.'

'Liddy is gone away now.'

'Yes; I met her in the hall, and saw her into the carriage. I've brought you the newspaper, Katie; you will see the wreck of the unfortunate ship I told you of yesterday.'

'The *Daring!* Is she wrecked?' Katie takes the paper into her trembling hands, but cannot read a word for the throbbing of her brows and the dizziness of her eyes.

Her husband goes on: 'Yes; she went to pieces in the gale, and every soul on board would have gone down with her had not a merchant-ship passed by the merest chance. Twenty-three men are lost. At least they went away in the *Daring's* large cutter; but no boat could have lived out the storm.'

'How dreadful!' Katie starts at the sound of her own voice, it is so deep and hoarse.

'Dreadful indeed! What makes the matter worse is, that in all human probability every man might have been saved and the ship also, had not an atrociously wrong act been perpetrated.'

Katie hears a rustle of paper; she knows by instinct what is coming, but she dares not lift her head.

The Admiral goes on in an agitated tone: 'Some one has tampered with my papers, has even dared to meddle with my orders. I directed the *Leo* to be sent out at once to the scene of the wreck; but from malignity or some other motive, the name *Leoni* was substituted.'

'Wouldn't that ship do as well, Herbert?'

'Certainly not. She would never reach the Short Reefs in such a gale. I fully suspect she's foundered at sea or gone on the rocks herself. I'll find out who did it! If I thought Reeves, or any one else at his instigation, had been guilty, I'd, I'd'——

There is no saying how the sentence might have ended. Katie has risen from her seat, and stands before her husband trembling.

'I did it, Herbert! *I* altered your order!'

'You, Katie!—you, my wife!'

'Yes; but I never thought my silly act would lead to such misfortune.'

'What was your motive, Kate? Surely you could not have wished to injure *me?* To set me up as a mark of inefficiency and ridicule?'

'O no; a thousand times *no*. But Captain Reeves was helping me to get up our charade, and I altered the ship's name that he might not have to go away.' Here Lady Dillworth's voice fails her. She cannot utter another word, so choked and gasping is her breath; the bare blank sentence remains as it was: 'I altered the ship's name that he might not have to go away.'

The Admiral does not reply. There is a stillness in the room as though some one had died there. A burst of passion, an angry storm of words would be a relief; and Katie glances up in alarm to see her husband looking down sadly at her. He is pale as death; his lips are set and firm; a dim haze has clouded his eyes, as though unshed tears are springing there; but there is no sign of resentment in his face—only pity, a tender, touching, tremulous pity, an infinite yearning for something gone, a regret, sorrowful and deep! Yet all so mixed with intense love, that Katie knows for the first time in her life what passionate boundless strength there is in his affection for her. A sudden understanding of how dear she is to him dawns upon her; she feels he would give his very life for her.

Katie would have flown to his arms, and told him his love is fully returned, that at last she feels his worth and goodness; she would have fallen at his feet and there have craved for pardon; but he puts her gently yet firmly away.

'My poor, poor Katie! Have I then spoiled your young life? I might have suspected this; but I was blind and selfish. Forgive me, my poor child, forgive me! I would give worlds to restore you your freedom again!'

Ere Katie has fully grasped the meaning of his words, he has gone out of the room; she hears him walk rapidly down the stairs and out of the house. A sense of numbness creeps over her; she sits for a while like one stunned. How long she remains crouching on the sofa she never knows; a whole lifetime of anguish seems crushed into that space. All the brightness of youth appears to die out at her husband's departure; his retreating footstep sounds like a knell of departed hope.

After a time, Lady Dillworth rouses herself; even sorrow cannot endure for ever. She recollects it is near the hour for luncheon, and then Herbert will come home. She dresses herself in the robes she had on when he made her the offer of marriage. *Why* she has done this, she does not confess even to herself; but perhaps she imagines old associations may soften present misunderstandings. She goes down to the dining-room and waits. The table is laid for luncheon, and the bright fire glitters on the silver and glasses and flowers. All is so pleasant and cheerful and homelike! And even then a thrill of satisfaction comes over her

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that now Liddy Delmere is gone she will be able to devote all her time to her husband—have him all to herself. But the luncheon hour passes, and then the door opens and Hunter enters with a letter on a salver. The address is written in a rapid unsteady hand, as though the fingers trembled. She sees it is Sir Herbert's writing, and tears open the envelope with a sense of impending trouble, that blanches her cheeks and chills her heart. The words ran thus:

'No one shall ever know you did the mischief, my poor Katie; the blame shall rest on me alone, and I will bear it willingly for your sake. But my professional career is over; men will never again trust my judgment or deem me fit to command. I was proud of my standing in the service and of an untarnished reputation; but you have spoiled it all, merely to enjoy a short interval more of Walter Reeves's society. Why did you not tell me he was so dear to you? You should have said before we married *I* could never make you happy. Yet I will not blame you, my poor wife. My own selfish blindness has caused all this misery. Before this letter reaches you, I shall be on my way to London to resign my appointment.'

This was all! But the contents fell like a blow on her heart. Katie sits alone in that quiet room while the iron pierces her soul. The untasted luncheon stands on the table till the fire goes out and the shades of night gather round. Then Hunter knocks at the door in alarm, to know if 'my Lady' will have the things removed. Katie rouses herself to tell him that while his master is away she will henceforth have her meals laid in her boudoir, and that she will receive no visitors in Sir Herbert's absence.

Hunter sees her pallid face and tear-stained eyes, and draws his own conclusions, and thinks things 'never went on like that in the *first* Lady Dillworth's time, anyhow.'

## THE GUACHO.

'WILL you ride over with me to the neighbouring village?' asked my friend Senhor Pedro da Silva. 'There is a *festa* there to-day. And as you are a stranger in the country, you will see some feats of horsemanship quite as clever as can be shewn in the circus rings of old England.'

'With the greatest pleasure,' I replied. 'I have often heard of the wonderful horsemen called Guachos, and desire much to see if the accounts are really true.'

'I think you will not be disappointed. He and his horse are one; sometimes he acts as its tyrant, but more frequently they are friends. From infancy they have scoured over the immense Pampas of South America, frequently amidst violent storms of thunder, wind, and rain. His address and grace on horseback yield neither to your best fox-hunters nor to the American Indian. But here is Antonio with our steeds; let us mount.'

An hour's ride over the dull arid plains of Buenos Ayres, covered with the grass now so much cultivated in our gardens, and admired for its light feathery tufts waving in the wind, brought us to San Joachim, where the people were already collecting in their holiday attire, and exchanging friendly greetings on all sides. The gay striking dresses of the Guachos mingled in every group. The *poncho* or mantle of cloth, woven in bright coloured stripes, has a hole in the centre through which the head is passed, and falls down to the hips in graceful folds. The nether garment is a combination of bedgown and trousers, bordered by a fringe or even rich lace on these festa days, which varies from two to six inches deep according to the wealth of the wearer. Then to-day the great jack-boots of untanned leather are exchanged for the smartest patent leather, with bright scarlet tops, and enormous spurs at the heels. A wide-brimmed Spanish hat is worn, a purple or yellow handkerchief twisted round it; whilst the belt encircling the waist sparkles with the dollars sewn upon it—often the whole fortune of the owner. His weapons are attached to this girdle, consisting of a formidable knife, a lasso, and a bolas, which may not be so familiar to the English reader as the lasso. There are two balls fastened together by short leathern straps, to which another thong is attached, by which it is thrown; this is whirled violently round the head before propulsion, and entangles itself in the legs of the horse or cow to be captured.

But whilst we are gaily chatting to Senhor Pedro's many friends the games are beginning, and we hasten off to the ground. There we find two lines of mounted Guachos, from ten to twenty on each side, just so far apart as to allow a rider to pass between the ranks; all are on the alert and holding the lasso ready for use. One whom they call Massimo, an evident favourite with the crowd, comes tearing along at a gallop and dashes in between the lines. The first horseman in the ranks throws his lasso at Massimo's horse as he flashes past, but misses, amidst the derisive shouts of those around; then the second, quick as lightning casts his; and so on down the ranks. Presently, however, the horse is lassoed and brought to the ground; and the skilful rider alights uninjured on his feet, smoking his cigarette as coolly as when he started from the post. The dexterity and watchfulness of the men, who can throw the lasso so as to entangle the feet of a horse while going at full speed, are simply wonderful. Another and another followed with varying fortunes; sometimes the first struck down the horse and rider, rarely was it that one escaped altogether. The popularity of the famous chief Rosas was said to be founded on his proficiency in this adroit but cruel art, and no man can be their chief who is not the cleverest among them: renown on horseback is the one great virtue that exalts a man in their eyes; cruelty to their favourite animal does not seem to enter into their thoughts!

But at length they weary of this sport, and move off a little way to vary it with another. Now we seem to have moved back a few hundred years, and find a pastime of the middle ages still lingering among these descendants of the Spaniards, who doubtless introduced it into the New World. In those days it was called the game of the quintain. A pole was firmly planted in the ground, with a cross-bar, to which was hung the figure of a misbelieving Saracen, well armed and holding a large sword. The horseman tilted at full gallop against this puppet; and as it moved lightly on a pivot, unless it were well struck in the breast, it revolved, and the sword smote the assailant on the back amidst the laughter of the crowd. Here in

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the wild Pampas the trial of skill is greater. A kind of gibbet is erected, to which is hung a finger-ring by a string. The Guacho, instead of the spear of knightly days, holds a weapon more characteristic of his work in the *saladero*, where the cattle are killed and salted—namely, a skewer. One after another the Guachos gallop at full speed and try to push the skewer into the ring and carry it off. Antonio, Luis, and Melito succeeded admirably; but many a novice failed in the difficult task. Still it was a pretty sight, and enjoyed apparently by both horses and men.

Then came the inevitable horse-races, which are of almost daily occurrence, when associates challenge one another, and they strike off in a moment in a straight line until they disappear in the horizon. In this case, however, a wide straight avenue near the village was chosen for a short, rapid, and often renewed race; a pastime for the idle, and the occasion of ruinous bets. The riders were dressed with the greatest elegance; their horses well chosen from the corral, and covered with silver ornaments. The bridle is of the leather of a foal, finely plaited and mounted with silver; stirrup, bit, and spurs of the same metal. A glittering silver belt, sometimes of a flowery pattern, and of colossal proportions, hangs round the breast, and a silver strap across the forehead. The saddle is a wonderful piece of mechanism, forming the Guacho's 'bed by night and chest of drawers by day;' it is very heavy, and consists of ten parts; skins, carpets, and cow-hides intermingled with other necessaries. Off they go at last from the post, spurring and urging their steeds like modern centaurs, handling them in a manner well worthy of admiration, and with the most perfect elegance. When the winner came in, many a by-stander had lost all his possessions, so mad a race of gamblers are they. As a last resource, they pledge their horse, and expose themselves, if they lose, to the lowest of humiliations—that of going away on foot!

We turned at last towards home, leaving the roystering spirits to finish off their day at the *pulperia*. This it is which takes the place of the club, the café, the newsroom, and the home. A cottage, neither more simple nor more luxurious than any other to be found in the Pampas, covered with thatch; the walls of dried mud, or more frequently of rushes sparged with mud; the flooring being of trodden earth; into which the rain penetrates, the sun never enters, and where a hot damp air is the prevailing atmosphere. Before the door stands a row of strong posts, to which the horses of the guests are tied; the new-comer jumps off, and there leaves his steed, saddled and bridled, for many weary hours in the hot sun or pouring rain; whilst he, to use a native expression, 'satisfies his vices' in the *pulperia*. The door is open to all comers, and great outward politeness reigns within; there is a continual exchange of gallantries, to which the Spanish language easily lends itself; but reason soon loses its sway, and the strangest bets are offered and taken. Sometimes it is between two friends as to who shall first lose blood; when the whole company sally out, knives are drawn between the duellers, and a combat, often much more ridiculous than valiant, ensues!

The following morning, Senhor Pedro proposed that we should ride out and see the Guacho at work and in his home. 'You seem to have been interested in him yesterday,' he said, 'and he belongs to a type that is unique. Notwithstanding the hatred of the original inhabitants towards their invaders, the two races were mixed, and these unions produced the Guacho. Look at his tall figure, bony square face embrowned by the sun, and stiff black hair—there you see the Indian; whilst the Spaniard is in his proud haughty manner, in his vanity, and also in his great sobriety. He drinks water and eats his dried meat without bread, not from contempt for better food, but from a horror of work. To earn his daily food is not so much his aim as to get money to bet with. He will go into the *saladero*, where, knife in hand, he will kill, skin, and cut up the cattle for salting, and find enjoyment rather than labour in it. He easily gains in a few hours a wage that suffices; and as soon as it is paid, he jumps on his horse and rides off to the *pulperia* to gamble it away.'

Thus conversing, we reached a hut which could scarcely be surpassed in its misery. Placed alone in the middle of the plain, without any garden or cultivated ground, not a tree to cast a welcome shadow, or a hand to repair the dilapidated walls, it seemed formed to repulse rather than attract the owner. At our approach, the mother came out, surrounded by her children, her complexion approaching the mulatto, for the air of the Pampas quickly destroys the fineness of the skin. It is only in the capital, Buenos Ayres, that handsome Creole types are to be seen, where fine features of an Indian class surpass European beauty, even when the tint is olive. The wife, like the husband, hates work: her only occupation is to boil some water, pour it over maté or tea of Paraguay, and drink it through a metal tube. Her children, at the age of three or four, can sit on horseback and gallop over the plain with no other bridle than a cord passed through the horse's mouth. At six they watch the sheep, and at ten are ready to break in the most spirited colts. Only everything they do must be on horseback: they will neither use their arms nor legs.

'Good-morning, Senorita,' said my friend. 'Where shall we find your husband?'

'He is gone, Senhor, to break in some horses for Senhor Melisos; it is not far from here.'

'So much the better. We will ride on and see him at work.'

We reached the place; and the Guacho came out to meet us.

'Will you shew my friend your feat at the gate?' said Senhor Pedro.

'With the greatest pleasure,' answered the flattered Guacho. He jumped on to the top transverse bar which forms the gate of the corral, and calling to another man to open the lower ones and drive out a troop of horses at full gallop, he, with the most astonishing skill, singled one out with his eye, dropped down on to it, and rode off without saddle or bridle at the top of its speed. Soon returning, he proceeded to break a horse that had been previously caught in the plains. The Guacho threw two lassos, one over the neck, the other on the hind-legs. Several men hold the colt tightly whilst he saddles and passes a cord through the mouth of the animal; and when the first paroxysms of fear have passed, the tamer jumps on, and pressing his powerful knees into its

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sides, the lasso is withdrawn. The horse and rider then start on a furious course, from which they both return exhausted, in the midst of the *vivats* which resound from every side. All that is now required is for the breaker to ride ten or fifteen leagues, when he gives up the horse to the owner and receives his fee. They are never taught to trot, but have an easy movement; and a man has been known to ride two hundred miles a day without fatigue, and living only on dried meat and maté.

## THE GERM THEORY AGAIN.

We have on several occasions alluded to the Germ theory, by which is meant the theory that invisible germs capable of producing animalculæ and of spreading disease are constantly floating in the atmosphere—and that the more impure the air the greater are the number of these germs. We revert to the subject, because it is debated in all quarters, and it is as well that our readers should know something of what is causing so much controversy. Some surgeons distinguished as operators are great believers in the Germ theory; so much so, that before beginning, for instance, to cut off a leg, they cause a certain germ-killing liquid to shower like spray near the part operated on; by which, as is alleged, the wound is kept free of anything noxious. Whether there be germs or not, the use of disinfectants in the air is said to be beneficial. Notably the celebrated carbolic-acid plan of Professor Lister has met with marked success, and is practised by the greatest surgeons of our time. But though the air certainly contains something which favours decomposition, it is by no means yet proved that that something *is* made up of germs.

Professor Tyndall has been the principal advocate of the Germ theory, and has written some papers strongly in its favour. Professor Bastian takes an opposite opinion. He thinks that living organisms may originate in disease by spontaneous generation. His notions are that if germs are continually floating about in the air, they would drop everywhere and anywhere alike. This argument applies more forcibly to the fact which Dr Bastian discovered—namely, that he was able to get life in flasks containing inorganic solutions, but that he always failed if such solutions were not made up of salts containing oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, and nitrogen; that is to say, of the elements of life. If the organisms are really the result of a molecular arrangement of the 'mother-liquid,' we should expect to find them only in those fluids which already contain the elements necessary for their composition. Three speculations are involved in these experiments: on the one hand, that low forms of life do occasionally arise by spontaneous generation; on the other hand, either that the heat which is usually considered destructive of life and germinating power is in reality nothing of the kind; or that Dr Bastian's experiments were incorrectly performed.

Since the publication of Dr Bastian's observations, a very lively controversy has been carried on in scientific quarters between the supporters of the germ theory and of the theory of spontaneous generation. Dr Bastian's work was conducted with great care and in the presence of some distinguished authorities. Dr Sanderson, on the other hand, found that upon increasing the heat which is applied to the flasks, no organisms were produced; but until we have reason to doubt the generally received opinion as to the amount of heat necessary to destroy life, this result may be equally well explained according to either of the two theories.

Dr Bastian insists that the organic solutions in his own flasks are not found by him to undergo putrefaction where every precaution is taken for withholding the entrance of air. Thus a simple piece of cotton-wool, which acts as a kind of sieve, will when placed in the mouth of a flask prevent decomposition. Professor Tyndall has invented the most ingenious contrivances for illustrating his views. In one case he employed a chamber the walls of which were covered by a sticky substance. The particles of dust in the air were allowed to collect and adhere to the sides, and the air in the vessel, as shewn by its non-reflection of a beam of light, was rendered comparatively dustless. Flasks were now introduced, and they remained for a long period free from organisms. On repeating some of these experiments this year, however, Professor Tyndall found that many of the infusions which had previously been preserved from putrefaction with ease, were now found, when placed under the same conditions, to swarm with life. Still he refused to believe in 'spontaneous generation,' and preferred to consider that the production of life in his flasks was due to some fault in his experiments, and that the air of the Royal Institution was not so pure this year as it was last. Instead, therefore, of introducing his fluids by means of an open pipette, as he had previously done, he now made use of a 'separating funnel,' and by this means the fluids found their way into the flasks without exposure to the air. The result of these precautions was that no organisms appeared. The objection, however, that we have to find is, that no guarantee can be given that will enable us to ascertain whether the air is really free from particles of organic matter or not. Last year the air was considered to be pure because moteless; but this year, though moteless, it was found to be impure.

Professor Tyndall and his friends are so exceedingly confident in the power of the germs of the atmosphere, that they attribute to their influence every known case of putrefaction; and they do so because they believe that they have proved that whenever the air can be excluded from a putrescible fluid, putrefaction will not take place. But Dr Bastian has succeeded in producing life out of organic infusions from which the air has been excluded, and which have been previously raised by him to temperatures hitherto considered by scientific authority as fatal to life. Thus the question resolves itself into this: What is the exact point of heat which kills the germs of bacteria? At present we do not know, and we have therefore no right to make any supposition upon this point in favour of either of the two theories.

Since Dr Bastian's experiments were first made public, the holders of the Germ theory have gradually raised what we may call the thermal death-point of bacteria, in order to explain away the results of his experiments by the light of their own theory. If Dr Bastian's fluids did develop life,

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they say, the germs must have entered into them by some means or other; and if he superheated these fluids, the fact of the germs surviving the process shews that they must be possessed of greater enduring power than we have given them credit for.

Curiously enough, Professor Tyndall declares that frequent applications of a low degree of heat, and applied at intervals, have a far greater 'sterilising effect' than a single application of a high temperature. For a given fluid may contain germs of all ages. If such a fluid be boiled for a considerable time, all the germs of recent formation will be killed; but those of a greater age will merely be softened, but still capable of reanimation. If, however, the fluid be heated for a short time only, the recent germs will be destroyed, while an older crop will be liberated. A second application of heat destroys this second crop, and brings a third into play. Further heat will awaken successive crops, until at length a point is reached when the toughest germ must yield. This is certainly a most ingenious explanation of the difficulty.

A very interesting contribution to this subject has lately been made by Dr Bastian and others; and we will now briefly describe the main results of their researches. It has long been known that slightly alkaline organic fluids are more difficult to sterilise than those which are slightly acid. Pasteur the French chemist says that animal water in its normally acid state becomes sterile at one hundred degrees centigrade; but that if the infusion is first rendered alkaline by the addition of potash, the application of a little more heat is necessary, in order to insure sterility. If we bear in mind the two theories, we shall see that these observations of Pasteur may be explained according to either of them. We may believe that the germs in the infusion are fortified against the destructive action of heat by liquor potassæ; or on the other hand, we may hold that the spontaneous generation of organisms is favoured by the presence of an alkali. Acting upon these data, Dr Bastian heated a similar fluid in its acid condition to the temperature of one hundred degrees; so that, according to Pasteur, it was now barren. He then added a quantity of potash sufficient to neutralise the acid, the addition of the alkali thus being made *after* instead of before the boiling; and he then allowed the fluid so treated to stand at a temperature of about one hundred and fifteen degrees Fahrenheit. In a short time swarms of bacteria appeared.

Dr Roberts, however, considers that this result was obtained because sufficient precaution had not been taken by Dr Bastian to prevent the entry of germs, which might have been introduced by the potash. Accordingly, he filled a small flask with an ounce of the acid infusion, and then sealed up his potash in a capillary tube. The potash was then heated in oil to two hundred and eighty degrees Fahrenheit, and kept for fifteen minutes. The tube of potash was now introduced into the flask containing the infusion, and the flask was boiled for five minutes, and sealed. The flask was now kept for some time in order to test its sterility. When this was ascertained, the flask was shaken, so that the little tube of potash inside was broken, and the potash was thus allowed to mingle with and neutralise the infusion. The flask was now maintained at a low temperature of one hundred and fifteen degrees Fahrenheit, and it remained perfectly clear. And so Dr Roberts concludes that liquor potassæ has no power to excite the generation of organisms in a sterilised infusion. Professor Tyndall repeated these experiments with additional precautions, and obtained similar results.

The *general* conclusion which is drawn from various experiments by the advocates of the Germ theory is, that liquor potassæ has no inherent power to stimulate the production of bacteria, and that any apparent power of this kind which it may seem to possess is due to the presence of germs within it. These germs they consider are not destroyed until the potash has been raised to the temperature of one hundred degrees centigrade if solid, and to one hundred and ten degrees centigrade if liquid. Dr Bastian, who repeated his former experiments with every possible precaution, found no difference in his results. Moreover, he discovered that liquor potassæ, when added in proper quantities, is just as efficacious in stimulating the development of life after it has been heated to one hundred and ten degrees centigrade, as when it has been heated to only one hundred degrees. Pasteur will consequently have to raise the temperature which he considers sufficient to destroy the germs contained in a solution of strong liquor potassæ to a point still higher than one hundred and ten degrees.

But there is still another proof that liquor potassæ if previously heated to one hundred degrees does not induce fermentation in virtue of its germs, because if only one or two drops be added, the infusion will remain as barren as ever; while a few more drops will immediately start the process of fermentation. Now if the potash really induced fermentation because it brought germs along with it, two drops would be quite as efficacious as any other amount. Finally, Dr Bastian has shewn us that an excess of alkali prevents fermentation, and to this fact he attributes the failure of Pasteur to develop life when he employed solid potash. He had added too much of the alkali.

It is impossible to draw any *definite* conclusion from these as from the other experiments, until we know the precise temperature which is fatal to germinal life. Dr Bastian indeed thinks that he has been able to shew that bacteria and their germs cannot exist at higher temperatures than one hundred and forty degrees Fahrenheit; but his evidence here is not quite conclusive. He does not deny the existence of germs nor their probable influence in producing life; he merely says that his experiments furnish evidence to shew that in some cases organisms may spring into existence without the aid of a parent. The strong points of his case are, that as fast as his adversaries can suggest precautions to insure the destruction of germs, he has been able to shew life under the altered conditions; and that whenever the supposed death-point of bacteria has been raised on account of his experiments, he has succeeded in obtaining life after having submitted his flasks to the required temperatures.

How this most interesting controversy will end, we cannot foretell; but we hope that the further researches of our scientific men upon the subject will ultimately lead to the discovery of the truth. Meanwhile, we observe that Dr Richardson, at the late Sanitary Congress at Leamington, entirely dissented from the theory of germs being

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the origin of disease, and characterised it as the wildest and most distant from the phenomena to be explained, ever conceived. As no one contests the fact that pure air is a very important factor in promoting health and averting the insidious approaches of disease, people keeping that in mind need not practically give themselves much concern about germs. See that you draw pure air into the lungs. That is an advice to which no theorist can take exception.

## OCEAN-VOYAGES IN SMALL BOATS.

It is perhaps not generally known that adventurous persons occasionally cross the Atlantic from the American coast to England in small boats. The undertaking is dangerous, but is accomplished. Twenty-four years ago, when on board a Cunard steamer, our vessel passed an open sailing-boat containing two men on a voyage from America to Europe. They had no means for taking an observation, but trusted to fall in with large ships, from which they would get information as to where they were. On sighting them, our captain knew what they wanted, and hung out a black board on which were inscribed in chalk the latitude and longitude. This was satisfactory, and on they went on their perilous expedition. What came of them we know not. We were told that men who run risks of this kind, and who happen not to procure information as to their whereabouts, are apt to make strange mistakes in their voyage to England; such, for instance, as running on the coast of Spain instead of the British Islands—the whole thing a curious instance of reckless daring.

Small vessels, possibly better provided, have made runs which have attracted the admiring attention of nautical men, for the exceptional circumstances under which they occurred, but without reference to competition or bonus. In 1859 three Cornish fishermen, in a fishing-boat of small tonnage, sailed from Newlyn near Penzance to the Cape of Good Hope, and thence across the Indian Ocean to Melbourne, where they arrived 'all well.' We do not find the actual tonnage named. In 1866 a small yacht of twenty-five tons, hailing from Dublin, set out from Liverpool, and safely reached New South Wales after a run of a hundred and thirty days. The distance was set down at sixteen thousand miles. It was regarded, and justly regarded, as a bold adventure in 1874, when a schooner of only fifty-four tons safely brought over a cargo of deals from St Johns, New Brunswick, to Dublin, with but seven hands to manage the craft.

Boat-voyages, however, are evidently more remarkable than those of clippers, yachts, and schooners; on account of the extremely small dimensions of the craft which have ventured to brave the perils of the ocean, and of the paucity of hands to manage the sails and helm during a period measured by months—under privations of various kinds.

Eleven years ago the Americans gave an indication of spirit and pluck in the conception and fulfilment of a very bold enterprise. Mr Hudson, the owner of a small craft named the *Red White and Blue*, fitted it up for an ocean-trip to England. It was a life-boat, built of galvanised iron, only twenty-six feet in length, six feet in breadth of beam, and three feet deep from deck to hold. Small as it was, the *Red White and Blue* carried what sailors call a very cloud of canvas; it had mainsail, spritsails, staysails, courses, topsails, royals, top-gallants, sternsails, trysails, three masts, bowsprit, booms, yards, gaffs, jib-boom, yard-tops, cross jack yards, spankers, and all the rest of it—an enormous amount of furniture, one would think, for so small a house. The boat was sharp at both ends, had water-tight compartments lengthwise and transverse, and safety-valves which would enable her to right herself in a few minutes if flooded. There was a tiny cockpit for the steersman near the mizzen-mast, in which he sat somewhat in the same position as Mr Macgregor in his *Rob Roy* canoe. The air-cylinders at each end of the boat and along the sides, customary in life-boats, assisted in maintaining the buoyancy and upright position. It is amusing to read of a mainmast only seven feet high and a bowsprit of two feet in length; but the juvenile ship was proportionate in all these matters, and bravely she looked, a plucky handsome little craft.

The crew of the *Red White and Blue* was as exceptional as the boat itself. The owner, Captain John M. Hudson, took the command; Mr Frank E. Fitch acted as mate; while in lieu of petty officers, able seamen, and ordinary seamen was a dog named 'Fanny.' On the 9th of July 1866 the pigmy ship took farewell of Sandy Hook, near New York, on a voyage of unknown duration and uncertain vicissitude. At midnight on the 18th the boat struck against something hard and solid, but fortunately without receiving much damage. They sailed on till the 5th of August, when they fell in with the brig *Princess Royal*, hailing from Yarmouth, and obtained a bottle of rum, two newspapers (very precious to the wayfarers), and a signal-lamp. Narrowly escaping a complete overturn on the 8th, they spoke with the barque *Wells Merryman*, from which they obtained two bottles of brandy. After another peril of capsizing, they at length sighted English land, the Bill of Portland, on the 14th. Beating up the Channel, the boat entered Margate Harbour on the 16th, after being thirty-seven days at sea. The little craft created no small astonishment at Margate. As there was no chronometer on board, the calculations of distance, direction, &c. had to be made by compass, line, and dead-reckoning. So little opportunity had there been of obtaining a fire, that the food (mostly preserved in air-tight tins) had to be eaten cold. The original store of a hundred and twenty gallons of water supplied their wants with this essential requisite. Poor Fanny the dog did not at all relish the voyage; constant exposure to the weather so weakened her that she died soon after reaching Margate. When the *Red White and Blue* was afterwards exhibited at the Crystal Palace, a little incredulity was expressed as to the reality of the voyage; but as the names of the vessels spoken with were given and the dates of meeting, there seems no reason to doubt the faithfulness of the narrative. The two navigators, however, did not return to America in the same way; they had 'had enough of it.'

A still bolder achievement, in so far as the number of the crew was concerned, was that of Alfred Johnson, who in June 1876 started from America in a small boat manned only *by himself*. Quitting the port of Gloucester, Massachusetts, on the 15th, he had fine weather for a time, but

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then experienced some of the peril of Atlantic voyaging under exceptional circumstances. Fogs and head winds compelled him to put into Shake Harbour, where he had his compass corrected. Starting again on the 25th, he experienced tolerably fair weather until the 7th of July, when a heavy gale set in from the south-west. The combings of the hatchway were started, and the water, finding entrance, damaged some of his provisions. The gale subsiding, he was favoured with fine weather and fair wind until the 16th; and a strong breeze in the right direction coming on, he made good progress till the 2d of August. When about three hundred miles from the Irish coast, the wind increased to a hurricane; he hove to, but in unshipping his mast for this purpose, the boat got broadside on a large wave and was upset. Johnson clambered on the upturned bottom, where he remained for about twenty minutes. By dexterous management he succeeded in righting the boat, got in, and pumped it dry; everything, however, was wetted by the upset, and he lost his square-sail and kerosene lamp.

Wending his way as winds permitted, he reached within a hundred miles of the Irish coast by the 7th, spoke a ship, and obtained some bread and fresh water—both of which had become very scanty with him. On the following day he got soundings, but fog prevented him from seeing land. On the 10th he sighted Milford, near the south-west extremity of Wales. He landed at Abercastle in Pembrokeshire on the 11th, after being fifty-seven days at sea; starting again, he put into Holyhead, and finally arrived at Liverpool on the 21st. The little *Centennial*, which measured only twenty feet in length over all, had run about seventy miles a day on an average. Johnson maintained his general health excellently well, though suffering from want of sleep.

The little boat that has recently crossed the Atlantic differed from Johnson's in this among other particulars, that it had a crew of two persons, one of whom was a woman. Certainly this woman will have something to talk about for the rest of her life: seeing that we may safely assign to her a position such as her sex has never before occupied—that of having managed half the navigation of a little ocean-craft for some three thousand miles. The *New Bedford*, so designated after the town of the same name in Massachusetts (the state from which Johnson also hailed), is only twenty feet long, with a burden of a little over a ton and a half; built of cedar, and rigged as (in sailor-phrase) a 'leg-of-mutton schooner;' with two masts and one anchor. Anything less ocean-like we can hardly conceive. Captain Thomas Crapo, the owner of this little affair, is an active man in the prime of life; and his better-half proves herself worthy to be the helpmate of such a man. On the 28th of May in the present year, Captain and Mrs Crapo embarked in their tiny ocean-boat, provided with such provisions and stores as they could stow away under the deck. The steersman (or steerswoman) sat in a sunken recess near the stern, with head and bust above the level of the deck; the other took any standing-place that he could get for managing the sails, rope, anchor, &c. The boat had no chronometer; and the progress had to be measured as best it could by dead-reckoning.

The boat, soon after leaving New Bedford, was forced by stress of weather to seek a few days' shelter at Chatham, a small port in the same state. Hoisting sail again on the 2d of June, the boat set off with a fair wind; and all went well for three days. An adverse wind then sprang up, a fog overspread the sky, and for ten days the voyage continued under these unfavourable circumstances. Whilst near the shoal known as the Great Banks, a keg was seen floating; this was secured, and the iron hoops utilised (with the aid of canvas) in making a drogue—one which was included among the outfit of the boat being found too light for its purpose. The boat, after lying to for three or four days in a gale of wind, started again, and sailed on till the 21st of June, when another gale necessitated another stoppage. The *New Bedford* sighted the steamer *Batavia*, which offered to take the lonely pair of navigators on board: an offer kindly appreciated, but courteously declined. After this meeting, a succession of gales was encountered, and the rudder broke; a spare oar was made to act as a substitute. The sea ran so very high that even when lying down to rest, husband and wife had to lie on wet clothes, everything on board being sloppy and half saturated. At one portion of this trying period Captain Crapo had to steer for seventy hours uninterruptedly, his wife being incapacitated from rendering the aid which was her wont; and on another occasion he had to pay eighteen hours' close attention to the drogue. The voyage terminated on the 21st of July, after a duration of fifty-four days. The average sleep of the captain did not exceed four hours a day; and he had no sleep at all during the last seventy hours of the run. He had intended to make Falmouth his port of arrival, but was glad to make for Penzance instead.

The surname of Crapo, we were informed by the captain, is not uncommon at New Bedford. The goodwife is Swedish by descent, Scotch by birth, American by marriage—a citizen of the world. In examining the boat closely (which we have done), it becomes more than ever a marvel how it could have formed the home of a married couple for seven weeks. Descending through a small hatchway, the feet rest on the floor of (let us say) the state-cabin, an apartment three feet high; consequently the head and body project above the hatchway. By spreading blankets and rugs, and crouching down by degrees, a would-be sleeper can lie down under the deck, or two sleepers close to the two sides of the boat. The wife of course acted as stewardess, cook, parlour-maid, scullery-maid, &c., leaving her husband to manage most of the navigation. The sperm-oil lamp for the compass-binnacle; the kerosene or petroleum lamp for the cooking-stove; the receptacles for biscuit and preserved meats and vegetables; the butler's pantry for a few bottles of spirits; the vessels for containing water—all were packed into a marvellously small space. The drogue (already mentioned) is a kind of floating anchor which, dragged after the vessel by means of a long rope, helps to steady it in certain states of the wind. Five hundred pounds weight of stores and six hundred of iron ballast, kept the boat sufficiently low in the water.

Such were the interior arrangements of one of those strange small vessels which adventurously attempt to cross the Atlantic.

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## EXPERIENCES OF A KNOCKER-UP.

SOME time ago, while paying a professional visit at the house of a small tradesman in the town of B——, in the north of England, I made the acquaintance of an interesting old woman, who upon the occasion in question was nursing the tradesman's wife. There are persons, especially of the gentler sex, who will not be said Nay in their attempts to win your confidence; and such was Mrs Waters, the old lady whom I have named. We became intimate in a few minutes; and circumstances causing me to prolong my visit for several hours, I left the house as familiar with the dame's history as if I had known her for many years.

I have styled her an interesting woman. So she was. Her appearance, I grant, was not attractive. She bore no trace of beauty; neither had she refinement either of speech or manner, being somewhat brusque and hasty both in word and action; yet there was an irresistible power in the rapid glance of her large bright eyes; and although at first you might be led to believe, from the hastiness which marked all her movements as she attended to the requirements of the house and family, that she must be harsh and unfeeling in her disposition, she was really one of the kindest and most tender-hearted of women. I soon found out that she was a neighbour, and that she possessed independent means, which she had acquired by her own unaided industry; that she had also maintained an invalid husband for years, and had educated and given a profession to her only son and child.

I resolved to become better acquainted with the old dame; and as I did not scruple to put questions, I gleaned from her what shall form the subject of the present paper. Her designation as a 'knocker-up' will become plain as I proceed. In reply to an inquiry she said: 'O dear, no! I am not unwilling to tell you how I made my independency. Why should I be? An honest woman need not be afraid of anything. I made it, sir, by knocking-up; every penny of it. Ay, you may well look surprised, for I fancy you don't know what knocking-up is; or if you do, you are wondering how I could save a fortune out of such a line of action. No; I don't mean to say that I had no other way of making money. I started a shop after I began to knock up; but every penny I made by shop-keeping was spent in keeping my family; and when my son was put to business, some of my otherwise-made money went along with it; but every penny which I put by, and the income on which I now live, was got by knocking-up.

'You may well ask how I, a woman, should ever have thought of such a means of living, or should have ventured upon it. Well, to tell the truth, I never thought of it; that is, I did not invent it; it was brought before me; and I was in too great need to be very nice. I believe I was near the first, if not the very first who earned money by regularly knocking up; at anyrate I knew of none who were in that line. The thing was brought about in this way. My husband was a delicate man from our first acquaintance. And he was, bless you! as different from me in spirit and ways as a summer day is from a winter day. He had hardly a morsel of *fend* in him. I've often wondered what we should have done, or what would have become of us, had it been I that had been laid up instead of him. But you see, sir, Providence had a hand in the matter. It was well in many ways, I may say in all ways, that he was afflicted; for you see had it been *me*, what an ill-tempered impatient creature I should have been.

'Was it an illness that fell upon him which laid him aside, do you ask? No; not exactly; I'll tell you. We had been married about six years, and our son was about four years old, when Waters happened on a misfortune; he was in the act of lifting a heavy weight in the foundry in which he worked, when something snapped or gave way in his back. He was brought home between two men; and from that day until his death, more than fifteen years afterwards, he never did a stroke of work. Poor fellow!

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'Yes; you're right; the knocking-up scheme followed. It was very singular. I had been down to the foundry one Friday evening for the bit of pay which the masters kindly allowed him for a while, when I got into conversation with one of the better sort of men who were employed in the works. I said to him that I believed I should have the home to keep over our heads, and that I was willing to do anything that would help therein, when he said quite suddenly like: "If you will knock me up at three o'clock every morning but Sunday, I will give you half-a-crown a week." At first I thought he was joking; but when I saw that he was sincere, I closed in with the offer; for something said within me that that would be the beginning of something better still.

'The reason why knocking-up is so widespread nowadays is this: people soon get so used to the alarum-clock that it fails to awake them, or if it awake them, they are at times so sleepy that they drop off again before the alarum runs out. This was the case with the person who asked me to awaken him; he had lost many mornings through over-sleeping the time. He was in the designing line; and he said he got more work done and of a better sort during the quiet hours of morning than at any other time. At anyrate this was his statement, though afterwards another reason was assigned for his habit; so he was anxious to be up at three o'clock. Well, I engaged with him; and a good thing it was for me, for before a year had gone over my head I had thirty customers of the like kind. No; not for the same hour in the morning, nor for the like pay—begging your pardon—but mostly for the time between five and six o'clock.

'I have no objection whatever to tell you what I used to earn; why should I? But let me tell you first how I went on adding to my business, if I may call it a business. At the end of the first year, as I have said, I had thirty customers. Year by year they went on increasing, until at the end of five years I had near eighty houses to go to; and for the thirty years that I followed knocking-up after that—thirty-five in all—I never fell below that number. Sometimes I had as many as ninety-five. What did they pay? All prices. When I got a few more early customers in addition to my first one, I knocked him a shilling a week off; for I could not fashion to take half-a-crown. So all who were knocked up before four o'clock paid me eightteenpence a week; those who had to be awakened soon after four gave me a shilling a week; whilst those who had to be aroused from five to six o'clock paid from sixpence to threepence weekly, according to time and distance. Of course the greater number of customers belonged to the threepenny class.

'You can't see how I managed to get through so large a number of houses in so short a time? But I did, at anyrate. I found system to be a needed thing, you may be sure. Then I found out near cuts to different neighbourhoods. And I took care not to let the grass grow under my feet. Besides, I fancy I had a knack of rousing my employers in a short time. Perhaps *my* knock or ring or way of tapping was more effective than that of other knockers-up. However that may be, I got through my engagements morning by morning. I see you are eager to get at my weekly earnings. Well, I'll keep you no longer in suspense. For thirty years I never earned less than thirty shillings a week; mostly thirty-five; and when I had a good lot of far-away or very early customers, I picked up as high as forty shillings in a week. You stare; but what I say is true. Two pounds a week for summoning folks to their work, of a morning.

'I am not a very strong or healthy body now; how can a woman of seventy years expect to be without ache or pain after a life like mine? But for thirty-five years wherein I followed the knocking-up line I never had what may be called a badly day. Bless you, sir, I hadn't time to be laid up! I believe my early rising, and the exercise in the open air, kept me in health; and when bits of cold got hold of me, why, my spirits did much towards helping them off again. Spirit, sir, is everything! Did I go to bed during the day? Never! I could not afford the time; for I had my shop to mind. You look surprised; but I told you at the beginning that I kept a shop. See you; I did not know how long my husband might linger; and then I was so wrapped up in my poor lad, that I determined he should be a doctor or a lawyer, or something smarter than a tradesman; so, having a good long day before me, I resolved upon opening a shop of some kind.

'I was a time in deciding on what I should deal in. I dreaded giving credit; and as there are some things which women are not in the habit of buying on *tick*—somehow they never think of that when they really want them—I resolved to deal in them. So I hit upon selling black-lead, blacking, brushes of various kinds, even pots and pans; for I noticed that when a woman sent for such things she sent the money for them. Besides, I saw that a matter of ten pounds or so would start me in that line; I saw that there would be little perishable stock or articles that would go out of fashion; nor would the business call for a deal of learning or knowledge to manage it—things which I had not; so into that line I went.

'At first I managed to make my cottage do for my shop; the bedroom and cellar I made into the warehouse; then as the trade increased I took the house next to the one I had, and made it into shop and warehouse. Rent and taxes, you know, were not heavy items. I began this business after I had done knocking-up about five years, and ended it about six years ago.

'No; I did not give up because I was tired of work. But I saw that I had enough to live upon, and' (here her voice fell into a low key, and assumed a plaintive tone) 'I had no one belonging me to live for; for my husband had been long dead, and my poor son had been taken from me. Did I sell my business? No; I did not sell either business. There was a poor man, a neighbour, who fell out of work; and as he had a large family, and was running from bad to worse at his shop every week, I just handed over the knocking-up to him; and a good thing it has been for him, you may be sure. And as for the other concern, why, I just let my customers spread themselves among other shops as they thought fit.

'Did I make many bad debts in the knocking-up business? Not many; less than you would suppose. But for one thing, I looked pretty sharp after my money. It took some gathering in,

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though. I got paid mostly on a Saturday afternoon and night. Some called and paid me as they passed my house; others left it with those appointed by me to receive it. One way or other, I got most of it week by week. To those who began to be dilatory in paying me, I just gave a hint that if they did not pay up that week-end I would let them overlie themselves a morning now and again. This put them into fear; for they knew they would lose a deal more by being 'quartered' once at the mill than they had to pay me for a whole week's knocking-up. So I had few who did not pay up old scores. Of course I leave out of account some I did not care to press for payment—men with large families, or men who had had a fit of sickness or the like, or a poor delicate woman. But let that pass; they might have done the same by me.

'Yes; a knocker-up has a good chance of finding out the tempers of his customers. Bless you! I soon got to know who were surly and who were pleasant folks; who were short-tempered and who had long tempers. You know, when knocking-up began to be a regular trade we used to rap or ring at the doors of our customers. But there were two objections to this way of rousing them: one from the public, the other from the knocker-up. The public complained of being disturbed, especially if sickness was in a house, by our loud rapping or ringing; and the knocker-up soon found out that while he knocked up one who paid him, he knocked up several on each side who did not pay; so we were not long in inventing the fishing-rod-like wands which are now used. Ay indeed, the knocker-up has a wand of office. I was among the first who adopted rods. So now a few taps on the bedroom window, which no one hears but those who should, are sufficient.

'A surly or hot-tempered fellow would growl or knock things about as he came to the window to reply, and his responding rap would sound as peevish as possible; but a good-tempered man, ah it used to be quite pleasant and cheering to get *him* out of bed; for you could hear from his very tread that he was grateful even, and his reply-tap sounded quite musical; and when he spoke and bade you good-morning, it was really encouraging. I have been inclined at times to knock some men up for nothing, just because it was pleasant to hear them, especially after you had had two or three of the other kind to deal with. I have given over knocking some fellows up for no other reason than that they were sulky or angry at being disturbed. There was one man in particular: he was a little, slender, ill-featured man, who always reminded me of a weasel; he had to be up at five o'clock; he was given to drink, by the way; so that he was not only hard to awaken, but he never came to the window but he indulged in angry mutterings, and I heard at times an oath slip out of his mouth. He was a shilling-a-week customer, and paid regularly; but I was so plagued by his temper and insulting ways, that at last I gave him up as a bad job.

'You are right, sir; a knocker-up really deserves the gratitude of his customers. They should not think he is compensated when he gets their money. Only think: he has to be out of his warm bed in all weathers; and must not let a bit of tic or tooth-wartch keep him at home. But *they* can sleep on the night through, in peace and content, because they are sure to hear his taps on their window at the right time. Really, I'm sure nobody can think a knocker-up is a selfish man, or for that part of it, a selfish woman. Why, no money is so well spent as that which is paid to the profession; and I believe most who pay it think so.

'I knocked up for years two young women who were sisters. They had been left orphans when very young; but poor things, they stuck together, went to the mill, saved their earnings, and at last took and furnished a room. They got me to knock them up; for you see they kept their own little spot clean and tidy, and mended their own things at night; and they went to bed tired and often late; so they slept heavy. Well, as I've said, I knocked them up for years. They would not let me do it for nothing; no, not even now and again. One or the other had always a "Good-morning," or "How are you this morning, Mrs Waters?" in a low kind tone for me. And about once a quarter they would have me spend a Sunday evening with them and take a cup of tea; and if any folks were grateful it was these girls.

'When did I get my sleep, do you ask? I'll tell you. I always went to bed at nine o'clock every night, except Saturday night; and having a tired body and a contented mind, I was not long in dropping asleep. And I was up again at half-past two to the minute; for my first customer lived a good twenty minutes' walk from my house, and you know he had to be awakened at three o'clock. Well, for some time I had no one else to arouse until four o'clock, so I generally came home. Before I went out in winter I got a cup of tea, so I kept the fire in; but in summer I let it go out, and did not care to light it again until I came back from the early customer. Then I always made my poor husband a cup of tea, after which he slept better than in the fore-part of the night. You see *he* had to awaken *me;* for being young and very active during the day, I slept soundly. But what between him and the alarum, I never over-slept myself; no, not even once. But after I had been about six or seven years at the job, I got to awaken quite naturally like. It was well I did; for when my husband died, I had no longer him to depend on.

'Yes; the worst weather for a knocker-up is wet weather. Oh, it was trying to one's patience, to say nothing of one's health, to be pelted with rain and wind. Then when the streets were filled with snow-broth it was anything but pleasant. But I always tried to think of the good I was doing. What a wonderful help it was to think that way! Why, I found out that even a chimney-sweep or a sweeper of our streets would be happy in his calling if he only took such a view of his work, instead of comparing it with such as a clergyman's. Why, sir, we are all helping one another as well as earning our livings when we follow our lawful callings. But it was extra nice on a fine spring or summer morning; I used to be happy all over on such mornings.

'You would like me to say something about my son. To tell the truth, sir, I seldom feel willing to talk about him; for when I've been led out to talk about him, my dear lad, it has taken many a day to get his image out of my mind.'

I here besought Mrs Waters not to go on with the story, but she did. It was interesting and touching

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in some of its details; but as it would not be relevant to the leading subject of this paper, I refrain from relating it. I heard her tell, both then and afterwards, several incidents of great interest; but as my paper is quite long enough already, I must omit them.

*Note.*—Since the writer of the above article had his conversations with Mrs Waters, he had a long talk with a civil but illiterate man whom he fell in with during a journey by rail. It came out that he got his living chiefly by knocking-up, having over eighty regular customers, from whom he obtained on an average twenty-eight shillings a week. This was in a town six miles from the scene of Mrs Waters' toils. But like most other money-making avocations, this one has become over-run with competitors, as is evident from the fact that the writer meets in his short early morning walk into the town at least half a dozen knockers-up of both sexes; so that few are now, he believes, so fortunate as either the man above named, or Mrs Waters.

## THE ADMIRAL'S SECOND WIFE.

### CHAPTER XIV.—THROUGH THE GRIM GATES.

Five wretched days pass, and Katie hardly knows how they go, for she counts time only by the arrival of the mail-bag. Yet no letter has come from Sir Herbert, and she is almost distracted. Has he really set her free? cast her off? And will he never again come, or send, or speak?

The great house is growing silent and gloomy beyond measure. Though the daily routine of work and attendance goes on as usual, there is a change, and Katie sees it. Servants are beginning to talk; a rumour spreads among them that the Admiral is to be superseded, and that the establishment in Government House will soon be broken up. Perhaps they have gleaned this from the newspapers, which are making very free with Sir Herbert's name just now. They jest at his clumsiness, his mismanagement, and his blunder; they wonder whether he has fallen into dotage. They marvel how a man in his sober senses could send such a miserable craft as the *Leoni* to sea in a storm. Indeed she would have become a total wreck had not the *Leo* while making for the Short Reefs discovered her far out of her course, tossing about on a cross sea, her rudder broken, her decks flooded with water, and her crew in a rampant state of disorder. The old ship was fast going to her doom, like a great blundering unmanageable sea-monster; when the *Leo* took her in tow and brought her into harbour.

On the evening of this fifth day, Katie watches till the last post comes in, till the last train has stopped, and there is no longer any chance of hearing from or seeing her husband that night. Then her powers of endurance fail; waiting becomes agony, her punishment seems greater than she can bear. The silence is killing her; she feels as if she must go mad, or die. Her brain throbs so wildly, her mind is in such tumult, that she is hardly responsible for her actions. She rushes up to her room, puts on an outdoor dress, and with her veil closely drawn over her face, is only conscious she must flee from the house. It is so quiet, *so* lonely; the very atmosphere suffocates her.

'I will go home to my mother; she will pity me, and calm my burning brow with her cool soft hand,' is her thought, as she almost runs across the hall and out of the door. She never notices the night is cold, that long white icicles are hanging from the trees, and that the ground is hard and frozen. She sees not the stars glittering down at her with their clear holy eyes; nor does she observe the grave questioning looks of the sentries as they notice the Admiral's wife flee out of the gates alone at that late hour.

A strange contrast that silent stealthy departure, to Kate's triumphant entry through those very gates not twelve months ago. Her reign in Government House has been short, its termination sudden and inglorious, for she is doomed never to enter the stately portals again. She walks rapidly on through the streets, shivering, but not from the keen air, for her whole frame is in a burning fever, and the chill breeze feels like a blast from a blazing furnace. Soon Katie is standing on the threshold of the well-known room in the old house, scaring all the inmates with her wan face and wild looks. Mrs Grey is at her side in a moment.

'Katie, my child, what 's the matter? Are you ill?'

'Mother, mother! I have come home to you again. Don't send me away, I entreat you. Herbert has left me, deserted me!'

In another moment she is on a stool at her mother's feet, with her face buried in her lap, sobbing a wild resistless storm of tears. Mr Grey, with his spectacles raised on his forehead, looks down on his child curiously. He would begin questioning her at once, but his wife cautions him to silence till the burst of tears abates and the sobs become fewer.

'Katie, what 's all this about?'

'Herbert is gone! I shall never see him again!'

'Surely nothing has happened to the Admiral? Be calm, child, and tell me what all this means.'

'He went to London, father.'

'I know. He wrote to me on his arrival there.'

'But he went away in anger; parted from me never to return.'

'Katie, I can't understand you. Compose yourself, and explain.'

Lady Dillworth recognises the voice of authority so potent in the old days, and yields to it by passively producing the Admiral's letter. Her father's brow clouds as he reads it over, and there is stinging contempt in his voice as he exclaims: 'So, my Lady Dillworth, you have been flirting with Walter Reeves again!'

Kate is on her feet in an instant, and confronts him with eyes that flash through her tears.

'I have done nothing of the sort, father; that is all a mistake. What do you take me for? I am Sir Herbert's wife, remember.'

'Then how am I to understand this letter?'

Katie explains. She does not attempt to shield herself, nor hide any single particular; and her father softens when he finds she has been more thoughtless than intentionally culpable. Still he speaks out his mind, and says with a husky voice that trembles with emotion: 'A short time ago I

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gave my daughter to a brave good man, whose only fault was over-indulgence; and before the end of one short year, I find she has grieved him with her folly, injured him with her thoughtlessness, and finally driven him from his home.—Now, don't interrupt me, Katie. Have you ever read of the foolish woman that "plucketh down her house with her hands?" *You* have done that.'

The room is silent, except for Helen's sobs. Katie stands like one frozen to marble while her father heaps reproaches on her head. She feels she has given cause for them, and raising her hands with passionate eagerness, exclaims: 'Help me, help me, father! Tell me what I can do. I would give my very life to set things right again.'

Mr Grey shakes his head gravely. 'Such things are not so easily mended, Katie. The first step will be for you to return home and wait there till your husband comes.'

But here Mrs Grey interposes. With a mother's keen discernment, she sees Katie is on the very verge of distraction; a more prolonged pressure, and the brain must give way. She pleads for her daughter.

'Let Katie stay here to-night, dear. She needs rest and nursing; and there are none but servants in that great lonely house.'

'And a pretty scandal those same servants will give forth, when they tell all over Seabright to-morrow how their mistress ran away from her home.'

'Go to them, dear. *You* can stop their tongues. I tremble for Katie if she returns there to-night,' whispers Mrs Grey hurriedly in her husband's ear; and her persuasion prevails.

Mr Grey arrives at Government House just in time. He finds the whole place in confusion, every one looking impatiently for the mistress, and wondering where she can have gone so late. Hunter is more alarmed than any of the others, though he tries to assure them there is nothing wrong. He has seen through some of the late household events, and knows that Lady Dillworth, with her pale face and restless eyes, has been on the verge of despair for a long time past. So he feels a sense of relief when Mr Grey comes in, with a voice of authority that scatters suspicion to the winds.

'Lady Dillworth is at my house, and her mother has prevailed on her to stay there to-night. Hunter, you can bring over the mail-bag in the morning; and tell Hannah to pack up a few things for her Ladyship's use, in time for her to dress to-morrow.' So the servants are pacified; and Seabright is cheated of its scandal.

No more reproaches fall on Katie after her father's departure. Though they cannot banish her sorrow, Helen and her mother soothe her despair with the touch of loving hands, the sound of sympathising voices. There is rest and relief in their affection, and Katie grows calm, despite her self-reproach.

By-and-by Mrs Grey leads her up to the little bedroom that was hers before her marriage, and ere long she is nestling among the snowy pillows, weeping and praying for her husband—and herself.

### CHAPTER XV.—NEWS AT LAST.

Katie must have slept, for towards morning she dreams she is out on the Short Reefs, and sees the *Daring* go down with her husband, father, and all her household on board. They glare at her with accusing eyes, and call her 'Fiend, murderess!' So it is a relief to start up and find it was all a dream. In the dim gray light she sees a figure all in white by her bedside, and is ready to shriek with fright, till she discovers it is only her mother in her white dressing-gown, with a lamb's-wool shawl over her shoulders. Mrs Grey has been watching, in and out of the room nearly all night, and now she bends over and kisses her daughter. I have good news for you, Katie.'

'O mother, what is it? Has Sir Herbert come back?'

'Not yet, dear. The news is, that the poor sailors supposed to have been lost in the *Daring's* cutter are not drowned after all. An outward-bound vessel picked them up and took them on to Havre. They returned here safe and well this morning, so there has not been a single life lost.'

'Thank God for that!' exclaims Katie reverently, with clasped hands; and never was ejaculation more heartfelt.

'Yes, He is very merciful; we must trust Him more, Katie.'

'Mother, I have even doubted His mercy sometimes! In my misery, I thought even *He* had turned against me; but those wretched feelings are past now, and if Herbert would come back, even happiness might return to us again.'

There are many letters in the mail-bag that morning, but Lady Dillworth lays them all aside—only one interests her, and that bears the Hayes Hill post-mark. 'This is from Laura Best; perhaps there is news of Herbert in it.' Katie opens the envelope with trembling hands, glances at the contents, and exclaims: 'Herbert is ill—lying ill at Laura's, and she has written to summon me down there.'

The particulars are soon made known. The Admiral went to Hayes Hill on his return journey from London, and as soon as he arrived there, was stricken down with sudden illness. He had shewn no sign of recovery up to the present, and Laura's letter was most urgent.

'I must go to Herbert at once. Oh, why did he go *there* in his time of sickness and danger? When he felt the attack coming on, why didn't he come back to me?'

'Ah, why indeed?' echoes Mr Grey gravely, as he folds up his papers and locks his desk.

Soon all is bustle and preparation. Mr Grey hurries everybody half out of their wits in his anxiety to be in time for the next train to Hayes Hill. He has decided on going down there with Katie, and says he will not leave her till he sees her once more under the same roof with her husband. Lady Dillworth's boxes are sent to the station direct from Government House; and she and her father are soon speeding on their way as rapidly as the swift locomotive can take them. It is a cold misty day, and Katie glances out on the dreary country with a listless eye and a heart as dreary as the scene. She fears that after all she may be too late to see her husband alive; and even if he is living, she wonders whether he will forgive her, or again turn from her with that sorrowful look of reproach.

At last they reach their destination, and are soon driving up the lane to Hayes Hill in Laura's brougham. Though the twilight is fast gathering,

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Katie sees the house is a long low one, built of red brick, and in bungalow fashion. Robert Best had it erected in that form as a souvenir of his early days in India. With a show of eastern exterior, it yet contains every possible comfort and luxury our colder climate needs. It is a residence that bears more sign of convenience than style.

The entrance-hall is large, and brightly lighted up, and Katie feels dizzy as her father leads her in from the cold outer air. A silence as of death reigns in the house—even the slim youth who opens the door speaks in a subdued whisper. Perhaps it is all over!

'O Herbert, my darling!' repeats Katie to herself, and her heart gives a wild throb, and then seems to grow still and cold. She cannot frame the question she longs to ask; but Mr Grey inquires at once.

'How is the Admiral now?'

'Much the same, sir. Two doctors are with him at present.'

The page throws open the door of a room on one side of the hall. Laura's sitting-room evidently, for her work is lying on the table, also her desk, on which is a half-written letter. Presently, a light step is heard, and Mrs Best comes running in with outstretched hands. There is no question of jealousy or restraint now. Laura clasps her father's wife in her arms and kisses her tenderly.

'Oh, I am glad you are come! I feared you would be too late.'

'Is he dying? Is my husband—dying?' Katie inquires with a sob.

'He is very ill. But you must be calm, and help me to nurse him. He has been repeating your name so often!'

'Has he really asked for me? Oh, I am so thankful!'

'Perhaps not *asking* exactly, for his mind is unsettled. At one time he mentions your name with the tenderest epithets; at another he talks of you in a strange wild way, very painful to hear.'

'I wonder whether he will know me?'

'We will see when the doctors have finished their consultation.'

Ere long, poor Katie, leaning on Laura's arm, enters Sir Herbert's room, and there she once more sees her husband's face.

What a change one short week has made! There is nothing but a flushed fevered countenance, restless wandering eyes, parched lips, and throbbing brow, for her to gaze on. She might have been the veriest stranger for all the recognition she gets.

Laura whispers softly: 'Don't be startled, dear. He is not conscious now; but when he wakes up to reason again, he will be *so* glad to have you near him.'

But many days pass before that. It is a case of long nursing, of long nights of watching, and weary hours of doubt and anxiety. Through it all, Mrs Best is so earnest, so tender-hearted, so unselfish, that Lady Dillworth finds herself wondering over and over again how she ever could have disliked her so much in the old days gone by. All her petty airs, her studied affectations have vanished: she looks a pale anxious woman, with traces of watching and weariness in her face. Her dress is studiously plain—a deep gray in colour, and of some soft noiseless material, whose folds do not rustle or creak as she moves about the sick-room. Her voice is low and gentle, her words wise and hopeful, and the poor heart-broken wife clings to her for help and sympathy—and not in vain. Days pass on. Mr Grey returns home to wind up his affairs, for his secretaryship expires with the Admiral's resignation; but he promises to return to Hayes Hill again, on the shortest notice, if needed. Wife and daughter take turns of watching beside Sir Herbert, sharing each other's anxieties and hopes.

The best hours of Katie's life now are those she spends by the Admiral's side in that still room. She seats herself in the arm-chair, places the lamp so that its rays may fall faintly on her husband's face, and then watches the familiar features, the high forehead, and wonders whether those lips will ever again talk to her of love and speak forgiveness. She would fain fling herself on his breast and press her lips on his, fevered as they are; but she dares not till he himself shall have called her to him again. And so she sits there musing, hoping, praying. Come what will, Lady Dillworth will never again be the vain, selfish, frivolous, thoughtless woman she once was. Laura's society is working her good; there is a softness and sweetness in her manner never before visible.

One bright afternoon in spring, Lady Dillworth has taken up her position by the bedside. She can watch the invalid, and with a turn of her head can glance at Laura and her boys, who are in the grounds outside the window. The scene out there is calm and pleasant. A sloping lawn extends almost down to the river, on which some water-fowl are lazily floating. Beyond the river rises a grove of trees, now fast unfolding their tender green buds and drooping tassels. Laura's boys are bright, golden-haired, blue-eyed little fellows, lively as butterflies, and just as restless. They flit in and out the shrubbery, gathering violets for Lady Dillworth. Presently they bring her a bunch, and she stands at the bedside with them in her hand. But what is this that arrests her? A change has come over her husband's face, so remarkable that she holds her breath with sudden awe. Is it the portent of death?—the settling of the features into the calm repose that proclaims life's warfare over?

The haggard anxious expression has quite vanished; he seems to sleep quietly as a child. A soft glow steals over his cheeks, then his eyes open, and he looks up with that smile she knows so well.

'Katie, my wife! are you here? I have had a frightful dream.'

'The dream is over now, Herbert.'

'Then it is not true that you are weary of me and longing for freedom?'

'No, Herbert. I have not grown weary. Never were you as precious as you are now! Darling! darling! say you forgive me, and love me still.' Her eyes are full of tears, and she sinks down beside him.

'What was it about Walter Reeves? He has been troubling my thoughts and driving me mad,' Sir Herbert repeats musingly.

'Walter Reeves is not in England now; he is gone to Italy with his wife. Liddy Delmere and he were married a fortnight ago.'

'Come nearer, my pet; come nearer me, Katie, my wife! Let me feel your kiss on my lips once more. Oh, I have been nearly heart-broken, nearly dead; but hope is returning. The strong

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arm of Mercy has brought me back to life again; and I feel as if there is happiness in store for us still.'

Laura Best comes in ere long, and finds Katie still kneeling beside the bed, her hands clasped in her husband's, and the light of fond affection glowing from her eyes as she looks tenderly into his. The bed is bestrewn with early violets, for Katie has flung down her flowers in her agitation, and the perfume is filling the room like a soft breath from the garden. Laura is not one whit calmer than Katie; she kisses her father, and weeps tears of joy, and feels he is given back to them from the very grasp of death. Marvellous to relate, all this flutter and excitement does not injure Sir Herbert or throw him back. Life has returned to him in too full strength for that. The delight of reunion, the joy of returned confidence in Katie, is like a draught of some invigorating potion to his heart, and from that hour he speedily recovers. All his doubts and distrust are over; all Katie's frivolity and worldliness have fled. They begin a new and more complete life together. True, the rest of the Admiral's days are doomed to be spent in retirement; as years pass by, he sees younger men stepping into the post he should have occupied, and gaining honours he once hoped to win.

True, he misses the full deep draught of power, the very taste of which had been sweet to him. Katie too has lost the brilliant colouring that once lit up her path; but neither of them repines at the change. Though Admiral Sir Herbert Dillworth's flag no longer flutters at the mast-head, and though his wife no longer leads the fashions, they are happy, with a higher, purer happiness than they ever knew in the days they spent at Government House.

THE END.

## THE MAFIA AND CAMORRA.

These are two Italian words of evil import. They signify confederacies of villains of all ranks in society who live by exacting black-mail on traders. Our occasional observations on the proceedings of these illegal associations, as also on the system of brigandage in Sicily, have been somewhat trying to certain Italian journalists. They do not absolutely deny the existence of these social disorders, but speak of them as insignificant, and are shocked that they should be made a matter of comment among strangers. We are willing to believe that our remarks, like those of others, drawn from authoritative reports, have done some good, and certainly no harm. The comments of the English press may have a salutary effect in curing evils which the native press of Italy fears almost to touch upon. Vast numbers of English travel in Italy—some of them residing for a season on the score of health—and all stand in need of protection from petty extortions and robbery. If the Italian government be unable to give the degree of security which is claimed by peaceable foreigners, it is at least desirable that the English who venture abroad should be made aware of the vexatious exactions and impediments which probably await them. In our last notice on this subject, we stated pretty plainly that the ordinary course of justice in Italy, and more specially in Sicily, was seemingly unable to quell the disorders here referred to, and that nothing short of prompt military execution would avail. For what signifies the paltry process of capturing and imprisoning a few disturbers of the peace, and then shortly setting them free, to carry on their robberies and murders as usual? If the southern provinces of Italy are to cease to be a disgrace to civilisation, the true remedy must consist in the ready appeal to a court-martial, speedily followed by execution.

As if at length stung by the remonstrances of English newspaper writers, the government of Italy have latterly shewn increased vigour in the attempt to extirpate brigandage in Sicily, with, we are told, good results; and now they are to all appearance resolved on striking a blow at the Camorra in Naples. We are made acquainted with the fact by *The Times;* and should any English journal specially deserve praise for its denunciations of the scandalous manner in which travellers in Italy are liable to be annoyed by the misconduct of officials, it is that paper, which through its correspondents is able to offer instructive accounts regarding the illegal and hitherto almost unchecked Italian associations. Its Naples correspondent, under date September 4, writes as follows; it being only necessary to premise for inexperienced readers, that while *Camorra* is the name of the association, *Camorrista* signifies a member who participates in its gains—plural *Camorristi:*

'The resolute attempt which is at last being made to destroy that organised criminal association known as the Camorra is the all-absorbing interest of the Southerners. Its long existence and its vast number of crimes are matters of history. Thriving under despotic governments, and later still under political complications, it has recently raised its head again, and has brought down upon it all the strength of the police. *Razzia* after *razzia* has been made on the body, and during the last sixteen or seventeen years, hundreds, perhaps thousands, have been seized and sent off to the islands, only to return and renew their operations; but one day this week a blow was struck which reflects great credit on the energy and courage of the Questor. The Camorra is a noxious weed which is to be found everywhere and among all classes of society; but it flourishes especially in the markets, where its agents tax every article of food, arrange the prices, and then leave with their pockets full of their ill-gotten profits. On one of these markets, therefore, an attack was made on Thursday morning. The ground had been well examined before, and twenty or thirty guards in plain clothes were sent early to mingle in a crowd of about two thousand persons, and watch the mode of conducting business. First comes in a peasant or *cafoni*, as the *Pungolo*, adopting the common term, calls him. He is laden with the produce of his land—fruit and vegetables—and the Camorrista presents himself and demands his tax of deposit. It is paid without dispute, as it has been for time out of mind. The *cafoni* of course wishes to sell his goods, but is unable to do so until the Camorrista settles the price and takes his part, which is given without dispute. The purchaser, the man who retails his goods in the streets of Naples, on his over-laden donkey, then comes on the scene; but he cannot carry off his goods without paying the Camorrista a

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few sous for porterage, he himself at last being compelled to be his own porter. Now this is what happened last Thursday in the market of St Anna della Paludi. It is what occurs in every market, every street, every corner of Naples, and what has happened from time immemorial. St Anna was the spot then fixed on for a determined attack last Thursday. Besides the guards in plain clothes, the market had been surrounded early in the morning by police and carabiniers, while a tolerably strong force of Bersaglieri was in attendance close at hand. On a sudden every gate and way of exit was closed, and the guards came down on the astonished people. Flight or resistance was out of the question; and the end of the matter was that fifty-seven of the most notorious of the order were netted, bound together by a long rope, and surrounded by the public force, carried off to the nearest police station. An immense crowd, consisting of their relatives and associates, had collected; but no attempt at rescue was made, for things had been admirably arranged, and the public force was too strong to allow of any such attempt being made without danger. At the station they were soon committed and sent off to prison in parties of ten; and a glance was sufficient to shew of what different conditions they were composed. There was the Picciotto (the novitiate of the order), without shoes and in his shirt sleeves; and the full-blown Camorrista dressed as a gentleman, with his fingers covered with rings, and a gold chain round his neck. After a long series of crimes the Picciotto may hope to attain the dignity of this rank, which insures him who holds it ease and comparative wealth. Such a man seldom appears on the scene; he is one of the directors—one of the wire-pullers, and many a wire has he pulled which has cost the life of an opponent. I may instance two cases—that of our unfortunate countryman, Mr Hind, and lately of the man called Borelli; but the annals of blood in this province, if examined, would furnish an incredibly large number of such cases.

'The *razzia* in the market of St Anna della Paludi was followed on Saturday by another in the fish-market, with like success. This spot lies on the Marina, *en route* to the railway, and the space between the two places has long been celebrated for the robberies committed on carriages conveying strangers to and from the railway. Here every morning are brought in fish from all parts of the bay, consigned to the contractors, who again supply the retail dealers. A good business, therefore, is to be done by the Camorrista in this place; and no wonder is it that it should be thronged with men of that class and thieves. The same operations are performed which I have already described. The right to land is paid for; then the price of the fish is settled, and a certain percentage demanded and paid. Last of all, as in the fruit and vegetable market, the retail dealer has his accounts to settle. These claims have never been disputed—they are sanctioned by usage; and dangerous would it be to resist a secret organisation of ruffians who stick at nothing to maintain their "rights" and inflict vengeance. On this market an attack was made on Saturday, and fifty-nine of the worst characters were netted, there being, as before, a considerable display of the public force. An attempt was made also to arrest some of these fellows at the entrance of the Bourse, who drive a trade in defrauding poor widows and orphans and getting possession of the certificates of their pensions. Three only were taken, as others who had got scent of the pursuit made themselves scarce.

'An Italian friend suggests that the only sure mode of doing away with the Camorra would be to sink Naples under the sea for half an hour, which would be about as practicable as the proposition to drive the Turks out of Europe. If it cannot be destroyed, it may, however, be checked by such *razzias* as we have had of late; but they must be repeated continually. Only two days after the scene of Thursday, some Camorristi presented themselves in the fruit-market and made the usual demand, which was resisted, and the fellows were arrested. The wives too of those who were seized by the police made their appearance, alleging that they were commissioned by their husbands to receive their dues. They too were arrested. From this it is evident that so long as one filament remains, the disease will spread, and that it is the constant application of the knife alone which will eradicate it. It is of good augury, however, that something like resistance was shewn to the demands of the "order." As in Sicily, in the case of brigandage, the consciousness of support and protection from the authorities inspired courage; and it is on the union of these two elements that we must depend for the effectual destruction of this enormous evil. But it will not suffice to lay hold only of the smaller fry; there are men, I am assured, who drive about in their carriages, enriched by the Camorra, and many we meet with no ostensible means of existence, decked out, as I have described, with gold chains and rings.'

Splendidly dressed fellows 'with gold chains and rings!' Such are the *élite* of a gang which for generations has dishonestly preyed on every department of trade in Naples—unauthorisedly exacting a percentage on every transaction under threat of the most dreadful penalties. One is glad to hear of the foregoing razzias on the confederacy; but from what we know of administrative justice in Italy, as well as of the utter rottenness of society and universal disposition to baffle the operations of the magistracy, the chances are that the captured Camorristi will soon be at large and at their old tricks. The civil law as it stands is incapable of dealing with this species of ingrained villainy. We have hinted at military repression by regular troops as the right course to pursue. W. C.

## NEARLY WRECKED.

### IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

### CHAPTER I.—THE BETROTHAL.

'AND so, Mabel, Wilfred Merton has proposed to you?' The speaker, as he made this remark, laid down the paper which he had been reading, and looked across the room at its other occupant, who was standing in one of the windows chirping to a canary, and addressing it in that peculiar language which is commonly supposed to be gratifying to the feelings of the feathered tribe, however incomprehensible it may be to differently constructed beings.

Mabel hearing herself spoken to, turned round,

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and leaving the bird to its own meditations, came to the table, which was laid for breakfast.

'Yes, papa,' she said, beginning to pour out the tea as she spoke; 'and what is more, I have accepted him.'

'Indeed! You didn't think it necessary then, to ask my permission in the matter?'

'Well, you see I'm afraid I rather took that for granted, and so did not think it necessary to ask for it beforehand. And then too you know Wilfred and I have always meant to marry one another some day, and that it really doesn't make any very great difference whether we call ourselves engaged or not.'

'Oh, you have always intended it, have you? May I ask how long "always" has been in this case?'

'Well, do you know, dear papa, I think we first settled it quite definitely when we were five, when Wilfred gave me the ring out of a wire button as an engagement ring,' answered Mabel, smiling brightly.

'That is a long time ago certainly; and I must congratulate you upon the constancy that you have both shewn in the matter. But don't you think that as it has gone on in this way very happily for such a long time, it might go on in the same way still without any more binding arrangement?'

'O no, papa; we want to have it admitted that we are engaged now.'

'But why, my dear? I thought you said a minute ago that it doesn't make any real difference whether you are engaged or not?'

'Of course I meant to other people, not to ourselves.'

'I should have myself thought your remark was a sword that cut both ways,' said Mr Colherne, smiling at his daughter's explanation. 'But I really don't see that it will do you any particular good to be engaged yet,' he went on more gravely; 'it seems to me that it is only tying you down without any positive advantage.'

'I don't care so very much for it myself,' answered Mabel, looking more serious than she had done yet, as she spoke; 'but Wilfred wishes it so much, and I wish it for his sake. You see he hasn't such an indulgent father as *you* are darling, or such a happy home as I have; and he says it will make him so much happier to feel that I am really his, and admitted to be so.'

'Well, my child, I suppose you will have your own way in this as you have in most things, you spoilt young monkey! But you can hardly expect me to feel very much elated by the idea that I shall have to get on some day without my Queen Mab.'

'O papa, now you are looking forward a long way! Why, we don't dream of being *married* yet, and shan't for ages.'

'This is by no means the first time that that remark has been made, for the consolation and encouragement of unfortunate fathers, who have nevertheless found themselves left alone before very long.'

'But then you know even when I do marry I don't mean to be separated from you. Of course you will always live with us.'

'And feel myself constantly in the way,' said Mr Colherne, more gravely than he had yet spoken. 'No, my pet,' he went on almost sadly; 'it is the fate of parents to lose their children just when they have learnt to love them most, and I mustn't expect to escape the common lot.'

Mabel went to him and kissed his forehead. 'Come, papa, don't be sad just now; you will make me feel a nasty selfish creature for ever thinking of marrying Wilfred or anybody else.'

'I'm sure I don't want to do that, my queen,' replied her father cheerfully. 'But to return to our original subject. What is there in this Wilfred Merton that makes him so particularly attractive?'

'What a question to ask me, papa! There's everything about him. In the first place, he's so handsome!'

'Well, do you know I think he's very much like everybody else? It seems to me, to quote your favourite Humpty Dumpty, that he has "two eyes so, nose in the middle, mouth under." I must confess that he does not strike me as very remarkable.'

'O papa! everybody thinks him good-looking; and I believe in reality you do too, only you are so fond of teasing me. And then he is so clever!'

'I don't know that "everybody" will agree with you there, at all events. The public do not seem to think him so very clever!'

'Ah, but they will some day, when they have their eyes open, and have seen more of his paintings. But I didn't mean clever in his profession only; he says such clever things.'

'Which means, I suppose, that he says he is very fond of you; eh, Mab?' said her father, pinching her ear as he spoke. Then seeing that she did not seem inclined to reciprocate his lively manner, he went on: 'Never mind what I say, my darling; I can't help being a little jealous of the fellow that proposes taking you from me some day. But as I suppose you must be taken away by somebody sooner or later, I would rather it were Wilfred than anybody else, for I believe him to be a good fellow at heart, and honestly fond of you. I must say too, that it is decidedly a recommendation in my eyes, that as he has not a penny, he will not be able to take you till "later." But I must be off now, my child; I am dreadfully late as it is; you see you have kept me talking so, that I have not noticed the time. Good-bye, Queen Mab; take care of yourself while I am away. But I daresay you will have somebody to help you to do that,' he added mischievously as he kissed his pet and left the room.

Mr Colherne and his daughter were living in a house towards the West End of London. He had been a widower for some years, and Mabel was his housekeeper and companion. He was justly proud of his child, and thought her and everything she did, perfection; and Mabel returned this love with all she could spare from Wilfred.

Mabel Colherne was by no means a beauty. Her eyes were not of the dark flashing order that thrills everybody at whom they look; nor were they of that soft melting kind that infuses tenderness into the most unimpressionable at the first glance; roses and lilies had nothing to fear from her complexion as a rival to their charms. Sculptors could have looked at her nose and mouth without feeling the slightest desire to reproduce them in marble; and her throat would not have been

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remarked upon as swan-like. But she was a thoroughly honest, healthy, happy looking English girl; and saying *that*, is equivalent to something very pleasant to look at. She looked particularly bright and happy now as she bustled about the room, performing various little acts of household arrangement; humming snatches of airs as she went about her business, and stopping at intervals to continue the conversation with the canary, which had been interrupted before breakfast. Suddenly she stopped in the middle of her avocations as the knocker sounded, and a look of merry mischief coming over her face, she got close behind the door of the room, so that when it was opened she would be hidden. Knowing well whose knock it was, she could not resist the temptation of teasing Wilfred by concealing herself. This might perhaps be considered a somewhat undignified way of receiving a young gentleman who was coming to the house for the first time in his new capacity of an accepted lover; but in extenuation of Mabel's conduct it must be remarked that she and Wilfred Merton had known one another intimately ever since they were children, and that their engagement made but little difference to them.

She had hardly more than time to ensconce herself behind the door when Wilfred opened it and came a little way into the room. He seemed a good deal surprised to find the room empty, as Mabel's habits were very methodical and regular, and he was generally sure of finding her here at this time; and was just on the point of going away again to look for her elsewhere, when a suppressed laugh fell upon his ear, and looking round at the place whence the sound came, he espied Mabel standing there. Shutting the door quickly, he pounced upon her, and seizing the maiden by the wrists, took a lover's revenge for her conduct in the shape of more kisses than one. She did not resist very vigorously, and suffered herself to be escorted to the sofa with a very tolerable grace.

'Well, Mabel,' Wilfred said, as he sat down by her side, 'have you told your father?'

'Yes, Wilfred,' she answered demurely.

'And what does he say?'

'Oh, he won't hear of our being engaged,' she said, speaking very solemnly.

A look of such blank disappointment and astonishment came over her lover's face, that Mabel burst out laughing. 'Why, you silly boy,' she said gaily, 'to take it in, and look so dreadfully unhappy! You don't suppose that I mean it, do you?'

'Well, you looked very grave as you spoke,' returned Wilfred, seeming half-disconcerted at having believed Mabel's nonsense; 'and I could not be quite sure that you were joking.'

'Solemn old fellow! Have you ever known papa say no to me when I wanted anything? And besides, was my reception of you of a kind to lead you to believe that I was feeling depressed?'

'Perhaps you wouldn't have felt depressed even if Mr Colherne *had* said no,' returned Wilfred in a misanthropical tone of voice.

'I'm not going to answer such nonsense as that seriously,' said Mabel; 'perhaps I shouldn't: most likely not, I think.'

'Then he has consented?'

'Of course he has, Wilfred.'

'My darling,' he said, drawing her closer to him, 'now that I know you are mine, I shall not feel unhappy any more!'

'Why, Wilfred, how gravely you speak, and how solemn you look. You are not a bit like your usual bright self this morning. What is the matter with you?'

'It's too bad of me to be out of sorts this morning, my pet, when I ought to be so happy; but I really can't help it. You must forgive me, Queen Mab.'

'But what is it makes you so, Wilfred, dear? Do tell me. You know you always do tell me your troubles; and I have more right to hear them now than ever. Besides, I can't bear being kept in the dark about things, especially when they concern you.'

'Oh, it's nothing very interesting or very new; only another row with the governor.'

'What about?'

'Nothing but a recapitulation of the old grievances; the same thing over again that we've been quarrelling about for I don't know how long—as to what a fool I've been to become an artist, instead of entering that detestable counting-house.'

'I suppose he did not describe it in that way,' Mabel could not help interrupting.

'I am so sick of it all, that I don't know what to do with myself,' Wilfred went on, without taking any notice of her remark.

'What led to the talk on the subject? Something, I suppose.'

'The fact that another picture has been refused admission. It's quite bad enough never to get any success, without his incessantly throwing it in my teeth. I declare I get so discouraged sometimes, I haven't the heart to work at all; and then that makes another trouble.'

'But you can't expect to meet with much success yet; you haven't had time. Almost everybody who has succeeded in the world has been unsuccessful at first.'

'Of course; I know that. But then it's so much easier to bear the fact that other people were disappointed, than it is to bear disappointment one's self. It is so much pleasanter to remember some great artist who wasn't appreciated at first, than it is to have one's own paintings perpetually refused admission everywhere. I feel so sure too that I have got the ability in me.'

'The greater reason for hoping and steadily persevering. But you know you have such a dreadful disadvantage to fight against in being so nearly self-taught as you are: you haven't started fair.'

'Of course not. I told my father so to-day when he was pitching into me; and it seemed to open up quite a new idea to him. He thought a little, and then said that he did not want to be responsible for my failing in the profession I had persisted in choosing—you see he takes my failing quite for granted,' Wilfred added bitterly—'and that if I intended working, he would send me to Paris for a year and pay for my studying there.'

'Wilfred! And are you going?'

'Really I hardly know. I think it is not knowing how to make up my mind about that, added to the bother of my father's everlasting grumbling, that has made me down so this morning. Of course I should very much like the advantage it would give me; but then comes the pang of parting from you, and particularly just now.'

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'Does your father know that our engagement is settled?'

'Yes; I told him so.'

'And what does he think of it?'

'He says that it is ridiculous nonsense for me to be engaged to anybody; though of course he prefers you to any one else, as he likes you better than anybody. But darling,' he burst out passionately, 'don't mind what he or any one else thinks or says on the subject: my only chance of getting on and doing anything worth doing, is the certainty that I can think of you as mine!'

'You know, Wilfred, that my heart always has been yours, and that it always will be, whatever happens. But I wish Mr Merton had not suggested this Paris scheme; I don't like the idea of it.'

'You have only to command me to stay at home, Queen Mab, and I will throw every other consideration to the winds.'

'No; I don't wish that. Act as you would if you did not know me at all; I could not bear to feel that I had put any obstacle in the way of your success.'

Their talk during the rest of the time they were together was grave and sedate, quite unlike the usual conversation of two young lovers.

When Wilfred had gone, Mabel was more sad than she cared to admit; the interview seemed to have altered matters very materially.

### CHAPTER II.—THE PARTING.

It was settled that Wilfred should go to Paris.

Mr Merton was a banker in a good position in London, and he had naturally wished Wilfred, who was his only child, to enter into his office and succeed him in his business. But unfortunately for his schemes, the boy had at an early age developed a strong taste for drawing, and this taste, which had been discouraged rather than fostered, had grown with his growth, until his father had been obliged to admit to himself that it was useless to try to coerce him, and that the lad must be allowed to take his own way. Giving in to an unavoidable necessity, and giving in to it gracefully, are, however, two very different things, and Mr Merton chose the former course. He allowed his son to become an artist, because he saw very clearly that he could do nothing else, but beyond that he did scarcely anything for him; with but scanty instruction, he was, as Mabel had said, very nearly self-taught.

Had Mrs Merton lived to see her boy grow up, things would have been no doubt on a very different footing between father and son; her influence would have been used to soften the disagreement between them; and a woman's influence is rarely ineffectual. But unhappily for them both, she had died when Wilfred was about ten years old; and he and his father were left to rub the angles of their natures against one another, without any one to round the angularity off.

And so it came to pass that when Mr Merton offered to send Wilfred to Paris, although there were many reasons for which the young man would have preferred remaining at home, he thought it would not do to refuse his father's offer, and so accepted it, and prepared for leaving home.

From the moment that this idea had been first communicated to Mabel, she had had a great and unaccountably strong dislike to it; and now when it was resolved upon, and the time of Wilfred's going was drawing near, an excitable restless feeling came over her, that made her depressed and miserable. This depression so haunted her, that she could not help looking upon it as an omen and a warning.

She tried hard to repress this boding feeling, but in vain; and tried also, and with more success, to keep it from Wilfred's sight; but at last when the day of his departure had arrived, and he had come to say good-bye to her, she could restrain herself no longer, and to his surprise and dismay beseeched him to change his mind and remain at home!

'Why, Mabel, my darling,' he answered, clasping his hands round her waist as he spoke, and looking down fondly at her, 'what do you mean? You have never said a word against my going until now.'

'No; I have been trying not to think of it. But O Wilfred! I have such a strong feeling in my heart that some harm will come of your going; I have had it ever since you first spoke of it. Do stay.'

'You can't be well, my pet; it isn't like you to have such fancies.'

'I know it isn't; but I am quite well; and it is because I am not generally fanciful or nervous that I am so much impressed by the feeling I have now. Do listen to me.'

'My dearest,' said her lover, kissing the upturned face, 'it is too late to change my plans now. Shake off this fancy, my queen, for it is only a fancy. I like going so little myself, Mabel, that you mustn't make it more difficult to me.'

Mabel resolutely withheld herself from saying any more on the subject; but the feeling of dread that she could not explain was strong upon her still, and it was very hard to keep it to herself. When Wilfred left her she clung to him as though the parting were to be for ever; and when she found herself alone, the anticipation of evils to come came back with redoubled force.

## CHANGE-RINGING.

THE frequent allusions to bells by our poets are directly conclusive to the strong attachment which binds these sounds to English ears. We all delight in listening to the merry peal, and yet notwithstanding our fondness for the same, and although all our days of rejoicing are considered incomplete without the ringing of bells, it is strange how very little is understood either of the art or science of what is termed change-ringing.

Ringing bells in changes is peculiar to England. When rung thus, the bells are necessarily rung 'up;' that is, each bell, by an arrangement of wheel and rope, is gradually swung until, after describing larger and larger arcs, it swings through a complete circle at each sound or stroke of the clapper. The swinging motion also materially increases the sweetness of the tone. When bells are rung in changes, each bell is brought to a balance after each revolution; and when the bell 'runs' well, very little actual strength is required, and the work, unless pro-

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longed, is not so exhaustive as many suppose. In this as in many other things, it is more 'knack' than strength that is required. The tenor bell of the ring of twelve at St Saviour's, Southwark, weighs fifty-two hundredweight; and the wheel, in the grooves of which the rope for ringing it runs, is about nine feet in diameter; yet this ponderous bell with its huge gearing has often been rung by one man for four hours without rest, involving more than five thousand changes; and was once rung for six and a half hours by one man. This, however, was a great feat.

A number of bells hung together is called a 'ring,' the number generally varying from five to a dozen, which last is the greatest number that has yet been hung in a steeple. When the highest note—the treble bell—is sounded first, and followed by the consecutive notes until the deepest or 'tenor' bell is struck, the bells are said to be rung in 'rounds.' And it is worthy of remark that this is the order in which they are rung before 'going off' into changes, and again on 'coming round.'

Those uninitiated in the mysteries of bell-ringing will be surprised to learn that on six bells no fewer than 720 changes can be obtained; that is, the six numbers can be arranged in 720 distinct combinations. The addition of another bell increases the combination to 5040; while on eight bells the enormous number of 40,320 changes may be obtained. As about twenty-eight changes are rung per minute, it takes about three hours to accomplish the whole of the changes on seven bells; and thus to ring five thousand changes is considered a feat, and called a 'peal;' any less number being merely a 'touch.' When changes are rung on seven, nine, or eleven bells, all the eight, ten, or twelve bells are rung, the tenor bell—the key-note—always striking last; this practice is more musical than when the whole number of the bells are working in the changes. Change-ringing upon each number of bells has a distinctive name; thus changes on five bells are called doubles; on six, minor; seven, triples; eight, major; nine, cators; ten, royal; eleven, cinques; and twelve, maximus.

Changes are produced according to certain laws or 'methods;' and by a previously acquired knowledge of the method, each performer, by watching the rise and fall of the ropes, is able to work his bell in the same path in which it would be found to move if the changes were written down on paper. There are several different methods which are practised—namely, Plain Bob, Grandsire, Oxford or Kent Treble Bob, Stedman's Principle, Cambridge, London and Superlative Surprise, and Double Norwich Court. These can all be applied to the different numbers of bells. Thus a touch of Kent Treble Bob Major is that method rung on eight bells.

Although very few persons could possibly be debarred from practising change-ringing by want of physical strength, a good deal of perseverance is necessary to become a proficient in the art. After acquiring the sleight of hand necessary to ring a bell in rounds, a fair amount of practice is also necessary to obtain the quickness of eye—called 'rope-sight'—to work among the other ropes, in changes. While his hands and eyes are thus busily employed, the ringer must also listen to ascertain whether the swing of the bell is so regulated that it strikes at a proper interval after the one immediately preceding it. In ringing on eight bells, the eight sounds are produced in about two seconds; a quarter of a second therefore elapses between the sounds of the consecutive bells; and as a variation of a quarter of this time is appreciable to a practised ringer, the error of the sixteenth part of a second would lead to jarring results. The hands, eyes, and ears must therefore be in constant unison during change-ringing; and as at the same time the mind must never be relaxed from the consideration of the 'method by which the changes are produced,' the mental and physical powers are kept in pretty active employment.

The fascination which this art has for its followers is shewn by the fact that all the great performances in ringing have been undertaken solely for the honour accorded to such feats. When a peal of five thousand changes is attempted, it is considered of no account unless it is 'true.' The requirements are somewhat exacting. If the same change should occur twice, through an error of the composer, it is a 'false' peal. The ringing must be completed without a stop or hitch; and as at any time during the three hours that will probably be occupied, a ringer may lose his way, and cause the others to be confused, a 'jumble out' will probably ensue; the conductor may miss a 'call,' which is required to carry the changes to the length required, or may make one too many; a man may miss his rope and send his bell over the balance; or a rope may break. Thus until the last change of a peal is struck, it is never safe for the ringers to congratulate themselves upon its performance.

Nowadays long peals are only considered as feats when the same men—only one man to each bell—ring throughout the peal. When a peal of great length is attempted there is, therefore, cause to fear that at the last moment one of the men at the 'heavy end,' as the bells near the tenor are called, may knock up. For instance, in ringing according to Stedman's principle—a very complicated method, on eleven bells—the peal of 7392 changes rung in 1848 in four hours and fifty-five minutes at St Martin's, Birmingham, where the tenor bell weighs thirty-five hundredweight, continued the 'longest on record' until 1851, when it was beaten by the College Youths, a very old-established London society of ringers, who rang 7524 changes in five hours and twenty-four minutes at St Giles', Cripplegate, where the tenor weighs thirty-six hundredweight. The Cumberland Youths, another old London society, thereupon tried to beat this performance by ringing 8184 changes at St Michael's, Cornhill, the tenor of which ring weighs forty-one hundredweight. On the first occasion they 'jumbled out' after ringing nearly six thousand changes; and at a subsequent attempt rang six hours and two minutes, but were then so knocked up that they could not finish the peal, and were compelled to stop when they had rung 7746 changes. Now, although this was longer than the peal rung by the College Youths, it was an incomplete performance, not being continued until the bells returned to the order of rounds, which they would have done at the 8184th

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change. The Cripplegate peal was at last beaten by a peal of 8448 changes, rung in 1858, at Painswick in Gloucestershire. Although the tenor of the ring of twelve at Painswick only weighs twenty-eight hundredweight, the College Youths actually attempted to beat this length at St Saviour's, Southwark, where the tenor weighs fifty-two hundredweight. They were, however, unsuccessful, as after ringing over eight thousand changes in six hours and a half, they got into a 'jumble,' and thus a most remarkable feat was lost, and considered of no account, when another half-hour would have completed a performance which might never have been excelled. In their next attempt the College Youths were more fortunate, as on April 27, 1861, they rang at St Michael's, Cornhill, in six hours and forty-one minutes, a peal of 8580 changes of Stedman's Cinques, which still remains the longest length rung in this method on eleven bells.

The College and Cumberland Youths have long been worthy rivals in the different mysteries of change-ringing. While the former society dates its origin back to 1637, the latter claims its descent from an old society called the 'London Scholars,' whose origin, however, is lost in antiquity. The earliest known peal by the London Scholars is one of 5040 changes, rung in 1717 on the ten bells which were then in the tower of St Bride's, Fleet Street. This is said to have been the first five thousand ever rung on ten bells.

The rivalry between the societies of College and Cumberland Youths was at its greatest height in 1777. On January 20th, in that year, the Cumberlands rang 6240 changes on the bells of St Leonard's, Shoreditch. This was the longest which had been rung on ten bells by ten men only, and occupied four hours and thirty-four minutes. The tenor bell at St Leonard's weighs thirty-one hundredweight; and as in ringing these 6240 changes, the ringer would never be in a state of rest, as during nearly five hours he would cause a revolving plaything of over a ton and a half to make 6240 revolutions, it might be supposed that no set of men could easily be found who would be desirous of gaining the empty honour of merely exceeding such a performance by so many more hours or minutes. This, however, was not the opinion of the College Youths, who, on February 18th, in the same year, on the same bells, completed a peal of 10,000 changes in seven hours and twenty-eight minutes. After this the Cumberlands evidently took a little preliminary training on the bells of Shoreditch, as on March 12th they rang 5080 changes; on April 5th, 8120 changes; and then on May 10th capped the College Youths' performance by a peal of 10,200 changes in seven hours and forty minutes. The non-university College men were, however, equal to the occasion, and nine days afterwards rang 11,080 changes at the same place in eight hours and two minutes; a performance so extraordinary, that the Cumberland Youths were fain to let it stand as the longest on record until 1784, when, on March 27th, they actually accomplished, at Shoreditch, 12,000 changes in nine hours and five minutes; which peal until this day remains the longest ever rung on ten bells, when all the bells are rung in the changes.

It might be thought that such prolonged physical and mental exertion would have a bad effect upon the performers; but, whether it is from the fact that only men of the strongest constitutions take a fancy for such exertion, or that the splendid exercise of ringing is, even when carried to such great excess, really productive of benefit, it yet remains a fact that ringers are noted for the great ages to which some of them live to take part in their favourite exercise. As an instance of longevity, the case of Thomas Barham is especially noteworthy. This man, who was a gardener at Leeds, in Kent, was passionately fond of ringing, and during his lifetime rang in considerably over one hundred peals, each of five thousand changes and upwards. He was born in 1725, and died in 1818, aged ninety-three years. At that time, in ringing long peals it was not regarded as a strict rule that there should be no relief to the performers, or that, as now, each bell should be rung throughout the peal by the same man; consequently there does not seem to have been any ordinary limit to the aspirations of the ringers of those days.

About 1750, Barham and his companions were endeavouring to achieve the extent of the changes on eight bells (40,320 changes), any man who was fatigued being relieved by some other ringer. In one of these attempts, on Monday, March 31, 1755, they commenced ringing at two o'clock in the afternoon, and rang until six o'clock on the Tuesday morning, when the sixth bell-clapper broke, after they had rung 24,800 changes. In this attempt, Barham rang the seventh bell for fourteen hours and forty-four minutes before he required to be relieved. On March 23, 1761, they again attempted it, but had the misfortune to overturn a bell after ringing seventeen thousand changes; but on April 7th and 8th in the same year, they are said to have accomplished the 40,320 changes in twenty-seven hours, the eight bells being manned at different times by fourteen men.

The most remarkable of the records which Barham left behind him were perhaps the 'Veteran' peals in which he took part. When fifty-five years of age, he rang in a peal of 5040 changes of Bob Major, occupying three hours and thirteen minutes, when the average age of the eight performers was sixty-one years. In another peal which occupied three hours and twelve minutes, the ages of the performers were 82, 70, 77, 65, 70, 65, 67, and 86; making an average of nearly seventy-three years. Barham also rang in peals occupying over three hours, when eighty-four and eighty-eight years of age. In Barham's case, it is thus fully shewn that the extraordinary performances he took part in did not in any way tend to disable him in his old age. Southey, in his *Doctor*, mentions a peal of Bob Major rung at Aston Church, near Birmingham, in the year 1796—but really in 1789—when eight men, some of whom he mentions were under twenty years of age, rang 14,224 changes in eight hours and forty-five minutes. This, Southey remarks, 'was the longest peal ever rung in that part of the country or anywhere else.' Certainly it was a very clever performance, considering that the tenor of the ring weighs twenty-one hundredweight; but it was really surpassed by a rival band of ringers, who rang at the same church on October 1, 1793, a peal of 15,360 changes of Bob Major in nine hours and thirty-one minutes.

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This continued the greatest number of changes rung single-handed until 1868, when the College Youths rang 15,840 changes in nine hours and twelve minutes at St Matthew's, Bethnal Green. The tenor, however, at Bethnal Green is very much lighter than that of the Aston peal, and the latter still remains the longest length rung with such a heavy tenor, and in point of time exceeds the Bethnal Green performance by nineteen minutes.

So little is known about bell-ringing, that erroneous illustrations are prepared by even the best of our illustrated papers, at Christmas-time, and not a little faulty information regarding the *modus operandi* is added. Very few persons seem to be aware that many matters of practical and scientific interest are to be found in the almost unknown art of change-ringing.

## CHRISTMAS IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

CHRISTMAS is essentially a family festival: our very earliest recollections of it are of a day spent by the whole family together; a day on which the social distinctions of nursery, school-room, and drawing-room were as far as possible abolished, and on which all the little ones who could behave with anything like discretion were taken to church and dined with the elders. As the children grew up and dispersed to school and college, Christmas was still the day on which all reassembled to make one family once more.

But at length there comes a time when this reassembling is no longer possible, when the girls belong to new homes and new circles, and the boys are scattered abroad in distant lands, whence only loving thoughts can reach the 'old folks at home.' Then the good old Christmas toast, 'To all absent friends,' becomes full of meaning to the few who still assemble round the dear parental hearth, and is followed by a quiet pause, while imagination travels to all quarters of the globe, and the Christmas greeting infolds the whole world in its embrace. And the good wishes as they emanate from the home are met by returning thoughts from the sons, the brothers, it may be the husbands, in the distant lands where they too are keeping Christmas, though among circumstances very different to ours, and still striving as much as possible to keep up the customs they loved when they were young.

To us dwellers in Northern Europe, Christmas, with its apparently unseasonable heat, strikes us by its strange incongruity; but how strange must be a Christmas in the far north, where no sun rises to gladden the day on which the Sun of Righteousness rose upon the earth.

A year ago we had the happiness of welcoming back to their homes the latest heroes of the Polar Seas. We do not need to be reminded how, in May 1875, the *Alert* and the *Discovery* sailed from our shores, having for their destination the Pole itself. The Pole was not reached; that was beyond human power; but we felt that all that men could do was done, and we were thankful to see them home again. It is surely enough to have spent one Christmas in such desolation; in a higher latitude than ever man has reached before, and beyond the farthest point to which even the Esquimaux, the hardy natives of the lands of perpetual snow, have penetrated in their most distant wanderings; beyond the boundary of all animal life on land or sea, there British sailors and British ships have wintered, and the British flag has floated upon a sea of eternal ice. All honour be to them.

It seems to us wonderful that even with every attainable comfort, men should be able to live through an arctic winter, as any disaster to the ships must be certain death to the crews. That this has been the case before now, we know. That it is not invariably the case we know also; and the following account gives us a good picture of the different ways in which two companion vessels spent their Christmas in the frozen sea in 1870, and shews what diverse vicissitudes may be encountered by ships in the same season.

In the spring of 1870, before the war with France had broken out and taken up almost all the thoughts of the nation, Germany sent out two ships, the *Germania* and the *Hansa*, with the hope of reaching the North Pole. As is usually the case in arctic expeditions, little could be done during the first season, and the ships were obliged to take up their winter-quarters off the east coast of Greenland. They had already been separated, so that the crew of one vessel had no idea of the condition of the other. An officer upon the *Germania* thus writes of their Christmas:

'To the men who have already lived many weary months among the icebergs, Christmas signifies, in addition to its other associations, that the half of their long night—with its fearful storms, its enforced cessation of all energy, its discomfort and sadness—has passed, and that the sun will soon again shed his life- and warmth-giving beams on the long-deserted North. From this time the grim twilight, during which noon has been hardly distinguishable from the other hours, grows daily lighter, until at length all hearts are gladdened, and a cheerful activity is once again called forth by the first glimpse of the sun. Christmas, the midnight of the arctic explorer, thus marks a period in his life which he has good cause to consider a joyful one. On no day would it be more natural for him to recall his home; and though far from that loved spot, and cut off from all intercourse save with his little band of comrades, and being, moreover, uncertain whether the ice will retain him in its grasp, as it has retained so many before him, he is right to keep the festival with all cheerfulness; thankful, while remembering what he has already passed through and achieved, and full of firm courage and confidence for the unknown future.

'What are our friends at home doing? was the thought that stirred us all as we prepared to keep our Christmas 1870, in the true German style. We had no suspicion of the mighty struggle in which our Fatherland was then engaged, for what could we know of the affairs of the world, from which no sound had reached us for so many long weeks. Our world was only in our ship, and all around us, in the half-light of the weary monotonous arctic night, lay the apparently boundless desert of ice, while the snow-laden hurricane howled and moaned through the silence. We thought too of our mates on our companion-ship the *Hansa*, from whom we had been separated. Did they still live? Had they been so fortunate

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as to reach the shore, and were they, like us, honouring Christmas? Who could tell?

'For days before the festival, an unusual activity was observable all over the ship; and as soon as the severe storm which raged from December 16th to the 21st had abated, parties were organised, under our botanist Dr Pansch, to certain points of Sabine Island, near to which we were anchored, where, in a strangely sheltered nook, several varieties of a native Greenland evergreen plant, *Andromeda tetragona*, were to be found. A great quantity of this plant was conveyed on board, to be converted into a Christmas tree. Under the orders of Dr Pansch, the Andromeda was wound round small pieces of wood, several of which were attached, like fir-twigs, to a large bough; and when these boughs were fastened to a pole, they formed a very respectable fir-tree.

'After dinner on Christmas-day, the cabin was cleared for the completion of the preparations; and on our recall at six o'clock, we found that all had assumed an unwontedly festive appearance. The walls were decorated with the signal-flags and our national eagle; and the large cabin table, somewhat enlarged to make room to seat seventeen men, was covered with a clean white cloth, which had been reserved for the occasion. On the table stood the "fir" tree, shining in the splendour of many little wax-lights, and ornamented with all sorts of little treasures, some of which, such as the gilded walnuts, had already seen a Christmas in Germany; below the tree was a small present for each of us, provided long beforehand, in readiness for the day, by loving friends and relatives at home. There was a packet too for each of the crew, containing some little joking gift, prepared by the mirth-loving Dr Pansch, and a useful present also; while the officers were each and all remembered.

'When the lights burned down, and the resinous Andromeda was beginning to take fire, the tree was put aside, and a feast began, at which full justice was done to the costly Sicilian wine with which a friend had generously supplied us before we left home. We had a dish of roast seal! Some cakes were made by the cook, and the steward produced his best stores. For the evening, the division between the fore and aft cabins was removed, and there was free intercourse between officers and men; many a toast was drunk to the memory of friends at home, and at midnight a polar ball was improvised by a dance on the ice. The boatswain, the best musician of the party, seated himself with his hand-organ between the antlers of a reindeer which lay near the ship, and the men danced two and two on their novel flooring of hard ice!

'Such was our experience of a Christmas in the north polar circle; but the uncertainties of arctic voyaging are great, and the two ships of our expedition made trial of the widely different fates which await the traveller in those frozen regions; and while we on the *Germania* were singularly fortunate in escaping accidents and in keeping our crew, in spite of some hardships, in sound health and good spirits, the *Hansa* was crushed by the ice, and her crew, after facing unheard-of dangers, and passing two hundred days on a block of ice, were barely rescued to return home.'

Yet even to the crew of the ill-fated *Hansa* Christmas brought some share of festivities. The tremendous gale which had raged for many days ceased just before the Day, and the heavy fall of snow with which it terminated, and which had almost buried the black huts that the shipwrecked men had constructed for themselves upon the drifting icebergs from the débris of the wreck, had produced a considerable rise in the temperature, and there was every indication that a season of calm might now be anticipated.

The log-book of the *Hansa* thus describes the celebration of the festival: 'The tree was erected in the afternoon, while the greater part of the crew took a walk; and the lonely hut shone with wonderful brightness amid the snow. Christmas upon a Greenland iceberg! The tree was artistically put together of fir-wood and mat-weed, and Dr Laube had saved a twist of wax-taper for the illumination. Chains of coloured paper and newly baked cakes were not wanting, and the men had made a knapsack and a revolver case as a present for the captain. We opened the leaden chests of presents from Professor Hochstetter and the Geological Society, and were much amused by their contents. Each man had a glass of port wine; and we then turned over the old newspapers which we found in the chests, and drew lots for the presents, which consisted of small musical instruments, such as fifes, jews-harps, trumpets, &c., with draughts and other games, puppets, crackers, &c. In the evening we feasted on chocolate and gingerbread.'

'We observed the day very quietly,' writes Dr Laube in his diary. 'If this Christmas be the last we are to see, it was at least a cheerful one; but should a happy return home be decreed for us, the next will, we trust, be far brighter. May God so grant!'

## THE MISTLETOE.

THE following notes regarding the mistletoe, which we extract from Hardwicke's *Science-Gossip*, may be interesting to our readers. The writer informs us that 'the mistletoe abounds far too much in the apple orchards of Worcestershire and Herefordshire, but passes over pear-trees, and long observation has only given me two or three instances where pear-trees had mistletoe upon them. The apple was known to the Druids, and it has been suggested that the wily priests furtively transplanted their mystic plant from apple-trees, where it was sure to grow, to oaks, where otherwise it would be unlikely to be found. This is rendered not improbable by what Davies says in his *Celtic Researches*, that the apple-tree was considered by the Druids *the next sacred tree to the oak*, and that orchards of it were planted by them in the vicinity of their groves of oak. This was certainly an astute plan for keeping up the growth of the mistletoe.

'Blackbirds, thrushes, and fieldfares are fond of the mistletoe-berries, and when their bills get sticky from eating them, they wipe their mandibles on the branches of trees where they rest, and from the seeds there left enveloped in slime, young plants take their rise. I have thus observed mistletoe bushes extending in long lines across country where tall hawthorns rise from hedges bounding the pastures; for, next to apple-trees, mistletoe is most plentiful upon the hawthorn. But rather curiously, in modern times, the parasite has shewn a predilection for the black Italian poplar, which has been much planted of late years; and wherever in the Midland counties this poplar has been

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planted, the mistletoe is sure to appear upon the trees in a short time. The lime is also very often obliged to support the plant, which disfigures its symmetry, raising huge knots upon its branches; and I have observed limes that must have nourished protuberant bushes for thirty years or more. The maple, the ash, and the willow have frequently mistletoe bushes upon them; but common as the elm is, that tree almost entirely escapes an intrusion; and indeed I never but once saw mistletoe upon an elm. On the oak it is very uncommon in the present day, and where apparent, it is on trees of no very great age, whatever their descent may be.

'My friend Professor Buckman, who has written economically upon orchards in his useful book on *Farm Cultivation*, asserts that while the mistletoe is hurtful to the tree in hastening its decay, yet in apple-trees it has the effect of pressing on their maturity and fruit-bearing earlier than would be the case without the parasite, which urges a quicker growth upon its foster-parent. The tenant of an orchard would thus be benefited for a few years, though premature decay would be the result.

'Authors may differ as to the etymology of mistletoe, but it appears to me that our common English name has no very recondite origin. *Mistion* is an obsolete old English word, used, however, as late as in the writings of Boyle; and this is defined in Dr Johnson's original folio edition of his Dictionary as *the state of being mingled*. Now this is truly the condition of our plant, which is intermingled with the foliage of other trees, and mixes up their juices with its own; and is indeed in rural places still simply called the *mistle*. If to this we add the old English *tod* or *toe*, signifying *bush*, we have at once the derivation, meaning the *mingled bush*, mixed up and growing among foliage dissimilar to its own. Still, in winter its stiff and leathery evergreen leaves and dense bushy aspect give it a visible position on its own account; and thus the epithet of *frigore viscum* given it by Virgil is peculiarly applicable. It is certainly remarkable that the hanging up of mistletoe in houses for mirthful purposes and emblematical of Christmas should so long endure that the Midland towns have their markets filled with it as Christmas approaches, and loads of it find a ready sale in the north of England (and Scotland), where the plant is a rarity, if found at all.'

## A LOCAL INSTANCE OF CANINE ATTACHMENT.

A correspondent of the *Rotherham Advertiser* writes: 'Stories almost innumerable have been enumerated illustrative of the sagacity of the dog and its attachment to its owner. A remarkable and well-authenticated instance, which may not be uninteresting, has just come under my notice, as having occurred some years ago in the neighbourhood of Rotherham. A person in Rotherham obtained a young shepherd dog, which he retained for a long period. While in his possession it became much attached to the whole of the family, and especially to two of its master's sons. After a time, circumstances transpired which led to the animal being sent to live permanently at the residence of a farmer at Thorpe Salvin. After the lapse of a considerable time, one of the sons of the dog's former master paid a visit to the farm. The dog on seeing him appeared to be overjoyed, and was most demonstrative in its indications of delight. During his stay it would not leave him; and when it became necessary for him to leave in the evening, the animal could scarcely be restrained, and had to be chained up in the room where the family were sitting. As the visitor was taking leave of his host, the poor animal howled in a most piteous manner, and manifested other unmistakable signs of grief. Immediately he had left the house, the dog all at once became quiet, and settling down on the floor, seemed to be asleep. The strange and sudden change which had come over the animal was remarked, and on the parties going to him, he was found to be quite dead. The singular occurrence became well known in the neighbourhood, and it was regarded that the dog had died literally heart-broken. When the same dog was only a puppy it was attacked and beaten by a bigger dog. The defeated animal shewed his sagacity and at the same time his revengeful feelings, by waiting until eighteen months had elapsed, when it had fully grown, and then he lay in wait for his old adversary as near as possible to where the former combat took place, and gave his former enemy a "drubbing" that nearly cost him his life.'

## MONUMENT AND TURF.

Full in the midst of these gray bounds
A lordly stone upswells;
The scroll, that thrice its bulk surrounds,
The passing stranger tells
Of what renowned line he came,
Who 'neath the marble lies,
What deeds he wrought of mark and fame,
That live when mortal dies.

And deep is graved how high his worth
Was prized, how widely known,
What honours crowned him from his birth,
What grief had raised the stone:
Yet he sleeps calmly on beneath,
Where Silence mocks at Fame;
Nor heeds the pomp made over death,
This blazon of his name.

Some paces off and thou wilt see
A grave of simple show,
As lowly and retired as he
Had been who rests below;
High rank and riches kept afar,
While they enjoyed their day,
The high and low—what social bar
May now divide their clay?

No honours mark the poor man's tomb,
This green secluded spot,
Yet still the pansy's purple bloom
Proclaims him not forgot;
No graven stone reclines above
To mourn the humble dead,
But woman's grief and children's love
Bedew the hallowed bed.

Nor here is any record hung
Of lineage and race,
The turf alone tells whence he sprung
Who fills this narrow space;
His virtues slumber with his dust,
Unrecked of and unknown;
But God in Whom reposed his trust
Receives him for His own.

D. F.

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# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

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## WAR AND TELEGRAPHY.

IT is vexing, even saddening, to think how large an amount of discovery, invention, and skill is applied to the murderous purposes of war. As we advance in civilisation, armies become larger and larger, and more abundantly supplied with agencies we would willingly see devoted to more peaceful purposes. Whether wars of race, wars of creed, wars of ambition, or wars of national vanity, the result is much about the same in this respect. Some consolers tell us that wars by-and-by will become so terrible as to check the desire to wage them: let us hope so, despite present symptoms.

Science has unquestionably rendered a vast amount of aid to attack and defence in war within the last few years. Gunpowder, gun-cotton, dynamite, and other explosive substances for fire-arms, torpedoes, and military mining have had their properties and relative powers investigated with remarkable completeness. Gun-carriages have been so vastly improved, that by Captain Scott's contrivances a six-hundred-pounder can be managed as easily and quickly as a thirty-two-pounder could in the days of our fathers or grandfathers; while by Major Moncrieff's automatic apparatus a gun lowers itself behind the screen of a parapet or earthen battery for loading, and then raises itself twelve or fifteen feet to fire over it.

Photography, again, is applied in a great variety of ways to aid warlike operations. At the office of the Ordnance Survey, or under the supervision of the Director, an amazing number of such photographs are taken, enlarged or reduced from the original dimensions according to circumstances, and multiplied or prepared for printing by a very rapid process of zincography or some other kind of electro-engraving. One of the Reports issued by the Director tells us that he supplies the War Office with photographs of plans of battles, important fortified posts and their surrounding districts, barracks and forts in all parts of the British dominions, &c. All the equipments of troops for the field are similarly photographed or zincographed, as unerring patterns for reference. For such wars as we have been engaged in during the past five-and-twenty years (happily few in number), such as the Crimean, Abyssinian, and Ashanti campaigns, photographs and zincographs have been supplied in large number to the officers, illustrating all details which the home authorities have been able to ascertain, and which are likely to be useful in the intended operations.

What are we to say of the *torpedo*, and its management by electricity? This is really a wonderful subject, the influence of which on future naval warfare even the most skilled and experienced officers can only dimly surmise. We know that during the civil war in America, the Federal torpedoes wrought more destruction on the Confederate ships than all the guns in the Federal fleet; that, on the other hand, the Confederate torpedoes so effectually guarded the approach to Richmond up James River, that a hostile flotilla was compelled to retire baffled and disappointed. One unlucky Federal ship unwittingly passed over a submerged torpedo at the moment of explosion. And with what result? 'The hull of the ship was visibly lifted out of the water, the boiler exploded, the smoke-funnels were carried away, and the crew projected into the air with extreme velocity. Out of the crew of one hundred and twenty-seven men, only three remained alive—the vessel itself being blown to atoms.' The arrangements have been so much improved since that time, that messages can be sent across a river or estuary from shore to shore through the very wire which is to discharge the torpedo! In every naval war during the last few years, torpedoes have been more or less employed. In what way the weaker Russian fleet has been able to baffle the stronger fleet of the Turks in the struggle of 1877, the newspapers have told us in full detail. There is no necessity for pursuing this part of the subject further, seeing that it was lately treated with some degree of fullness in our pages.

But the greatest marvel of all, in regard to the application of electricity to warlike purposes, is the *electric telegraph*. We know what service the lightning-messenger renders to society generally

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in the peaceful daily maintenance of commercial and social intercommunication; and military men now know what a potent instrument it is in the conduct of field-operations and siege-works. An officer well qualified to judge affirms that the memorable Franco-German War, so disastrous to France, could not have been carried on without the aid of the electric telegraph by the German forces. The warlike struggles engaged in by various European powers in the Crimea, in India during the Mutiny, in China, in New Zealand, in the Austro-Italian provinces, in Morocco by the Spaniards, in America by the Federals and the Confederates, in Holstein during the brief Dano-German War, in Bohemia during the still briefer Austro-Prussian War, in Abyssinia, in France during the struggle against the Germans, in Ashanti—all these were marked by the adoption of the electric telegraph to a greater or less extent.

Many of us remember, from the vivid descriptions written by the special correspondents of the daily newspapers, how terrible were the sufferings of the British troops in the Crimea during the winter of 1854–5, engaged in trench-work and other siege-operations under almost every kind of privation. But we also know how impossible it would have been to learn the news quickly in England and to send instructions, without the aid of telegraphy. An electric cable was for this very purpose submerged in the Black Sea from the Turkish mainland to the Crimea; while on land, wires were set up from Balaklava to the head-quarters outside Sebastopol. Thus it was that daily messages could be exchanged between Lord Raglan's headquarters and the War Office in London—also between the special correspondents of the daily papers and their employers in Fleet Street or Printing House Square. So in like manner, during the struggle arising out of the Indian Mutiny, the advancing British columns contrived, wherever possible, to maintain unbroken telegraphic communication with Calcutta, whereby the viceroy was kept informed of what was going on. Of course the mutineers or rebels destroyed or disrupted the wires wherever and whenever they could; and to repair the damage thus inflicted formed no small part of the arduous duties of the British officers.

Our little but expensive war in Abyssinia in 1868, marked by a less shedding of blood than almost any other war in modern times, was an engineers' war from first to last. A wild and unknown country was surveyed and accurately mapped out, four hundred miles of road constructed, tube-wells sunk, photographs of various useful kinds taken, and a telegraphic system established. The telegraphic arrangements first made had to be abandoned, owing to the scantiness of the facilities for transporting the necessary materials. The more restricted plan actually adopted was difficult enough, so limited were the means of obtaining wood for telegraph poles. On approaching Magdala, however, Captain St John (who had the management of this part of the engineering) succeeded in laying down from five to ten miles a day. Short as was the war, this telegraph conveyed more than seven thousand eight hundred messages during the five months of its working, and aided most materially in giving effect to General (now Lord) Napier's well-planned and successful scheme of operations.

Our strange Ashanti War gave further evidence of the formation of a telegraph line through a wild country inhabited by a barbarous people. Lieutenant Jekyll, who had the management of this work, has given a lively account of the difficulties that beset him, and his mode of overcoming them. It was at first intended to fight the war with native levies and to lay down a railway; but Sir Garnet Wolseley, on landing to take the command, soon found that the natives were not sufficiently reliable, that the country was almost impracticable for a railway, that he must have English troops, and that an electric telegraph would be a highly useful aid. Lieutenant Jekyll, with a small staff, went inland and bought bamboo canes of the blacks, set them up as posts, and laid his wires from Cape Coast Castle to Coomassie at the rate of about two miles a day. A gang of fifty natives helped him. Of these worthies he says: 'They were not promising in appearance, and I was compelled to dispense with the services of those who were *less than four feet high!* (We italicise these words to shew what pigmies many of the West Africans are.) But they had with them an intelligent headman; and by dint of supervision, supplemented by a little flogging once now and then, turned out a tolerably useful body for light work, as niggers go.' The line was extended by degrees as far as Accrofumu, about a hundred miles from the coast. An amusing proof was afforded of the tendency of the natives to regard the telegraph as a kind of fetich, charm, or spell. The English one day saw bits of white cotton-thread suspended from tree to tree for several miles, as if to obtain thereby some of the mysterious benefits which the white man evidently expected from the wire. When the native helpers received small electric shocks occasionally, consequent on the testing or using of the line, they made sure that a charm was at work; and the lieutenant was half afraid his men would run away in terror. The climate was very trying to the English, who, lying ill with fever, got the natives to rouse them when any movements of the receiving apparatus were observed. Nevertheless, this telegraphic line rendered services much more than compensatory for the expense, difficulty, and anxiety of laying, maintaining, and using it.

The truly wonderful and eventful Franco-German War of 1870–1 exhibited the value of electro-telegraphy with a completeness never equalled before or since. A foretaste had been given in the Austro-Prussian or 'Seven Weeks' War' of 1866; when four complete and distinct telegraphic organisations were adopted—one with

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Prince Frederick-William's fine army; one with that of Prince Charles; one at the king's head-quarters; and one in reserve. Each could lay down wires as fast as the headquarters could advance. The speedy termination of the war averted the necessity of constructing field-telegraphs, such as those about to be described.

When the German forces advanced to Paris in the closing months of 1870, the plan pursued with the telegraph was as follows: The ordinary commercial and railway telegraphs were gradually extended over the frontier into France, as the German armies advanced. The field or *étappen* telegraphs maintained communication between the base of operations, the ammunition dépôts, and the advanced columns of the various army corps. When the sappers and miners had pushed on to the vicinity of Paris, the ubiquitous wire travelled with them. The materials used were light and simple; the operators employed to transmit and receive messages had been trained in the state establishments; and headquarters were kept instantly informed of any observed movements on the part of the French. The telegraph was indeed in constant use by the Germans—for arranging the transport of ammunition; for hourly communication with the commissariat; for directing the conveyance to Germany of sick and wounded, as well as prisoners; for regulating the traffic on the field railways; for maintaining unbroken connection between the troops, which formed a belt of ninety miles' circumference around Paris; for summoning reinforcements to any point where suddenly needed; and to send news of any gap in the continuity of the immense ring of soldiers encircling the beleaguered city.

If any evidence were needed of the invaluable services rendered by the electric telegraph in the war just noticed, it was furnished by M. Von Chauvin, who attended before a Committee of the House of Commons on Postal Telegraphs in 1876. He stated in distinct terms that the war could not have been carried on without this potent aid.

Our own English system of war telegraphy, organised at Chatham, has been improved from time to time. Light iron telegraph poles are provided, to support insulated wires. There is a travelling office on wheels for the operators; while the materials are carried in specially constructed wagons. So strong is the wire that wheels may go over it; and therefore the line is laid above ground or *on* the ground according to circumstances. Spikes of peculiar form enable the wires to be hung on trees or walls to meet the contingencies of towns and villages. The nucleus of the staff of operators is a small body of Royal Engineers, under their own officers, comprising about fifty military men, with occasional assistance from others—well organised into superintendents, inspectors, clerks, linesmen, storemen, artisans, and labourers. The wagons for materials contain drums on which the wire is coiled; this is unrolled as the wagon moves on, which is as fast as the operators can lay the line. At the present time, ten thousand miles of prepared wire are said to be kept in store, ready for any exigences.

We might go on to notice the aid furnished to warlike operations by the electric light; as for instance, at Paris in the closing weeks of 1870, when such a light on Montmartre enabled the Parisians to gather some knowledge of what the besiegers were about at night. But enough: the brief summary above given will suffice to shew how electricity is used in war.

## NEARLY WRECKED.

### CHAPTER III.—WILFRED'S LETTER.

TIME went by, and nothing happened to justify Mabel's fears. Wilfred seemed to be working hard and getting on well. His talent was pronounced unmistakable by the master under whom he was placed, and he himself was in good spirits about his future. But before very long matters began to change. His letters to Mabel were less frequent and shorter than they had been; he spoke with less openness and frankness of his doings; and it was evident to her that there was a *something* which he was careful to keep from her.

She longed to see Mr Merton, to hear from him what news he had of his son, and whether his ideas about Wilfred corresponded with her own; but she dared not speak to him about it. She knew how hard he had always been to Wilfred, how intolerant of all his faults; and she knew well there would be little mercy to be hoped for him at his father's hands if, as she suspected, he had been taking more to pleasure and less to work lately. She dared not even speak to her father of what she feared, for could she expect even him to think as leniently of her dear one as she did? So she had to go on from day to day keeping her trouble—which was not less difficult to bear because it was only suspected—to herself.

At last, when Wilfred had been about nine months in Paris, but too certain proof arrived of how true her suspicions had been. Mr Colherne was staying away from home—a very unusual proceeding, and Mabel was left alone. He had gone to pass a few days with a friend in Scotland, whither it had been impracticable for his daughter to accompany him.

The morning after his departure, Mabel came down to breakfast rather later than usual, singing a snatch of one of her favourite ditties, and burst open the dining-room door in a way that was indicative of her lively feelings. Her eye lighted upon a letter that was lying in her plate; the writing was that of Wilfred Merton. The missive was almost illegible and very brief, and acted upon her gay spirits like a sudden freezing. It ran as follows:

MY DARLING MABEL—I must write a few words, the last you will ever have from me, to tell you that whatever may appear, however any one may try to persuade you, I still love you; love you, as I have done all my life, with all the best part of my nature. Believe that, Mabel, my own, always. I write to say good-bye, for I shall never see you again; and yet I never longed to see you as I do at this moment. I feel half mad now, and hardly know what I am writing. How shall I say it; I have nothing to live for, except disgrace, and I will not live for that, I am resolved. Once more, good-bye, dearest and best. Try to forgive me, and then forget me, as every one else in the world will soon do. WILFRED MERTON.

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For an instant Mabel sat quite still, gazing straight before her with one expression, that of blank despair, upon her face. This sudden fearful shock had quite stunned her. But she was not a girl to remain inactive, simply grieving over misfortune, when there was anything to be done. Her resolution was promptly taken. She rang, and a servant appeared.

'Tell Hawkesley to bring the brougham round as soon as he possibly can,' she said; 'tell him not to mind how it looks, but to be at the door as soon as possible.'

'Is anything the matter, miss?' said the man, astonished at this order.

'Yes. I have no time to lose.'

'Is it master, miss?' he asked, with that dreadful habit of his class of questioning instead of doing what is wanted.

'No; papa is quite well. But don't stop now; go yourself to the stable; I haven't a minute to waste.'

In a few minutes more she was seated in the brougham which was fast making its way to Mr Merton's bank in the City.

### CHAPTER IV.—THE JOURNEY.

Mr Merton was sitting in the private office of his counting-house with a large book open before him. Just as he was in the middle of some calculation which, to judge from the expression of his face, was pretty abstruse, the door opened and a clerk entered. The banker looked up with no appearance of being pleased at the interruption.

'What is it, Mr Chester?' he said, rather angrily.

'There is a young lady, sir, who says she must see you as soon as possible, and alone.'

'O, nonsense. I can't possibly attend to her. Don't you know who she is?'

'No, sir; she wouldn't give me her name, nor tell me her business. I said that I was sure you couldn't see her; but she said it was absolutely necessary that you should do so, and that you would know her directly.'

'You must tell her that it is out of the question for me to see her, if she will not send word who she is, or what she wants.'

'There 's no good, sir; I have told her so. But she is quite determined to come; and I thought I had better speak to you, as it seemed so strange to have her waiting about there.'

'Well, in that case I suppose you must shew her in.'

The clerk withdrew, and in an instant returned with a young lady who had a thick veil over her face. Having ushered her into the room, he withdrew and shut the door, leaving Mr Merton and his visitor alone.

No sooner was the door closed than the lady put up her veil and disclosed the features of Mabel Colherne.

'Why, Mabel!' said Mr Merton, appearing considerably more surprised than pleased at finding who his visitor was; 'what in the world brings you here?'

Mabel for her only answer put Wilfred's letter into his father's hands. He read it through without shewing any signs of either surprise or regret, and when he had finished it, handed it back to her without speaking.

'Well, Mr Merton?' she said, feeling impatient at his silence.

'Well, Mabel?' he returned.

'Have you read the letter?'

'Most certainly.'

'And have you nothing to say?'

'What *am* I to say?'

'Mr Merton,' exclaimed Mabel, hardly able to control herself, 'can you read such a letter from your son, and not care about it?'

'I have given up thinking of Wilfred as my son at all, Mabel. I gave him the chance of rising in his odious profession by sending him to Paris, and what has been his conduct in return for my kindness? He has done nothing but amuse himself, and get into all kinds of disreputable mischief. I should have told you all this before, and tried to persuade you to break off with him; but I did not do so; in the first place, because I was sure you would not listen to me; and in the second, because I did not want to be the means of cutting him off from your affection, and thus rendering his amendment impossible.'

'I have been afraid that something has been going wrong with Wilfred lately. I wish you had told me before; I might have been able to influence him for good.'

'I don't believe that any influence in the world would be useful to him; he is a thoroughly worthless fellow. I paid his debts once upon condition that he would contract no more, but I might have saved myself the trouble; within a month he wanted more money. I was not going to be guilty a second time of the weakness of saving him from difficulties he had brought upon himself, in spite too of all my warnings; so I wrote back to say that I would have no more to do with him.'

'Mr Merton, you will not keep to such a cruel resolution now, with such a letter as this before you?'

'Are you so weak, Mabel, as to be taken in by such nonsense as this? Don't you see that being unable to get at me, he is simply trying what he can do with you?'

'No, Mr Merton; I don't believe that, and won't for a moment. I trust my own instinct, which is a woman's natural guide, and generally a very sure one, and I am certain that Wilfred intends doing something desperate.'

'I have told you before now that my son is a foolish weak fellow, and not worth anybody's love.'

'What is that to me, Mr Merton?' exclaimed Mabel, exasperated beyond endurance. '*I* love him, and I can hardly be expected to stand quietly by and let him be ruined, because the affection you ought to bear your son is wanting in your nature. Who knows but that the treatment he thus received under his own father's roof may have'——

'What do you wish me to do? What is there that *can* be done?' cried Mr Merton, interrupting the girl's impassioned burst.

'I want you to go with me to Paris to see Wilfred, that we may take him away from harm, if it be not too late. If papa had been at home now, he would, I am sure, have gone with me; but I could not wait till he comes.'

'You can hardly be serious in proposing for me to go on such a wild expedition as that, I think?'

'Mr Merton, I am quite sure that that letter means more than you think; and I am determined that he shall not be left to be ruined without an attempt to save him. If you will not come I must and will go alone.'

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'You are mad, Mabel! Go to Paris alone, and to see this worthless fellow! What do you suppose the world would say of such conduct?'

'I can't think of that when the person I love best on earth is in such danger, as I am sure Wilfred is now, and there is a chance, however faint it may be, of my saving him. I can answer to heaven and my own conscience for what I am going to do, and I must brave the world. I shall write and tell papa what I have done, and I am sure that he will follow me as soon as possible. Good-bye, Mr Merton; there is no use in my stopping here longer.'

'Stay, Mabel!' he began, detaining her as she rose. 'I cannot possibly allow you to go alone, and I have of course no power of interfering with your actions. If you really are bent upon this scheme, which I still think an utterly mad one, I must, for the sake of my own reputation as much as for yours, accompany you.'

'Believe me that my fears are not uncalled for. I am sure something dreadful is going to happen to Wilfred, and I only dread being too late even now. I am very thankful you are going with me; and am certain that you will never repent it.'

'No thanks: it is only necessity that makes me do it. When do you start?'

'To-night, if possible.'

Mr Merton looked into a Bradshaw that was lying upon the table. 'The train to meet the night-boat leaves London at half-past eight; to catch that you must start from your house at half-past seven.'

'I will do that. Will you meet me at the station?'

'Yes; I will be there at a quarter past eight.'

'Good-bye till then; and thank you again a thousand times.'

Mr Merton attended her to the outer door of the office, and she drove home well satisfied with her mission. Writing to her father, to tell him everything, and what she was going to do, she packed a small box to take with her, and then did little else but wish the day, which seemed interminable, gone. Long before it was necessary, she was at the station; and punctual to the appointed minute, Mr Merton appeared.

After a journey that to Mabel seemed endless, they at length reached Paris, and drove straight to the hotel in which Wilfred lived.

As they stopped, Mr Merton said: 'You may depend upon it we shall find our trouble wasted, and that the object of your anxiety is out somewhere amusing himself.'

Mabel did not answer. She could hear her heart beat as she sprang out of the cab; and without waiting for her companion, entered the court-yard of the hotel, and went to the den appropriated to the *concierge*. That gentleman was reading a newspaper, in which he seemed much interested, and did not look up as she came near him.

'Monsieur Merton, est-il chez-lui?' she asked breathlessly.

The concierge put his finger against the word he was reading, in mute protest against being interrupted, and looking slowly up, said rather dreamily: 'Plaît-il, Madame?'

'Monsieur Merton, est-il chez-lui?' she repeated more eagerly than before.

The man turned round, and walking with the most provoking deliberation to the other end of the room, where numerous keys were hanging, looked at the place appropriated to the one belonging to Wilfred's room, and seeing that it was unoccupied, came back to Mabel and answered: 'Oui, Madame.'

'Quel est le numéro de sa chambre?'

'Soixante-deux, au cinquième,' said the concierge, returning to his paper as he finished speaking.

Mr Merton had paid the driver and joined Mabel as this conversation came to an end, and they started to mount the stairs to the fifth floor as directed.

Even Mabel's youth and energy could not prevent her from getting out of breath in that long climb; and by the time she and Mr Merton had arrived at the fourth floor, they were obliged to stop and rest.

Before they had stood an instant, they were startled by a loud report of a pistol coming from the floor above them. With a loud scream, Mabel sped up the remaining stairs and entered the room named by the concierge.

Mr Merton came almost instantly after her, and found Wilfred lying insensible on the floor, and Mabel kneeling by his side, trying to restore consciousness.

## CHAPTER V.—SAVED.

Within an hour, two of the most skilful physicians that Paris could boast were with Wilfred Merton. And when they left him, their verdict was not one to give much hope. He had shot himself in the chest, and it was very doubtful whether he would recover from that fearful self-inflicted wound.

Mr Merton's anguish during those long days and nights while Wilfred lay at death's door was terrible to behold. Alienated as had been his affection for his son while absent, the feelings of parental love returned tenfold, now that he might be on the point of losing that son for ever; and as he nursed his boy with that womanly gentleness which is so touching in a man, it was evident that his whole hope of happiness was bound up in his recovery.

Mr Colherne had, as Mabel predicted, lost no time in following her to Paris, and though he could hardly feel the intense and painful interest in the invalid that his father felt, still for Mabel's sake he became a willing sharer in the nursing.

As for Mabel, hope was very strong in her, and made that time of watching much easier to bear. She could not help believing that that strong determination to cross the Channel had been put into her mind to enable her to save the one who was so dear to her; and in that belief she put her trust.

At last, after long, weary, sometimes almost despairing watching, the patient took a favourable turn. The burning fever ceased; and one day the doctor told the anxious watchers that there was great hope; that indeed, unless any unforeseen complications arose, there was nothing further to fear.

Then the pent-up feelings of Mr Merton—that grief which he had tried so unsuccessfully to conceal from his companions, could be kept in no longer; he threw his arms round Mabel's neck, buried his face on her shoulder, and burst into tears, those tears which, when shed by a man, are so inexpressibly painful to see.

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'Mabel,' he said, 'I owe all this to you; if it had not been for you, I should have been my son's murderer.'

Mabel pressed her lips upon his forehead in silence; her heart was too full of thankfulness for speech.

Wilfred was very patient, and manfully bore all the trials of the time. As soon as he was well enough to be able to think of what he had done, a feeling of intense remorse had come over him, and had taken such powerful hold that at first it threatened to throw him back. But the gentle hand of Mabel was a wonderful restorer; a word or two of loving assurance changed this bitter remorse into a quiet sorrow. It happened one day, about a week after this, that while Mabel was reading at the window of the invalid's room, she heard Wilfred's voice gently calling to her. It was as if the voice of her lover had been suddenly restored to him.

'Can you forgive me, my darling?' he asked.

'Am I not a woman, Wilfred? And is it not a woman's privilege to forgive?'

'I don't think you are a woman, Mabel; I think you are an angel.' Few words, but conveying volumes.

From that moment her lover began to mend steadily, though still slowly; every day there was more and more to hope, until at length Wilfred was pronounced wholly out of danger. And then one evening in the dusk, when the lamps were being lighted in the street below them, and the increased hum and buzz of the later day were coming on, Wilfred and Mabel found themselves again alone.

'Mabel,' he said in a low voice, when they had been quite silent for a long time, 'I have been wanting an opportunity to tell you all the wrong that I have done. Shall I tell you now?'

'Yes, Wilfred, now—in this twilight light.' She slid her hand into his as she spoke, and they remained in that position while he told her his story.

There was nothing new about it; it was the old story. Led by bad companions into temptations, his naturally lively and weak nature was not able to resist; ashamed of himself for his own conduct when he found himself outrunning his allowance, and obliged to apply to his father for help. Thrown into despair by his father's harsh conduct to him, he had plunged still more wildly into the excesses and dissipations of his leaders, till at last, horrified at what he was doing, and seeing no means of escape from the snares in which he had allowed himself to be caught, he had written that letter to Mabel; had waited, vaguely hoping for he knew not what, for some days, and had ultimately sought to put an end to himself in a fit of intense depression. Weakness, that shoal which is even more fatal, because more hidden than wickedness, had wrecked him, as it has wrecked so many. In the deep remorse that he now felt, he greatly exaggerated the wickedness of his conduct, for though he had been guilty of grievous folly, he had done no positive or irremediable wrong either to himself or others. The only actual definite sin he had committed was the suicidal one, from the consequences of which Mabel's resolution had happily saved him.

When he had finished this history, he paused an instant, and then added, without looking at her: 'And now, Mabel, that you have heard all this, do you still say that you forgive me? Can you still love me?'

'A love would be very useless, Wilfred, that deserted its object just when it was most wanted; I hope my love is a truer one than that.'

'Mabel, my beloved,' said he, drawing her closer to him as he spoke, 'if it had not been for you, I should have been beyond the power of repentance now. Your affection has saved me once, and it shall keep me from harm now, for ever!'

Before very many years had gone by, Wilfred Merton's name was known as that of a successful young painter. He and his wife were settled in London, and were able to live in very comfortable style. They had no children, which was their only serious drawback to happiness; but if ever Wilfred, seeing his wife look longingly at some merry group of little ones, and guessing her thoughts, tried to console her, she would put her hand into his and say, her truthful eyes looking full at him as she spoke: 'I have you, Wilfred, beside me, and I am content.'

The foregoing narrative, which is founded upon events which actually took place, may be turned to advantage by those parents who are prone to thwart the natural inclinations of their children, or cut them adrift without a proper guide. The career of many a man has been blighted by the mistaken, though perhaps well-meant policy of a father who, desirous to see his son follow up his own profession, has tried to compel that son to work contrary to his inclination, with results more or less disastrous.

## GEMS AT RANDOM STRUNG.

The history of precious stones, those beautiful objects which have strongly appealed to the imagination of men in all ages, has been written many times; and yet their latest chronicler is doubtless justified in assuming that the knowledge of them in its practical sense is not widespread; that even in the jeweller's trade there are many who are not skilled in detecting the real measure of difference between one stone and another, either by the specific gravity, which supplies the essential test, or by the minor tests of rarity and quality. In treating of the history and distinguishing characteristics of *Precious Stones and Gems*, Mr Streeter has certainly conferred a benefit on 'the trade;' to the general reader the book can hardly fail to be of interest, for it puts a captivating subject before him under a variety of aspects, and appeals successfully to imagination as well as to taste for exact knowledge.

From the magnificent specimens which the rescued Sindbad carried away with him when he tied himself with his turban to the roc's leg, on through a long succession of fable and of history, diamonds will never cease to enchant mankind, having always taken the lead in interest, as they have been supreme in value among those treasures of the mineral kingdom which are called gems or precious stones. Ages before men discovered that their beauty could be enhanced by handiwork, their rarity and their price had endowed them with a surpassing charm; and now, when handiwork has been brought almost to perfection, and science has dispelled the mystery with which

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the diamond was invested, they maintain their immemorial supremacy. In company with Mr Streeter we may trace the beautiful things from their habitat in India, the Brazils, South Africa, the Ural Mountains, and Australia, through their history in the ancient times and in medieval days, when they formed the theme of many fables and the object of much superstition.

The diamond dwells in the same lands and in the same strata with many other gems, but it is the most precious as it is the most difficult to find; and though its nature resembles theirs in many respects, in one it is unique—it is the hardest of all known substances, and belongs to those bodies which refract light most strongly. Its magnifying power is greater than that of glass; but it is seldom used for microscopic lenses, owing to the great difficulty of making them perfectly accurate. It was believed to possess double refraction, but that has been disproved; and the deviation which gave rise to the error is traced to the existence of internal air-bubbles, as in amber, by which the course of the light is altered. It is the triumph of cutting to exhibit these qualities to the highest degree, and thus did Babinet, a great authority on diamonds, test them. 'In a sheet of white paper he bored a hole somewhat larger than the diamond to be tested: he let a ray of sunlight pass through the hole, and holding the diamond a little distance from it, yet at such an angle as to allow the ray to alight on a point of the flat facet, he found this facet to be forthwith represented on the paper as a white figure, whilst all around little rainbow circles were delineated. If the observer found the primary colours red, yellow, and blue definitely separated one from the other in these little circles, and if their number were considerable, and they stood at equal distances from each other, then he pronounced the brilliant to be well cut.'

From Mr Streeter we learn that in commercial estimation, coloured gems stand far behind the diamond; insomuch, he tells us, that this stone represents ninety per cent., and the others altogether only ten per cent. of the quantity on sale. A hundred years ago, Brazil became the rival of India in the production of diamonds, and the finders were the poor mulattos and negroes, who explored for them the sterile wilds of Minas-Novas, and sold them to the merchants. The story of the discovery of these gems at Bahia is as follows: A slave who came from Minas-Geräes was tending his master's flocks in Bahia, and he noticed that the soil resembled that of his native place. He groped in the sand and found seven hundred carats of diamonds. He ran away, and offered the gems for sale in a distant city. Of course such wealth in the hands of a slave aroused suspicion, and the negro was arrested and sent back to his master, who tried in vain to come at a knowledge of his secret. At last he bethought him of sending the slave again to tend his flocks at Bahia, and he watched him. Again the slave-shepherd groped in the gem-hiding sand, and the truth was discovered. Then came numbers of wealth-seekers from Minas-Geräes and other parts of Brazil, so that the next year twenty-five thousand men were diamond-hunting in Bahia, and the amount daily obtained for some time rose to one thousand four hundred and fifty carats. The trade was a prerogative of the Portuguese crown, and Lisbon was the chief emporium of the gems. The precious things are of fluctuating value. In 1836 they were very dear; but in 1848 the price fell; and a few years ago there was 'a glut in the market,' in consequence of Dom Pedro's having paid the Brazilian state debt to England in diamonds instead of money, when the price fell fifty per cent. in the Leipsic market.

Mr Streeter, who has great faith in the future of Queensland as a diamond-field, gives a most interesting account of the discoveries in New South Wales, that wonderful colony, whose long-delayed luck has come at last, and from all sides at once; but dwells at length and with exultation upon the Cape diamond-fields. 'South Africa,' he says, 'is richer, and its produce is far more to the purpose of modern history, and to the supply of the precious stones, which form our wealth of gems, than the old diamond-fields of the East or West.' The history of the discovery of gems in the colonies partakes of the romance which attended the discovery of gold; and is not free from the tradition of crime and misfortune, which rests upon similar revelations in the Old World. Idle as are the superstitions which impute specific evil influences to certain gems, it is not to be denied that there have been many instances of 'fatal jewels;' and that cruelty, injustice, and terrible human suffering have attended the rifling of the earth's bosom for those mysterious treasures formed by her wonderful chemistry from an invisible component of the atmosphere. Many of the strange stories of medieval alchemists deal with the attempt to make diamonds, and Mr Streeter tells us of the experiments which have determined their nature and combustibility. There is a fascination to the imagination in the following description of the burning of diamonds:

'In 1750 the Emperor Francis I., at Vienna, subjected, in the presence of the chemist Darzet, diamonds and rubies worth six thousand florins to the heat of a smelting-furnace for twenty-four hours. The diamonds were found to have totally disappeared; but the rubies remained, and appeared much more beautiful than before. In 1771 a magnificent diamond was burned at Paris in the laboratory of the chemist Macquer. Hence arose a great discussion. The diamond had disappeared; but whither? Had it volatilised? Had it burned? Had it exploded? No one could say. Then stepped forward a celebrated jeweller, by name Le Blanc, who asserted the indestructibility of the diamond in the furnace, stating that he had often placed diamonds in an intense fire to purify them from certain blemishes, and that they had never suffered the smallest injury.' (This has been done also by Mr Streeter with similar results.) 'The chemists D'Arcet and Bonelle then demanded of him that he should make the experiment on the spot in their presence. He took some diamonds, inclosed them in a mass of coal and lime in a crucible, and submitted them to the action of the fire. He had no doubt that he should find them safe. At the end of three hours, on looking into the crucible, they had utterly disappeared.'

Then appeared upon the scene the famous Lavoisier, he to whom the Convention refused a fortnight's reprieve from the guillotine, just as he was on the threshold of a probably sublime discovery in the science of light; Fouquier-

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Tinville returning him for answer that the Republic had no need of chemists and *savants*. In the presence of Lavoisier, Maillard, another jeweller, took three diamonds and closely packed them in powdered charcoal in an earthen pipe-bowl in a strong fire; and when the pot was taken out, there lay the diamonds in the powdered charcoal untouched. It was, however, gradually discovered that it was only by entirely shutting out the air, and therefore the oxygen with which the carbon combines, that the diamonds were preserved from burning; whereas by the simple admission of air, of which oxygen is a constituent part, diamonds burn just the same as common coal. This was proved by Lavoisier in 1776; and Davy subsequently shewed that the diamond contains no hydrogen. So, when the most precious object which the earth produces is burned, the gas formed from its combustion is just that which our fires and our gas-burners yield, and our own bodies too, by the combustion which attends their living; and, says Mr Streeter, 'the old fable of the maiden from whose lips fell diamonds, may have a really scientific basis after all.' It takes immense heat to burn a diamond, and if it were possible to collect the black material which covers the surface during the process, it would be found to be simply soot.

The origin of the diamond is still a matter of scientific investigation and dispute; and the various opinions concerning it may be collected under two heads: (1) The diamond is formed immediately from carbon or carbonic acid by the action of heat. (2) It is formed from the gradual decomposition of vegetable matter. The various methods by which the supporters of the respective theories suppose the transformation to have been wrought, are full of interest and suggestion. In Brazil it was discovered that the matrix of the diamond is itacolumite, and it is said that the gems obtained from itacolumite sandstone have rounded angles and corners, whilst those from the sandy schist are perfect crystals. 'If,' says Mr Streeter, 'this be a fact, we must believe that the agency which changed the sandstone into itacolumite acted also on the diamond.'

Whether in the mines or by the rivers, whose 'golden sands' are flecked with gems, in rich Brazil, the labour of procuring these beautiful gems is great, and large specimens are rarely found; so rarely, that big diamonds have their histories—terrible histories too often—like heroes and race-horses. They are weighed by the carat, a word which Mr Streeter considers to have been derived from the name of a bean, a species of *Erythrina*, which grows in Africa. 'The tree which yields this fruit is called by the natives "kuara" (sun), and both blossom and fruit are of a golden colour. The bean when dried is nearly always of the same weight, and thus in very remote times it was used in Schangallas, the chief market of Africa, as a standard of weight for gold. The beans were afterwards imported into India, and were then used for weighing the diamond.' It is estimated that in ten thousand diamonds rarely more than *one* weighing twenty carats is met with, while possibly eight thousand of one carat or less may be encountered. An elaborate system of rewards and punishments is adopted in the Brazilian mining and river-searching works; but it is believed that in spite of this, one-third of the produce is surreptitiously disposed of by the labourers.

The histories of those world-famous diamonds the Sancy, the Regent, the Koh-i-noor, the Blue (or Hope) diamond, and others, have been related before, and history and romance have dealt with the misery and crime, the evil passions and the mystic fancies, involved in the stories of some of these. In a few lines Mr Streeter gives a sketch of the Brazilian contribution to this many-chaptered story, which is not generally known. 'The discovery of these precious stones in 1746,' he says, 'proved a great curse to the poor inhabitants of the banks of the diamond rivers. Scarcely had the news of the discovery reached the government, ere they tried to secure the riches of these rivers for the crown. To effect this, the inhabitants were driven away from their houses to wild far-away places, and deprived of their little possessions. Nature itself seemed to take part against them: a dreadful drought, succeeded by a violent earthquake, increased their distress. Many of them perished; but those who lived to return on the 18th May 1805, were benevolently reinstated in their rightful possessions. Strange to say, on their return the earth seemed strewn with diamonds. Often the little ones would bring in between three and four carats of diamonds.'

Next to the diamond comes the oriental ruby, and in former days it was more prized than the gem, which has a genus all to itself. The ancients gave immense sums for fine specimens of the ruby variety of 'corundum,' or aluminous stone. In Benvenuto Cellini's time a perfect ruby of a carat weight cost eight hundred crowns, whilst a diamond of like weight cost only one hundred. The two most important rubies ever known in Europe were brought to England in 1875. One was a dark-coloured stone, cushion-shape, weighing thirty-seven carats; the other a blunt drop-shape of $47\frac{1}{16}$ carats. Mr Streeter thinks that the London market would never have seen these truly royal gems but for the poverty of the Burmese government; and adds an interesting account of the estimation in which rubies are held in the distant Land of the White Elephant. The sale of the two rubies caused such excitement that a military guard had to escort the persons who conveyed the precious packet to the vessel. No regalia in Europe contains two such rubies. The smaller was sold abroad for ten thousand pounds; the larger has also found a purchaser, but Mr Streeter does not tell us at what price. The great ruby of the kings of Burmah is said to be as large as a pigeon's egg, and of wondrous quality; but is a treasure which no European eye has ever seen. Very few rubies pass out of the country; the king is excessively fond of these gems, and prohibits the export of them. The Burmese have strange notions about rubies; 'they believe that they ripen in the earth; that they are at first colourless and crude, and gradually become yellow, green, blue, and last of all *red*—this being considered the highest point of beauty and ripeness.'

The sapphire, the emerald, and the opal (the last erroneously supposed to exist in India, whereas it is found almost entirely in Hungary), the turquoise, and the cat's-eye (a rare variety of the chrysoberyl, and inferior in hardness to the diamond and sapphire only), are, each in

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its turn, the subjects of Mr Streeter's lucid and learned exposition; after which he passes to the less valuable classes, pearls, onyx, and the gems used for engraving and other purposes. The increasing estimation in which the true Ceylonese cat's-eye is held (it is one of the most fashionable gems at present, and there are specimens in the market worth upwards of one thousand pounds), renders the following particularly interesting: 'In India the cat's-eye has always been much prized, and is held in peculiar veneration as a charm against witchcraft. It is the last jewel a Cingalese will part with. The specimens most esteemed by the Indians are those of a dark olive colour, having the ray so bright on each edge as to appear double. It is indeed wonderfully beautiful with its soft deep colour and mysterious gleaming streak, ever shifting, like a restless spirit, from side to side as the stone is moved; now glowing at one spot, now at another. No wonder that an imaginative and superstitious people regard it with awe and wonder, and believing it to be the abode of some "genius" or djinn, dedicate it to their gods as a sacred stone.'

## THE INN AT BOLTON.

When I was a little boy—I am now an old man of sixty—'Aunt Oliver,' as we used to call my father's widowed sister, was in the habit of paying long visits at my father's house. She had not long been a widow; and though past the meridian of life, was still a beautiful woman. But what made her so exceedingly popular with all my father's children was her repeated kindnesses, displayed to us in the shape of various useful and ornamental gifts, carefully chosen to suit our several ages and characters; but above all, her wonderful condescension in giving up her own pursuits on many a winter's night, that she might recount to us, as we sat grouped around the nursery fire, some of the incidents of her varied and eventful life. She had been a great traveller in her day, having been to Rome, and even visited the Holy Land; and what is more, she had written a book of travels! a circumstance which caused us to regard her with a strange curiosity almost amounting to awe; a feeling on our part which, but for her uniform kindness, might have detracted from that universal love we one and all bore towards her. One of my aunt's adventures made a strong impression on my youthful mind, and is even now, after a lapse of half a century, still fresh in my recollection. Thinking it might serve to divert those who have a fancy for the humorous, I have gathered up the threads of the story from the storehouse of my memory, and now present it in narrative form, under the foregoing title.

My uncle, Mr Oliver Brown, was in the iron trade; and in connection with his business, which was a very large one, was in the habit of paying periodical visits to the manufacturing town of Bolton, near to which his principal iron-works were situated. He usually paid these visits alone; but on the occasion of which I am about to speak he was accompanied by my aunt, who deemed it her duty to be with her husband, as it was wintertime and he had only just recovered from a severe illness. It was late in the evening of a bleak November day that the coach which conveyed Mr and Mrs Oliver Brown from their comfortable country-seat, distant some fifty miles from Bolton, entered the noisy ill-paved streets of that bustling town, and proceeded to what at that period was the principal inn of the place. Both travellers were tired by their journey, and after a hasty dinner, were glad to retire to rest.

'Did you say number twenty-seven, second floor?' inquired Mrs Oliver, addressing the lady at the bar, as she took a chamber candlestick from her hand and proceeded to mount the stairs.

'Twenty-seven, second floor,' responded the landlady with an affirmative nod and a gracious smile.

'Twenty-seven, second floor,' repeated my uncle as he followed in the wake of his more active and enterprising helpmate, who, threading her way up the spiral staircase and along a labyrinth of corridors and passages, had already arrived at the dormitory in question. Mr and Mrs Oliver were soon in bed; and there we will leave them, whilst we look in at number twenty-nine on the same floor, and make the acquaintance of Mr and Mrs Wormwood Scrubbs, the occupants of that apartment. They, like their neighbours at number twenty-seven, were in comfortable circumstances, and like the latter, not much given to travelling for pleasure's sake on a cold raw day in November; but an affair of business which demanded their presence at Bolton had compelled them to sacrifice their ease and comfort, and come to that town on this bleak November day. Mr Scrubbs had long been subject to attacks of gout in the foot; and as he had heard of this disease having a tendency sometimes to shift its seat to the brain or the stomach, when it was apt to assume a more serious type, he had made it a rule to carry about his person in the daytime, and to place under his pillow at night, a certain medicine which an eminent physician had assured him would speedily arrest any such erratic tendency on the part of the malady from which he suffered.

Now, on this particular night, whether from over-exertion, exposure to cold, or some other cause I know not, Mr Scrubbs happened to be visited with certain premonitory symptoms of an approaching attack of gout, whereupon he instinctively felt under his pillow for the valuable specific I have referred to. He then remembered he had inadvertently left it in the pocket of his greatcoat, which he had thrown upon the sofa in the private sitting-room into which Mrs Scrubbs and himself had been ushered on their arrival at the inn; whereupon, being unwilling to disturb his better-half, who was in a profound sleep, he let himself quietly out of bed, and throwing his dressing-gown over his shoulders, proceeded to light his candle. Having done this, he gently opened the door and sallied forth, leaving the door slightly ajar, in order that he might the more easily find the room on his return.

It so chanced just about the time Mr Wormwood Scrubbs was proceeding on the above mission, that Mrs Oliver Brown, who was too fatigued to sleep, suddenly recollected that she had left her reticule with her purse inside it on the table in the room where she and Mr Brown had had their dinner; and wisely considering that it would not be prudent to leave it there till morning, she resolved to descend to the sitting-room and recover the bag at once; accordingly slipping out

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of bed, she struck a light, and opening the bedroom door, stepped into the corridor into which it led. She then proceeded to assure herself by a reference to certain figures that were painted over the door-frames of the several dormitories that the room she had just quitted was number twenty-seven and no other; and having satisfied her mind on this point, she left the door ajar, and gliding swiftly along the different passages and down the cork-screw-shaped staircase, soon reached the sitting-room, whence, having found the bag she was in search of, she retraced her steps in the same rapid way, exercising her memory as she went along by repeating the number of the room to which she was returning.

Now Mrs Oliver Brown, who, by the way, had an undoubted bump for localities, had formed an idea—and a very correct idea it was—that number twenty-seven was the second room on the left-hand side of the corridor; but on her return, finding the door of this chamber closed, whilst that of the one adjoining it was open, she not unnaturally supposed she might have made a mistake in regard to the position of number twenty-seven; but in order to set all doubt at rest upon this point, she was about to refer to the number on the door-frame, when a sudden gust of wind sweeping along the whole length of the passage extinguished the candle, leaving her in utter darkness. Thus situated, Mrs Oliver Brown did what most ladies (and gentlemen also, I think) would have done under the circumstances: she groped her way along the passage till she came to the open door of number twenty-nine, went softly in, shut the door in the same quiet way, and got into bed, where, being greatly fatigued with all she had undergone, she soon fell fast asleep.

In the meantime, Mr Wormwood Scrubbs having repossessed himself of his gout mixture, had also returned to the corridor, where seeing a door ajar precisely as he had left his own, he at once went in, closed the door, blew out his candle, and popped into bed, where my excellent uncle was still sleeping as peacefully as a baby, and utterly unconscious of the recent migratory movements of Mrs Brown, which were destined to produce such an unlooked-for disturbance in the domestic arrangements of the two families occupying respectively numbers twenty-seven and twenty-nine.

Mr Wormwood Scrubbs, however, though now quite easy both in body and mind, was unable to sleep, and lay awake, first thinking of one thing and then of another, till he was suddenly recalled to the stern realities of life by hearing his wife's voice proceeding apparently from the adjoining room. In a state of immense perplexity, he struck out with his sound leg in the direction of the sleeping figure at his side, when having come in contact with a plump warm body corresponding to that of his amiable helpmate, he paused, and suspending all further investigation for the present, calmly awaited the issue of events. Nor had he very long to wait.

Mrs Wormwood Scrubbs was a lady of a highly nervous and excitable temperament, with whom, when once roused, it would be about as useless and dangerous an experiment to attempt to argue as with a tigress surrounded by a litter of famished cubs. She had just waked up from her first sleep, when happening to put her hand upon that part of the connubial couch where her Wormwood's head was wont to rest, she found it brought in contact with a lace nightcap, and a profusion of long curls that had escaped from beneath it.

'Why, what's this, Scrubbs? What tomfoolery's this you're after? What's this, I say?' tugging, as she spoke, at the head-dress of her supposed husband. 'Why, goodness gracious, it isn't Scrubbs after all!'—as starting up in bed, my aunt in gentle but startled accents implored her to be quiet.

'But who are you? and what are you doing in number twenty-nine?'

'Number twenty-nine! Surely this is not twenty-nine, but twenty-seven,' doubtingly returned my aunt, as the idea suddenly flashed upon her that she *might* have mistaken the one room for the other. 'I think I can explain it all.'

'Explain it all! Of course you'll explain it all, and something more than that, before I've done with you, you good-for-nothing impudent hussy that you are!'

'For heaven's sake, be calm, my good woman, or you'll rouse the whole house,' expostulated my aunt in the gentlest manner possible.

'Don't "good-woman" me!' shouted Mrs Scrubbs at the top of her voice, as springing from the bed, she seized the bell-rope and pulled at it with a violence that threatened to carry everything with it. Amid this terrific uproar, Mr Scrubbs and his bedfellow Mr Brown, who had been vainly trying to make themselves heard from the adjoining room, suddenly appeared candle in hand upon the scene.

As oil cast upon the troubled sea will instantly reduce that element to a state of the profoundest calm, so did the sudden appearance of Mr Scrubbs act as if by a charm to allay in one moment all the angry feelings of Bella Scrubbs, and where only a few moments before all was violence and discord, there now reigned perfect peace and good-will.

The mutual explanations that ensued, it is needless to say, were perfectly satisfactory to all the parties concerned; and after a readjustment of partners, the two families once more took possession of their respective chambers, where I need hardly say they were not again molested during the remaining part of that memorable November night.

## ROCKBOUND.

Of the thousands of tourists who flock every year from all parts of the civilised world to gaze upon the picturesque beauties of the Highlands, to muse among the ruined aisles of Iona, or to listen to the diapason of the sea, as it sinks and swells through the pillared caves of Staffa, few, comparatively speaking, care to go so far north as the Shetlands; yet these islands, though generally bare, have a beauty of their own—the breezy, ever-changeful beauty of the sea.

The scientific tourist will not fail to find something to interest him in Shetland. There are bold headlands, wide reefs of black crags, and a flora which, although neither rich nor varied, has charms for the botanist. There are broad stretches of sandy beach, not so sterile as they look, but affording, in hidden nooks and crannies, no bad hunting-ground for a naturalist out for a summer holiday. If you are a member of the Alpine Club, there are here no mountains for you to climb, but there are cliffs such as might

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well appal the most practised mountaineer; and in summer there is the sun, shining in a cloudless sky nearly all through the four-and-twenty hours. There in summer, midnight is not like the midnights of more southern climes, but is permeated by the rays of a sun, set indeed, but so soon about to rise, that there is scarcely any absence of light.

If you are a painter, you may have sea-views in abundance. You may choose your own time and place and grouping; early morning if you will, with the white mists rolling in over the shimmering sea, and the clamorous gulls hovering above skerries that are crusted all over with dense clinging masses of sea-weed. Or you may wait till the ascending sun rolls back the curtain of mist, and the sea gleams out before you a wide sheet of burnished gold, spangled with the rocky islets of a storm-swept archipelago. The waves roll in at your feet—long majestic ridges of water, dappled with lines of foam; the wide swell of the Atlantic sweeping in from the far shores of Labrador; while from far inland some tiny streamlet tumbles down to the sea through a natural copsewood of dwarf ash and birch and hazel.

Bold points and headlands stand like brave sentinels far out to sea, sheltering little natural harbours where the fisherman's boat rides in safety. Tiny fiords run inland into deep glens, with here and there a fisherman's hut or a crofter's cottage. Perhaps, however, you may have a fancy for foul weather, when the sky darkens like a pall over the sea, and the storm-fiend rouses himself from his ocean lair, and the tempest-tossed waves scud along in wreaths of foam to break in hoarse thunder upon the shore, or hurl themselves in impotent rage against the face of the steep headland. In Shetland you have grand alternations of calm and storm.

It is perhaps, however, for the student of human nature that Shetland has the greatest attractions. Here he will find a simple, kindly, primitive set of people, of Norwegian descent, but now anglicised in language and usages. They are, however, fond of old legends and stories. Mrs Saxby, the authoress of *Rockbound, a Story of the Shetland Isles*, in a pleasantly told narrative introduces us to this primitive people. We have for the scene of the story an island called Vaalafiel, five miles long, and a little over two in width, with a tiny harbour, and gray old mansion-house set in a strip of scraggy pine-wood. Vaalafiel, Mrs Saxby tells us, 'is coiled upon the sea much in the way a kitten rolls itself together on the hearth-rug—the creature's paws being represented by the narrow belts of land overlapping each other and forming the arms of our voe (fiord), whose crags are very suggestive of claws. Rising abruptly from the shores of this harbour, the island becomes a hill, whose eastern side is a precipice dipping into the German Ocean. The north point terminates in a bold headland, from whence the hill slopes gradually southwards, until it ends in a beautiful stretch of sand, kissed white by the broad waves of the Atlantic. The neighbouring islands cluster north and south, leaving deep narrow channels, where the two great seas keep up a perpetual warfare; and he is a daring sailor who ventures to cross those tideways when their "dark hour" approaches.'

Under the old house of Vaalafiel and the cliffs adjacent to it were wide underground caverns, such as in the 'good old smuggling times' were no uncommon adjuncts to country houses, and even manses, if they happened to be conveniently near the shore. This smugglers' cave was the scene of a tragedy, such as was of no unfrequent occurrence among desperate men in these lawless days. A hasty blow struck in sudden passion hurried one rash soul to its last account, and darkened as with the brand of Cain the lives of many others. There is an old nurse, full of well-nigh forgotten Norse superstitions, and a little lonely child, the heiress of the rockbound islet, whose dearest pleasure was to watch the sea on the serene summer evenings when the sky became like a poet's dream, and earth and sea put on the glory of the clouds. Mrs Saxby describes 'the Shetland summer night as not dark at all; it is merely a twilight, which is prolonged sufficiently to assume a character of its own. Not dark, not light, not a brief uncertain mingling of both, but a quiet earnest period of rest, when Nature dreams but does not sleep, and yet is not awake. We call it "the dim," and you can discern objects quite clearly while it broods over the earth.' The wild winter nights have a grand storm-driven beauty of their own, when the Aurora Borealis shoots forth a fitful light, and the nursling of the gray North 'catches glimpses of the beauty dwelling in colour.' The solitary child Inga, bearing in her brave little heart the burden of her father's dimly realised crime, yet cleaving to him, because he loves her, with an affection far stronger than that which binds her to her cold unloving mother, develops into a healthy spirited girl. Lonely and prosaic as her life was, it was not, however, without a salutary admixture of holidays and holiday amusements. The lady of Vaalafiel, although a somewhat stern disciplinarian, was wise enough to recognise the truth of the axiom, that 'all work and no play make Jack a dull boy,' and so upon birthdays and such kindred anniversaries she somewhat relaxed the rigidity of her rule. A fat bullock was killed in honour of the young heiress, and Miss Inga's favourite Newfoundland dog ('evidently desirous of contributing his share to the feast) went off one night to the hills and ran down half-a-dozen sheep. It was found that he had performed the service of a butcher in a perfectly scientific manner; so the animals were carried home and added to the larder.'

With such a superabundance of *pièces de resistance*, even the crustiest old bachelor in the world might have found a picnic tolerably enjoyable; and Miss Inga and her young friends had a most delightful day of it in their sweet northern Arcadia, clad as it then was in all its witching garb of summer. 'The sun,' she says, 'rose in cloudless glory, and everything was dipped in sunshine of another kind as well; for Aytoun' (a divinity student quite as fascinating as *The Modern Minister*) 'had returned for the midsummer vacation, and that would have been gladness enough for me. There were with him some of his college companions, who made sparkling speeches, sang hearty songs, assisted in distributing prizes to the winning boats, and then challenged the islanders to a football match. Which played best is an undecided question to this day, for each side had a method of its own, and did not comprehend that of its opponent. Then the people were gathered on a smooth meadow near our house, and the plaintive

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Foula Reel called upon old and young alike to join in the graceful and truly poetic dance of Shetland. The natural good breeding of the islanders allowed us to remove every restriction on their pleasure, which was characterised by a hearty enjoyment without the slightest approach to excess.'

As unlike as possible to a heroine of romance, the child reared in this homely fashion is yet sweet enough to carry blessing and love wherever she goes; to heal old wounds with her simple beauty and goodness; to carry peace into the unforgiving relentlessness of her mother's heart; and to efface the blackness of her father's crime (justifiable homicide, a soft-hearted jury would resolve it into) with tender penitential tears. Miss Inga is in truth a very lovable character, innocent, simple, and yet intelligent; gentle and winning in her ways, although she can be spirited and resolute upon occasion; full of affectionate respect for her stern mother, and of deep romantic devotion for her father, for whose sake she marries without love, which no properly constituted heroine of romance ever does or can do, but which many a good woman has done, to find, as she did, peace and household joy and contentment at a good man's hearth.

Many of the descriptive passages in *Rockbound* are written with considerable vividness and effect, as for instance the storm, through whose agency a crisis in the plot of the tale is worked out. 'A tempestuous morning was breaking, and sea and wind were uttering wrathful warnings of what might befall the unwary fishers who were out on the deep, and I looked out with eyes which scarcely saw—with a mind on which impressions seemed lost. As if still in a dream, I beheld the furious waves come rolling majestically from the far deep and break with thundering sound upon the rocky arms of our voe. As I gazed, there suddenly appeared round a point of the high land a little vessel with closely reefed sails struggling in the sea between Vaalafiel and its neighbouring island. Her hull was partially concealed from my view by the arms of our voe, but very soon I seemed to know that it must be the *Seamew*, and that she was attempting to enter the harbour; and a thought occurred to me which was suggestive of peril at once: Why do they try to pass through so narrow and dangerous a strait when the storm is at its worst? As if in answer to my thought, the vessel hoisted a flag of distress, probably with a forlorn hope that some wakeful eye might see it, and then she lay to, as trying to advance in the very teeth of the gale. My father, everything, was forgotten in that breathless moment, as I watched my tiny ship thus turn, pause, and enter the rocky path beset by death. She was evidently being driven by cruel necessity to dare so hazardous a piece of navigation, and I soon discerned that she was no longer manageable. Just then a gust of wind still more furious than before caught her at a critical moment, and in less time than I say the words in, she was tossing among some detached rocks at the entrance to the harbour, a total wreck, and likely to go down every instant.

'I had stood terror-bound till then; but the sight of figures clinging to the spars stirred me to action, and I flew to arouse our servants. They were soon hurrying to the neighbouring cottages, in hope of assistance from any men who chanced to be at home; and I ran along the shore until I reached the crags opposite where the disabled yacht lay. I was soon joined there by numerous women and a few old feeble men, who shook their heads and groaned when I frantically implored them to launch a boat and go to the rescue. "There 's no an able-bodied man in the island wha kens hoo to handle an oar," they cried; "oor men are a' at the haaf" (deep-sea fishing). "The Lord preserve them this awfu' hoor."'

Then for a touch of simple pathos, take the neglected child's scanty recollections of her unloved childhood: 'One of the few things I remember is that I always wore a black frock. This circumstance is impressed on my mind, because I had, and still have, a perfect passion for rich gorgeous colours. Nature in the gray North seldom gave my eyes a feast of radiant hues; no brilliant butterflies and flowers clothing the earth in the garments of heaven; no winter clusters of red berries and wreaths of evergreen. There were some old pictures in the house in which scarlet shawls and purple curtains played a prominent part, and I spent a large portion of the time usually devoted to sleep by sensible children in admiring these, and conjuring up fantastic histories of each portrait.'

Altogether, the book is sweet, fresh, tender-hearted, like a whiff of the foaming ocean spray, quite out of the hackneyed round, and yet sufficiently realistic to impress the reader with a conviction that it is the record of a life which has been lived, which, if not the highest aim of the novelist's art, is yet an indispensable adjunct to it. We have only to add that Shetland is now easily reached by regular steamers plying between Granton (Edinburgh) and Lerwick, the capital of the islands; while we believe a small steamer plies from Lerwick for local accommodation. A summer cruise in a yacht would, however, be the perfection of voyaging for the purpose not only of seeing Shetland, but Orkney and various intermediate islands, such as Fair Isle and Foula, which are out of the way of general traffic. To visit these distant fragments of land in the north, forming the scene of Scott's vivid romance of *The Pirate*, would furnish a new sensation never to be forgotten.

## THE MONTH:

### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE Report of the meeting of the British Association held last year at Glasgow has just been published in a goodly volume of more than three hundred pages. Among its contents are Reports of Committees, of which it may be said that the more widely they are known the better; and bearing in mind recent disasters at sea, the Investigation of the Steering Qualities of Ships by Professor Osborne Reynolds of Owens College, Manchester, appears the more interesting. 'The experiments of the Committee on large ships,' he remarks, 'have completely established the fact, that the reversing of the screw of a vessel with full way on, very much diminishes her steering power, and reverses what little it leaves; so that where a collision is imminent, to reverse the screw and use the rudder as if the ship would answer to it in the usual manner, is a certain way of bringing about the collision.' This is an important

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fact, for it is well known that collisions have been occasioned by the very means made use of to avoid them. And Professor Reynolds says further: 'It appears that a ship will turn faster, and for an angle of thirty degrees, in less room when driving full speed ahead, than with her engines reversed, even if the rudder is rightly used. Thus when an obstacle is too near to admit of stopping the ship, then the only chance is to keep the engines on full speed ahead, and so give the rudder an opportunity of doing its work. These general laws are of the greatest importance, but they apply in different degrees to different ships; and each commander should determine for himself how his ship will behave. . . It is also highly important that the effect of the reversal of the screw should be generally recognised, particularly in the law courts; for in the present state of opinion on the subject, there can be no doubt that judgment would go against any commander who had steamed on ahead, knowing that by so doing he had the best chance of avoiding a collision.'

The statements thus set forth are illustrated by diagrams which shew the position of the vessel after reversal of the screw, and the position after steaming ahead. The latter shews that collision would be entirely avoided.

We frequently read that in future sea-fights the ram will be relied on for running down enemy's ships and sending them to the bottom. But where is the captain at the present day who has had experience of ramming, and of other evolutions which will be required in a fleet of steam ironclads under quite new conditions? Soldiers can go into temporary camps and get experience in 'autumn manœuvres;' but sailors cannot have mock-actions and run down ships which cost half a million sterling, nor venture to try the eighty-ton-gun on their consorts. Hence there will be very much to learn in the first great naval battle.

Under these circumstances, Professor Reynolds recommends that small steam-launches should be built of wood, each representing the exact form of one of our large ships, and that with these all possible manœuvres should be carried out, and officers make themselves familiar with all the effects of the screw on the rudder, with all the conditions of steering, with all the evolutions requisite to bring about or to avoid a collision, and with the effects of ramming. If strongly built of wood, these little vessels would withstand an experimental blow from the ram.

The value of such experiments would be real, for it is now known that the behaviour of a small copy of a ship is exactly the same as that of the great ship, in proportion to the size. The waves set up by the launch bear the same relation to her size as the waves of the ship do to the ship. The recognition of this law marks an epoch in the progress of naval architecture. Given a model, Mr Froude 'can now predict with certainty the comparative and actual resistance of ships before they are constructed.'

The Report of the Committee for investigating the circulation of the underground waters in the New Red Sandstone and Permian formations of England, and the quantity and character of the water supplied to various towns and districts from these formations, conveys information interesting to everybody—for everybody drinks. At Liverpool there are wells sunk in the New Red Sandstone which yield more than seven million gallons daily; at Birkenhead the same; at Coventry, Birmingham, and Leamington four millions and a half; at Nottingham nearly four millions; and at Warrington and Stockport more than a million and a half gallons every day. The total makes up a large quantity; but it is nothing in comparison with the supply which the whole area of the New Red may be expected to furnish. This area, says the Report, is certainly not less than ten thousand square miles in extent in England and Wales, with an average rainfall of thirty inches, of which certainly never less than ten inches per annum percolates the ground, which would give an absorption of water amounting to no less than one hundred and forty-three millions three hundred and thirty-six thousand gallons per square mile per annum; which, on an available area of ten thousand square miles, gives an annual absorption of nearly a billion and a half of gallons in England and Wales. As if to heighten the effect of this good news, we are told the 'New Red Sandstone Rock constitutes one of the most effective filtering media known. . . . It exerts a powerful oxidising influence on the dissolved organic matter, which percolates it to such an extent, that in the waters of certain deep wells, every trace of organic matters is converted into innocuous mineral compounds.' And again: 'Waters drawn from deep wells in the New Red Sandstone are almost invariably clear, sparkling, and palatable, and are among the best and most wholesome waters for domestic supply in Great Britain.' After reading this, may we not say that Undermere, about which no one will quarrel, is the lake whence great towns in the north should draw their water supply?

During the meeting of the British Association at Plymouth last August, the Mineralogical Society held their second annual gathering under the presidency of Mr Sorby, F.R.S., who in his address gave an account of a new method for determining the index of refraction of minerals, which can be readily employed in their identification. This seems a dry subject; but it is one likely to be valuable and interesting to mineralogists and chemists, and to lead to an entirely new branch of mineralogical study, and to the discovery of a new class of optical properties of crystals. For a proper understanding of the method, a knowledge of optics, of mathematics, and other branches of science would be necessary; but we may state generally that it is based on the fact, that if an object, when placed in focus for examination on the stage of a microscope, is covered with a plate of some highly refracting substance, the focal length is increased; in other words, the microscope must be raised a little farther from the object in order to restore the focus. The distance to which the microscope has been moved thus becomes a measure, which can be accurately determined on a scale to thousandths of an inch. By this measure, therefore, very minute differences of refraction can be determined, and the several minerals identified; and Mr Sorby, in conjunction with Professor Stokes, Sec. R.S., has arrived at certain definite conclusions, which, embodied in numerical tables, may ere long be consulted by all interested in the subject.

On this point Mr Sorby explained in his address: 'On applying this method to the study of various

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minerals, the difference is found to be very great. We can mostly at once see whether they give a single unifocal image or one or two bifocal images, and form a very good opinion respecting the intensity of the double refraction, and easily determine whether it is positive or negative. . . . These facts combined furnish data so characteristic of the individual minerals, that it would usually be difficult to find two approximately similar. . . It has been said that in studying the microscopical structure of rocks it is often difficult to distinguish nepheline from apatite. But the index of nepheline is about 1·53, whereas that of apatite is 1·64, and such a considerable difference could easily be recognised in a section not less than one-fiftieth of an inch in thickness.'

The observations hitherto made prove that minerals may be ranged in classes according to their refracting power and their chemical composition. The fluorides are lowest in the scale, while quartz, corundum, the sulphides and arsenides, are among the highest. From these particulars it will be understood that researches into mineralogy have a prospect of becoming more and more interesting.

As we have a British Association for the Advancement of Science, so our neighbours across the Channel have a French Association. It met last August at Havre, and in a few of its fifteen sections manifested signs of activity. Among the meteorologists, diagrams were exhibited shewing clearly that the 'changes of pressure in the upper regions of the atmosphere are by no means similar to those at the surface of the earth; for when the pressure at the lower station decreases, it rises at the upper station, and the reverse; or when it is steady at the one, it rises or falls at the other.' A line of telegraph for meteorological purposes is now erected from Bagnères to the Pic du Midi, seventeen miles. The Pic is nine thousand feet high, and will be an interesting observing station, in constant communication with the lower regions. A proposition was made that the Transatlantic steam-ship companies should be requested to institute regular meteorological observations on board their vessels; and that the captive balloon of next year's Great Exhibition at Paris should be an observing station. Paris is chosen as the meeting-place of the Association for next year, and at the same time a free international meteorological congress will be held.

During recent years it has been said that the marshes and saltish depressions in the territory of Algiers and other parts of North Africa were once covered by the sea, and schemes have been announced for readmitting the sea by cutting channels from the Mediterranean. Mr Le Chatelier, a French chemist, says—the existence of the salts is not due to the drying up of a former sea, but to the masses of rock-salt which exist in the mountains. From these the salt is dissolved out by rain or by subterranean waters, and the saline solution percolates the soil to feed the artesian reservoirs which underlie the desert. These observations will require attention from geographers.

If any apology were required for a somewhat late notice of Dr Sayre's method of rectifying curvature of the spine, it would be found in the fact that among the arts the healing art holds an eminent place, and has special claims on every one's attention. Dr Sayre, an American, has this year visited England to make known his method of curing those malformations of the backbone under which many persons remain cripples for the whole of their life; and now that it is known, the wonder is that it was not thought of before. In carrying out the operation, the patient is lifted from the ground, and suspended by a support under the chin and back of the head: sometimes a support is placed under the armpits, and sometimes the arms are raised. In this position the weight of the pelvis acts on the crook in the spine, and pulls it straight; a bandage dipped in plaster of Paris is then bound round the body; a few iron splints are inserted in the bandage, and as the plaster dries, a mould is formed, which keeps the straightened bones in place. The suspension is now at an end; the patient is found to be an inch or two inches taller than before the operation, and can walk without limping. After a few days, the plaster-mould is cut up each side, to allow of removal for washing the body; but the two halves are quickly replaced and held in position by a bandage. In some instances six months' wearing of the plaster-mould effects a cure, and the patient enjoys an ease and activity never before experienced.

This method of cure contrasts favourably with the treatment which keeps the patient supine many weary months. As may be imagined, it succeeds better with children than with adults; but even adults have been cured. A case occurred at Cork, the patient being a woman aged twenty-two, and requiring a little mechanical pulling to assist in the straightening; but it was accomplished, and she walked out of the room two inches taller than she entered it.

Mr Hoppe-Seyler, a learned German, has published a paper on Differences of Chemical Structure and of Digestion among Animals, supported by numerous examples, which shew that according to the organism so is the power to form differences of tissue; and he sums up thus: 'Looking at the question broadly, we find that the chemical composition of the tissues and the chemical functions of the organs present undoubted relations to the stages of development, which shew themselves in the zoological system, as well as in the early stages of development of each individual higher organism. These relations deserve further notice and investigation, and are qualified in many respects to prevent and correct errors in the classification of animals. It is generally supposed that the study of development is a purely morphological science, but it also presents a large field for chemical research.' This concluding sentence is significant, and should have serious consideration.

Waste pyrites from the manufacture of sulphuric acid is, as regards hardness, a good material for roads when mixed with gravel; but chemically it is not good. In the neighbourhood of Nieuburg, Hanover, where roads and paths were covered with waste pyrites, it was found that grass and corn ceased to grow; and a farmer on mixing well-water with warm milk, observed that the milk curdled. The explanation is, that the waste pyrites 'contained not only sulphide of iron and earthy constituents, but also sulphide of zinc, and that by the influence of the oxygen of the atmosphere and the presence of water, these sulphides were gradually converted into the corresponding sulphates;' and these, continually extracted by the

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rain-water, soaked into the soil, contaminated the wells, and produced other injurious effects.

The want of really efficient names to distinguish various kinds of manufactured iron has long been felt in the iron trade. The Philadelphia Exhibition gave rise to a Commission which, after discussion of the question, have recommended that all malleable compounds of iron similar to the substance called wrought-iron shall be called 'weld-iron;' that compounds similar to the product hitherto known as puddled steel, shall be called 'weld-steel;' that compounds which cannot be appreciably hardened when placed in water while red-hot shall be called 'ingot-iron;' and that compounds of this latter which from any cause are capable of being tempered, shall be called 'ingot-steel.'

By further exercise of his inventive abilities, Major Moncrieff has produced a hydro-pneumatic spring gun-carriage perfectly adapted for use in the field. A gun mounted on this carriage could be made ready for action within ten minutes after its arrival in the trenches.

The Science and Art Department have commenced the publication of a 'Universal Art Inventory, consisting of brief Notes of Fine and Ornamental Art executed before the year 1800 chiefly to be found in Europe.' This is a praiseworthy undertaking, for there are so many rarities of art which can never be seen by the multitude, which can never be moved from their place or purchased, that an inventory thereof with descriptive notes cannot fail to be of great utility. Nearly all the governments of Europe and many royal personages are co-operating in this work, which includes reproductions in possible instances. Some of these reproductions are well known to the frequenters of the South Kensington Museum; for example, the great mantel-piece from the Palais de Justice at Bruges; Trajan's Column from Rome; a Buddhist gateway from India, of the first century; a monument from Nuremberg, and other elaborate works. As a means of reference, this Inventory will be welcome to many a student, and as it necessarily will take many years to complete, there will be the pleasure of watching for fresh instalments of information. But all students should remember that 'the laws of design are as definite as those of language, with much the same questions as to order, relationship, construction or elegance; differing for dissimilar styles as for divers tongues. The pupil in design has similar obstacles to encounter with those of the schoolboy in his alphabet and grammar; the ability to use the pencil or the brush will no more produce an artist than the acquirement of the writing-master's art with Lindley Murray's rules will make a poet.'

Professor Justin Winsor, one of the American delegates to the conference of librarians held last month, points out with much earnestness that by the extension of libraries a great impetus may be given to national education, and an opening made at the same time for the employment of women. In America, pains have been taken to engage men and women in the work who are content to labour to attain the level of a far higher standard than the public at large have been usually willing to allow as the test of efficiency. 'We believe,' remarks the Professor, 'that libraries are in the highest sense public charities; that they are missionary enterprises; that it is to be supine if we are simply willing to let them do their unassisted work; that it is their business to see two books read instead of one, and good books instead of bad. To this end it has been urged that one of our principal universities shall have a course of bibliography and training in library economy.'

In reply to various correspondents, we beg to state that the information regarding the manufacture of vegetable isinglass in Rouen, which appeared under the head of *A Few French Notes* in No. 717 of this *Journal*, was taken from *L'Armée Scientifique*, a work compiled by the well-known French savant, M. L. Figuier. As there seems to be some difficulty in reconciling M. Figuier's statements with the present state of the process as carried on in France, we are making further inquiry, and hope to be able to give early and definite information.

## A FEARFUL SWING.

THE 'Shaftmen' at our collieries are selected for their physical strength and pluck, in addition to the skill and practical knowledge required for their particular work. The incident we are about to relate will shew how severely the former of these qualifications may at times be tested.

The work of these men is confined to the shaft of the pit, and consists mainly in repairing the 'tubbing' or lining of the shaft, stopping leaks, or removing any obstructions interfering with the free passage of the cages up and down the pit. The coal-pit at N—— has a double shaft, divided by a 'bratticing' or wooden partition. These divisions we will call A and B. Two cages (the vehicles of transport up and down the pit) ascend and descend alternately in shaft A. At a certain point the shaft is widened, to allow the cages to pass each other, and their simultaneous arrival at this point is insured by the arrangement of the wire-ropes on the winding-wheels over the pit-mouth. The oscillation of the cages is guarded against by wooden guiders running down each side of the shaft, which fit into grooves in the sides of the cage.

On one occasion during a very severe frost these guiders had become coated with ice, and thus their free passage in the grooves of the cages was interfered with. Before this obstruction was discovered, the engine having been set in motion, the downward cage, which fortunately was empty at the time, stuck fast in the shaft before arriving at the passing-point. The ascending cage, whose only occupant was a small boy returning to 'bank,' proceeding on its upward course, crashed into the downward cage in the narrow part of the shaft, where of course there was only a single passage. Though the shock was something terrific, the steel rope was not broken; as the engineman, whose responsible position entails the greatest presence of mind and watchfulness, had stopped the engine on the first indication of an unusual tremor in the rope. Yet such was the violence of the meeting, that both cages, though strongly constructed of iron, were bent and broken—in fact rendered useless—by being thus jammed together in a narrow space. The greatest anxiety was felt as to the fate of the boy, as it was seen that even if he had escaped with his life after such a severe crash, his rescue would be a work of great danger and difficulty.

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We may imagine the horror of the poor little fellow while suspended in the shattered cage over a gulf some four hundred feet deep, both cages firmly wedged in the shaft, and the ropes rendered useless for any means of descent to the scene of the catastrophe. The readiest way of approach seemed to be by shaft B, the position of which we have indicated above. Down this then, a Shaftman, whom we will call Johnson, descended in a cage until he arrived at an opening in the brattice-work by which he could enter shaft A. He found himself (as he supposed) at a point a little above where the accident had occurred; and this conclusion he came to from seeing two ropes leading downwards, which he naturally took to be those by which the cages were suspended. Under this impression he formed the design of sliding down one of the ropes, with a view to liberating, if possible, the entangled cages and securing the safety of the unfortunate boy. The hardy fellow was soon gliding through the darkness on his brave and dangerous errand. He had descended about forty feet, when, to his horror and amazement, his course was suddenly checked by a bend in the rope; and the terrible discovery flashed upon him, that he was *suspended in the loop of the slack rope*, which here took a return course to the top of the downward cage!

It will be understood that when the descending cage stuck upon the runners, as the rope continued to unwind from the pulley it hung down in a loop, descending lower and lower, until the engine was stopped by the meeting of the cages. This loop or 'bight' was naturally mistaken by Johnson for the *two ropes*, and he did not discover until he found himself in the fearful situation described, that he had entered through the brattice into shaft A *below* instead of above where the cages were fixed. There he hung then, over a yawning abyss many fathoms deep—closed from above by the locked cages—all below looming dark and horrible.

None of course knew his danger; his hands were chilled by the freezing rope; his arms, already fully exercised, began to ache and stiffen with the strain and intense cold, added to the bewildering sense of hopeless peril. Good need there was then that pluck and endurance be found in the Shaftman! His square sturdy frame and unflinching spirit were now on their trial. Had his presence of mind gone or his nerve failed, he must have been paralysed with fear, lost his hold, and been dashed into an unrecognisable mass.

But self-preservation is a potent law, and working in such a spirit he framed a desperate plan for a struggle for life. The guiders running down the inside of the shaft are fastened on to cross-beams about six feet apart. Johnson hoped that if he could reach one of these, he might obtain a footing whereon to rest, and by their means clamber up to the opening in the brattice-work. How to reach them was the next question that flashed lightning-like through his brain. This he essayed to do by causing the rope to oscillate from side to side, hoping thus to bring himself within reach of one of the cross-beams. And now commenced a *fearful swing*. Gaining a lodgment with one knee in the loop, he set the rope swinging by the motion of his body, grasping out wildly with one hand each time he approached the side of the shaft. Once, twice, thrice! he felt the cold icy face of the 'tubbing,' but as yet nothing except slimy boards met his grasp, affording no more hold than the glassy side of an iceberg. At last he touched a cross-beam, to which his iron muscles, now fully roused to their work, held on like a vice. He soon found footing on the beam below, and then letting go the treacherous rope, rested in comparative security before beginning the perilous ascent. With incredible endurance of nerve and muscle he clambered upward alongside the guider, by the aid of the cross-beams, and by thrusting his hands through the crevices of the timber. In this manner he reached the opening into shaft B, where the cage in which he had descended was waiting. Chilled, cramped, and frozen, and barely able to give the signal, he was drawn to the pit-mouth prostrate and exhausted. The boy was rescued unhurt by a man being lowered to the top of the cages in shaft A. Johnson suffered no ill consequences, and though a hero above many known to fame, he still pursues his hardy task as a Shaftman; while beneath the homely exterior still lives the pluck and sinew of iron that did not fail him even in his Fearful Swing.

## TO MY ROBIN REDBREAST.

The following lines are taken from *The Captive Chief, a Tale of Flodden Field*, by James Thomson (H. H. Blair, Alnwick, 1871).

Now keenly blows the northern blast;
Like winter hail the leaves fall fast,
And my pet Robin's come at last
To our old thorn;
With warbling throat and eye upcast
He greets the morn;

Like some true friend you come to cheer,
When all around is dark and drear.
And oh! what friend to me more dear
Than your sweet sel'?
Your mellow voice falls on my ear
Like some sweet spell.

Oft at the gloaming's pensive hour,
When clouds above me darkly lower,
I've sought a seat in some lone bower,
With heart oppress't;
You soothed me with your magic power,
And calmed my breast.

When Morning dons her sober gray
To usher in the coming day,
And Phœbus shines with sickly ray
On all around,
No warblers greet him from the spray
With joyous sound.

But you, sweet bird, unlike the throng,
Salute him with a joyous song.
When heavy rains and sleet prolong
The dreary day,
You chant to him your evening song
Upon the spray.

No blackbird whistles in the grove,
Where late in chorus sweet they strove;
No warbler's tongue is heard to move,
But all is sad;
No cushat woos his amorous love
In hazel glade.

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## COSTERS AND THEIR DONKEYS.

IN walking through any part of the metropolis—be it in the City, the West End, or any part of the suburbs north or south—you will, especially if early in the day, see men with wheeled trucks drawn by donkeys, and laden with fish, vegetables, or other articles for sale to the inhabitants. Rough as they are in appearance, and poor as may be their commercial outset, these are a useful class of persons; and looking to the vastness of the population crowded within a wide but yet limited space, one has a difficulty in knowing how the ordinary life of many individuals could get on without them. A small town could manage pretty well with a few shops. But in the metropolis, in which there are now from three to four millions of people, the shop-system does not fulfil the general wants; and supernumeraries with trucks to hawk their wares among customers, have sprung up as a convenience and necessity. The name given to these humble street-traders is Costers or Costermongers. Their professional designation is of old date, and is traced to Costard, a large variety of apple. Costermongers were therefore originally street-sellers of apples. The apple might be termed their cognisance.

Henry Mayhew, in that laboriously constructed and vastly amusing work of his, *London Labour and London Poor*, issued some six-and-twenty years ago, describes the costermongers as numbering upwards of thirty thousand. It might be inferred that in the progress of time, the number would have increased; but such, we believe, is not the case. Social arrangements have considerably altered. Owing to police regulations, there is a greater difficulty in finding standing-room in the street for barrows. By improved market arrangements and means of transport, small shopkeepers in humble neighbourhoods have become rivals to the costers. As regards means of transport for traders of all sorts, there has been immense progress within the last few years, on account of the abolition of taxes on spring-carts, and latterly the abolition of taxes on horses. We might say that for these reasons alone there are in all large towns ten times more spring-carts and vans for distribution of goods from shops than there were a very few years ago. Of course, all this has limited the traffic of itinerant vendors, and prevented any great increase in their number. Under such drawbacks, however, there are probably still as many as thirty thousand costermongers in and about the metropolis. The young and more rudimental of the class do not get the length of possessing donkeys. They begin with hand-trucks, which they industriously tug away at, until by an improvement in circumstances they can purchase, and start a donkey. Having attained the distinction of driving instead of personally hauling, they have enviedly reached the aristocracy of the profession. They are full-blown costers, and can set up their face in all popular assemblages of the fraternity. A costermonger driving his donkey and habitually taking orders for carrots or turnips as he passes the doors of anticipated customers, is in his way a great man. At all events he presents a spectacle of honest labour, and is immensely more to be respected than the pompous 'swell' who sponges on relations, who is somewhat of a torturation, and who never from the day of his birth did a good hand's turn.

Mayhew, who deserves to be called the historian of London street-dealers of all descriptions, gives a far from pleasing picture of the social condition and habits of the costermongers. With all their industry, they are spoken of as for the most part leading a dismally reckless kind of life—spending their spare hours at 'penny gaffs,' a low species of dancing saloons, and so on. What he mentions is just what might be expected in a loose, uneducated, and generally neglected population of a great city. If you allow people to grow up very much like the lower animals, what are you to expect in the way of delicacy? You may be thankful that with the innumerable disadvantages of their condition, and the temptations that surround them, they have the rough good sense to

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work for their livelihood, however vagabondising may be their enterprise.

The lapse of thirty years has made a considerable change for the better in the social economics of the costermongers. They have participated in, and been benefited by, those elevating influences which have been assiduously cultivated by city missionaries, by the press, and other agencies. Penny gaffs have almost disappeared. The licenses compulsorily required for singing, music, dancing, and dramatic rooms may be said to have killed them. The costers with advanced tastes and intelligence seek for more rational recreations than were customary in the past generation. Attached to home life, marriages amongst them are more numerous; they pay greater attention to their children; they read more and drink less; notably they are better dressed and kinder to their donkeys. On this last particular we would specially dwell. A consideration for the comforts of the animals dependent on our bounty marks an advance in civilisation. The character of a man may indeed be known from the manner in which he treats his horse, his dog, his ass, or any other creature of which he is the owner. Rude treatment to any of these dumb and defenceless beings who willingly minister to our profit or pleasure, indicates a low type of humanity. The London coster used to be careless about his donkey. As concerns its food, its style of harness, its stabling, and its hours of work, there was no particular attention. Such, generally speaking, is no longer the case. We might say that the rights and feelings of the animal are respected. So to speak, it is better dressed, and is more lively in its aspect. In its face there seems to be a spirit of contentment. The coster, its master, pats it, and addresses it in a far more encouraging and kindly way than was customary in our early days, or even so lately as twenty years ago.

All this is as it should be. Has it ever occurred to any one to inquire why the donkey should have so long been held in contempt and been cruelly tyrannised over? In the East, and in the south of Europe, the ass is esteemed as a useful beast of burden. Alpine regions inaccessible to wheel-carriages, would not be habitable without the services of this sure-footed and easily-kept animal. It is the only carrier, and may be seen patiently toiling with laden panniers on narrow pathways far up in the mountains. In our own country, as an aid in various laborious occupations, the donkey has never been properly appreciated, but on the contrary, it has met with such shameful usage as to stunt it in its growth and sorely to try its naturally gentle temper. Reasons could perhaps be assigned for this undeserved contumely. The poor donkey has no great claim to elegance of form. Its long ears are a reproach; no one being apparently aware that Nature has bountifully granted these long trumpet-shaped ears to enable it to hear at a great distance, and if necessary to escape from its enemies. Another reason is, that the donkey is too patient and meek to resent affronts. Its submissiveness is imputed to stupidity. If it could stand up for its rights, it would be more thought of. The lion, which is of no use whatever, and is nothing else than a ferocious wild beast, with a proud overbearing look, is highly honoured as an emblem of power and dignity. The ass is heraldically valueless. It could be adopted only as an emblem of untiring and uncomplaining labour, which would suit no coat armorial. In the improved treatment of the costermonger's donkey we begin to see brighter days for this hitherto down-trodden creature. The costers themselves being improved through different agencies, their animals feel the benefit of the general advance.

In the vast obscurities of London there is a neighbourhood known as Golden Lane and Whitecross Street, intimately associated with the progressive improvement of costers and their donkeys. A kind of oasis in the desert, this neighbourhood, which is now considerably improved in appearance, shines forth as an important central mission, to the merits of which we can but feebly do justice. We have often had occasion to remark how much good is unostentatiously done by one man, through mere force of character and persevering vigilance. The one man in this case has been Mr W. J. Orsman, who for a series of years has earnestly devoted himself to the amelioration of the condition, moral and social, of the poor street-dealers clustered in and around Golden Lane and Whitecross Street. He acts as honorary secretary to the Costermongers' Society; he edits a little periodical, known as the *Golden Lane Mission Magazine*; and he fosters and helps to maintain many small subsocieties, if we may so term them. Among these are a 'Share Barrow Club,' for lending barrows to men who possess neither donkey-carts nor hand-barrows; a Sick and Burial Club, to which the men pay fourpence a week each; a 'Coster's Friends' of Labour Club, through the aid of which the men can put out small sums at interest, or borrow small sums for limited periods; an 'Emily Loan Club' (named, we believe, after a daughter of the Earl of Shaftesbury), for the benefit of respectable female street-dealers; a Penny Savings-bank; a Maternity Fund; a Soup Kitchen; a Coal Fund; a Clothing Club; a Donkey Club (for purchasing donkeys by means of small instalments), besides others for educational, moral, and religious improvement.

The accounts given of the annual meetings of the costers and their friends are among the curiosities of current literature. Coming prominently forward at these assemblages we perceive the Earl of Shaftesbury, a nobleman who, animated by the kindliest motives, deems it no sacrifice to his high position to encourage by his presence and by his speeches the humble efforts made by the costers in the progress of well-doing. A few years since, at one of the annual meetings, which are held in May, the Earl of Shaftesbury took the chair. First, there was tea given to three hundred of the men; then was held a donkey-show, in which the excellent condition of the animals was fully evinced; and then came the event of the evening. The costermongers had bought a donkey of unusual size, strength, and beauty; they decked him profusely with ribbons, and brought him into the Hall. In the names of

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all the men, Mr Carter, a vestryman of St Luke's parish, who kindly interests himself in their welfare, presented the donkey to the Earl of Shaftesbury. The Earl, as is said, had already become, in a whimsical and pleasant sense, a costermonger, and now in virtue of his donkey was an accepted full member of the corps. Whether the Earl's Neddy appreciated the honour conferred on him, we do not know; but we may be quite sure that no hard usage was in store for him.

As may be generally known, attempts to encourage the improvement of donkeys have taken place through public shows and the offering of prizes. A Donkey and Mule show, held at the Crystal Palace in May 1874, was the means of giving to many persons their first idea of the real value of an exhibition which some had beforehand laughed at, as an absurdity. It was amply proved that the donkey can become a really beautiful animal when well treated; and it was equally made manifest that rough street-dealers can be as kind as their betters when encouraged to be so. An archbishop carried off a prize; several costermongers did the same; and a truly cosmopolitan feeling was exhibited when the prizes were distributed. The Earl of Shaftesbury, who presided on the occasion, humorously claimed to be a costermonger himself; for (to encourage others in a good work) he had enrolled his name in the Golden Lane branch of the Costermongers' Society. Many of the donkeys exhibited at the Crystal Palace had been employed in drawing carts and trucks laden with vegetables, fruit, fish, salt, sand, firewood, crockery-ware, and other commodities; and the excellent condition of some of them won prizes for their owners. Even a few of the donkey-drivers of Blackheath and Hampstead Heath shewed that the fraternity are not always so rough and unkind as they usually appear. It was asserted that donkeys which do not work on Sunday are generally more active and ready on Monday; so that the trader is but little a loser by this course in the long-run. The Earl of Shaftesbury remarked that: 'It would be seen from the show that these animals are designed by Providence to be of the greatest service to mankind; and that kindly treatment and respect—respect for the wants and feelings of the animals—will bring their own reward in willing service.' Several donkey-shows have since been held in and near the metropolis, conveying the same useful lesson.

In August of the present year, a Pony and Donkey show was held in London, in connection with the Golden Lane Mission and Society. The Earl of Shaftesbury and Lady Edith Ashley kindly and patiently examined the hard-working dumb companions of the costermongers, and exchanged pleasant words with the men. There was a tea for four hundred going on nearly at the same time. After this came a general 'march past,' and a distribution of money and books as prizes. The donkeys were all in admirable condition; while many of the ponies were plump and sleek. His lordship now called for Wilkins, a shrewd prosperous coster of Golden Lane, and bedecked with the insignia of authority as an officer of the Benefit Society. This coster and another made brief speeches; after which Colonel Henderson, Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, declared that the costers are generally deserving of high praise, and that the police have very little trouble with them—when once the laws relating to the public streets are well understood. After a few more speeches and addresses, the noble chairman said in pleasant humour that he had received a poem entitled *The Earl and the Ass;* that the donkey he had received a few years before at the hands of the costermongers was under the doctor's care; and that this fact alone prevented the animal from being present. Every donkey at the show was known by some name or other; and hence there were many such designations as Tommy, Old Tommy, Black Tommy, Jack, Prince, Paddy, Old Jack, Old Sam, Boko, Charlie, Mike, Ugly Tom, Quick; while the other sex in the race was represented by such feminine names as Jenny, Pretty Polly, Kitty, Pretty Jane, Maggie, and Betsy.

We do not know what was the poem to which the Earl of Shaftesbury alluded, but conclude that it was a poem which appeared in *Punch* relative to the presentation of the donkey to his Lordship. To shew how a facetious periodical can rise above mere jesting, we transcribe the following verses:

Could there be a better gift? The patient beast
Who bears the stick, and will on thistles feast,
Yet in hard duty struggles to the end,
Is always grateful to a human friend,
But seldom finds such friends; is roughly fostered
By costermongers, sellers of the costard,
Sellers of other things from door to door,
And very useful traders for the poor—

He bears a cross, we know; and legends say
Has borne, in memory of a wondrous day,
When love wrought miracles, in stress and strife,
And sick were healed, and dead men raised to life.
Since when, 'twixt hard knocks, hard words, and hard fare,
He and his owners both their cross must bear.

The Earl, who loves his race, loves other races;
He has sought evil out in darksome places,
And bravely grappled with its many arms,
And tamed its strength, and paralysed its harms;
Brought aid to weakness, moved dead weights away,
That crushed the soul down, deep in mire and clay.
The greatest, by descending, may ascend:
The peer who is the costermongers' friend,
Dares on the platform stroke an ass's ears,
Rises above the level of his peers.

As an evidence that the endeavours to improve the London costermongers morally as well as physically, have not been thrown away, we may add the following anecdotes.

In 1872 a costermonger named Darby, plying his itinerant trade in the densely packed and comfortless region immediately eastward of the City of London, was one day driving his donkey-cart, laden with cheap fish from Billingsgate. The poor donkey accidentally put his foot into a plug-hole, fell, and broke his leg between the knee and the fetlock—pitching his master out of the cart, and seriously bruising him. His brother-costers advised Darby to kill the animal at once, as no one had ever heard of a donkey's broken leg being healed. But Darby would not listen to this. He took the donkey home, and made a temporary bed for him in the only sitting-room. The man and his wife tended the poor animal, which often groaned with

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pain. The wife was a washerwoman at the East London Hospital, but she did not grudge to the poor donkey a little of that time which was so valuable to her. A kind lady then undertook to take charge of the donkey until cured, at a place twelve or fourteen miles from London. With bandaging and careful treatment, aided by the benefit of pure fresh air, the leg became sound in eighteen months; and Darby had a good reply to make to those companions who had said to him: 'Kill it, old fellow; it will never be able to get up again. First loss is the best; nobody can set a donkey's leg. Kill it, old fellow, at once!' The kind-hearted costermonger became known as 'Darby, the donkey's friend.' A testimonial was presented to him by the Ladies' Committee of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; and he is justly proud of it.

As we write, a paragraph appears in *The Times*, communicated by an observer. 'Having occasion to pass through Whitecross Street on Thursday evening, my attention was attracted to some fine turnips on a coster's barrow. Retaining my boyish fondness for a raw turnip, I at once selected one, and putting my hand into my pocket, paid, as I thought, two halfpence, the price charged. I had scarcely advanced a hundred yards, when a tap on my shoulder caused me to halt; and lo! the woman from whom I had made my last purchase accosted me. "What did you give me?" she said. I told her as above, when she opened her hand and displayed two bright shillings, which I had given her by mistake, and which she now returned. Thanking the woman for her honesty, I rectified the matter, reflecting on my way home that the labours of Lord Shaftesbury and his worthy coadjutors among the costermongers could not have been spent in vain; for the cleanliness, civility, and "honour bright" of these small traders are very evident to those who knew the locality ten years ago.'

Our task is ended. We have told all we know about the costermongers, and no doubt much that we have said is not new to many of our readers; but in the way we put it, good may be effected, as shewing the degree of social progress in an industrious and useful class in the metropolis. Donkeys can of course never attain to the beauty, the strength, and the value of the horse. We may admit their inferiority to ponies; but as docile, kept at little expense, and useful in various departments of labour, they have their appointed place in creation. They offer themselves as the poor man's friend and servant. In what numberless cases, as is exemplified by the London costers, might they be employed to meliorate a lot sometimes very hard to bear! We do not bespeak for them more consideration than they deserve. All we expect is that they shall not be treated as abject and worthless. Let us appreciate their unobtrusive willingness to serve to the best of their ability. They ask little, and let that little be conceded. We do not look for elegant turn-outs of donkeys, though we believe the example of a donkey-phaeton has been set by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, who is never wanting where the welfare of the lower animals is concerned. From our own personal experience, we may tell of employing Donald, our pet donkey, to draw a light four-wheeled phaeton, holding two persons. In bright harness, enlivened with jingling bells, he proceeds on a drive of eight to ten miles with the speed of a quick-trotting pony, and with a cheerfulness which it does one good to look at.

W. C.

## A CAST OF THE NET.

### THE STORY OF A DETECTIVE OFFICER.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

ANY one who feels the slightest curiosity as to the date of my story, can tell pretty nearly when its events occurred, by various incidents mentioned in it, and which the public know quite as much about as I do; but I do not feel inclined, for certain reasons of my own, to identify the precise date or to name the exact spot at which I was employed in the business.

It was a case for the police—for the detective police—and I was the detective employed. Now you must understand that I was not at this time regarded as a regular detective; I was a sergeant in what we will call the 'A' division, and I did ordinary duty; but though I was not yet on the regular detective staff, somehow or another I was very often taken from my usual work and put on all sorts of jobs, sometimes fifty or a hundred miles in the country; and I was once paid a very high compliment by the chief magistrate—of course I mean at Bow Street. He said: 'Nickham, you're not a regular detective, are you?'

'No, your Worship,' I said; 'I am not.'

'Well, Nickham, you're worth a dozen of them; and I have made a special note of your conduct, and shall send it on to the Commissioner.'

The Commissioner was old Sir Richard Mayne then. And that's how I got to be a sergeant; but it was only because I was lucky in two or three cases which the chief magistrate happened to notice.

Well, I was one night at the section-house, for I wasn't on duty (I don't mean the station-house; the section-house is a place where our men lodge, perhaps fifteen or twenty together, or more); and I was sitting in the large room by myself; for it was a fine evening, and none of the men cared much about chess or draughts or things of that kind. I was reading the paper by myself, when the door opened and one of our people looked in. It was Inspector Maffery; and I was very much surprised to see him there, as our place was quite out of his district. Seeing I was by myself, he said: 'Oh!' in a tone which shewed he was pleased at it, and turning to some one outside, he said: 'Come in, sir; the party is here by himself.' With this, a tall, stout, gray-whiskered gentleman came in.

Inspector Maffery closed the door after him, and not only did that, but shot the bolt, and then coming to me at the table, says: 'Nickham, this is Mr Byrle, the celebrated engineer that you have heard of.'

Of course I had heard of him; in fact I once had a cousin who worked in his factory. So I bowed and made a civil remark.

Then Inspector Maffery went on to say: 'This, Mr Byrle, is Sergeant Nickham, one of our most active men, as I have told you, and who, I think, is just the man for you. This place is very safe; and as I have bolted the door, and the men below know I am here, there will be no interruption; and you can say anything you wish to Nickham as well here as anywhere.'

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So they sat down; and with a very polite speech, for he was really a gentleman, Mr Byrle told me what he wanted.

He made a long story of it; I shall not; but the public have really no idea of putting facts well together, and presenting them without any excrescences, if I may say so. However, I listened patiently, and found out what was required. It seemed that his factory had been robbed on several nights, in spite of an extra watchman being put on; and only the completely finished and most expensive engine-fittings were taken; shewing that the thief, whoever he was, knew what things to take, where to find them, and where to dispose of them. The robberies were mortifying, because they proved, as all such things do, that the firm were employing a thief, and trusting some one who was deceiving them. The loss of these fittings often delayed other work seriously; and above all, it was considered that it demoralised all the factory (where best part of a thousand hands were employed), by shewing that the firm *could* be robbed with impunity. So, although it was hardly the sort of business which a first-rate man was required to work; and though I say it myself, and though spite and envy in certain quarters kept me off the regular staff, there was not a better man in London than I was, and our people knew it; yet I listened very patiently, and asked such questions as occurred to me. For a civilian, Mr Byrle seemed pretty sharp at catching my drift; while as an old hand, and knowing what was best with the public, Inspector Maffery sat without saying a word, or one now and again at the most, leaving Mr Byrle to settle things for himself. I then roughly sketched out a scheme, which in a few words I laid before the gentleman.

'I understand your plan entirely, Mr Nickham,' said the old gentleman; 'and the sooner you begin, the better, for I feel we shall be successful. Mr Maffery assures me you can be relieved from your duty here at any time; so I trust there will be no delay. I have said money is not to stop you, and you will take this on account of expenses —when exhausted, let me know.' With that he handed me a bank-note, and I thanked him, and of course promised to do my best.

Then Inspector Maffery said: 'I will see to all the essentials, Nickham, so make your preparations as soon as you can.'

Now I liked Maffery very well, and he was certainly one of our best inspectors; but all this civility, taking trouble off my hands and so forth, merely told me that Mr Byrle was a most liberal party, and that Maffery believed he had got hold of a good thing. Mr Byrle shook hands with me, and they went away together, leaving me to think over the business.

I must confess I was a little disappointed—although I could see I was likely to be well paid for my work—in being set at such a very commonplace job as this. After I had traced Lady Brightley's jewels (the reader does not remember this, I daresay, as it was kept very quiet, but I got praised for my management of the case), I thought I should have been selected for the most important work; and when Inspector Maffery brought Mr Byrle in, I really hoped it was about the great Bank-paper robbery.

The reader is quite aware, I have no doubt, that Bank of England notes are printed on paper specially made for the purpose, and that no other paper has three rough edges, the only clean-cut edge being where the two notes have been separated—and this is one of the great tests of a genuine note. It will be recollected too, how a great quantity of this paper was stolen from the mills at Alverstoke, and the Bank was in a terrible state about it, because as for engraving and all that handicraft sort of work—why, bless me! there's men by the dozen in England and on the continent too—*I* know some of them—who could print off a note with all the little touches on which the examiners rely, as perfectly imitated as if they had worked for the Bank for years. So when the gang got hold of the genuine *paper*, it was a serious matter. They took the principal thief, however, and got the paper back. A desperate service it was too, as B——, the chief man in the affair, was one of the most resolute and desperate roughs in London; and the officers that took him ran great risk, and deserved great praise.

Of course the public rejoicing was very great, because nobody had known when the bad notes might come into circulation; but we knew, some of us, that it was all a sham, that a lot of the paper was still missing, and that if the right man got hold of it, there would soon be thousands of forged notes—all fives probably—flying about. It was pretended that all the paper was got back, or that the Bank people thought so, on purpose to make the holders of the remainder think that the hunt was given up; but it was no such thing. Two or three of the best men in the force were to continue the search, and I had hoped I should be selected; but I was told I would not do, because I could not speak any foreign language, and it was thought the men might have to go abroad after the paper. For all that, when I saw Inspector Maffery come in with Mr Byrle, I thought, as I just said, that I was to be chosen. However, I had found out my mistake; and I was thinking over my instructions, when the door opened again. I did not look up at first, supposing it was one of our men; but a cough attracting my attention, I turned round. I saw a slight-built, rather under-sized young fellow, with something of a foreign cut about him, very good-looking though, and a most uncommonly piercing eye; and he at once said: 'I am Mr Byrle's clerk, and have been waiting for him, and he wishes to know where he is to see you?'

'To see *me*?' I said. 'Why—does he want to see me?'

'I think what Mr Byrle means is, that in case he wants to speak to you, where shall he find you?' replied the young fellow. 'You see I don't know much of the business myself; I only know he has engaged you as a detective.'

'And that's more than you ought to have known,' I said; 'however, Mr Byrle knows his own business best. Tell him that of course he can always hear of me under the name agreed upon, at the *Yarmouth Smack*, where I shall lodge.'

'Under what name, did you say?' asks the clerk.

'I didn't say any name, and I don't mean to say any name,' was my answer. 'If Mr Byrle wants any more information, he had better write.'

'Oh, very well,' says he, quite short and sharp, for I supposed he did not like my manner, and away he goes.

I sat and thought, or tried to think, but I could not get on so well as before; the visit of that young fellow had unaccountably upset me, and I

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could not settle down again. Then in came first one, then another, then two or three of our men, and so I got up and went out. I had hardly turned the corner, when I met Inspector Maffery, and it was pretty easy to see by his rosy cheeks and unsteady eye what *he* had been up to.

'Off for a meditative stroll, I suppose, Mr Nickham?' he says. 'You are the boy for my money.'

'I'm glad to hear it, Inspector,' I said. 'But I don't think much of Mr Byrle's clerk, nor of Mr Byrle himself for his judgment in sending him to me.'

'Mr Byrle's clerk!' he says; and then repeats it: 'Mr Byrle's clerk!'

'Ah!' I said, 'Mr Byrle's clerk. He came with a message from Mr Byrle to know where he should meet me if he wanted to see me. I had already settled with him how I would call at his manager's private house with my report, whenever I had anything to say; and he ought to have been satisfied with that.'

'You are making some mistake here, Sergeant Nickham,' says Inspector Maffery. 'Mr Byrle had no clerk with him; and moreover than that, I've been with him myself till the last five minutes; till he got into the train in fact, and can swear he never spoke to anybody but myself from the time I left you.'

'Then there's a screw loose!' I said; 'there's a something wrong here, Inspector, and we have got to deal with some uncommonly deep files. They have scored the first notch in the game, that's clear; but perhaps we can turn the tables on them all the better for it.'

'If there's a man in the force as can do it, Sergeant Nickham, you are that man,' says Inspector Maffery; 'I'll trust it to you; for my head just now isn't up to the polishing off of such a business. But do what you like.'

'Can I have Peter Tilley for a week, Inspector?' I said.

'Have half a dozen for a month, if you like,' he answered: 'Mr Byrle is that much in earnest, Sergeant Nickham, and he is that rich and liberal, that he would buy up half a division rather than be beaten. So pick who you like, and keep them as long as you like. I will see you all right.'

'Very good, Inspector,' I said. 'Then I will have Peter to-morrow; and don't make any report of this little adventure, not even to Mr Byrle. I think I see the little game, and I will try to spoil it.'

If I had had any doubt as to the Inspector having had quite enough brandy-and-water with Mr Byrle (it was sure to be brandy-and-water, for Inspector Maffery never touched anything else; he said it was ordered for his liver)—I say if I had felt any doubt before, I should have had none after the way he wrung my hand and said: 'If there's a man in the force as can do credit to the force and bring 'em through in triumph, that man is Sergeant Nickham.' And so, with another squeeze of my hand, he walked away with a step so excessively solemn and stately, that it was only a little better—a very little—than staggering across the pavement, in the way of telling what was the matter with him; but Inspector Maffery was not a bad fellow, and never curried favour with those above him by worrying and spying on those below him, and so we liked the old boy.

Now this was a very awkward incident—I mean of course about the clerk—and shewed me that my work had already begun, and was likely to be a little more intricate than I had expected. How the stranger came to know so much as he evidently did, I did not trouble myself just then to consider: he *did* know it; that was the fact I was concerned with. Why it was worth his while to take so much trouble about a small affair, I did not much care either, though this was more important, as it was evident some one had employed him, for I would swear he was no smith or fitter; and so it was clear there was a good many in the swim. I don't mean to use any slang if I can help it, but 'swim' is a regular word, you know, and we can't do without it.

My mind was at once made up; I was always very quick in making up my mind, and prided myself upon it. I am bound to admit I often got wrong through it, but perhaps no oftener than people who were slower; and I took care to make a good deal of the times when I *was* right, and so that covered everything. Now, Peter Tilley, the officer I had asked for, was a man as much about my size and build and colour of hair and eyes, as if he had been my twin-brother; and indeed he was not much unlike me in his features. Any one who knew us would not mistake us for each other, but a casual acquaintance might do so. I was wearing then rather extensive moustaches and whiskers; they gave me quite a military cut; and they were not common in the force then, though any man wears them now that chooses. I at once determined to shave them off—for I never allowed personal considerations to interfere with business—and make Tilley wear a set of false articles as much like my own as possible; and this I knew would immensely increase his resemblance to me as I appeared that day, while I should of course look very unlike myself. Then I would send Tilley to the *Yarmouth Smack*—which was a public-house at which, under some disguise, I had agreed to lodge while on my search—and he could keep his eyes open for anything going on; but he was not to trouble himself much. It was uncommonly likely, I thought, that the spies—for I didn't doubt there was more than one—would make sure that Smith or Brown or Jones, or whatever Tilley called himself, the lodger at the *Yarmouth Smack*, was Sergeant Nickham, and so, as long as they kept him in sight, they had the trump-card, if I may be bold enough to say so, in their hands. And if I had not met Inspector Maffery when I did, when the clerk's visit was fresh upon me, and I was rather out of temper about it, I should probably never have thought of mentioning the matter, and the detective work would have begun on the wrong side.

Byrle & Co.'s factory was close to the Thames, and had a wharf in connection with it, and one waterside public-house would do as well for me as another. In fact, as the receiver was as likely to live on the opposite bank as on their own, I might actually gain by living at some place with the river between me and the factory, for a boat could easier cross the river in the dark than a cart could drive through the narrow streets and lanes without being noticed.

I told Tilley as much of my plan as was necessary; he was delighted to help me, for he fancied I was a rising man, and it was something of an honour to work with me. He was willing

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enough to wear the moustache too; indeed this was such a common and natural sort of disguise, that it was adopted quite as a matter of course. I did *not* tell him that I wished him to be mistaken for me; I took care to choose the moustache and whisker; but it never occurred to him why that particular style was chosen; nor did I tell him, or Inspector Maffery or Mr Byrle, that I was going to shave. There's nothing like keeping your own counsel in these cases; and I resolved that if I had occasion to report anything to the inspector (for he was supposed to have the case in hand), I would actually wear a false moustache myself; but it was specially arranged that I should not go near any of the authorities until I thought it desirable, for Mr Byrle was of opinion that if the least suspicion got afloat with regard to myself, the men who were robbing him were quite fly to watching where I went. (I am afraid I have dropped into slang again; to be 'fly' to a thing, means that you are up to it, or down to it, as some prefer to say.) Well, this was Mr Byrle's opinion, and I am bound to say, after the visit of the sham clerk, it was mine too.

## OUR IRON-CLADS.

In our ballad literature not a little is heard of 'the wooden walls of Old England.' History is so full of exploits by three-deckers and frigates, that one feels as if the general disuse of these engines of naval warfare would lead to national disaster. England, however, does not stand alone in exchanging wooden walls for iron-clads of an entirely new type. All the navies of the world have been thus transformed in the twenty years which have elapsed since our last great war. There are ships of war now afloat which could single-handed meet and defeat the whole fleet that followed Nelson and Collingwood at Trafalgar. These great changes have been brought about by the use of armour-plating, the growth of the guns, the improvement of marine engines, and the adoption of machinery to aid in the working and the fighting of the ship. We remember a few months ago hearing one of our admirals, a man of the old school, talking of naval war. 'In past times,' he said, 'war was all courage and chivalry. What is it now? Cunning and machinery!' And to some extent he was right. Cunning and machinery will play a great part in the naval battles of the future; but of course there must be courage, and iron courage too, behind them, or iron plates and monster guns will avail but little. In the new class of war-vessels, the massive plates are bolted on to iron frames; the only wood is the 'backing' of Indian teak behind and sometimes between them. Oak, so far as beams and planks are concerned, has disappeared from the navy. The 'hearts of oak' are left, however, it is to be hoped, in the brave fellows who happily still man our new navy.

Our Navy List tells us that we have something like eight hundred ships of war, including in round numbers sixty iron-clads. These figures given in this way of course require some explanation. In the list are included gun-boats, tenders, store-ships, tug-boats, old wooden ships which are really waiting to be broken up, training-ships, and wooden guard-ships stationed at various ports. Our fighting navy really consists of the iron-clads and the unarmoured cruisers built for high speed; to these we may add gun-boats of a recent type built to carry one very heavy gun. And with regard to the iron-clads it must be noted that even they are not all fitted to take a place in line of battle. Many of them are ships built from 1861 to 1864, having very thin armour, comparatively light guns, and we fear in many cases worn-out boilers. The *Warrior*, our first real iron-clad man-of-war (for we can hardly count as such the floating batteries), was launched in 1861. She was built on the lines of a fast sailing-ship, and has none of the heaviness of form which was unavoidably given to most of her successors. When she was launched, armour was still in the region of doubtful projects, and it was considered a remarkable success to give her four-and-a-half-inch plates on her central portion only, for the ends were wholly unprotected. The *Warrior* too was an enormously long ship—no less than three hundred and eighty feet from stem to stern; but even this length was exceeded in the sister ships *Northumberland* and *Minotaur*. These ships are neither strong in armour nor handy in manœuvring; they have of course their uses, but they cannot be compared with the later ships constructed when we had acquired some practical knowledge of what an iron-clad should be.

As soon as it was recognised that rapidity in manœuvring—in other words, power of turning easily and certainly—was a necessary quality of a good iron-clad, ships were built much broader in proportion to their length; and this facility of manœuvring was further increased by the general introduction of the twin-screw; that is, the placing of two screw propellers one on each side of the stern-post, each being independent of the other; so that one or both can be used to drive the ship; or one can be reversed while the other continues driving ahead; thus enabling the ship to turn as easily as a boat when the oarsman backs water with one hand and continues pulling with the other.

While the increase of armour kept pace with the growth of the guns, and rose gradually from four inches on the *Warrior* to two feet on the *Inflexible*, a species of internal defence was gradually developed by the division of the ship into numerous compartments; so that if she were pierced below the water-line by the explosion of a torpedo or the blow of an enemy's ram, the water would only partially fill her, and she would still be able to keep afloat. All the later iron-clads have a double bottom, the space between the inner and outer bottom being divided into numerous cells. The body of the ship is divided by the water-tight bulkheads extending from side to side, and from the bottom to the upper deck. To these transverse bulkheads Mr Barnaby, the present chief constructor, has added in all the iron-clads which he has designed a longitudinal bulkhead extending from stem to stern, and dividing the ship into two halves in the direction of her length. Further, there are minor compartments formed by strong bulkheads, designed for the protection of the engines and boilers. In a large ship these compartments of various kinds are very numerous; the *Inflexible* contains upwards of one hundred and twenty; great care, therefore, has to be taken in planning them, in order to insure that this isolation of the various parts of

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the ship may not interfere with the working of her guns, engines, and steering apparatus while she is in action.

Side by side with this development of defensive power, there went on an equally rapid development of machinery and mechanical appliances for the working of the ship. The first necessity of an iron-clad is powerful engines, to drive her at a speed of thirteen or fourteen knots an hour on an emergency, though of course in ordinary times a much lower rate of speed is considered sufficient, and the engines work at half their power, or are stopped entirely, while the ship proceeds on her way under sail. But the propulsion of the ship is only one of the numerous duties to be discharged by this new adoption of steam, a power which was only just really establishing itself in our navy when we went to war with Russia in 1854. An iron-clad does not carry anything like the crew that used to be put on board of an old three-decker. Eleven hundred men used to be the complement of a ship of one hundred and thirty-one guns; one-third of the number is more than the crew of some of our most formidable vessels of to-day. In former days guns could be handled and worked by men and even by boys, provided the number of hands were sufficient; and nowadays it is very different work running in and out guns weighing thirty-five, thirty-eight, and eighty-one tons, and dragging along and ramming down shot and shell weighing from six hundred pounds up to three-quarters of a ton, and cartridges each of which contains perhaps more than two barrels of gunpowder. This kind of fighting is work for giants, and so the giant Steam lends his strong hand to do it. Steam turns the turrets of the monitor, steam exerts its force through the medium of hydraulic machinery, checks the recoil of the heavy gun as it runs in, forces the mechanical sponge into its bore, works the shot-lift that brings up the ammunition, works the rammer that drives it home into the gun; finally runs the gun out and points it, the huge gun raising or lowering its muzzle, or turning to right or left, as the captain of its crew touches a valve-handle or presses down a little lever.

But steam is not applied to the guns only; it works the windlasses, winches, and capstans that raise the anchors, braces up the yards, and lifts stores and heavy weights in and out of the ship, or moves them from place to place. It furnishes power to the steering apparatus, works the pumps, keeps the ventilating fans going; and in ships that shew the electric light at night it drives the electrical apparatus. Engines are made to start engines in some of the newer iron-clads. Instead of moving heavy levers when he wishes to set the engines going, the engineer just touches a miniature engine, which moves the levers of the larger engines for him. And all these more important engines are multiplied and made to act either together or separately, so that in the event of one being disabled, others are left to do its work. We hear of ships of war being fitted with twenty or thirty engines, without counting sundry smaller ones. Those of the turret-ship *Temeraire* are thus divided—two main engines for propelling the ship, with two starting engines; four feed engines, two circulating engines, two bilge engines, four fan engines, one capstan engine, one steering engine, two pumping engines connected with the hydraulic loading-gear, two turning engines for rotating the turn-tables or turrets, two engines to pump water in case of fire, four engines for hoisting out ashes, one engine for condensing air in working the Whitehead torpedo, and an engine for the electric light apparatus. Admiral Fellowes had such ships as these in his mind when, speaking before a committee of the Admiralty, he said: 'Men-of-war now are nothing more nor less than floating machines; there are the steam capstans, the steam steering-gear; every portion of your guns, slides, and carriages worked by steam; there are the double bottom and the inner bottom, and everything connected with the machinery; in fact the whole ship is now a floating machine, and is more or less under the control of the chief engineer.'

In all our great naval wars, our ships had only a single weapon, the gun, and this not a very heavy one, for the highest limit of naval ordnance was the sixty-eight pounder, which indeed was looked upon as a very terrible weapon. To the guns of nowadays, the old thirty-two and sixty-eight pounders are mere pop-guns. There is the huge eighty-one-ton gun, twenty-four feet long, and six feet thick at the breech, its huge shot of fifteen hundred pounds being capable of penetrating thirty inches of armour. There is the thirty-eight-ton gun, whose shot of six or seven hundred pounds weight has smashed a thirteen-inch plate at a thousand yards. Then there are guns of six-and-a-half, nine, twelve, eighteen, and twenty-five tons, with projectiles weighing from one to six hundred pounds, all of them capable of piercing armour, against which the old naval guns would be as useless as a schoolboy's squirt. But the gun does not stand alone. There are two other weapons, either of which is more terrible, and in certain cases more effective than the heaviest gun afloat. These are the ram and the torpedo, the latter of which has recently been described in these columns. Let us, however, have a look at the ram. In the old days, the ship herself had no attacking power. She fought with her guns; or else she was laid alongside of her enemy, and the crew with axe, pike, and cutlass clambered over the bulwarks and on to the hostile decks, which they cleared by hand-to-hand fighting. Probably no iron-clad will ever be laid alongside of another to board her. Were an iron-clad to go into action, all the openings in the deck would be closed, and every one, even the steersman, under cover. Many modern ships could continue a fight successfully with a hundred or a hundred and fifty boarders in possession of the upper deck; and their own turret guns, or the fire of friendly ships, would clear away the intruders if necessary. Thus, in the recent war between Paraguay and Brazil, during one of the river engagements, a Paraguayan ship ran alongside of a Brazilian turret-ship and sent a crowd of boarders on to her iron decks. They met with no opposition; the round turret in front of them continued its fire against a Paraguayan monitor; while another Brazilian monitor sent volley after volley of grape-shot sweeping across the decks of her consort. In a few minutes they were clear. The Paraguayan boarders had been killed, had jumped into the water, or had escaped to one of their own ships. This, we believe, is the only attempt on record at boarding an iron-clad; its failure shews how hopeless such an enterprise is against

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a ship the possession of whose deck does not give any control over her movements or those of her crew. It is therefore probable that it will be only in the most exceptional cases that iron-clads will approach each other with the object of boarding. If they do come to close quarters, it will be only to use the ram.

This idea of fighting with the ram is a very old one. The *beak* was the weapon of the ancient navies of the Mediterranean, and the beak was what we now call the ram. It is quite evident that to make the ship herself, weighing from nine to twelve thousand tons, take the place of the projectile, by driving her at a high speed against a hostile vessel, is to use a weapon more powerful than the heaviest gun. A ship like the *Inflexible* or the *Sultan*, with a speed of ten or twelve knots an hour, will strike a heavier blow than a shot from even the eighty-one-ton gun would give at a range of a few hundred yards; and while the injury done by the shot will probably be above the water-line, the ram will cut the hostile vessel down from above the water-line perhaps almost to the keel. Every one remembers how the *Iron Duke* sank the *Vanguard* by an accidental collision at a low rate of speed. But in this case the injury was such that the *Vanguard* did not sink for nearly an hour. Much more terrible was the sinking of the iron-clad *Re d'Italia* in the battle of Lissa in 1866. The Austrian admiral found himself inferior in gun-power to the Italian ships; he therefore decided on using the ram as much as possible. 'I rammed away at everything I saw painted gray,' he said himself in describing the action. One of these gray ships was the splendid iron-clad *Re d'Italia*, which struck fair amidships by Tegethoff's bow, went to the bottom of the Adriatic with all her crew in less than a minute. We believe that this use of the ram will play a great part in any future English naval engagement.

Such are the means of defence and attack possessed by our fleet. There has never yet been anything like a grand engagement between two great iron-clad navies; when that takes place, we shall see what the new naval warfare really is; meanwhile one thing is quite certain—that iron-clads are neither as handy nor as comfortable as the grand old ships of say forty years ago. Sailors in the royal navy have had to exchange the well-lighted, airy lower-decks of the line-of-battle ship for the hot dark 'compartments' of the iron-clad; for oil-lamps, hot rooms, and artificial ventilation, and perhaps the prospect of being battered with monster guns or blown up with torpedoes. This change of conditions may have serious consequences, not contemplated by designers of iron-clads. At present the crews of these vessels have been nearly all engaged as boys, put on board training-ships. They turn out a fine set of young men, but they do not remain in the service. Before they are thirty, most of them have gone, and are engaged in employment on shore, or in yachts, or in ocean steam lines. We believe there will be also a growing difficulty in procuring a good set of officers, including surgeons, for the iron-clads. Young men of good education, with numerous openings for them in civil life, do not like to be immured in dark floating hulks, with the risk at any moment of being helplessly sent to the bottom of the sea. We at anyrate know the fact of two young men trained as surgeons for the royal navy who on these grounds have shrunk from following their intended profession. In short, science may invent ships of overpowering destructive grandeur, but it cannot invent men who will agree to live under conditions of dismal discomfort in these floating dungeons. Such, we imagine, will be found to be weak points in a navy of iron-clads. Nor can we look with indifference on the many instances of disaster in the mere working of these new-fashioned vessels. Explosions and other fatalities follow in pretty quick succession. Furnaces and steam-machinery are constantly going wrong. Shafts and bearers are going wrong. There seems to be such a complication in all departments, that one can have little confidence in matters going quite right in case of that kind of active service involved in absolute warfare. A contemplation of these several contingencies, it must be owned, is far from pleasant.

Since this article was written, news has come of a successful naval engagement which shews that our sailors are as brave and as skilful as ever they were. One day last May a rebel Peruvian iron-clad, the *Huascar*, having committed piratical acts in the Pacific, was attacked by two of our fine wooden cruisers, the *Shah* and the *Amethyst*. The two English wooden ships fairly beat the iron-clad turret-ship, which was so damaged that the rebel crew were only too glad to go into harbour and surrender to the Peruvian authorities. This is the first English action with an iron-clad; and slight as it is in itself, the fact that our ships were only wooden cruisers meant for no such severe work, gives it some importance, and makes the victory a legitimate cause for well-founded satisfaction.

## THE 'SOFTIE'S' DREAM.

### IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

In the fertile valley of the river Suck, just where some years ago such consternation was created by a portion of the Bog of Allen shewing an inclination to settle for good, there stood many years since a farm-house of rather a better class than any of those in the immediate neighbourhood, or indeed in any of the adjacent villages. The house stood a little off the high-road from Castlerea to Loughlinn, and few people who passed failed to observe its well-to-do, comfortable appearance and 'smug' haggard (steading). Its occupier, Owen Kearney, was a very hard-working sober man, who not only minded his own business, but let his neighbours' affairs alone. He was never in arrears with his rent, had his turf cut a year in advance, and got his crops down first and in earliest; so that it was not without some reason that people said he was the most comfortable farmer in the village of Glenmadda. Added to being the most industrious, Owen Kearney was (what few tenant farmers in the west of Ireland were thirty years ago) something of a speculator. He did not tie his savings up in an old stocking and hide it in the thatch of the barn or cow-house, as the majority of his neighbours who had any savings usually did; but despite the repeated warnings of Shaun More Morris, the philosopher and wiseacre of the village, invested in new and improved farming implements and in horses, of which he was not unjustly considered the best judge in the County Roscommon. As he did all his business when he was perfectly sober, he seldom

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had any cause to complain of his bargain; and the 'luck-penny,' instead of spending in the public-house, he made a rule of giving to the priest for the poor of the parish.

Not being in the habit of gossiping either about his own or his neighbours' affairs, no one could form any correct idea of how rich Owen Kearney really was; but it was generally known that he kept his money at the bank, as on fair and market days he went into that building with his pockets well filled and came out with them empty, and mounting his cob, rode home quietly, long before the fun or the faction fights commenced.

Not so, however, the younger of his two sons, Larry, a wild restless lad of seventeen, on whom neither the precept nor example of his father and brother seemed to have the least influence. Martin, the eldest, was steady and thoughtful like his father; but Larry, with his boisterous laugh and ready joke, dancing blue eyes and flaxen hair, never spent a minute in thinking during his life. While he worked, which was not often, he was as good as two, his father used to say; and 'when he took his divarsion he was the divil at it,' Martin used to add good-naturedly. Innumerable were the scrapes Larry got into, and miraculous were the methods by which he managed to extricate himself. There was not a wake, wedding, or christening for miles round that he was not to be found at. No merry-gathering or fair was complete without him; and it was almost a proverb that Larry Kearney was the last to sit down wherever there was a dance, and the first to shake a shillelah wherever there was a shindy. Of course he was his mother's favourite; such boys invariably are. She shut her eyes to his faults, supplied him with money without any questions, and being a very religious woman, or what in that part of Ireland is termed a voteen, she atoned for all his shortcomings.

There was another member of Owen Kearney's family as full of fun and mischief in her way as Larry; this was Dora Costello, the farmer's orphan niece. Little Dora, everybody called her, because, when she lost her own father and mother, and went to live with her uncle and aunt, she was a little toddling thing of three years old. At the time this story tells of she was a fine girl of seventeen, tall, finely formed, and as graceful as a willow. A fine specimen of an Irish peasant girl was Dora Costello, with her red-and-white complexion, merry changeable hazel eyes, and rich, reddish auburn hair. There was not a farmer's daughter within many a mile who could *scutch* or spin as much flax of an evening, nor one who could better milk a cow or make a roll of butter. Bright, intelligent, and good-tempered, with a tongue as ready as her fingers, and a sense of humour as rich as her brogue, Dora was a general favourite, and as a natural consequence had numerous admirers. Being by nature somewhat of a coquette, she managed to play them off one against another with an ease and grace which a London belle might have envied, keeping good friends with all, and giving none the slightest preference. But when it came to a question of marriage, it was a different thing altogether. Dora declared she was very happy with her uncle and aunt, and unceremoniously refused all the eligible young men in her own and the next village, declaring of each in turn that she would 'as soon marry Barney Athleague.'

Long ago, in almost every Irish village there was to be found hanging about the farm-houses some poor half-witted creature, called in one place an *onsha*, in others an *omadhaun*, and in the County Roscommon a *softie*. They were boys without any knowledge of who their parents had been, cast as children on the charity of some village, from which they usually took their names, as Johnnie *Loughlinn*, and Barney *Athleague*. How Barney came to make his way to Glenmadda no one knew, but one day when about ten years old he was seen following a hunt. Stumbling over a loose stone, he sprained his ankle, and so was thrown on the protection of the villagers. A glance at the lad's motley appearance and vacant face was sufficient to shew what he was; and as in most parts of Ireland, as in Germany, there exists amongst the peasantry a sort of superstitious regard for silly people, poor Barney found food and shelter, now from one, now from another, as indeed the softies invariably did; in return for which they ran on errands and looked after the pigs and poultry, and were always at hand in an emergency.

As a rule, the softie looked a great deal bigger fool than he really was. He contrived to live and be fed, clothed and lodged without working. He made himself at home everywhere, was generally treated very well, and never by any chance treated badly. He knew everybody's business (for curiosity was one of his virtues or vices), and with the special advantage that people thought he knew nothing at all. All sorts of matters were discussed freely round the hearth in his presence, he meantime staring into the fire, sucking his fingers, or rolling on the floor with the dog, no more heeded than that animal; yet all the while drinking in the conversation, and with a sort of crooked wisdom treasuring it up. Animal tastes and instincts were generally the most marked in the softie; as a rule, he was greedy, selfish, and uncleanly in his habits, violent in his antipathies, yet with a capacity for attaching himself with a strong dog-like fidelity and affection to a friend.

Such was Barney Athleague—perhaps a trifle better and more intelligent than the generality of his class; and there was no place in the village where he spent so much of his time, or was so well treated, as at Owen Kearney's; first, because they were naturally kindly people; and next, Mrs Kearney's religious feelings made her especially good to the poor and friendless; and there was no person in the whole world whom the softie cared so much about as Dora. Wherever she went, Barney was not far behind. He was always ready to do anything in the world she asked him, no matter how wearisome or hazardous. When she was a child, he climbed the highest trees to get her birds' nests, tumbled like a spaniel into the river to get her lilies, and walked miles and miles to recover a pet kid of hers which had gone astray. As she grew older, he carried her cans when she went milking, fed her poultry, and in short waited on her and followed her about like a lapdog. It was great fun to the 'boys' who used to assemble in the farmer's kitchen of a winter's evening to tell stories and gossip, to see Barney fly into a furious passion if any one he did not like touched Dora, or even put his hand upon her dress.

One of the persons the poor softie most cordially detested was Larry Kearney; perhaps because the young man was too fond of teasing him, or else too

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much given to sitting beside Dora. How or whatever the cause, the poor fool hated him; but with a prudence which one would hardly have expected in a softie, he kept his opinions to himself, and watched his enemy like a lynx. Not once or twice he saw the young man descend from the loft where he slept with Luke the 'help,' after the family were sound asleep, and opening the door, steal noiselessly from the house; and after much consideration, Barney at last made up his mind to follow him and learn his destination, nothing doubting but it was the village public-house or *shebeen*, or the forge, which was often a haunt for the idlers to play cards and get tipsy in. But Larry took the very opposite direction from what the softie imagined. Crossing two or three fields, he skirted a plantation of ash, on the other side of which was a *rath* or *forth*, said to be haunted, and the resort of 'the good people.' The place was very generally avoided after nightfall; and Barney's courage was beginning to fail him, when Larry was joined by three or four other young men, which revived his spirits, and nerved him to follow silently and cautiously as a cat.

On rounding the hill he saw there were between thirty and forty persons assembled in a field, and after a few minutes one of them advanced to meet Larry. The softie, on seeing the man approach, concealed himself behind the ferns and brambles, all his curiosity aroused, and strained his ears to catch the conversation; but the men spoke so indistinctly that he could not distinguish a word till after a little while they drew nearer to his cover.

'Look here, Larry,' one said, drawing something which gleamed in the moonlight from a cave or hollow in the hill-side, within arm's length of Barney's crouching form. 'Look, me boy, there's twoscore pike-heads lying snug enough in there.'

'Good captain,' Larry replied, with his merry laugh, 'an' there's two-score "boys" ready to handle them.'

'Yes; but we want more,' the captain said, as he replaced the weapon in the cave, and carefully drew the thick grass, ferns, and blackberry bushes over it. 'Did you speak e'er a word to Martin?'

Larry laughed again. 'Sorra a word, captain; an' if "Molly" herself was to go an' ax *him*, he wouldn't join us,' he said; 'an' bedad, maybe he might inform!' he added merrily—and the men moved away.

'Ha, ha!' Barney said to himself as he crept from his hiding-place, and made his way back to the farm-house; 'that's where Larry goes. An' who's Molly, who's Molly? I'll ask Miss Dora to-morrow who's Molly;' and with this reflection he crept into his bed and fell asleep.

### CHAPTER II.

'Father, I think I'd like to join the Volunteers,' said Martin Kearney one day, about a month after the above event; 'the country is in a bad way, an' it's time for them that love peace and quietness to spake up.'

'True for you, Martin; an' if I was younger I'd do the same thing,' Owen Kearney said, looking up from the newspaper, in which he was reading an account of the arrest of several of the rebels known in 184- as the *Molly Maguires*, from their having first met in the house of a woman of that name. 'It's bad for the poor boys that went with the "Mollies."'

'Will you join with me, Larry?' Martin asked.

But he shook his head, as he replied somewhat hastily: 'Not I, faith; the "boys" never did anything to me.'

'An' I'm not going to do anything to them,' answered Martin quietly. 'Only, I think it's right for us to shew that we're honest Roscommon boys, an' have nothing to do with villains who go round the country at night frightening women an' children, an' murdering poor innocent cattle, not to mention shooting their next-door neighbour from behind a hedge, without any reason. I know *I'd* liever be a sheep-stealer than a Molly Maguire; an' to shew I have no dealings with them, I'll go to-morrow to Boyle an' list in the Volunteers.'

Larry used every argument to prevent his brother going to Boyle as he said, but without any avail; and early the next morning Martin started to do what numbers of the better class of farmers' sons in the vicinity of the small towns had already done.

About twelve o'clock on the night that Martin left his home, Owen Kearney and his wife were startled out of their sleep by the softie rushing into their room screaming wildly that he had a dream.

'An' what was it, Barney?' asked Mrs Kearney kindly. 'Don't be frightened now; but tell me.'

'Arrah, ma'am,' he sobbed, 'I dreamed I saw Martin; an' two men with their faces blackened rode up to him on the plains of Boyle an' shot him. Oh, *wirra, wirra*, one of them was Larry!'

Poor Mrs Kearney fell to wringing her hands, and sobbing wildly at the extraordinary dream of the poor fool; while her husband rushed to his son's room in the hope of finding Larry; but his bed was empty, as was that of Luke the servant. Full of terrible forebodings, the farmer began to question Barney more particularly as to his dream; but he could only repeat again and again that two men fired at Martin on the plains of Boyle; one of them was Larry, the other was Luke: this he maintained with a persistency which it was almost impossible to doubt. No one thought of returning to bed; and while they were consulting as to what was best to be done, the softie again uttered a wild shriek, and rolled over on the floor, as a bullet entered the kitchen window and lodged in the opposite wall, followed by another, which whizzed past Owen Kearney's head.

'The Lord have mercy upon us!' he exclaimed, crossing himself devoutly. 'Where will it end?' And he held his wife, who was almost insensible from the fright, close in his arms. At that instant a bright light illuminated the whole kitchen; and in a moment the truth flashed across his brain—his steading was in flames. Not daring to open his door to look out, he tried to think what was best to be done; for perhaps the house over his head was blazing too, or would be in a few minutes. Casting a hasty glance round, he lifted his wife in his arms, meaning to carry her to the front of the house and out of sight of the flames; when a violent knocking at the door startled him, and he recognised his niece's voice demanding admittance. Hastily unbarring it, he saw her accompanied by a party of soldiers, who, when they found no lives had been taken, set to work bravely to protect the property which was yet untouched by the fire. But there was little left for them to do. The cattle had been hamstrung, the horses stolen, and a lighted brand placed in every stack of oats and

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the thatch of every outhouse. The work of devastation had been done only too well.

'They're taken, uncle—them that set the haggard a-fire,' said Dora as soon as she was able to speak. 'I brought the soldiers to the house; and,' she added, 'one of the villains said he had finished off Owen Kearney. Thank God, it is not true!' and she threw herself into his arms.

'Yes; I heard him,' said one of the soldiers; and we've sent him to safer lodgings than we took him from. It seems, Mr Kearney, that your niece was returning home from a visit to a neighbour's, when she heard two men whispering in the lane at the end of the meadow. As they were in front, and she didn't like their looks, she kept behind, and heard them say that there were two gone to Boyle to look out for *the Volunteer*, and that they were going to do for old Kearney and his wife, "string" the cattle and fire the haggard. Like a sensible girl, she turned round quietly and ran as quick as she could towards Castlerea. By good luck she met us half-way; and though we were going on another errand, we turned back at once with her, and netted the rascals who did this pretty piece of business.—I sent six men on towards Boyle, to see if they could learn anything of the villains that followed your son,' added the sergeant.

'Where's Larry, uncle?' asked Dora, after she had tried ineffectually to console her aunt. 'Why isn't he here?'

'You're all I have now, *alanna*,' Kearney said, pressing her to his breast. 'Martin is gone, and Larry is gone. Well, well, God is good.'

'Miss Dora, Miss Dora!' cried Barney Athleague faintly, 'come here a minute.'

In the general confusion, every one had forgotten the poor softie, who lay on the floor quite insensible.

'What is it, Barney? Are ye hurt?' inquired Dora, bending over him.

'Not much; only my back is bad, and I can't lift my legs. Tell your uncle Owen Kearney that Martin isn't dead. He's lyin' on the settle in a shebeen with his hand on his side, calling "Dora, Dora!" I see him—sure I see him; and Larry an' Luke is took; the sogers is bringing them to Roscommon. Oh, wirra, wirra!'

'Shure the poor creature is frightened to death's door,' said Owen Kearney, trying to induce Barney to get up and drink a little water; but the mug fell out of the farmer's hands in dismay and horror, for he found the poor softie was bathed in blood. 'He's shot, he's shot!' he exclaimed; and one of the soldiers drew near and examined the wound.

'There's a bullet in his back,' the man said; 'and he'll never eat another bit of this world's bread. And may God forget the man that forgot he was an omadthaun.'

Poor Barney never spoke again. Nothing could have saved his life. But his dream was literally true. At the very moment he awoke screaming, Martin Kearney was fired at by his brother Larry and his father's servant; at the hour he mentioned were the murderers taken; and Martin himself was taken into a shebeen, as he said, and laid upon a settle in the kitchen, where he called untiringly for his cousin Dora.

Such was the softie's dream; and such sad stories as that above related are a part and parcel of every Irish rebellion. Martin Kearney did not die; and Larry pleaded guilty, declaring that he was forced to attempt his brother's life both by solemn oath of obedience and by lot; at the same time confessing all he knew of the strength and doings of the Mollies, assuring his judges that he joined them in ignorance, and now thought of them only with horror and regret. Therefore, in consideration of his youth, repentance, and valuable information he gave with regard to the rebels, his life was spared, and he was instead sentenced to twenty-one years' penal servitude; while his companion, Luke Murphy, was hanged. It would have been almost a kindness to Larry to have been permitted to share the same fate. Before two years he died of a broken heart.

Owen Kearney's house was not burned; but after his son's transportation, nothing could induce him to live in it. He therefore sold his furniture and such of his stock as the cruelty and violence of the Mollies spared, and went to end his days amongst his wife's relations in the County Galway. Dora and Martin were married, and after some time emigrated, and spent the remainder of their days in comfort and happiness, clouded only by the memory of how much pleasanter it would have been if they could have settled down in the old farm-house dear to them both, to be a comfort to their father and mother in their old age, and at last to sleep beside them in Glenmadda churchyard.

The stock of one of the wealthiest gentlemen in the County Roscommon now graze where Owen Kearney's house once stood. Not a trace of his family remains in the Green Isle. Their tragical history is almost forgotten; but amongst the gossips and old women the softie's dream is still remembered.

## GLIMPSE OF THE INDIAN FAMINE.

On this dismal subject so much has lately appeared in the newspapers that we almost shrink from troubling our readers with it. Everybody knows the cause of the famine—a long and unhappy drought in Southern India which parched up the land; nothing would grow; the people, millions in number, had saved nothing; their means of livelihood were gone; and with a weakness which we can scarcely understand, they sat down to die—of starvation. In times when India was subject to Mongol rulers, the population, on the occurrence of such a catastrophe, would simply have been left to die outright. Famine, like war, was deemed a legitimate means for reducing a redundancy in the number of inhabitants, and was accepted as a thing quite natural and reasonable. Matters are now considerably changed. India is part of the great British empire, and British rule is no doubt a fine thing to be boasted of. It gives the English an immense lift in the way of national prestige. Along with prestige, however, come responsibilities that are occasionally found to be rather serious. The bulk of the people of India are living from hand to mouth. If their crops fail, it is all over with them. Then is heard the distant wail of famine from fellow-subjects, which it is impossible to neglect. Noble subscriptions follow, although subscriptions of one sort or

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other come upon us annually in regular succession from January to December. But when was the Englishman's purse shut while the cry of distress was loudly pealing around him?

There is much satisfaction in knowing that more than half a million sterling has been gathered for the assuagement of the Indian famine. Although vast numbers perished of hunger, vast numbers were saved by a well-conducted system of dispensing food suitable to the simple wants of the people. The natives of Southern India live chiefly on rice, and a little serves them. The distribution of rice was accordingly a ready and easy method of succouring the poor famishing families. Along with boiled rice there was usually given a cup of water, rendered palatable by some sharp condiment, such as pepper or chillies. This desire for hot-tasting condiments seems to be an inherent necessity in warm climates, for which Nature has made the most beneficent provision. With these few preliminary remarks, we proceed to offer some extracts from the letters of a young medical gentleman connected with the army at Madras, descriptive of the plans adopted to feed the assembled crowds who flocked to large camps or barrack-yards in a state of pitiable suffering. The letters were no way designed for publication, a circumstance which gives them additional value.

'MADRAS, *July* 25, 1877.—There is not much news this week. One day I drove out to one of the Relief Camps beyond Palaveram to see it. A most curious and interesting sight it was. We went at half-past five, which was feeding-time; and there we saw nine thousand five hundred starving wretches all seated on their hunkers [crouched down in a sitting attitude on their heels], awaiting their food. What a motley crew and queer mixture of old men with more than a foot in the grave; strong men and young women and unweaned babes all mixed indiscriminately, but all seated in long rows of about a hundred each, in perfect order, and kept so by not more than a dozen native police with two half-caste inspectors. The majority of the people were Pariahs. Few caste people care to come to the camps, and prefer to die rather than have their food cooked for them by non-caste persons. However, there were some—about two hundred in all—Hindus and Mohammedans, and they were set apart from the Pariahs.

'The food, rice, is cooked in enormous chatties, and then spread out on matting to cool; after which it is put into gigantic tubs, which are carried slung on bamboos by a couple of coolies to the people, and a large tin measureful given to each. A measureful of pepper water (a mixture of chillies and water) is also given to each, and as much drinking-water as they like.

'So much for the food; now for the camp itself. It is situated on a large plain, and the inclosure is about a mile round. It is in the form of a square, three sides consisting of chuppers [a kind of wood and matting tents], roofed in, and protected from the wind on one side, being open on the other. Each of the three chuppers or houses of accommodation is built of the very simplest material: the floor is hardened mud, perfectly smooth and comfortable, as you know the people make it; while the roof consists of leaves matted together, supported on bamboos, and the side of matting. Each chupper is about a quarter of a mile long, and has accommodation for no end of people, the evils of overcrowding being avoided by the almost free exposure to the air. To windward is the Hospital, a good building, rain-proof, and covered in on all sides. Still further away are cholera and small-pox hospitals. The people at the camps receive two meals a day of rice and pepper water; and once a week on Sundays they get mutton. At this camp alone not less than fifty bags of rice were cooked and consumed daily, sometimes much more. The camp is open to all comers, and each is provided with a cloth and residence. The people appear all to be contented and happy, and await their turn for food calmly and patiently. The feeding is proceeded with rapidly now; but when first the famine came, it was not so; and owing to the paucity of servants, the feeding used to last from five P.M. till five the next morning. Rather trying for starving people to wait that time; hard too on the servants. Now, thanks to good administration, the feeding is all finished in about three hours. I was struck on the whole with the aspect of the people; they all with few exceptions looked well and in good condition. However, the Inspector said, had I seen them when they first came, it was different, and that if they were to return to their own villages, they would be dead in a few days. In fact, all the villages round are empty. Rice has now reached the appalling price of three and a half measures for the rupee, and of course one has to pay all one's servants extra. The poor cannot live, and they say the famine is getting worse! Only one man did I see who was lying among the others. Poor fellow! he had just managed to crawl into camp, and he was dying. I ordered him to be removed to the Hospital, a living skeleton.

'The Hospital was truly a sad sight, the saddest I ever saw. There in one ward, lying on the floor, were a dozen beings, literally living skeletons, with sunken eyes, and ghastly hollow cheeks, and livid lips, with their bones almost protruding through the flesh; too ill to move, and barely able to turn their glassy, stony stare upon you. Yes, dying all from starvation, and being hourly brought nearer death by wasting diarrhœa or dysentery.

'One woman I shall never forget. She had her back to me, and her shoulder-blade stood out so fearfully that I gazed upon it in momentary expectation of its coming through the skin. So awful was it, that I felt almost tempted to take my nail and scrape it, in order to see the white of the bone. Perhaps the saddest sight of all was the lying-in ward, where a lean mother was to be seen unable from weakness to nurse the bag of bones she had given birth to; barely a child surely, with its huge head and sunken eyes and its projecting wee ribs. Poor infant, it couldn't live long.'

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'*August* 7.—This morning I was up at five, and after my breakfast of porridge and goat's milk, was driving out to Jeramuchi Famine Relief Camp, eleven and a half miles distant. The camp is much the same as the Palaveram one I already described to you; but it is superior, and more luxurious in some ways. It is not built in the form of a square, and is all the better of that, I think. It is fenced in all round with a trim palisading, as was the other camp, sufficient to prevent the people straying at night. The chuppers are arranged on the pavilion system, right down the centre of the camp. During the day they are entirely open at both sides, therein differing from the Palaveram ones, where one side is always closed. However, at night either side can be closed, as the sides consist of pieces of matting on a wooden framework, which is hinged to the side of the roof; and during the day the sides are all put up, supported on two bamboos each.

'The children at this camp are all collected together and fed first, the grown-up people afterwards. This morning I saw five thousand children, in age from twelve to infants, mustered for breakfast. An old gentleman with great swagger played a tom-tom with a couple of sticks; it was in the shape of a kettle-drum, and they all mustered, standing up in a row. M—— and I walked down two streets of these children. They were almost all bright and happy-looking; and on being asked if they had enough to eat, they all replied in the affirmative, save one boy about twelve, who shook his head and smote his belly. Poor creature; his looks confirmed his words; there he was on two legs like walking-sticks, mere bones without an atom of muscle, on which he could hardly stand. On being asked when he came in, he said last night. Where were his father and mother? Oh, father, mother, brother, sister, and he all left village together; walked many, many miles; no food. First sister, then mother, died on the road; then brother; yesterday father; he alone being able to reach the Relief Camp.

'This tale is only a repetition of dozens of the same. He was ordered milk and port wine as extras; and I hope the poor orphan being will recover. We went over the rest of the camp; saw the men and women all sitting patiently in rows in their dreamy eastern way, silently awaiting the summons of the tom-tom after the children's breakfast was over, to call them to theirs. On coming to the Mohammedan women, about thirty in number, they all promptly stood up. One could not but be struck with their appearance, so fair-skinned, clean-looking, and handsome, compared to the Pariahs and others. They all spoke Hindustani of course, and were most polite and respectful. Despite the poorness of their attire and the absence of their jewellery, they had a refined air about them, and a superior look totally foreign to the ordinary Hindu. One young girl I was particularly struck with; she could only have been about fifteen, with most lovely eyes and perfect teeth, and such a figure. Ah! I thought, if this young woman was dressed in European clothes and was a lady, she would make a figure in London. Dressed in a scarlet and golden saree, with bangles and other jewellery, she would to my mind have been the realisation of my idea of an Indian princess.

'The Hospital presented the same sad scene of cases of emaciation as at Palaveram; there were more than one hundred cases of dysentery and diarrhœa. I also saw another case of a milkless mother trying to suckle her newly born handful of bones in the lying-in ward. It is a mercy with such a large community that no cholera prevails. They have about twenty cases of small-pox. Leaving camp, we saw two stretchers coming in with coolies. Every morning the highways and byways are searched for three miles round; and those poor creatures who have died or are found dying, unable to come to camp, are brought in. If dead, they are at once buried about a mile away from camp; if alive, they are sent to Hospital. The famine continues very bad; and there was a great meeting in Madras at the Banqueting-hall, when it was acknowledged government could not now cope with it without extraneous aid. Accordingly a telegram was despatched to England, calling on the Lord Mayors of London, Dublin, Manchester, Liverpool, and the Lord Provosts of Edinburgh and Glasgow, to open subscription lists. I am sure it is a worthy cause. . . . In Mysore alone there have been more deaths the last three months than during the last five years. The Viceroy is said to be coming down immediately from Simla to personally inspect the state of matters.'

In a subsequent letter, October 25th, the writer adds—'The accounts are still dreadful. Many poor creatures die after reaching the camps, from inability to swallow or receive the nourishment offered to them in the hospitals. The day the Viceroy visited Bangalore, no fewer than ninety dead bodies were found in the streets and the bazaar. The people at home have certainly done much to help their poor brethren in India; but I believe they would do still more were they to be thoroughly aware of the terrible scenes which have come under my notice.'

In conclusion, it is not out of place to say that the frequently occurring famines in that country call for measures of prevention as well as temporary aid. In making roads and railways, the English have done vast service to India; but something equally imposing in the way of irrigation from artificial tanks and from rivers has seemingly become an absolute though costly necessity, for only by such means can a repetition of these dire famines be averted. In this direction evidently lies the duty of legislators, and we hope they will, with considerate foresight, be not slack in its performance. There might also, possibly, be something done by enabling masses of the redundant population to emigrate, under safe conduct, as coolies to countries where their labour is required. W. C.

## A BURIED CITY.

The history of the destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii under the ashes of Vesuvius is well known; but long before that period, and contemporary with the age of Stone, a city in the Grecian Archipelago was buried in the same manner, with its inhabitants, their tools, and their domestic utensils. Here they have lain for thousands of years, until M. Christomanos, Professor of Chemistry at the University of Athens, called the attention of the public to them.

There is a small group of islands to the north of Candia where these discoveries have been made, chiefly in Santorini and Therasia, which with one

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or two others form a circle round a bay. The two already mentioned are in the shape of a horse-shoe, with the concavity turned inwards, rising from the bay in almost inaccessible cliffs. Horizontal strata of deep black lava, layers of reddish scoria, and cinders of violet gray, are unequally distributed over these steep rocks, the whole being covered by pumice-stone of a brilliant whiteness. A few banks of marble and schist crop out to shew the original formation over which the volcanic ashes have poured; and long vertical streams of what has been molten matter can be traced down the cliffs. On the opposite side, facing the open sea, the islands are altogether different, sloping gently down, and covered with pumice-stone, the light fragments of which are soon displaced by the wind, and sometimes carried to great distances by the equinoctial storms. A few villages are scattered about, and the vine clothes the ground with its beautiful greenery.

From time immemorial the pumice of Santorini and Therasia has been dug out for building houses; and when mixed with lime, it affords an excellent cement, acquiring such hardness that it resists shocks of earthquakes and the action of air and water. It has been used for building piers and moles along the Mediterranean; and recently the works at the Isthmus of Suez and the ports of Egypt have given a great impetus to the trade, and thus opened out the underlying soil and remains of human habitations. There are immense quarries where the stone has been worked; the material being transported to the edge of the cliff, and thrown down a *glissade* about a hundred and fifty feet high, to the side of the ships awaiting it. Contenting themselves with cutting up the highest layers only, the workmen avoided the lower part, which seemed to be mixed with stony masses. These hindered their work, and were not valuable; but upon examination they prove to be walls of ancient houses. This had no interest for the owners of the land, who had long been aware of the fact; but an accidental visit from M. Christomanos awakened the interest of scientific folks at Athens.

At first the idea arose that this was an ancient burial-ground, and that the tombs had been hollowed out of the pumice-stone after the volcanic eruption; but it is now fully ascertained that they were built long before. The largest edifice, which has been cleared of the tufa which fills it, consists of six rooms of unequal size, the largest being about eighteen feet by fifteen; and one wall extends round a court of twenty-four feet in length, with a single entrance. The walls are built in quite a different manner from the fashion now used in the islands; they are formed of a series of irregular blocks of lava, uncut, laid together without any order; no mortar, but the interstices filled with a kind of red ashes. Between the stones, long twisted branches of the olive-tree are laid, still covered with bark, but in a very advanced state of decomposition. The wood has become nearly black, as if burnt, and falls to powder at the slightest touch. The inside of the rooms has never been whitewashed; but probably a rough coating of red earthy matter, similar to that which lies between the stones, has been put on.

At the north side there are two windows; a third and a door are found on the other sides, and several openings into the different rooms. As these were formed by pieces of wood, which have decayed, the situation of the openings is chiefly ascertained by the mass of stones that have fallen in. In every case the roof lies in the interior of the rooms, and has been formed of wood laid upon the walls in such a manner as to be sloping; whilst in the largest apartment a cylindrical block of stone buried in the floor, has evidently supported a beam of wood, from which radiated the other pieces of the roof.

The things which have been discovered in this building are numerous and varied. There are vases of pottery and lava, seeds, straw, the bones of animals, tools of flint and lava, and a human skeleton. It may be remarked that not one article of iron or bronze has been found, not even the trace of a nail in the pieces of wood which have formed the roof; the absence of metals is complete. The pottery is all well proportioned, the commonest kind consisting of yellow jars, very thick, and capable of holding many gallons. They are filled with barley, the seeds of coriander and aniseed, gray peas, and other articles which cannot be made out. The form, material, and size resemble the jars used in Greece for keeping cereals in very early though historic times. In many of the rooms, heaps of barley lie against the walls. There are smaller jars of finer ware and a brighter colour, ornamented with circular bands and vertical stripes. The colouring-matter, of a deep red, has been put on in a moist state without variety of design, being always in circles and straight lines.

Besides a double necklace and ear-rings of a woman, many articles made of obsidian, a volcanic product sometimes called volcanic glass, have been found in Therasia. These are cut, but not polished; some of a triangular form have probably been the points of arrows; others are like small knives or scrapers for preparing skins. The use of obsidian appears to have been common during the Stone age among those nations who lived in volcanic regions, and even in later periods. It is said that it is still used by the women of Peru for scissors. It was more generally in vogue before the discovery of metals than since, particularly in Greece, where arms and tools of stone disappeared after copper was found. In the strata where they are at Therasia, there is nothing of iron or bronze.

Two small rings of gold are rather remarkable; they are so small that they would not pass over a child's finger. It may be inferred that they were links of a necklace. In each there is a hole about the size of a needle's eye. Probably they had been threaded one after another on the same string, and not interlaced like the rings of a chain. The interior is hollow; and no indication of soldering can be perceived, neither does the gold seem to have any alloy of other metal. The maker had flattened the bit of native gold by hammering it to the state of a thin circular leaf, and then folding it up with the edges to the inside of the ring. As gold has never been found in Santorini or in any of the neighbouring volcanic islands, it proves that the inhabitants held communication with the continent; certain streams of Asia Minor having been celebrated in antiquity for the great quantity of gold brought down.

Geologists have endeavoured to draw out the history of the terrible event which overwhelmed

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these islands and their inhabitants. At the beginning of the tertiary period, Greece, united to Africa, seems to have formed part of a large marshy continent, where now flows the Mediterranean. It was inhabited by those gigantic mammifers whose bones have been largely found in Africa. Towards the close of this epoch a lowering of the land separated Europe from Africa, and gave to the Mediterranean its present configuration. An oscillation of the crust of the earth afterwards produced openings, through which igneous matter has flowed. Torrents of lava gave birth to the volcanic rocks which are to be found in Greece and the neighbouring islands, and a volcano had evidently opened in the present bay of Santorini. The hill Saint Elias, the top of which forms the culminating point of the island, was then an island composed of schist and marble. The igneous matter, cooled by contact with the water and the atmosphere, attached itself to this hill, and the whole united together, formed the space now occupied by Santorini, Therasia, and Aspronisi. Repeated layers of lava, scoria, and ashes collected during many ages when the crater which occupied the central part was gradually becoming undermined.

Volcanoes are the weak parts of the earth's crust; there is not one in full activity which does not present alternative series of increase or lessening. The cone rises gradually until by degrees it is obstructed with lava, then a sudden fall destroys it and hollows a new crater, sometimes larger and deeper than the first. Many such occurrences have been described, but none can equal in importance the gigantic fall which formed the Bay of Santorini. All the central part must have given way, and been suddenly ingulfed, leaving but a narrow border of land, through the northern part of which the sea has dashed to fill up the hollow. Instead of a mountain three thousand feet high, there is a bay of immense depth, surrounded by precipitous rocks, close to which ships can anchor.

This violent catastrophe must have taken place when man was on the island; and the event must have been sudden, since the remains prove that there was no time to move away or to displace anything in the houses. The eruption of pumice-stone has preceded the sinking of the cone, for the tufa which covers the downs is cut through by subjacent streams of lava; nor does it seem to have been preceded by any violent earthquakes, as in that case the houses found in Therasia would have been demolished and the walls no longer standing. This is remarkable, as the construction of the buildings proves that the island was subject to them; the pieces of wood inserted in the walls seeming to be for no other object than to prevent the disastrous effects of such a shaking. This custom is still in use among all the islands of the Archipelago.

From the abundance of wood used in the houses, the island must in those days have been well supplied with timber. The olive-tree grew freely, and barley was the commonest of the cereals. Probably too the climate was different. The vine does not seem to have been there; still less was it the only plant cultivated, as now, at Santorini. The population were husbandmen, understanding how to grind barley in mills and make it into bread; how to press oil from olives, to bring up cattle, and to weave stuffs. Yet the great abundance of utensils of lava, obsidian, and flint, without any metals, shews that theirs was the age of stone, when the use of metals was unknown. The blocks of stones at the angles of the house at Therasia and the column standing near, indicate considerable skill in the workmen, when the kind of tools they used is taken into consideration; whilst the vases of pottery-ware are remarkable for their elegance of form.

It only remains to consider how many years ago it is since this great eruption took place. The data are vague, but geologists have tried to make some approximation. It is well known that after any violent catastrophe the subterranean forces seem to be exhausted; the periods of repose in a volcano are proportional to the previous energy. About one hundred and ninety-six years before Christ there is the record of an eruption, which raised in the centre of the bay a small islet called Palæa Kameni. After the Christian era, frequent slight emissions only served to increase the size of the island, and during the middle ages there was a period of calm. In the fifteenth century the excitement again burst forth, raising reefs both inside and outside the bay. The second duration of rest was about ten centuries; so that to the first, according to its intensity, there may be calculated at least twice that time; thus the formation of the bay was perhaps two thousand years B.C.

Historical records furnish more positive teaching, as the bay certainly existed fifteen hundred years B.C. It was at this epoch that the islands of the Greek Archipelago were invaded by the Phœnicians. This nation occupied Therasia and Santorini, as the many ruins still to be found testify, and they are built on the top of the pumice-stone. But the great eruption must have been long before that, since thick beds of pebbles and shells, from fifteen to twenty yards deep, lie on the tufa; and geologists know well, from the habitual slowness of this raising of the soil, that it corresponds to many centuries. There was also a population on the islands differing from those who were buried in the ashes, and from the Phœnicians. The latter knew the use of bronze, and introduced it on all the shores of the Mediterranean. Most likely we may place the great event during the early days of Egyptian civilisation, which some historians compute to be four or five thousand years ago. The primitive population present no trace of the influence which that nation exerted, and with which commerce would have placed them in frequent relations.

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## THE HIDDEN BOX.

### A TALE OF THE COVENANTERS.

SOMETHING like two centuries ago, while the persecution against the Covenanters was raging in Scotland, many were forced, for conscience' sake, to give up all and retire to out-of-the-way places, to be out of the reach of their enemies. Among others, a well-to-do farmer of the name of MacWilliam, reduced to penury by the fines imposed upon him and the confiscation of his lands, withdrew from the home of his youth; and having rented a moorland farm in a remote parish of a neighbouring county, he settled down there with his wife and family. Hillfoot—for such was the name of the farm—lay in a hollow between two hills of moderate elevation, which rose with a gentle slope on each side. A burn ran through the farm, and about two miles farther on, joined a river of some importance. Almost at the confluence of the two the glen took a sharp turn to the left, and thus rendered Hillfoot invisible from the main road, which followed the course of the larger stream.

Though the farm was of considerable extent, little more than a living for the family could be made about it, for heather was more abundant on the hills than grass; and good arable land was out of the question, for the district was so late that cereals could barely ripen, and even the meadows along the holms by the burn-side yielded but scanty crops. It was in this place, however, that James MacWilliam had elected to spend his latter days. All around the house the outlook was no doubt bleak and bare and far from encouraging; but all that he loved most dearly were with him, and if he had not the comfort and luxury of former days, he had what he prized more than all earthly things—freedom to worship God in the way it seemed best to himself. At the time of his removal to Hillfoot he was about forty years of age, and his wife two or three years his junior. They had been married some fifteen years, and two children—a son and daughter—had blessed their union. John, a lad of fourteen, assisted his father in the tending of their flocks and in the working of the farm; while their daughter Barbara, two years younger, helped her mother in the house; and although she was not strong enough yet to do the heavy work, by the sweetness of her temper and the blitheness of her nature her presence enlivened all about her and made the heavy task seem light.

Years rolled on; and though they often heard of the persecution and dreadful punishment their fellow-countrymen, nay even their fellow-parishioners were suffering, still in their remote and unsuspected retreat they were allowed to live on in peace. Ten years had passed, and with them many changes had come over Hillfoot and its inmates. Death had not left it inviolate, for the wife and mother, not strong at best, had been ill able to stand the privations and hardships which the family had endured since settling there. It was with sad hearts that her husband and family saw her pining away; and although they put forth every effort and tried every expedient that love could devise to prolong her life, she sank lower and lower; and when autumn was merging into winter, and the heather-bells were beginning to wither, she passed away. Barbara, on whose shoulders the household duties had long before this fallen, was now no longer a girl, but a comely lass of twenty-two. Her tall graceful figure, kindly manner, and sweet disposition made her beloved by all who knew her, and brought her many admirers. She had become betrothed to a young man, a shepherd on a neighbouring farm, and but for the ailing health and subsequent death of her mother, was to have been married the following summer.

John, on whom, from the decrepitude of his father, the management of the farm had now devolved, had applied himself with so much earnestness to his task, and things had so prospered in his hands, that the family were in a much better condition than they had ever been since their coming there.

Of all the neighbours they had come in

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contact with, James Morton of Burnfoothill was the one with whom they had the most dealings. Morton's wife had been dead for many years; but his only daugher Janet, a young woman about Barbara's age, kept house for her father. At bottom, Morton was an honourable enough man, but he was grasping and worldly, and cared little for those things which his neighbour MacWilliam regarded as most sacred. Between the old folks accordingly there had been little coming and going; but Barbara and Janet were fast friends, for the two girls had forgathered among the braes shortly after the former had come to Hillfoot, and an intimacy was then formed which grew closer as they grew older, and which now rendered the two almost inseparable.

John MacWilliam had also found something of a kindred spirit in Janet, and from taking a deep interest in her welfare, he gradually awoke to the consciousness of regarding her with a true and honest affection. He had long worshipped at a distance; but now that his mother was dead, and his sister betrothed to a neighbouring swain, he determined to approach the object of his love and tell her the state of his feelings. An opportunity was not long in presenting itself. Janet came on a visit to Hillfoot one lovely June afternoon, and in the evening, as she was preparing to go home, John volunteered to accompany her. They sallied out and wended their way down the burn-side. The sun was sinking behind the hills; the sky was bright and clear and peaceful overhead, and as the shadows lengthened, a dead calm seemed to descend on all things around. Nothing was to be heard save the purling of the brook at their feet, or the bleat of the lambs far up the hillside. The quiet beauty touched the hearts of both as they tripped along, and caused them to linger by the way, that they might the longer gaze on the tranquil scene. Seating themselves on a grassy knowe, with the maiden's hand clasped in his, he told in simple yet passionate language how he had long regarded her with the deepest affection and that she alone could make him happy. Need more be said? They rose to go, for the shadows were deepening; and as they sauntered down the glen hand in hand, it was agreed that he should ask her father's consent that very night.

When they entered Burnfoothill, Morton was much surprised to see John at such an unusual hour; and when he learned his errand, was not overpleased, for he had calculated that his daughter, of whom he was justly proud, would make a better match, since he was rich, and she being his only child, was the heiress-apparent to all his possessions. Accordingly, he would give his consent only on two conditions, and these were, that John should buy Hillfoot and portion it to his daughter! When John heard these conditions, his heart died within him; and he parted that night from Janet like a man in a dream; and, despairing of ever being able to fulfil the conditions, he retraced his steps up the glen with a heavier heart and less elastic step than when an hour or two before he had come down. When he reached home, he knelt by his bedside and prayed to the Father of all mercies for help to enable him to bear up with his trouble.

Throughout the long night he pondered and racked his brain for some expedient whereby he might raise the necessary funds and remove the only obstacle between himself and his happiness, and carry Janet home in triumph—his reward and joy. The day dawned; and as he prepared to go forth to his first duty in the morning, that of looking after the sheep, he felt as if there was no life in him—as if there was nothing to live for now. But the old adage says truly—the darkest hour is just before the dawn. Seizing his staff, he stalked forth and began to ascend the hill. He had hardly reached the top when he saw right in front of him a man looking carefully amongst the heather as if for something he had lost. He appeared to be a stranger to the place; and his dress shewed him to be no shepherd; and John, surprised that such a person should be there at so early an hour, went forward and accosted him. The stranger started when he heard a voice, for he had not noticed any one approaching, but answered cheerily the 'Good-morrow' addressed to him. At first he regarded his interrogator with some suspicion; but the frank open countenance of the latter soon dispelled all doubt; and when John asked whether he had lost anything, the stranger proceeded to tell him the following story.

He began: 'I am a captain in the Scottish army; and the other day while sitting in my house in Edinburgh I received a message to come to the Tolbooth jail, as an old friend desired very particularly to see me. Wondering who this friend in the Tolbooth could be, I set out, and having arrived there you can judge of my surprise when I recognised in the prisoner before me an old comrade and fellow-officer, Bertram by name. We had served together under Leslie, and had been fast friends. After some years, Captain Bertram left his regiment and went up to London. What he went for I could never learn, but I lost sight of him from that time, until he sent for me to come to the Tolbooth. His history he told me had been an eventful one; and he had passed through much since I had seen him last. Amongst other things, he had allied himself with the ringleaders in the Ryehouse Plot; and when that conspiracy had become known to the government, my friend the captain fled with all haste from London and made the best of his way to Scotland. Though he had made many narrow escapes, he got across the Border safe enough, and was congratulating himself on having at last reached a haven of safety, when he learned to his surprise that the limbs of the law were still on his track, and that even there he was not safe. He hurried north as fast as possible, thinking to find refuge in the Highland glens; but his pursuers had been gaining on him, and as he was traversing this part of the country—I take it to be on the top of this very hill—he saw his pursuers, a party of red-coats, come over the top of yonder hill on the other side of the valley. He had carried with him from England a small box of extremely valuable jewellery, by selling which he would have as much as keep him in his old age and forced retirement. But when he saw the soldiers so close on him, he hid the box in a tuft of heather, so that if he were taken it might not fall into the hands of his enemies; and if he did escape he might have an opportunity of coming back and recovering it. He was, however, captured before he reached Glasgow, which I believe is not more than twelve miles from here; thence he was taken to Edinburgh and confined

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in the Tolbooth, where I saw him. I interested myself in his case, and used all my influence to get him set free; but the evidence of his guilt was too decided to admit of a doubt, and the government was in no forgiving mood. He was tried, condemned, and has been executed. The night before his execution he sent for me and described the place where he had left his box of valuables, and asked me to go and search for them and take the use of them. From the description I got of the hill, I think this must be the one, and my errand here this morning is to find this lost treasure.'

When he had finished his story, John immediately volunteered to help him in his search for the box; and the stranger being nothing loath, the two started to look, and continued the search until the sun had mounted high in the heavens. The stranger, unused to the rough and uneven ground of the hill, was completely knocked up, and determined to give up the search as useless, remarking that it reminded him of looking for a needle in a haystack. After being pressed to go down and partake of some refreshments —which, however, the stranger declined—and as they were on the point of parting, John asked him to leave his address, so that if he did find the box, he would be able to let him know. The stranger did so, and promised a handsome reward if the box was found and brought to Edinburgh. They parted, the stranger to make the best of his way to the village, which lay some four miles off, and thence take horse to Glasgow; John to go his rounds amongst the sheep, which had been neglected while the search was going on.

Whilst he was thus occupied, he kept turning over in his mind what had passed between the stranger and himself, and it suddenly occurred to him that here was an opportunity of raising at least a little money, for should he find the box, the stranger had promised a handsome reward. At the thought, a wild tumultuous joy filled his breast, and he eagerly hastened to finish his round and get back home, so that when he had breakfasted he might renew the search. He was, however, so far behind his usual time of arrival that he found his kinsfolk in consternation at his protracted stay. Fearing some accident had befallen his son, the old man was on the point of going out to seek for him when he made his appearance. John told them the cause of his delay; and also declared his intention of going out to continue the search as soon as he had satisfied his hunger.

The story told by her brother made a great impression on Barbara, and she, after sitting wrapt in thought for a few minutes, exclaimed: 'It *must* have been him!' Her brother in surprise asked what she meant; and then she told how, one afternoon two or three months before, she had wandered up the burn-side with her seam in her hand, and had seen a man running along the hill as fast as the nature of the ground would permit; and as he ran she saw him halt, and as it were bend down amongst the heather, and then start off to run again. She stood and watched him till he went out of sight, thinking it was perhaps some poor Covenanter chased by 'Kirke's Lambs,' who at that time were the terror of the country; but having watched some time longer, and seeing no one in pursuit, she concluded it would simply be a shepherd on some errand of despatch, and thought no more about it. Her brother's recital, however, had brought the circumstance to her memory; and laying the two things together, she inferred that it must have been Captain Bertram she had seen, and that when she saw him stoop, he had concealed the box of valuables.

When John heard his sister's story, he eagerly questioned her whether she could trace the man's course along the hill or point out the place where she had seen him stoop. Barbara was uncertain, but volunteered to accompany her brother and indicate, so far as she could remember, the spot he was so anxious to find. Hurriedly partaking of the food his sister had prepared for him, in a very few minutes the two issued forth to begin the search. They agreed that it would be better to go to the place where she had been standing when she saw the fugitive, so that she might have a better idea of where to look. They accordingly held their way up the valley, and as they were going he told her all that had passed the night before, and explained how it was that he was so eager to fall in with the concealed treasure. She, with all the ready sympathy of a sister, entered into his spirit; and when they had reached the place where she thought she had been standing, she proposed that he should go up the hill, and in that way she might be more able to tell definitely at what distance the man had been out. The suggestion seemed good, and was immediately carried out; and at the distance of nearly half a mile from where she was standing, she signalled him to stop. She immediately ascended, and as soon as she had reached him the search began in earnest. Sticking his staff in the ground where he had been standing, he hung his plaid upon it; and then Barbara and he going out something like fifty yards, and taking different directions, each described a semicircle with the plaid as centre, meeting on the opposite side. They continued the process, narrowing the circle every round, till they had come within five yards of the plaid; but all to no purpose. The task seemed hopeless, and they were on the point of abandoning the search in the space they had inclosed with the first round, when Barbara, with a joyful cry, drew forth the box from a thick bunch of heather!

The two then hurried home to make known their good fortune to their father, and also to consult how they should let Captain Hamilton, John's friend of the morning, know that they had found the box. There were no telegraph wires in those days which could flash the news to its destination in a few minutes; nor were there even mails from so remote a place, by which letters could be carried with anything like safety or precision. The only way therefore that seemed to be advisable was that John should take the box and carry it all the way to Edinburgh and hand it over to the rightful owner. It was accordingly resolved that he should start very early next morning, which would enable him to reach Edinburgh that day, and take the box with him. To effectually conceal it, Barbara put up two pairs of blankets of her own weaving into a bundle, with the box inside; and when the east was beginning to turn gray, John set out with his bundle on his back, and some cakes and cheese in his pocket. On he trudged with a light step and lighter heart, for he felt he was on the eve of having his dearest wish fulfilled. Long before its inhabit-

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ants had begun to stir, he passed through Glasgow, then an insignificant city compared with its present grandeur and prosperity. While it was still early, halting by the wayside he quenched his thirst at a neighbouring spring, and then walked on, passing many villages by the way. By midday he reached Falkirk, and having there done justice to his cakes and cheese, he pushed on; and as the sun was sinking in the west he reached Edinburgh, and with little difficulty sought out the address given him by his friend the captain.

He found that that gentleman lived in one of the most fashionable houses in the town; and when he knocked at the door and asked to see Captain Hamilton, the page told him in a very rough manner that his master had no time to waste on such as he. John felt nettled at this impertinence, but respectfully desired him to tell his master that the shepherd with whom he had been speaking the morning before, was at the door, and wished to see him. The page very reluctantly went; and when he delivered his message, was not a little surprised to see the alacrity with which his master obeyed the summons. The captain took John into his private room, and there eagerly asked him if he had found the box. For an answer, John quietly drew the article asked for from his bundle and handed it to the captain, who took it, and having produced the key which Bertram had given him when he told him the story, opened the box and found the contents all safe. He did not tell John what was the value of the jewels it contained; but after having been made acquainted with the mode in which the treasure had been recovered, he produced a bag containing one thousand guineas, and handed it to the faithful shepherd, as the reward of his honesty and fidelity. He at the same time pressed him to accept of his hospitality for that night; to which John readily consented, being thoroughly worn out by his long and tiresome journey. Ordering meat to be set before his guest, he waited till he had had enough, and then conducted him to a bedroom for the night.

It would hardly be possible to describe the feelings of John when he found himself alone. An overpowering sense of gratitude to his heavenly Father filled his breast, and falling on his knees, he poured forth a fervent prayer of thanksgiving for what he had received. In the munificent reward he had earned, he saw the highest aim of his ambition won, and his dearest hopes consummated. Having at length retired to rest, his thoughts kept him awake for some time; but tired Nature soon asserted herself, and he sunk into a deep and refreshing slumber, and slept until the beams of the rising sun shining into his room roused him, and warned him that it was time to be taking the road. He rose, dressed himself, and was on the point of leaving, when the butler knocked at the door and told him breakfast was laid for him in the hall. Gratefully partaking of the offered cheer, he then set forth on his journey homeward, where he arrived as the gloaming was deepening into night. His story was soon told; and when he held forth the bag of gold and declared how much it contained, and assured them that it was all his own, his sister fairly broke down and wept for very joy. John then told his father the whole story of how he had trudged to the Scottish metropolis, and what he had there found; and he in the fullness of his heart embraced his children, and thanked God who had been so bountiful to them.

There is little more to tell. The muirland farm changed owners, and the house was repaired. James Morton was no longer opposed to the marriage of his daughter Janet with John MacWilliam, for his son-in-law elect was no longer a poor tenant farmer, but an independent laird; and before another summer had come and gone, a new mistress had begun to rule at Hillfoot, and Barbara had been wedded to her shepherd-swain. It is unnecessary to follow them further in detail; suffice it to say that John and Janet lived long and happily together, and had the pleasure of seeing their sons and daughters grow up around them; and when he died, he left Hillfoot to his eldest son, charging him neither to sell it nor to leave it. Well and faithfully has that injunction been carried out, for to this day a descendant of the MacWilliams is in possession of Hillfoot.

## FIRES AND THEIR CAUSES.

THE oft-repeated words, 'Cause unknown,' appended to the daily reports of the conflagrations which occur all over the country—such as that, for instance, which lately occurred at Inveraray Castle, but which is now supposed to have been caused by lightning—furnish matter for grave reflection. A glance at the report of one of the largest fire brigades will shew us that the causes (when ascertained) are of the most varied description. It appears that the candle is the most destructive weapon to be found in an ordinary household, for conflagrations lighted by its help far outnumber those credited to any other cause. Curtains come next on the black list. The next large figures are given to 'Spark from fire,' followed by 'Foul flues.' Next in order may be noticed 'Gas,' 'Children playing with fire,' 'Tobacco-smoking,' 'Spontaneous ignition,' and lastly 'Incendiarism.'

There is no doubt that many a fire owes its origin to causes quite beyond the control of the tenant of the house in which it occurs, and that the scamping manner in which builders' work is often done is the prime cause of many a fire which is put down as unaccounted for. The ends of joists are left protruding into chimneys, or a thin hearthstone is set upon a bed of timber. In both cases the wood becomes so dry and hot that it is ready to take fire from the first spark that settles near it. Overheated flues represent a source of danger which is also attributable to the careless builder; for if the flue were so placed that its heat could not affect adjacent woodwork, it would be always as safe when hot as when cold. It is true that by act of parliament builders are obliged to preserve a certain distance between flues and timber; but surveyors cannot always reckon on their instructions being carried out, and cases are unfortunately rare nowadays where workmen will do their duty in such matters without constant supervision. Lath and plaster divisions between houses are also illegal; but buildings, and more especially warehouses, are now of such vast extent, that they really represent aggregations of small houses in which the act of parliament concerning party-walls becomes a dead-letter.

Among the ascertained causes of fire are those

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which occur in the various workshops where hazardous trades are carried on. These naturally shew an increase since steam-power has become such a universal aid to nearly every kind of human labour; necessitating furnaces which remain kindled for weeks or months together. Apart from this source of risk, there are numerous trades where such inflammables as turpentine, naphtha, spirits of wine, and combinations of them in the form of varnishes, are in daily use to a very large extent. The familiarity which such constant use provokes breeds a contempt which often resolves itself into a negligence almost criminal in its nature. Drying-stoves afford another dangerous item in the list of fires connected with the trades; japanners, cabinet-makers, and hosts of others using such stoves as a necessity of their business. Hot-water pipes for heating purposes also represent the cause of a large number of fires, the most dangerous kind being those which are charged with water and hermetically sealed. The reason of this is easily explained. Water boils at a temperature far below that necessary to ignite woodwork; but when confined in such pipes as we have described, it will rise in temperature to an extent only measured by the strength of the material which holds it. A soft metal plug is sometimes inserted in these pipes, so that should any unusual degree of heat be approached, it will melt out, and thus relieve the pressure; but such a good precaution is by no means universal.

The pipes which are used for carrying off heated air, and which are placed above gas-burners, are too often allowed to pass between the ceiling and the floor above without any regard to the obvious danger incurred. The various close stoves which were introduced to public notice at the time when the price of coal was suddenly doubled, although no doubt economical, are not so safe as the old form of kitchen range, which many a careful housewife has likened to a cavern. The whole of the air which rises through the flue of a closed stove actually passes through the fire, and thus attains a very exalted temperature. In the old stoves, on the other hand, the hot air is always largely diluted with that which is attracted to the chimney from all quarters. It is evident therefore that the chances of fire in the flue of the former are much greater than in that of the latter.

Theatres may be said to combine within their walls all the risks which we have as yet alluded to, for they represent factories where work of a most diversified kind is carried on, and where both open and closed fires are in constant use. At pantomime time especially, the number of persons employed in the various workshops of a large theatre is to the uninitiated quite marvellous. Carpenters and 'property-men' (those clever workmen who can make everything from a bunch of carrots to a parish pump) represent a constant source of danger from fire, in that they deal with inflammable material, and require the aid of heat for their size and glue. It is obviously important in a little kingdom where all is make-believe—where the most solid masonry is wood and canvas, where the greenest trees are dry as tinder, where even limpid streams are flimsy muslin, nay, where the moon itself is but a piece of oiled calico—that there should be no mistake about the reality of the precautions against accidental fire. In most theatres, rules are in force of the most stringent character, extending even to such details as clearing so many times a day the accumulated shavings from the carpenters' shops. If such a sensible law were enforced in other places besides theatres, it would be a preventive measure of very great value.

Shavings are perhaps the most dangerously inflammable things to be found about a building. A block of wood is a difficult thing to set on fire; but when reduced to the form of shavings, a mere spark will turn it into a roaring fire. The same thing may be said in a minor degree of a lump of iron, which when reduced to filings can be burnt in the flame of a common candle. It is often this difference of bulk which will decide whether a material is practically inflammable or not. Paper affords another example of the same principle; tied tightly in bundles it may smoulder, while in loose sheets its inflammability is evident.

It is stated upon good authority that in one-third of the number of fires which occur the cause is not ascertained. The plan long ago adopted in New York, and which has led to a sensible diminution in the number of fires there, has not, for some reason, found favour with the authorities in this country. We allude to the custom of convening a coroner's court to inquire into the origin of every fire which takes place. There is little doubt that such inquiries would educate thoughtful householders into taking precautions which might not otherwise strike them as being at all necessary. The importance of such precautions is manifest when we learn that in London alone there are on the average three fires in every twenty-four hours. If this wholesale destruction were reported of an Eastern city, where the houses are of wood, and are sun-dried by incessant tropical heat, there would be some excuse for it. But here at home, where bricks and mortar are so common, it is certainly astonishing that fires should be so prevalent.

It would seem that it is a much easier task to set an entire house on fire, than it is with deliberate intention, and with proper combustibles, to light a stove for the purpose of boiling a kettle. This latter operation is not so simple as it appears to be, as any one may prove who has not already tried his, or her, hand at it. In fact, an efficient or bad house-servant may be almost at once detected by the ease or difficulty with which she lights her fires. The inefficient servant will place some crumpled paper in the grate, and will throw the best part of a bundle of wood on the top of it, crowning the whole with a smothering mass of coal; and will expect the fire to burn. The good servant will, on the other hand, first clear her grate, so as to insure a good draught; she will then place the wood above the paper, crossing the sticks again and again; then the coals are put in deftly one by one, affording interstices through which the flames will love to linger; a light is applied; and the kettle will soon be singing acknowledgments of the warm ardour with which it has been wooed. Contrast this with the other picture, where double the fuel is wasted, and where smoke and dirt make their appearance in lieu of tea and toast. We venture to say that a badly managed kitchen fire, with its train of unpunctual meals, leads to more general loss of temper than all the other minor domestic troubles put together. The stove is usually the

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scapegoat on which the offending servant lays her incompetence (the cat clearly could establish an *alibi*); but the most perfect of ranges would not remedy the fault. The only real reason for such a state of things is the prevalence of sheer stupidity. Molly's mother was taught by Molly's grandmother to light a fire in a certain way, and Molly's descendants will, from persistence of habit, continue to light fires in that manner, be it good or evil, until the end of time. It is quite clear that the same stupidity which causes an intentional fire to fail, will occasionally lead to a pyrotechnic exhibition which has been quite unlooked for. For instance, cases are not unknown where servants have used the contents of a powder-horn for coaxing an obstinate fire to burn; the loss of a finger or two generally giving them sufficient hint not to repeat the experiment.

The general use of gas has done much to reduce the number of conflagrations, for it has replaced other illuminators far more dangerous; but it has at the same time contributed a cause of accident which before its use could not exist. So long as people will insist on looking for an escape of gas with a lighted candle, so long will their rashness be rewarded with an explosion. It is not customary, where there is a doubt as to whether a cask contains gunpowder or not, to insert a red-hot poker into the bung-hole. Yet such a proceeding would be scarcely less foolhardy than the detection of the presence of gas by means of flame. The test in both cases is most thorough, but it is too energetic in its action to be of any value but to those who wish to rise in the world too suddenly.

Drunkenness is a well-known source of burnt-out dwellings, the habitual tippler being too often left to his own devices in the matter of matches and candles. The usual faculty of double vision with which an inebriated man is gifted, leads to a divided claim upon the extinguisher, which naturally points to a disastrous sequel. Even sober people will be guilty of the most hazardous habits, such as novel-reading in bed with a candle placed near them on a chair; for novels, like some other graver compositions, are occasionally apt to induce slumber; and the first movement of the careless sleeper may imperil his life, as well as the lives of others who may be under the same roof with him.

The caprices of female dress have also often led to fatal accidents from fire, and crinoline skirts had in their day much to answer for. But at the present time petticoats seem to have shrunk in volume to the more moderate dimensions of an ordinary sack, so that we are not likely to hear of accidents from this particular cause until some fresh enormity is perpetrated in the name of fashion. We may mention in this connection that tungstate of soda (a cheap salt) will render muslins, &c. uninflammable. But strange to say, it is not generally adopted, even on the stage, where the risks are so multiplied, because it is said to prevent the starch drying with due stiffness! We have all heard of what female courage is capable when little ones are in danger, but we hardly thought that it was equal to the task of risking precious life for the appearance of a muslin dress. We can only bow, and say—nothing.

Where fires have been traced to spontaneous combustion, it has generally been found that some kind of decomposing vegetable matter has been the active instrument in their production. Cotton-waste which has been used for cleaning oily machinery and then thrown aside in some forgotten corner, sawdust on which vegetable oil has been spilt, and hemp, have each in its turn been convicted of incendiarism. The simple remedy is *to avoid the accumulation of lumber and rubbish in places where valuable goods and still more valuable lives are at stake.* Occasionally fires have been accidentally caused by the concentration of the sun's rays by means of a lens or of a globe of water, and opticians have for this reason to be very careful in the arrangement of their shop-windows. A case lately occurred where a fire was occasioned, it was supposed, by a carafe of water that stood on the centre of a table. The sun's rays had turned it into a burning-glass! It is stated, with what amount of truth we cannot say, that fires in tropical forests are sometimes caused by the heavy dewdrops attached to the foliage acting the part of lenses.

The advance which has been made during the last twenty years in all appliances connected with the art of extinguishing fires, has done much to limit or rather localise the dangers of such catastrophes; for whereas in the old days the lumbering 'parish squirt' was the only means of defence, we have now in all large towns steam fire-engines capable of throwing an immense stream of water with force enough to reach the topmost floors of very high buildings. The aforesaid 'squirt' was capable of little more than wetting the outside of contiguous buildings, with a view to prevent the spread of the original fire, which generally burnt itself out. But now our engines furnish a power which will often smother a large fire in the course of half an hour or less. Moreover, our well organised fire brigades are trained to convey the hose to the nucleus of the flames, and much heroism is shewn in the carrying out of this dangerous duty. It will be especially interesting to the readers of this *Journal* to note that the first really efficient brigade was formed in Edinburgh by the late lamented Superintendent Braidwood. He was afterwards employed in a like service for London, where his devotion to duty eventually cost him his life. Like a true soldier, he died 'under fire.'

And now for a few simple precautions.

Let some member of the family visit every portion of the house before it is shut up for the night. (While he is seeing to the safety of the fires and lights, he can also give an eye to bolts and bars, and thus fulfil another most necessary precaution.) See that there is no glimmering of light beneath the bedroom doors for any unreasonable time after the inmates have retired to rest. Insist on ascertaining the cause of any smell of burning. It may be only a piece of rag safely smouldering in a grate, but satisfy yourself upon the point without delay. Do not rake out a fire at night, but allow it to burn itself out in the grate. (We have already referred to the danger of hearthstones set upon timber.) Do not allow an unused fireplace to be closed up with a screen unless it is first ascertained that there is no collection of soot in the chimney, and no communication with any other flue from which a spark may come. Caution servants not to throw *hot* ashes into the dust-bin. Let the slightest escape of gas be remedied as soon as possible, and remember

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that the common form of telescope gasalier requires water at certain intervals, or it will become a source of danger. Finally, forbid all kinds of petroleum and benzoline lamps to be trimmed except by daylight. (A lamp was the initial cause of the great Chicago fire.)

Many other precautions will suggest themselves to the careful housekeeper. But after all, the best precaution is common-sense, which, however, is the least available, being the misnomer for a faculty which is far from common.

## A CAST OF THE NET.

### THE STORY OF A DETECTIVE OFFICER.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER II.

By ten o'clock on the following morning I had sketched out my plan, and more than that, I was down at the water-side and looking after a lodging, for I never let the grass grow under my feet. I must say, however, that I very much disliked the east end of London, and especially the river-side part of it; everything was so dirty and miserable and crowded, that to a man of really decent tastes like myself, it was almost purgatory to pass a day in it. And on this particular occasion the weather changed the very day I went there; it was getting on towards late autumn (October in point of fact), and we had been having most beautiful weather; but this very morning it came on to rain, a close thick rain, and we didn't have three hours of continuous fine weather while I stopped in the east.

I was not likely to be very particular about my lodgings in one sense, though in another I was more particular than any lodger that ever came into the neighbourhood; and after a little trouble I pitched upon a public-house again, chiefly because my going in and out would attract less attention there than at a private house; so I secured a small second-floor back room at the *Anchor and Five Mermaids*, or the *Anchor* as it was generally called, for shortness.

The great recommendation of the *Anchor and Five Mermaids* was that it was nearly opposite to Byrle & Co.'s engineering shops, a ferry existing between the two places; this ferry was reached by a narrow dirty lane, which ran by the side of the *Anchor*, and I could see that numbers of the workmen came across at dinner-time. The *Anchor* stood at the corner, one front looking on the lane, the other upon the river; and once upon a time there had been, not exactly a tea-garden, but arbours or 'boxes' in front of the house, where the customers used to sit and watch the shipping; but this was all past now, and only the miserable remains of the arbours were there; and it was as dull and cheerless a place as the tavern to which Quilp took Sampson and Sally Brass in the *Old Curiosity Shop*, of which indeed it reminded me every time I looked at it.

I always had a readiness for scraping acquaintances; in fact it is not much use of your being a detective if you can't do this. If you can't be jonnick with the biggest stranger or lowest rough, you are no use on that lay. I really must avoid slang terms; but 'jonnick' means hearty and jovial; on a 'lay' means being up to some game or business. Before the first dinner-time had passed, I had got quite friendly with two or three of Byrle's hands who came into the *Anchor* to have their beer; and I learned some particulars about the firm and then about the gatekeeper, that helped me in my ideas.

Directly after they had all gone back, I went over too, and the dinner-traffic having ceased, I was the only passenger. The ferryman did not like taking me alone, but he was bound to do it; and he looked as sulky as if he was going to be flogged at a cart's tail. He was a tall, bony-headed fellow, between fifty and sixty I should say; and I noticed him particularly because of an uncommonly ugly squint in his left eye. In accordance with my plan, I began talking cheerfully to him while he was pushing off from the shore; but he didn't answer me beyond a growl. Then I offered him some splendid chewing tobacco, which a 'friend just over from America had given me.' Really and truly I had bought it within a quarter of a mile of the *Anchor and Five Mermaids*, but he wasn't to know that. *I* can't chew; I hate the idea; but I put a piece of the tobacco in my mouth, knowing how fond these waterside men are of the practice, and how friendly they get with one of the same tastes. To my surprise, he would not have it, and I was glad to pitch my plug into the river when he turned his head away. But confound these cock-eyed men! there is never any knowing where to have them. He had not turned far enough, I suppose, or I didn't make proper allowances for his squint; for as I threw my plug away with a shudder—it had already turned me almost sick—I caught his plaguy cross-eye staring full at me. I knew it was, by the expression on his face; that was my only guide, for an astronomer could not have told by his eye in which direction he was looking.

The ferryman pulled well, however; and just as we got athwart the bows of a short thick-looking craft—it is of no use my trying to say what kind of a craft she was; I can't tell one from another—a voice hailed us. 'Ay, ay,' says the boatman, lifting his sculls; 'do you want to go ashore, captain?' 'Yes,' returned a voice; and I looked up and saw a man leaning over the side of the vessel; and the boatman sending his wherry close under the ship, the stranger slid down by a rope very cleverly, and got in. Though the boatman had called him 'captain,' and though he was very clever with the rope, he didn't look altogether like a regular sailor; he was a dark full-faced man, with black eyes, a dark moustache, and curly greasy-looking hair.

The stranger said a few words in a very low tone to the boatman, evidently to prevent my overhearing, and then nothing passed until we landed. The sulky ferryman took his fee without a word; and I went straight to the wicket-gate of Byrle's factory, where of course I found the gatekeeper. I stated that I was in want of employment, and had heard they were taking on labourers, and so had applied for a job.

'No; I don't know as we want any more hands,' said the man, who was sitting down in a little sentry-box; 'and we have had plenty of people here; besides, you're lame, ain't you?'

'A little,' I said, limping as I moved; 'not very bad: a kick from a horse some years ago.'

'Ah! you won't do for us then,' he said; 'but I'm sorry for you. *I'm* lame too, from a kick of a horse; I can't stand without my stick;' here he

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rose up to let me see him; 'but you see I was hurt in the service, and the firm have provided for me. I'm very sorry for you, for it's hard to be slighted because you are a cripple. Here is sixpence, old fellow, to get half a pint with, and I wish I could make it more.'

I took the sixpence, and thanked him for his kindness; he deserved my thanks, because he wasn't getting more than a pound a week, and had four or five little children. I found this out afterwards.

I was satisfied at having made a friend who might prove useful; but I had one or two more questions to ask him, and was thinking how I could best bring them in, when he said hurriedly: 'If you could get hold of Mr Byrle by himself, he might do something for you, for he is a very good sort; and you seem strong enough in every other way, and would make a good watchman, I should think.'

Yes; he did not know how good a one!

'Mr Byrle senior or junior?' I asked, on the strength of my information from the hands at the *Anchor*.

'Junior! O lor! that wouldn't do at all!' exclaimed he with quite a gasp, as if the idea took his breath away. 'It's a case of "O no, we never mention it" with him. He's seldom at home, and when he is, he and the old gentleman lead the very—— Here you have it! Here's Mr Forey, the only foreman in the place who would listen to you. Now, speak up!'

Mr Forey, a dark-whiskered, stoutly built man, came up, glancing keenly at me as a stranger; so touching my cap, I again preferred my request to be taken on as a labourer.

'I don't like lame men,' he said; 'but there does not seem to be a great deal the matter with you. You say you can have a first-rate character. We shall be making changes next week, and there's no harm in your looking round on Monday morning at nine sharp.—Stop! I can give you a job now. Do you know how to get to T—— ?'

'Yes, sir,' I said.

'Then take this letter to Mr Byrle, and bring back an answer,' said Mr Forey. 'If he is not at home, ask for Miss Doyle, who may open it. I want an answer this afternoon; so cut off! Stay! here's a shilling for your fare; it's only tenpence, you know; and I'll leave eighteenpence with Bob here at the gate for your trouble.'

I took the shilling, Bob winking triumphantly at me, as if to say it was as good as done, and I left the yard.

I was amused at having the commission, for I wondered what Mr Byrle would say when he saw me, and whether my disguise was so complete that he would not recognise me at all. That would be something like a triumph, and I almost made up my mind that it would be so. Had Mr Forey seen me hurrying to the station, he might again have said that there did not seem much the matter with me; but I walked slowly enough through the street in which the *Yarmouth Smack* was situated, and had a pretty good trial of my disguise and my nerves as I passed it. Peter Tilley, dressed in a blue slop and cord trousers, so as to look like a dock labourer or something of that kind, was leaning against the door-post, lazily watching the passers-by. I made up my mind to try him; so stopping at a lamp-post just opposite to him, I took out my pipe, struck a match on the iron, coolly lit the tobacco, and after one or two puffs, threw the match into the road and walked on. He never knew me. It was all right.

The drizzling rain came down again as I got out at T——; but luckily Mr Byrle's house was not more than a quarter of a mile from the station; and so resuming my limp, I got there without delay. The man-servant who answered the door took my letter, but told me that the old gentleman was not at home; then on finding Miss Doyle was to open the letter and send an answer, told me to wait in a little room which looked as if it was used as an office, having floor-cloth instead of carpet, wooden chairs, and so forth. He was a careful servant, and would not ask a stranger to wait in the hall, where coats and umbrellas might be had by a sharp party.

I had not waited long, when the door opened, and a young lady, whom I of course judged to be Miss Doyle, came into the room. She was a dark, keen-looking young party, and spoke rather sharply. 'You are to take an answer back, I believe?' she said.

'Yes, miss,' I answered, touching my forehead, for as you may suppose, I held my cap in my hand.

'Mr Forey only wishes me to send word; I am not to write,' she went on; 'he wants to know if Mr Byrle will be at the works to-morrow. He will not. Tell Mr Forey he will leave town to-night, and not return until the day after to-morrow. You understand?' She spoke very sharply; so I said: 'Yes, miss,' sharply too, and touched my forehead again.

'You need not wait,' she said; and opening the door, I saw the servant waiting to let me out. I knuckled my forehead again, and putting on rather a clumsier limp than before, got out of the house into the rain and mud. Rain and mud! What did I care for rain and mud now?

'Sergeant Nickham,' says I, when I got fairly out of range of her windows, for I wouldn't trust *her* with so much as a wink of mine—'Sergeant Nickham,' I said, 'you are the boy! If you can't command your face, there isn't a man in the force as can. If you haven't got a memory for faces, find me the man who has, that's all about it!'

Why, of all the extraordinary capers that I ever tumbled to in my life, I never came near such a caper as this. Miss Doyle! *That* was Miss Doyle, was it? Right enough, no doubt; but if she wasn't also the sham clerk who came and found that I was put on the watch by Mr Byrle, I didn't know a horse from a hedgehog—that's all. The quick look of her eye, her sharp quick voice, the shape of her face, the very way she stood—lor! it was all as clear as daylight. But then I thought, and I kept on thinking till I had got back to the works, what could *she* have to do with stealing engine-fittings? 'Twasn't likely as she had anything to do with that. It was past all question in my mind as to her being the same party. I knew it for certain; and then came the point—What did she dress herself up for and come a-spying on me and her uncle?—for she was Mr Byrle's niece.

I hadn't got to the bottom of this by any means, by the time I got back to the works; however, I gave my message very respectfully to Mr Forey; and offered Bob the gatekeeper his sixpence back, with many thanks.

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'No, old chap,' he says; 'keep it at present. If you get on regular, I'll take it off you and a pint into the bargain the day you draw your first week's cash; but a fellow out of work knows the vally of a sixpence.'

The same ferryman took me back; and his temper hadn't improved, I found. I fancied too that he was particular watchful of me, and so I was particular watchful of him; and from long practice I could do it better and more secretly than he could, although he *had* got a cross-eye. Lor! I could tell when we were nearing that same ship that the man climbed out of; I could tell it by the cunning way in which the boatman looked at me, to see if I would take any special notice of it. I didn't know what his little game might be, but I determined to spoil it; so I stooped down, and was tying up my shoe, making quite a long job of it, till after we had fairly passed the craft, and then I looked up with an innocent face that quite settled him.

Just as we pushed up to the hard (that's the landing-place), he says to me: 'Do you often cross here?'

'Not often,' I said; 'at anyrate, not yet. I generally cross a little higher up.' (That was very true; about Westminster Bridge was my place; if he liked to think I meant somewhere about Tooley Street or Billingsgate, of course I couldn't help it.) 'But I have left my old quarters, and so I shall often go this way.'

'Ah,' he says, 'you live at the *Yarmouth Smack*, don't you?'

'The what?' I said. 'Where's that?'

'The *Yarmouth Smack*,' he says again, pointing to the side we had come from. I knew where the *Yarmouth Smack* was well enough; but I shook my head, and said: 'No; I live on this side of the water; but I shall live anywhere when I can get work.'

He didn't say any more; I did not suppose he would; but there was something uncommonly suspicious in his talking about the *Yarmouth Smack*, something more than I could believe came from chance.

In the lane, just as I was about to turn into the side door of the *Anchor*, I met the foreign-looking captain, who must have crossed the river before me, as I had last seen him on the other side. He knew me, I could tell well enough, and I knew him; but I was not going to let him see where I was going, so I passed the door of the *Anchor*, limping on till he was clear; then I hurried in, went upstairs at once, and was out in the old ruined arbours I have spoken of in a minute. These overhung the river at high-water (it was nearly high-tide now), and the landing-place of the ferry was close to them. The ferryman and the captain were talking, as I expected they would be, while the boat was waiting for passengers; and by standing in the corner box, I could have heard every word they said, if they had spoken out, as honest people should speak. But they were that artful and suspicious, although they could not have known there was anybody listening, that they talked almost in whispers, and I only caught the last bit from the ferryman. 'No,' he says; 'he's not the party; but I'll go up to the *Smack* to-night and make sure of the man.'

Ah! as I thought; they were both in it somehow. But what a most extraordinary fuss and Gunpowder Plot sort of business there was about stealing a few bits of metal. I actually should have felt ashamed of the East-enders, who are really some of the sharpest folks I ever came across, if I had not felt there was a something behind, and that, by a lucky accident, I seemed upon the point of finding it out.

The night—my first night in the east too—was not to pass without an adventure, and I had not seen the last of my new acquaintance the captain. I got very tired of the company in the *Anchor*—not that I mind who I mix with, and if there had been any of the factory hands about the place, I would have sat with them until the house closed; but they only came there at meal-times it seemed, or on their road home. So I walked about the neighbourhood a bit; not because it was pleasant, for it was a wet night; and what with the rain and the mud and the drunken sailors and the fried-fish shops and the quarrelling there was going on, it was anything but agreeable. The fact is I like to know every court and alley in my district, and there *were* some pretty courts and alleys here. However, nobody thought me worth robbing, and besides, I am always civil, so I never get interfered with. It's a capital rule; the best I know; and costs nothing.

When I was coming back, and had got pretty nearly to the *Anchor and Five Mermaids* again (it is very absurd to give such long signs to public-houses), I saw a very pretty girl whom I had noticed before, standing at a corner out of the rain; but it was not raining very much now. She wasn't—well, I won't say what she was not, or what she was. She was very pretty, I say, and was doing no harm there; but two or three fellows coming by at the moment, one of them took hold of her roughly, and finished by almost pushing her down. She got away from him, and drew a door or two off; but his companions laughing at him for being bested by a woman, he followed her, and on her pushing him from her, gave her a back-handed smack in the face. There were several men loitering about, smoking and so forth, and I heard one or two say it was a shame; but none of them interfered; and I, being a little way off, and not wanting to get into a row, might have passed this over; but she called him a brute and a coward, and he went at her to strike her again. She ran across the road to where I stood, to avoid him, and he followed her. Then I saw it was my acquaintance the captain.

He swore more horribly than ever I heard any one swear, and springing forward, would certainly have hit her down; but I jumped between them and knocked up his arm. 'Brayvo!' said some women, who had been attracted by the girl's scream; and 'Brayvo!' said the men who hadn't interfered. At once the captain turned on me, and let fly desperately at my head; but I was not to be had in that way, and I stopped him and returned a hit that I know must have loosened a couple of teeth; and then he swore again, and began to pull off his coat. So did I.

'Don't fight wid him, my darlin',' said an old Irishwoman, who was selling herrings, laying her hand on my arm. 'You're an honest English boy, and these fellows will have a knife in ye if they can't bate ye fair.'

'No, Biddy, they shan't,' said one of the men coming forward, followed by half-a-dozen more.

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'If there's to be a fight, it shall be a fair one; and mates, we'll put any fellow into six feet of mud who only shews a knife.'

His mates said so too, and they were a rough and likely lot for it, and the river was within a score or so of yards. So with a scowl at them (for I do believe now he meant murder; I didn't think of it then, although I was a policeman), he rolled up his sleeves and came at me.

He was a strong fellow, not so tall perhaps, but certainly heavier than I was, and I daresay, from his manner, fancied he could fight. But fight *me!* Why, a gent once offered through Alec Keene (he had seen me spar in private at Alec's), to make it worth my while to leave the police, and he would back me against any ten-stone-four man I fancied, for a hundred; and I was half inclined to take it too, only something important turned up just then. Well, in two rounds I settled the captain. He tried to catch hold of me and throw me; but I knocked him clean off his legs each round; and then his friends took him away.

'There's one comfort at any rate in having had the row,' I thought: 'he'll never suppose I'm a detective after this.'

I wished, however, it had never come off, there was such a fuss. Why, if I could have drunk shillings and sixpences, I might have had them, I do believe. In a place like that you get a crowd directly; and although the affair did not last three minutes, there was a hundred men and as many women too, anxious to treat me; and I was naturally obliged to drink with one or two; not at the *Anchor* though.

The affair made such a stir, that I read in one of the local papers the next week how Jem Mace had been down in the neighbourhood of the Docks, incog.; and that for once the brute strength of a boxer had been used in a good cause, and all that sort of nonsense. I know I have always found the best class of boxers very good fellows.

Of course I was vexed at this shindy having taken place so early, as the quieter I kept myself the better; and I would have given five pounds to have been out of it. My wishing this only shews you never know what is coming; and something came out of this street fight that I never expected.

## SEA-LIONS.

THE domestication of a pair of 'sea-lions' at the Brighton Aquarium, and the subsequent addition, some few months ago, of a 'little stranger' to this interesting family circle, afford an opportunity for a brief description of some of the more prominent points in the structure and habits of these little-known animals. The name 'sea-lion,' to begin with, is by no means so inappropriate or far fetched as popular designations are usually found to be, when submitted to scientific criticism. For the 'sea-lion' is included by zoologists along with the seals and walruses in the great Carnivorous order of quadrupeds, to which, it need hardly be remarked, the lions, tigers, bears, dogs, and other flesh-eaters belong. The sea-lion is in fact a large seal, and seals and walruses are simply marine bears; and if we can imagine the body of a familiar bear to be somewhat elongated, and that the limbs were converted into swimming paddles, we should obtain a rough but essentially correct idea of the zoological position of the seals and their neighbours.

But whilst the seals and sea-lions are united with the walruses to form a special group of carnivorous quadrupeds, adapted to lead a life in the sea, there exist some very prominent points of difference between the common seals and the less familiar sea-lions. The sea-lions and their nearest allies are thus sometimes named 'Eared' seals, from the possession of an outer ear; the latter appendage being absent in the common or True seals. And whilst the common seals waddle in a most ungainly fashion on land, the sea-lions are able to 'walk,' if not elegantly, at least with a better show of comfort than their more familiar neighbours. A glance at the structure of the sea-lion's feet, or better still, a comparison of its members with those of the seal, shews the reason of its greater skill and ability in progression on the land. The fore-limbs of the seal are, so to speak buried in the skin, below the elbow; only a small part of the fore-arm and hand being thus free from the body. The hind-limbs of the seals, again, exist in a permanently extended condition, and are disposed backwards in a line with the tail and body. The hind-limbs, moreover, are frequently united with the tail by means of a connecting fold of skin, and the whole hinder extremity of the body in a seal may thus be regarded as forming a large tail-fin. In swimming, the fore-limbs of the seal are applied closely to the sides of the body, and serve as rudders; whilst the hinder portion of the body, hinder limbs, and tail, constitute the swimming-organs—a work for which by their great flexibility they are perfectly adapted.

In the sea-lions on the other hand the fore-limbs are free from the skin and body to a much greater extent than in the seals. The 'hand' itself in the sea-lion is exceedingly flexible, although completely enclosed in a horny or leathery skin. The thumbs of this hand further exist in a well developed state; all five fingers being of nearly the same length in the seal. As regards the hind-feet of the sea-lion, these members, like the fore-limbs, are freely separated from the body, at least as far as the ankle and foot are concerned, and the foot is turned outwards, forcibly reminding one of the conformation of that organ in the bear. But we may only note by way of conclusion to these zoological characters that the teeth of the sea-lion are decidedly of a carnivorous type. Any one regarding the skull of a sea-lion could readily form the idea that the animal which possessed it was a flesh-eater. These animals usually possess thirty-six teeth; the 'eye' teeth being of very large size, and so placed in the jaws that any substance entering the mouth is firmly held by these teeth and the adjoining front teeth. The 'grinders' of the sea-lion are small, and do not appear to be of any very great use to the animal. These creatures swallow their food—consisting of fishes, molluscs, and sea-birds—whole, and when

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a large fish is divided in two, the portion retained in the mouth is swallowed; the portion which tumbles into the water being afterwards seized and duly swallowed in its turn.

That the sea-lions are by no means destitute of the craft and cunning of their land-neighbours, is proved by the fact that they capture such birds as the penguins by lying motionless in the water, allowing merely the tip of the nose to appear at the surface. The unwary bird, swooping down upon the floating object, presumed to consist of something eatable, is then seized and devoured by the concealed enemy.

Sea-lions may be regarded as the unknown, or at anyrate unrecognised benefactors of the fair sex, inasmuch as, from the rich *under-fur* which they possess, the favourite material known as 'seal-skin' is obtained. This latter name is entirely misleading in its nature; the much prized material being the produce of the sea-lion and not of a true seal. The possession of this valuable under-fur has contributed very largely to the causes of the indiscriminate attack which has for years past been made upon the sea-lions. The spirit of commercial enterprise has resulted in a war of extermination against these animals in certain regions, from the effects of which it is doubtful if the species can ultimately recover.

The sea-lions differ materially from the seals in their geographical distribution. The latter animals, as every casual reader of a natural history text-book knows, inhabit temperate and northern seas. The sea-lions, on the other hand, are found to be absent from all parts of the Atlantic Ocean save its most southern portions. They are common on the South American coasts, and are found inhabiting island-groups which may be regarded as belonging to the same zoological province as the latter continent. The mouth of the River Plate is stated as the most northern boundary of these animals on the eastern side of South America, whilst on the western or Pacific side of the New World they are found on the Californian coasts, and are even met with on the coasts of the Aleutian Isles and of Japan. The Pribylov Islands, included in the Alaska group, are regarded as forming the most northerly point of the sea-lions' distribution; and these islands—now in the possession of the United States—together with the Falkland Islands and the Cape of Good Hope, still form the three chief sources from which the seal-fur or seal-skin of commerce is obtained. It is also well ascertained that sea-lions occur at Kerguelen's Land, on the New Zealand coasts, on the Tasmanian shores, and the east and south coasts of Australia.

The average length of a large male sea-lion ranges from six to seven or eight feet, his weight averaging six hundred pounds. The females are of much smaller size than the males, and measure from four and a half to five feet in length; their weight being from one hundred to one hundred and fifty pounds. These animals, as might be expected, grow slowly, and attain their full dimensions the males in six, and the females in four years. The habits of these animals are not only of curious and interesting nature, but evince a decidedly high order of intelligence. The haunts of the sea-lions are, in whalers' *parlance*, named 'rookeries;' and in the disposition of what may be termed their domestic arrangements, as well as in the regulation of their family and personal matters, these creatures appear to be guided by instincts which, like the social order of the ants and bees, are duly perpetuated, and have become of hereditary character. The sea-lions are migratory in habits, and disappear from the majority of the haunts and breeding-places in winter. The males are few in number as compared with the females or 'cows,' as they are termed; and each male receives under his protection a larger or smaller number of females; the oldest males possessing the largest number of dependants. In the early spring, some old males appear to return first to the haunts and do duty as reconnoitring parties; the advance-guard swimming about for several days, then landing and cautiously investigating the state of the land; their shore-visits being spent in a state of perpetual sniffing, and in the careful examination of their old haunt. About a month or six weeks after the arrival of the advance-guard, and after the inspection of the land has been duly carried out, sure signs of the coming race begin to appear in the form of hundreds of males, who select advantageous positions on the beach, and await the arrival of their partners. Nor is the period of waiting an uneventful one. The best situations on the beach are fought for with eagerness, not to say ferocity. The descriptions given of the combats of the males indicate that they are of the most sanguinary description; frequent mutilations being the results of this fight for a place on the reception-ground.

On the arrival of the females, the younger males appear to do duty as ushers, in marshalling the 'cows' to their places on the rocks and cliffs above the beach; and the work of the selection of mates by the males proceeds apace, until each happy family, consisting of a male with a dozen or fifteen cows, has been duly constituted. The progress of selection and sea-lion courtship is frequently, we regret to say, attended with disastrous consequences to the lady-members of the community. When a male, envious of the choice of his neighbour, sees an opportunity, he does not hesitate to avail himself of the chance, and not only to covet but literally to steal his neighbour's mate. The desired 'cow' is unceremoniously lifted in the mouth of the captor, and transferred with all possible expedition to his own family group. Great is the sorrow of the bereaved male; but woe to both intruder and female should the thief be discovered in the act! A fierce and sanguinary fight ensues, and the hapless, passive, and altogether innocent cause of the combat, may get dreadfully injured while the combat lasts.

The young sea-lions usually appear to be born almost immediately after the parents have landed and been allocated to their respective establishments. One young is produced at a birth; the infant sea-lion being of black colour and attaining the length of a foot. When they are four weeks old, they enter the water, and speedily become expert in swimming and diving; but it is alleged, and on good authority, that occasionally the females encounter refractory offspring, and have to exercise great patience in coaxing unwilling youngsters to enter the sea. The families have settled down to their wonted existence by the beginning of August; and we are informed that during the whole of the period which intervenes between the arrival of the females and the period last mentioned, the males have not only been most assiduous in their

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attendance upon their families, but that they have also been existing independently of any nutriment. The males exemplify a case of living upon self, and appear to subsist by the reabsorption of their fatty matters; in the same fashion as the bears, which retire fat and well nourished to their winter-quarters, and appear in the succeeding spring in a lean and emaciated condition.

Regarding the sea-lions and their young at present in captivity in the Brighton Aquarium, it is interesting to note the incidents connected with the first 'bath' of baby *Otaria*. This prodigy in the way of an aquarium specimen, tumbled accidentally into the water of his tank, and apparently caused his mamma much anxiety. It is stated that he plunged voluntarily into the water on a subsequent occasion, and appeared to be perfectly at home in his native element; swimming and diving with all the dexterity of an accomplished professor of the art of natation. Being startled by some sound, the young otaria dived beneath the surface of the water, the mother seizing her progeny by the neck, and swimming ashore with it in her mouth. On the occasion of the writer's visit to the Brighton Aquarium, the mother and young were disporting themselves in the water; the male sitting up in the tank, and giving vent to repeated sounds, resembling exactly the hoarse bark of a dog. We may heartily re-echo the wish, that the happiness and amenity of this interesting family may be disturbed by no untoward accident, if for no other reason that they exist among us as the representatives of a most interesting and now comparatively scarce group of quadrupeds.

It has often been disputed by naturalists whether or not the sea-lions possess a mane. There can be no doubt that the old males of one species at anyrate, the *Otaria jubata* or Cook's sea-lion, the most common form on the South American coasts, possess a mane on the neck and shoulders. Nine or ten different species of sea-lions are known to zoologists, these species being distinguished from each other by very distinct variations in the form and structure of the skull, in the fur, &c. It must, however, be borne in mind, that the recognition of the exact species to which a sea-lion belongs is frequently a very difficult matter, owing to the differences perceptible in the fur of the two sexes and in the fur of either sex, at different ages.

The complaints of zoologists regarding the ill-regulated and indiscriminate slaughter of the sea-lions are, it is to be feared, as well founded as have been our own repeated remonstrances against the wholesale slaughter of seals. The United States government, however, it is satisfactory to learn, still regulate their sea-lion fisheries at the Pribylov Islands in a methodical manner. Thus the young males alone are killed, and the period during which they are taken extends from June to October; whilst the total number of sea-lions killed annually is limited. In the South Sea Islands, these animals were killed in such numbers that they are now exceedingly scarce; British and Americans alike, slaying the sea-lions without in the slightest degree discriminating between the sexes, or between young and old seals. It is to be hoped, for the sake of science as well as of commerce, that time has taught us wisdom in this respect. We have seen how necessary legislation has become to insure the prosperity of our home-fisheries; and now that the Royal Commissioners have finished their labours in behalf of crabs and lobsters, salmon and herring, it would be well for the public interests if Mr Frank Buckland and his coadjutors were empowered to look after the sea-lion and the seal.

## ANCIENT STREETS AND HOMESTEADS OF ENGLAND.

With kindly regard for the names, the places, and the landmarks of our forefathers, which may be called the sentimental side of our national stability, are usually, but unfortunately not invariably combined the good sense which improves but does not destroy, and the good taste which recognises the intrinsic beauty of antiquity, its harmony with our history, and the dignity which it lends to the present. Foreigners are always deeply impressed by the 'ancientness' of England, by the maintenance of the old names, and the blending together in our cities of the convenience and luxury of modern life, with the memorials of a past as grand as any country has to boast of, and marked by far less vicissitude.

Among the evidences of the stability of England to which the attention of her own students of her history and that of foreign visitors may most worthily be directed, is the minor monumental history which Mr Alfred Rimmer illustrates, and whose value and interest the Dean of Chester points out in an interesting volume entitled *Ancient Streets and Homesteads of England* (London: Macmillan & Co.); the history of the old buildings which still remain in the old streets of our old cities, in our villages and in our hamlets.

It is pleasant to ramble with Mr Rimmer from county to county of the old land, gathering as we go a great company from the past; and assuredly all will agree that no better starting-point can be found than Chester, the pride of archæologists, the boast of historians, the city whose renown has been touched into equal brilliance and tenderness by the genius of Sir Walter Scott. An American traveller has well described the charm of the city. 'It is full,' he says, 'of that delightful element of the crooked, the accidental, the unforeseen, which, to eyes accustomed to eternal right angles and straight lines, is the striking feature of European street scenery. The Chester streets give us a perfect feast of crookedness—of those random corners, projections, and recesses, those innumerable architectural surprises and caprices and fantasies which offer such a delicious holiday to a vision nourished upon brown stone fronts.' Shrewsbury perhaps gives at first sight a more vivid picture of a fine old English town, but it has not so many treasures hidden away under modern exteriors. It is likely, Mr Rimmer tells us, that even the oldest inhabitant of Chester is ignorant of the ancient relics which the city contains. Though the origin of the famous 'Rows' is disputed—some antiquaries holding them to belong to the Roman era of the city, and to have been simply an extension of the vestibule of Roman architecture; while others consider that they were built as a refuge for the citizens during any sudden attack of the Welsh—there is but one estimate of their quaint old-world beauty; and perhaps there is no relic of the past

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in all England which has more stirring memories to arouse than Chester Castle, with its Julius Cæsar's tower still standing firm against the influence of time, and its tradition of Hugh Lupus Hall.

Next to the completeness of the ancient walls of Chester, its carved woodwork strikes the visitor as an instance of conservation. The carved front of the house which belonged to Randal Holme, who left valuable records of the city, is much more ancient than the date it bears (1664); and though the house called Bishop Lloyd's is now divided into tenements, the splendid remains of its ceilings and fireplaces are preserved. A little beyond it stand the beautiful cottages, with their carving intact, into which Stanley House has been divided. Here the Earl of Derby, who was executed at Bolton in 1657, passed his last day. Some of the famous carved oak furniture of this historic mansion found its way a few years ago into the possession of Mr Sly, the landlord of the celebrated *King's Arms Inn* at Lancaster, and was sold in the spring of the present year at the dispersion of his collection. One magnificent black oak bedstead splendidly carved is now in the possession of the Duke of Norfolk. Looking at the beautiful carved fronts of the cottages, and thinking of the terrible time in which the chief of the great House of Stanley left his ancestral home for ever, we are reminded of the quaint story which the earl's gentleman, Mr Bagaley, related concerning that departure. 'One Lieutenant Smith, a rude fellow,' he says, 'came in with his hat on, and told my lord he came from Colonel Duckenfield the governor, to tell his lordship he must be ready for his journey to Bolton. My lord replied: "When would have me to go?" "To-morrow, about six in the morning," said Smith. "Well," said my lord, "commend me to the governor, and tell him I shall be ready by that time." Then said Smith: "Doth your lordship know any friend or servant that would do the thing your lordship knows of? It would do well if you had a friend." My lord replied: "What do you mean—to cut off my head?" Smith said: "Yes, my lord; if you could have a friend." My lord said: "Nay, sir; if those men that would have my head will not find one to cut it off, let it stand where it is."'

The Blue Posts, 'God's Providence' House, with its inscription of thanksgiving that its inmates had been spared from the plague; the beautiful gabled house in Whitefriars, with its fine mouldings and traceries, are but a few of the memorials of the past over which one lingers in Chester, before passing on to the eastern part of the county, where one finds a special treat in the old town of Congleton, which presents features of successive periods of antiquity in its still and picturesque streets, and is surrounded on all sides by venerable family seats. Mr Rimmer's drawing of the old *Lion Inn* gives a charming idea of a black-and-white gabled hostelry, with a vast porch resting on stone pillars, and supporting a room above it. The interior preserves all its old characteristics, and has a quiet ponderousness about it, as of an inn to which wayfarers came in coaches with armed outriders on horseback, with led-horses charged with baggage, or in heavy wagons. The idea of railways or smart dog-carts, or the pertness of all modern vehicles in fact, in connection with the *Lion Inn*, has a kind of impertinence about it.

Over the Cheshire border in Shropshire there is a great deal of interest for the student of the street architecture of the past; and in that county picturesque old inns abound. We find one at Ellesmere, with the grass growing in the vast courtyard, built round by the now empty stables, which were so full of life and bustle in the old coaching days. Mr Rimmer's very brief mention of Ellesmere implies that it is a much less important place than in reality it is; and all he says about Shropshire conveys an impression that he has not studied the antiquarian aspect of his subject at all so deeply as its artistic.

Two miles from Oswestry lies Whittington village, a perfect example of the solid and beautiful in village architecture, with the gateway of Peveril's Castle opening into it, and the birthplace of Sir Richard Whittington left to the choice of the visitor. Oswestry itself is an exceedingly interesting town; portions of the old wall still remain, with several stone and half-timbered houses of great antiquity; but it is seldom thoroughly explored, because the tourist is generally anxious to reach the county town of Shropshire, that famous city of Shrewsbury, which we know better perhaps through Shakspeare than through the historical chronicles of its life. The author might, however, have accorded more lengthened notice to Oswestry, which, if tradition may be relied upon, dates from the fourth century of the Christian era, and which undoubtedly derives its name from the overthrow and martyrdom of Oswald, the Christian king of Northumberland, who was vanquished there by Penda, the pagan king of Mercia.

Oswestry is stated to have been the site of a castle built in 1149 by Magod, one of the princes of Powys. It then passed, by marriage, into the hands of a Norman lord of Cher; and it was here that in 1164 Henry II. assembled the army with which he marched to Chirk, in his vain attempt to subjugate the principality. In 1277 Edward I. surrounded the town by a wall which was a mile in circumference, had four gates, and was further defended by a moat. In the thirteenth century both castle and town were destroyed by fire. Many scenes of our martial history pass before the mind's eye of the visitor to Oswestry. In 1403, Owen Glyndyr (or Glendower) marched from thence towards Shrewsbury at the head of twelve thousand men, intending there to unite his forces to those of the Earl of Northumberland and his son. Tradition, however, alleges that by the time he reached Shelton, two miles from Shrewsbury, he found the royal forces were engaged in battle with their enemy. The story of that eventful day is one out of which to make a mental picture as one contemplates the approach to Shrewsbury. Hotspur and his father had encamped on the previous night at a place called Berwick, nearly opposite Shelton, and they calculated on being joined there by Glendyr. They sorely needed his aid; the rebel army numbered only fourteen thousand men, while that of the king numbered twenty-six thousand. In vain they waited; in vain a few unsuccessful attempts were made at a compromise, and then at a place still known as Battlefield, and in a field yet called 'the King's Croft,' the battle was joined. Before, however, the first blow was struck, Harry Hotspur called for his sword, and was informed by his

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attendant that he had left it at Berwick. The iron warrior, who was about cheerfully to encounter a force greatly outnumbering his own, turned pale. 'I perceive,' he said, 'that my plough is drawing its last furrow, for a wizard told me that I should perish at Berwick, which I vainly interpreted of that town in the north.'

The Welsh chieftain climbed into the tree and beheld the conflict; at what period of the engagement is not told; but as he concluded the king would be victorious, he quietly came down again, and leaving Percy to defeat and death, marched back to his mountains. The old oak yet remains; but for the forty years during which we have known it, it has been in a failing condition. One by one its great boughs have yielded to the storm, or broken beneath their own weight; and it is now propped up with crutches and bound together with iron hoops. Probably in another half-century the place which has known it for at least six centuries will know it no more.

One of Mr Rimmer's illustrations shews us a street in Shrewsbury which may justly claim to be one of the most perfect examples of English streets yet remaining, if not the most perfect. The beautiful old gabled houses with their projecting richly carved fronts are in excellent preservation, and for a considerable distance a person walking down the middle of the street can touch them on each side; such was the economy of room in walled cities, which renders their physiognomy just the opposite to that of villages, in which the wide spaces constitute an especial beauty. Behind the city rise the Haughmond hills, clear and sharp, and wooded to their summits. Mr Rimmer tells us, that when the sun rises red over these hills, and especially if this red rising be accompanied by noise of wind, it is a certain sign of a stormy day; thus proving the truth of Shakspeare's description of how 'bloodily the sun began to peer above yon bosky hill,' upon the fatal day of the battle of Shrewsbury. Says Prince Henry to his father:

> The southern wind
> Doth play the trumpet to his purposes;
> And by the hollow whistling in the leaves
> Foretells a tempest and a blustering day.

We wish we could find in the facts a sanction for the author's statement, that in no town in England are the interesting remains, dear to the antiquary and the student, more scrupulously taken care of than in Shrewsbury; but we have before us the eloquent and pleading testimony to the contrary of Mr Ansell Day, the enthusiastic and indefatigable champion of the rights and the dignity of the old city; and on comparing his description of Shrewsbury a hundred years ago with Shrewsbury as it now is, we learn how much has been lost within a century. A hundred years ago, Shrewsbury boasted five churches of renowned beauty. The Abbey and the collegiate church of St Mary still remain, deeply interesting to the antiquary and to the visitor. But what has been the fate of the three others—of St Chad's, of St Alkmond's (so spacious, so beautiful, famous for its exquisite tower, and built by a sister of King Alfred), and of St Julian's? St Chad's requiring reparation, a country builder was employed, whose well-intentioned performance caused the tower to fall in and destroy a portion of the church. Instead of the damage being repaired, the old church was pulled down, and an expensive, hideous, and inconvenient structure was erected in its place. The other two churches were destroyed, without even the excuse of preliminary damage; indeed so strong and in such perfect repair were they, that their demolition was an exceedingly costly process; and the buildings which replace them are curiosities of ugliness. A hundred years ago, the ancient town was surrounded by walls with square towers at intervals, alike interesting and characteristic; only a few hundred yards of the wall now remain, and one tower alone stands, the solitary memento of the past. The ancient Abbey buildings too have been swept away; the Guesten House, formerly the scene of splendid and historical hospitality; the Refectory, where a parliament once assembled to meet its king; and of all the grandeur of the past, only the ancient pulpit remains, a beautiful object indeed, but an unmeaning one in its isolation.

Wenlock, Bridgenorth, Ross, and Monmouth with its ancient massive gate, bridge, and market-place, are full of beautiful remains; and Worcester brings many a remembrance of the historic past before our minds while we gaze on Mr Rimmer's drawings of the Corn-market, Friar Street, and the Close of the beautiful cathedral, where Henry II. and his queen were crowned, and King John is buried. In old Worcester, the days of the Great Rebellion seem quite modern, and Charles II. and his unlucky brother, men of only the recent past. A beautiful and impressive drawing is that of the *New Inn*, Gloucester, that hostelry of a strange history, for it was designed to accommodate the pilgrims who used to go in crowds to the shrine raised in the Abbey Church of Gloucester over the remains of the murdered King Edward II. The vast old hostelry is enormously strong and massive, and covers an immense area. It is fully half of timber, principally chestnut-wood. Tewkesbury, Exeter, and Glastonbury are full of beautiful remains, finely rendered in this book. The Abbot's Kitchen at Glastonbury is one of the relics of the past best known in all England; here St Patrick passed the last years of his life, and here King Arthur is said to have been buried.

At Winchester are found grand examples of the domestic architecture of the fifteenth century, in addition to the superb ecclesiastical edifices of the city; Cardinal Beaufort's Tower, and St Cross, whose noble gateway, approached from the Southampton Road, is seen through great elms and walnut-trees, where the long lines of quaint high chimneys form with the church and the foliage an exquisitely picturesque combination. We pass on in the artist's company to Guildford, where the gateway of Esher Palace still remains to remind us of Wolsey's residence there after his downfall; to Salisbury, which differs from other old cities in having nothing Roman, Saxon, or Norman about it, but being purely English and unique; to Canterbury, with its wonderful wealth of antiquities, ecclesiastical, domestic, and military, all preserved with jealous care; to Rochester, with its grand and gloomy castle, and the noble cathedral, around which there hangs an atmosphere of romance; to Rye, with its ancient grass-grown streets, gabled houses, and church clock, said to be the oldest in England; to St Albans, which has just been raised by the Queen to the dignity of a city;

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and from whose abbey the first books printed in England were issued; to Banbury, with its Old Parliament House, where Cromwell's fateful parliament sat, and the *Roebuck Inn*, which contains a room accounted the most beautiful Elizabethan apartment of the early style in existence. This was Oliver's council-chamber, after the taking of Banbury Castle.

After visiting Ely, Ipswich, Norwich, Lady Jane Grey's house at Leicester, and the crumbling ruins which only remain of the Abbey, we are bidden to the Fen counties, whose picturesqueness few are aware of, though their architectural beauties, especially those of Lincolnshire, are well known; and we are shewn among many other curious things the market-place at Oakham, all roofed and shingled with solid old oak. There is a singular custom at Oakham: every peer of the realm on first passing through the town has either to pay a fine or to present the town with a shoe from his horse; the shoe is then nailed up on the castle gate, or in some conspicuous part of the building. Queen Elizabeth has left a memento of this nature at Oakham, as also have George IV. and Queen Victoria. These shoes are often gilt, and stamped with the name and arms of the donor.

The county of Nottingham is also amply illustrated; and we find a drawing of the famous *Saracen's Head Inn* at Southwell, which dates from the time of Henry IV., and where Charles I. gave himself up to the Scotch commissioners. The beautiful Minster, and the splendid ruins of the palace, once the residence of the archbishops of York, and many an old house and quiet glimpse of the home-life of the long past, are to be seen at Southwell, the place which monarchs and nobles vied with each other to endow and adorn. Warwickshire is but little noticed in this book beyond the inevitable Warwick Castle and Kenilworth; and yet how rich the land of the elm is in village, street, and homestead antiquity.

We would have welcomed further details of Coventry, that most interesting ancient city, the scene of the first days of the triumph of Henry VII., and of one term of the dreary imprisonment of Mary, Queen of Scots; the city of the wonderful church of St Michael, which may truly be called a dream—a poem in stone. York, Beverley, Durham, Lancaster, and Carlisle, all these the artist-author sets before us with their treasures of architecture and illustration of the social life of the past. Perhaps we linger longest over the noble views of Durham Castle, and the majestic cathedral with its three grand towers, which occupies one of the finest sites in England, and with the wooded bluff beneath it, is reflected in the broad bosom of the Wear. The author leads us so far north as Carlisle, but has not much to point to there of great antiquity. The Border city had to fight too hard for ages for her mere existence, to have means or leisure for the beautifying or refining arts. Her name is otherwise writ in history.

We are grateful to Mr Rimmer for this work, which will, we hope, give the impulse to much more literature of a similar order. There is a great need of closely studied and well-written histories of the old cities and towns of the United Kingdom, which, if not conceived merely in the dry antiquarian, nor yet in the simply picturesque artistic spirit, would induce readers to recognise, and lead them to explore the archæological treasures of their own countries, which may be reached with ease, and might, with the assistance of books of this kind, be studied with equal pleasure and profit.

## JAPANESE FANS.

DURING the past few years, Japanese fans have become so popular in this country, that a few brief remarks respecting them and the manner in which they are manufactured—culled from the published Report by Her Majesty's Consul on the trade of Hiogo and Osaka—may perhaps prove acceptable to our readers.

Osaka, we learn, is the principal city for the manufacture of the *ogi* or folding fans, which are those almost exclusively exported, all descriptions of the bamboo kind being made there; the figures, writing, &c. required for their adornment are executed at Kioto. The prices vary from a few pence up to six pounds sterling per hundred, and occasionally even higher prices are given, though the bulk consists of the cheaper sorts. The superior kinds of fans, it may be mentioned parenthetically, which are termed *uchiwa* by the Japanese, are manufactured at Kioto, and are extensively used by the better classes of the natives.

The following are the principal features in the account which Mr Consul Annesley gives of the details connected with *ogi* or folding fans. As in many other branches of industry, the principle of division of labour is carried out in the fan-making trade. The bamboo ribs are made in Osaka and Kioto by private individuals in their own houses, and combinations of the various notches cut in the lower part are left to one of the finishing workmen, who forms the various patterns of the handle according to plans prepared by the designer. In like manner the designer gives out to the engravers the patterns which his experience teaches him will be most likely to be saleable during the ensuing season; and when the different blocks have been cut, it still rests with him to say what colours are to be used for the two sides of each fan. In fact, this official holds, if not the best paid, at anyrate the most important position on the staff in ordinary. When the printed sheets which are to form the two sides of the fans have been handed over to the workman, together with the sets of bamboo slips which are to form the ribs, his first business is to fold the two sheets of which the fan is to be composed, so that they will retain the crease, and this is done by putting them between two pieces of paper, well saturated with oil, and properly creased. The four are then folded together and placed under a heavy weight.

When sufficient time has elapsed, the sheets are taken out, and the moulds used again, the released sheets being packed up for at least twenty-four hours in their folds. The next process is to take the ribs, which are temporarily arranged in order on a wire, and 'set' them into their places on one of the sheets, after it has been spread out on a block and pasted. A dash of paste then gives the woodwork adhesive powers, and that part of the process is finished by affixing the remaining sheet of paper. The fan has to be folded up and opened three or four times before the folds take the proper shape; and by the time

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the fan is put by to dry, it has received far more handling than any foreign paper could stand; indeed foreign paper has been tried, and had to be given up, as unsuitable for the work; but with great care the Osaka fan-makers had been able to make some fans with printed pictures which had been sent over from America, though they were invariably obliged to use one face of Japanese paper.

The qualities of native paper now used are not nearly so good as those of which the old fans were made, and in consequence, the style of manufacture has had to be changed. Instead of first pasting the two faces of the fan together and then running in pointed ribs, the ribs are square and are pasted in their places in the manner described above. The outside lacquered pieces and the fancy-work are all done in Osaka and Kioto, and some of the designs in gold lacquer on bone are really artistic; but the demand for the highly ornamented description of fans is not sufficient to encourage the production of large quantities of first-class work. When the insides are dry, the riveting of the pieces together, including the outer covering, is rapidly done, and a dash of varnish quickly finishes the fan.

The highest price that was ever given for a fan in the days of seclusion from the outer world rarely exceeded a sovereign; but since the arrival of foreigners in the country, some few have been made to order at prices varying from two to three pounds sterling. The general prices of ordinary fans range from two or three shillings to three pounds per hundred, though an extraordinarily expensive fan is turned out at ten pounds per hundred. The sale of fans in olden times seldom exceeded ten thousand a year for the whole country; but in recent years no less than three millions per annum have been exported from the ports of Osaka and Yokohama alone. In concluding these brief notes, it may be interesting to mention that the number of fans ordered in Japan for the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia reached the large figure of eight hundred thousand, the estimated cost of which was ten thousand pounds, and that these were over and above the ordinary annual export alluded to before.

## THE PIXIES.

Among the superstitions still far from being extirpated in Wales and some parts of Devonshire, is a belief in exceedingly small beings known as pixies. From anything we can learn, the pixies resemble the fairies of old English superstition, but with this difference, that pixies possess that love of fun and mischief which reminds us of the Puck of Shakspeare. When a pixy has been successful in any trick upon travellers, it is said to send forth a peal of laughter and to tumble head over heels to shew its delight; this has become proverbial in Devonshire; so that if any one laughs immoderately, he is said to laugh 'like a pixy.' The following pixy story is still current.

In a little country-place in the prettiest part of Devonshire there lived a miller's daughter, who was betrothed to a young farmer of the neighbourhood. For some time their course ran as smoothly as could be desired. But the young man began to cast looks of suspicion on another admirer of his betrothed, and to let a jealous demon rankle within him, whispering to him that he no longer held the first place in the damsel's affections.

The miller's daughter, besides possessing considerable personal attractions, had the reputation of being the neatest and most industrious housewife in the place; and so the pixies, who invariably tried to aid the industrious, took her under their especial protection. They removed everything harmful from her path, and were always at hand to do her a service; she herself meanwhile being quite unconscious of the presence of the small people. One pixy used to place flowers on her window-sill every morning, and the maiden innocently dreamt that they were offerings from her lover, and prized them accordingly. One morning early about this time the young man passed before her house, and noticed the flowers upon the window-sill. Jealousy immediately took possession of him, and he saw in the simple flowers the offerings of a more favoured admirer. Just then the window was opened gently, and the miller's daughter appeared; and unconscious of the watcher lurking behind the hedge, she took up the rose-buds which formed her morning's gift and pressed them to her lips. Then she withdrew, taking the flowers with her, and leaving him to rage inwardly at what he considered her perfidy.

From that morning his behaviour towards her was changed, and he became gloomy and morose, throwing out hints of his suspicions from time to time, which troubled the gentle maiden, without her being able to comprehend any reason for it all. But the pixies, seeing how matters stood, determined to convince the moody fellow of her truth, and at the same time to punish him for his unreasonable jealousy. So one evening, when he was coming home from a market-town (perhaps top-heavy), he was pixy-led in a meadow just below the miller's house, through which he had to pass. Hosts of pixies gathered for the occasion, armed with nettles, thistles, and small bushes of thorn-trees. With these formidable weapons they pricked, stung, and mercilessly belaboured the unfortunate young man, dancing around him with mocking gestures, and chasing him from one end of the field to another.

Thus harassed, they kept him until the morning dawned, when one pixy came forward with a beautiful bunch of flowers, which he delivered to another pixy, who carried it off, and climbing up the vine that covered the side of the miller's house, laid the bouquet on the maiden's window-sill. Then he disappeared, followed quickly by the rest of the pixies, leaving the young man (who now saw from what quarter the flowers had come) to meditate on the matter. The result of his meditations was, that before another day was gone, he went to his betrothed and told her the doubts he had gone through, and the manner in which the pixies had freed him from those doubts; and the whole affair was then settled to the satisfaction of everybody concerned, including the pixies.

Stories of this sort are wonderfully poetical, and may amuse young folks, but they are two centuries out of date, and we may hope that matters are educationally in train to supersede them by materials quite as droll and a little more rational.

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## A BUNCH OF KEYS.

I AM a professional man, and reside in the West End of London. One morning some few months back, my assistant on coming to attend to his duties produced a bunch of keys, which he informed me he had just picked up at the corner of a street leading from Oxford Street.

'Hadn't they best be handed over to the police?' suggested my assistant. I wish to goodness I had at once closed with his suggestion; but I didn't, much to my own cost, as will be presently seen.

'Well, I don't know,' was my answer. 'I rather think it will be a wiser plan to advertise them, if the owner is really to have a chance of recovering them; for to my mind, articles found in that way and handed over to the police are rarely heard of again.'

An advertisement for the *Times* was duly drawn up and sent off for insertion. It merely stated where the keys had been picked up, and where the owner of the bunch could have it returned to him on giving a proper description. The next morning the advertisement appeared; and though I half expected that some applications might be made later on in the same day, it passed over quite quietly. But the following morning I had a foretaste of the trouble that awaited me so soon as the postman had deposited my letters in the box and given his accustomed knock. A glance at my table shewed me that my correspondence was very considerably beyond its average that morning. The very first letter I opened was in reference to the advertisement; and before I had gone through the collection I found there were over twenty applications for the bunch of keys in my possession. Some of the writers took the trouble to describe the keys they had lost; but none of them were in the least like those that had been picked up by my assistant. Some did not take the trouble to give any description at all, or to state if they had been in the part of the town where the keys were found; and a few boldly claimed them on the strength of having dropped a bunch miles from the spot indicated in the advertisement!

By the time I had got through my letters and my breakfast, my servant came to tell me that my waiting-room was already full of people—'mostly ladies,' he said—though it was nearly two hours before the time I was accustomed to see any one professionally. With a foreboding that a good deal of worry and a loss of much valuable time was in store for me, I entered my consulting-room, and gave orders that the ladies should be admitted in the order of their arrival. They were all applicants for the keys; and out of the sixteen persons that were waiting, fourteen were ladies. The two gentlemen were soon despatched. They *had* lost keys, near the spot for anything they could tell; but on being satisfied that what had been found did in no way agree with the description of what they had lost, they apologised for the trouble and went at once.

But it was no such easy matter to get rid of my fourteen lady-applicants. Some of them were for inflicting upon me a narration of family affairs that had not the most remote connection with the business in hand. A few kept closely enough to the subject on which they had come; but would not take a denial that the keys in my possession were not the least like those they said they had lost; and it was only at the sacrifice of some of my usual politeness that I was able to get rid of them. Not one of the morning's arrival could make out anything like a fair claim, and one or two owned that they had not even been in the quarter where the keys were found on the day specified.

More letters, more applicants, came as the day wore on; and I began heartily to repent of my well-meant desire to benefit my fellow-mortals by taking the trouble to find out the rightful owner of a lost article. I was just on the point of giving orders to my servant to put off all further applicants until the following morning, when he ushered in a comfortable-looking lady of middle age, who proceeded straight to business by at once describing with the greatest accuracy the bunch of keys that had given me so much anxiety that day; and

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assuring me that she had passed the spot indicated in the advertisement on the morning they were found.

'Nine keys on the bunch, all Chubb's patent; three very small ones, five of various sizes, and one latch-key longer than any of the others.'

The description was perfect. Some of the other applicants had curiously enough been right as to the number, but wrong as to description.

I at once told my lady visitor that I had no doubt the keys were hers; and that I was ready to hand them over to her. But I ventured to add that it would give me greater security were she to permit my assistant to accompany her to her residence, and there, in his presence, to open the different locks to which the keys belonged. To this proposal not the smallest objection was raised. She begged I would call my assistant, as she had a cab waiting at the door. The direction was given to some place in Bloomsbury, and they drove off. In less than an hour my assistant returned. He stated that the lady opened the street door with the latch-key, and that the other eight keys opened desks, writing-tables, cash-boxes, &c.—all quite correct and satisfactorily. The expense of the advertisement was of course paid.

Congratulating myself that this troublesome business was well over, and mentally resolving that another time, under similar circumstances, I should act on my assistant's suggestion, and hand such matters over to the police, I gave orders that all applicants that might come were to be told that the rightful owner had been found and that the keys were disposed of.

Two days passed, and I had almost dismissed the whole affair from my mind. On the morning of the third day my attention was attracted by an altercation going on between my servant and an irate lady—well advanced in years—to whom he refused admittance. Anxious to escape disturbance, I gave orders that she should be shewn into my consulting-room, where I presently went to see what she wanted.

'I want to know why you never answered my letter about the bunch of keys you advertised as having found, and which I lost? I have come for them now.'

'But, madam, none of the letters described the keys accurately, and I was therefore not bound to notice any of the written applications that reached me.'

'Not describe them properly! But I *can* describe them; they were nine in number on the bunch.'

'So far, that is right, madam. Proceed with your description.'

The description was entirely wrong; and I told her so. I told her, moreover, that the rightful owner had been found, who had not only described the keys properly, but who had taken my assistant to her house and had used each individual key in his presence. I added that if she were not satisfied, I could furnish her with the address of the lady to whom the keys had been given up, and that she might call and try to establish her claim if she fancied she had one.

She was very far from being satisfied. She wanted to argue the matter further and, as I feared, to an unreasonable length. I told her firmly I could waste no further time on her; whereupon she left vowing vengeance.

The threats of the old lady did not much disturb me; but they were not altogether so unmeaning as I supposed, for in two days thereafter a summons was handed into me, demanding my presence at the police court of the district, to answer for my refusal to deliver up to the rightful owner property belonging to her, which I owned to having found, but refused to account for.

That I was very much annoyed may be easily supposed; but at the same time I could not help being somewhat amused, bearing in recollection how I had tried to satisfy the unreasonable dame, who had evidently more money than wit, seeing she was ready to waste it on so hopeless a case.

I duly made my appearance before the worthy magistrate, whom I happened to know slightly, and who could not restrain an amused grin when I was called forward. My assistant accompanied me as a matter of course.

The old lady had engaged a smart lawyer, who did his best in trying to make out a case; but his client rather weakened his statement by her inconsequential answers to both her counsel and the magistrate. My answer was easy. I shewed how the prosecutrix had utterly failed in describing the keys. I told that the rightful owner had rightly described them; and I put my assistant into the box to prove his having seen every key in the bunch fitted into its proper lock.

'Were you passing along Oxford Street on the morning that this bunch of keys was found?' asked the magistrate of the old lady.

'I was that way in an omnibus in the afternoon,' was the answer.

'But the keys in question were found in the morning, and were lying on the pavement,' remarked His Worship.

'Ah, I don't know how that might be,' said my persecutor; 'but I know I lost a bunch of keys.'

'Well, the case is dismissed; and you must pay expenses.' And so ended the case.

Now I have no doubt the old lady, though so wrong-headed in the claim she set up against me, had really lost a bunch of keys on the day my assistant made his—for me—unlucky find. Nor do I for a moment doubt the fact of some of the other applicants having also lost keys on the same day and perhaps near the same spot. But the applications by letter and personally numbered altogether not far short of fifty; and it may be set down as a moral certainty that they did not all lose, each of them, a bunch of keys on that particular day, and in Oxford Street—without being particular as to the spot. My theory is, that some of them had probably got their pockets picked of their keys while travelling by omnibus, and could not of course tell exactly where they lost them. Others may have simply mislaid their keys, and jumped to the conclusion that they were lost. Some others, I fear, had not lost keys at all, but merely came to my place out of idle curiosity. All of them, I know, gave me more trouble than I ever hope to have again in an affair of the kind.

[We can hardly say that the foregoing narrative, to call it so, is overstrained. It points to a marvellous want of logical precision in reasoning which is far from uncommon. Some years ago, in these pages, we mentioned a droll case within our own experience. One day we chanced to find a brooch, and advertised the fact in the newspapers.

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Next day a lady called on us to say that she had lost a ring, and asked if we knew anything about it. 'Madam,' was our reply, 'you must understand that it was a brooch we found, and not a ring.' 'O yes, that may be so; but I thought as you were in the way of finding things, you might perhaps have seen something of my ring.' A very pretty example this of want of common-sense. Our advice to all who happen to find any article of value on the street is, to take it at once to the police office, where it may be reclaimed by the owner. Those who will not take this trouble, should let the article alone. Finding does not constitute ownership. We knew a gentleman, now deceased, who in the course of his life punctiliously refrained from picking up any article of value on the street, as the article was not his, and he might have been brought into trouble. This was being too fastidious, for it was allowing the article to be appropriated by possibly some dishonest person. True kindness and true honesty consist in lodging the article found, at the police office, whence, if no owner casts up within twelve months, it will be sent to the finder, whose lawful property it becomes.—ED.]

## THE LAND OF THE INCAS.

PERU recalls to every thoughtful student of history not only the half-barbaric splendour of the empire of the Incas, but the vanished prestige and glory of their Spanish conquerors. The gorgeous figure of Pizarro, the stately hidalgo, the successful captain, the ruthless soldier of fortune, meets us still at every step in the once rich Indian empire he won for Spain. On that low swampy mangrove-fringed stretch of coast, a tangled maze of vines and flowering creepers, the half-famished Castilian adventurer landed in 1524. And here, where the full tide of the Pacific rolls in upon the beach in columns of snowy foam, he, in 1535, founded Lima, the 'city of the kings.'

To examine the cities of the Incas, their ruined palaces, and other objects of note in this interesting region, was a task undertaken and carried out by Mr Squier, whose researches have been embodied in a volume entitled the *Land of the Incas*, the perusal of which enables us to offer the following items to our readers.

The coast of Peru is arid and barren, lined with guano islands, which although adding little to the charm of the scenery, are found as lucrative to-day as the mines of Potosi and Pasco were in the hey-day of Spanish greatness. Thanks to this useful but unfragrant compost, Pizarro's city of the kings is still rich and flourishing, though the veins of silver are exhausted, and the golden sands no longer glitter with the precious ore, which fired the Spanish breasts of old with such fierce cupidity. It is very unhealthy, and although in the tropics, the climate for six months in the year is extremely damp and almost cold. Lima, which stands in an earthquake region, is built so as to sustain the least possible damage from the ever recurring shocks of those alarming phenomena. The private houses are never more than two stories in height. They have flat roofs and projecting balconies, and are constructed (one can hardly say built) of cane, plastered with mud, and painted in imitation of stone. Most of them have courts with open galleries in the Moorish style, extending along the four sides; and many of them have towers, from which, in addition to the surrounding scenery, an extended view of acres of flat roofs may be obtained—the said flat roofs being piled with heaps of refuse, filth, and all manner of abominations; very often they are used as poultry-yards, and here the buzzards, which act as scavengers in all the South American cities, roost at night.

The furniture in the better class of these wicker and mud-built dwellings is often very fine: antique plate, velvet hangings, costly mirrors, and family portraits, that smile or frown upon you with all the charm or vigour the brush of Vandyke or Velasquez was able to impart. The *pasios* or public walks are planted with trees, and the arcades, which are lined with fine shops, are a very favourite promenade. The inhabitants of Lima of all grades are remarkably fond of flowers, particularly of roses, which they contrive to keep in bloom all the year round. 'Roses,' Mr Squier says, 'bloom in every court and blush on every balcony, and decorate alike the heavy tresses of the belle and the curly shock of the zamba.'

Bull-fights are a favourite amusement, and so is cock-fighting, although it is no longer, as formerly, practised in the public streets.

The markets are well supplied, especially with fruit and vegetables. Fish is good and the butcher-meat of fair quality. The luckless traveller in Central America who could get nothing but chickens and turkeys to eat, and was afraid at last that his whiskers would transform themselves into feathers, may go to Lima with all safety, as a medium-sized turkey there costs twenty dollars in gold. The cookery is Spanish in its character, and consists much of stews savoury with oil and garlic and pungent with red pepper.

Twenty miles from Lima is Pachacamac, a sacred city of the Incas, where once stood a gigantic temple, dedicated to a deity of the same name, the supreme creator and preserver of the universe. The ruins of two large wings of this temple still remain, one of which contains a perfect well-turned arch, which is so rare a feature in American ruins that Mr Squier says 'it is the only proper arch I ever found in all my explorations in Central and South America.' Pachacamac was the Mecca of South America; and its barren hills and dry nitrous sand-heaps are filled with the dead bodies of ancient pilgrims, who travelled from all parts of the country to lay their bones, not their dust, in this hallowed spot. 'Ashes to ashes, dust to dust,' has no meaning here; the dead body does not decay, but is dried and shrivelled into a mummy. Mr Squier had the curiosity to open the shroud of what may once have been perchance an Aztec belle. The body, which was that of a young girl, was in a sitting posture, supported on a workbox of braided reeds, in which were rude specimens of knitting, spindles for weaving, spools of thread, needles of bone and bronze, a small bronze knife, a fan, and a set of curious cosmetic-boxes formed of the hollow bones of a bird. These were filled with pigments of various colours, and were carefully stopped with cotton. Beside them was a small powder-puff of cotton for applying them to the face, and a rude mirror formed of a piece of iron pyrites highly polished. There was also a netting instrument and a little crushed ornament of gold intended to represent a butterfly. The long black hair, still glossy as in life, was braided and plaited

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round the forehead, which was bound with a fillet of white cloth adorned with silver spangles. A silver bracelet hung on the shrunken arm; and between the feet was the dried body of a dead parrot, a pet no doubt in life, and sacrificed to bear its mistress company into the dread unknown land of spirits.

In the fertile valley of Canete, amid rich sugar-plantations, Mr Squier found vast pyramidal buildings, rising stage upon stage, with broad flights of steps winding round them to the summits. While sketching amid a maze of these massive shattered adobe walls, our author was startled by seeing three men suddenly leap over a low wall into the vivid sunshine before him. 'God and peace be with you!' he said as calmly as he could, instinctively divining that his best cue was to appear as cool as possible. 'God and peace be with you!' responded the bandits, for such they were; and after a little bullying, an amicable parley ensued, which had for its object the acquisition of Mr Squier's breech-loading rifle, a weapon which kindled in the bosom of Rossi Arci, the robber chief, an ardent, but with all due deference to Mr Longfellow, a wasted affection, for he did not obtain it. Four weeks afterwards, Mr Squier saw the swollen disfigured corpse of this bandit captain exposed to public view in one of the principal streets of Lima.

At Truxillo our author came across a treasure-hunter, one Colonel La Rosa. This man spent his whole life in burrowing like a mole among the old ruins in search of buried gold, gems, silver goblets, or any other relic of antiquity which he could turn into money. Under his guidance, Mr Squier visited a great pyramid called the Temple of the Sun, and the extensive, interesting, and well preserved ruins of Grand Chimu. Here he found vast halls, the walls of which were covered with arabesques, and wide corridors from which spacious rooms diverged. The walls of these apartments were bright with vivid and delicate colours; and Colonel La Rosa shewed him where in the midst of them he had found a walled-up closet filled with vessels of gold and silver placed in regular layers one above the other, as if they had been hidden there in some dire emergency. Two vaults were also discovered filled with silver cups and goblets. The silver of which these vessels were composed was much alloyed with copper, and was so much oxidised that it had become exceedingly brittle. Mr Squier obtained possession of two of the cups. They have the appearance of being hammered out of a single piece of metal, are as thick as ordinary tin-plate, and are both adorned by the representation of a human face, with clearly cut features and a large aquiline nose.

About a hundred yards to the westward of the excavations which have revealed the half-buried palace of the ancient princes of Chimu, is a low broad mound, which has been found to be a necropolis, filled with bodies richly clad and covered with gold and silver ornaments. Many of the heads of the dead bodies found by Colonel La Rosa were gilt and encircled by bands of gold; and one body, that of a woman, was covered with thin sheets of gold, and wrapped in a robe spangled with silver fishes. Warlike weapons and agricultural implements, knives, war-clubs, lance-heads, and spear-points, with spades and mattocks of different shapes, all of bronze, are found abundantly in the vicinity of these ruins; as are also specimens of excellent pottery, on which are modelled with spirit and fidelity representations of birds, animals, fishes, shells, fruit, vegetables, and the human face and form.

Leaving Chimu reluctantly, Mr Squier travelled down to the coast, along which he sailed, examining the coast ruins at Calaveras and other places, till he reached Arica, the port of Tacna.

This is peculiarly an earthquake region; and some of these subterranean convulsions are terrible to a degree which we dwellers in a temperate clime can scarcely even imagine. A notably dreadful and destructive earthquake was that of 1868, which shook to its base all the adjacent country. It was first noted in Arica about five o'clock in the morning, its premonitory symptoms being immense clouds of dust, which were seen slowly advancing across the plain in dusky columns at a distance of about ten miles.

Nearer and nearer they came; and in the awful pause of dread expectancy that ensued, the distant snowy peaks of the Cordilleras were observed to nod and reel, as if executing some horribly suggestive cyclopean dance. Gradually this impulse extended itself to the mountains nearer to the town, till the huge *morro* or headland, a little to the left of it, began to rock violently to and fro, heaving with sickening lurches, as if about to cast itself loose into space, and always bringing to again, like a hard bestead ship in a driving tempest. As it worked back and forward, huge fragments of stone detached themselves from its cave-worn surface, and fell with deafening crash into the surf below; while under and above all, like a subdued monotone of horror, was a prolonged incessant rumble, now like the roll of distant thunder, but ever and anon at irregular intervals swelling into a deafening crash, like the discharge of a whole park of artillery.

As far as could be seen, the usually solid earth was agitated by a slow wave-like motion, which became first tremulous, and then unspeakably violent, throwing half of the houses into heaps of ruins, and yawning into wide chasm-like fissures, from which mephitic sulphurous vapours issued. Shrieks and groans of anguish filled the air, a mournful interlude shrilly resounding at intervals above the subterranean thunder, as the terrified crowd rushed to the mole, to seek refuge on board the vessels in the harbour. Scarcely had they reached this hoped-for haven of safety, when the sea, treacherous as the heaving land, glided softly back, and then rushing forward with a terrific roar, submerged the mole with its panting terror-stricken occupants, and poured on in a foaming flood over the prostrate town, where it completed the havoc the earthquake had begun. It then rushed back almost more suddenly than it had advanced, the whole fearful deluge occupying only about five minutes. Again and again the earth quivered and shook, as if about to rend asunder and drop into some unfathomable abyss below, and again the sea dashed forward as if in frantic fury, and then as suddenly recoiled, the last time shewing a perpendicular wall of water forty-five feet high, capped by an angry crest of foam. This tremendous wave swept miles inshore, where it stranded the largest ships then lying in the harbour, one of them a United States frigate.

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In Arica Mr Squier equipped himself for a journey over the Cordilleras. Nothing can exceed the savage wildness of these mountains, or the difficulties and dangers of the long narrow passes that intersect them. Mr Squier says: 'I have crossed the Alps by the routes of the Simplon, the Grand St Bernard, and St Gothard; but at no point on any of them have I witnessed a scene so wild and utterly desolate as that which spreads out around La Portada.' It is the very acmé of desolation—treeless, shrubless, bare of grass, with scarcely a lichen clinging to the rugged sides of the huge cliffs. Pile upon pile towering to the sullen skies, rise ridges of dark-brown hills bristling with snowy peaks, from several of which long trails of smoke stream lazily out upon the air, shewing where the pent volcano surges in ominous life beneath the wintry wastes of snow.

Descending from the Cordilleras, Mr Squier examined Tiaguanuco, the Baalbec of the New World; and from thence proceeded to Cuzco, the City of the Sun, the ancient capital of the Incas, which abounds with memorials of their vanished greatness. Here stood a magnificent temple of the sun, which was lined throughout with plates of gold, two of which, preserved as curiosities, were shewn to Mr Squier. The huge stones composing this and other massive buildings which yet remain are cut and fitted together with a precision which has been equalled, but never surpassed. So accurately do they fit, that it is impossible to pass the finest-bladed knife between their edges.

In close proximity to these splendid ruins, sometimes under their very walls, our author found rude circles of stone, such as still exist at Stonehenge and in other parts of Great Britain, and in Brittany. Bidding adieu to Cuzco and its suggestive relics, Mr Squier in his journey to the coast passed over a stupendously high swinging bridge formed of cables of braided withes. This dreadful rope-edifice swung freely in space between two gigantic cliffs, which guarded like twin sentinels the rush of the deep and rapid Apurimac, one of the head-waters of the Amazon. It was something worse than the most breakneck defile among the Cordilleras. 'Never,' says our author, 'will I forget this experience. I can see still the frail structure swaying at dizzy height over a dark abyss filled with the deep hoarse roar of the river. My eyes grew dim, my heart faint, my feet unsteady as I struggled across, not daring to cast a look on either hand.' It was no wonder that the nerves of one of the party, an artist, were so shaken that he declared that rather than set a foot upon it, he would swim across the Apurimac. This he did, and found the water so delightfully cool and pleasant, that he resolved to prolong his bath, and placed the bundle containing his clothes and shoes on a convenient cliff, whence a perverse gust of wind blew them into the water. Long he pursued them, with no result except the conviction that he had lost them irrecoverably and his way as well. In this condition, foodless, garmentless, he wandered about for three days in pathless thickets. His feet were cut and bleeding; and his body, scratched and torn, was scorched all day by a blistering sun, and so chilled at night by the cold breezes that he was glad to bury himself in the warm sand. On the fourth day he staggered, faint with fatigue and hunger, to the door of an Indian hut, and the inhabitants mistaking him in his ghastly squalor for the incarnate genius of fever, which they dread above all things, half killed with stones what little life was left in him before they would listen to his story.

Mr Squier's researches abundantly shew that, possessing no written language, the Incas have impressed their history in characters which yet remain upon the scenes of their former glory. Their greatness may be traced in the splendid ruins of their temples and palaces. Their civilisation is abundantly proved by their bridges, roads, caravansaries, reservoirs, aqueducts, and perfect and extensive system of irrigation, by means of which vegetation was carried in terraces thousands of feet up the steep hill-sides, and the now desert coast blushed like a garden with the profuse luxuriance of the tropics. One may well ask, which were the barbarians, they or the Spaniards who soon made a Sahara of that which they found a Goshen? Their great fortresses bristling on every hill-side teach us alike the vastness of their military power and their great resources. Of their internal polity we catch a suggestive glimpse from their ample prisons; and we learn how they lived as we turn over curiously their household and agricultural implements, or mark with mute surprise the exquisitely fine texture of some mummy shroud, or the delicate carving on some long-buried goblet, or the graceful form and excellent workmanship of some fragile relic of earthenware. We can even make a guess, as we look at their burial towers and tombs, at the current of national thought on one important subject. They who laid the dead so carefully, so tenderly to rest, believed that in the far-off world of shadows the soul would live again.

## A CAST OF THE NET.

### THE STORY OF A DETECTIVE OFFICER.

### CHAPTER III.

THERE was nothing for me to do, that I could see, for a day or two, beyond improving my acquaintance with the factory hands, and keeping my eyes open generally; and in pursuance of this latter branch of the business, I got up very early on the following morning, and sat for an hour or two after daylight in the arbours or boxes I have so often mentioned. There was one great charm about the *Anchor*. It was low and dirty, decaying and disreputable, and the landlord was a drinking fellow, utterly bankrupt and hopeless, who troubled himself about nothing. His potman was sottish also, and too accustomed to riff-raff and queer doings of every kind to trouble himself about me; so I was thoroughly at my ease. All I saw which appeared worthy of notice was that the ill-tempered ferryman rowed out alone to the ship I have spoken of, and disappeared round its bows. I watched for some time, but did not see him come out into midstream; but just before I gave up my watch, he came into sight again. Whether he had crossed after rowing up a bit and had come back, or whether he had been lying all the time just hidden by the ship, of course I could not say.

I had told the potman that I was in hope of

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seeing a friend of mine who was going to Australia and had half promised to take me with him. I consequently shewed a great deal of interest in the craft, and asked him lots of questions about them. This morning I guessed that the ship (the ferryman's ship), was an Australian liner; and this was just the joke for the potman, who laughed till his beery cheeks shook again at my mistaking a slow old Dutch trader for an Australian liner. He was quite severe in his way of poking fun at me; but he ought to have pitied my ignorance, not ridiculed it—and so I told him.

I thought I would pass away the morning by going over to T—— and watching Mr Byrle's house. I had learnt that he was to be from home all day; Miss Doyle had told me so herself; so I knew *she* knew it also; and if she had any suspicious visits to pay, or queer company to receive, now was the time: that was evident. Accordingly, I went to T—— by rail as before, starting in the rain; but luckily, just as I got there it cleared up and the sun came out. To give me a chance of learning something, I got asking my way to a lot of places I didn't want to go to, just by way of starting a conversation, you know; and the man I pitched upon was employed in the goods shed of the railway, but did not seem to have much to do just then; and when I asked him if he could spare time to run across to the public-house with me, he said yes, he thought he could; and he did.

We could see Mr Byrle's house from this place, so it answered as well for me as any other; and while I was talking to the porter, I saw a tall young fellow, good-looking, but rather flash-looking too, go past, and in three or four minutes I saw him ring at the gate of Mr Byrle's house.

'Hollo!' I says to my railway friend, 'isn't that Sims Reeves? Does he come down here to give lessons?'

He was no more like Sims Reeves than I am, but his was the first name I could think of.

'Sims Reeves!' says the porter; 'why that's young Mr Byrle, as gives his father no end of trouble. You wouldn't see him there, only the old gent is off somewhere for a while. He went from our station last night.'

'Indeed!' I said (and then I saw the young man go into the house); 'and what's the quarrel about?'

'Oh, his goings on,' said the railway man. 'Why, I have heard that his father has paid thousands on his account; and if he hadn't paid one time pretty heavily too, this young fellow would have been in Newgate for forging his governor's name. He's agoing abroad, I believe; and a good riddance too, I say.'

'And what does he do at the house when his father is away?' I asked; and I really felt that our conversation was getting quite interesting.

'Well, it's the old story; a lady's in the case,' said the porter. 'There's a niece there that's over head and ears in love with Mr Edmund—that's his name—and he pretends to be equally sweet on her. But if she had seen only as much of him as we have seen at this here station, she would never—— There's my foreman agoing into the shed! Excuse me.' With that the railway-man finished his pint and was off.

I considered a minute, and then decided I was as well off where I was as anywhere; so I borrowed yesterday's *Morning Advertiser* of the barmaid, and sitting down where I could watch the house, pretended to read. If any one had watched me, he must have thought I was most remarkably interested in the Money Market, for I had that part of the paper folded towards me without changing for a good half-hour. At the end of that time the door of Mr Byrle's house was opened and the son came out. I was ready for a start after him, let him go in which direction he might; but he came towards the *Railway Tavern*, my post; straight on, nearer, nearer he passed my door. I peeped out after him, and saw him actually come into the tavern, entering by another door the compartment of the bar next to mine!

I was in the common place; he was in one of those divisions where 'Glasses only are served in this department;' and so on. There was some one there already, for I had heard the occasional clink of a spoon and glass, and a cough; but there wasn't more than one, for I had heard no voices. I now heard some one speak; I judged it to be young Mr Byrle, and I was right.

'Hollo, skipper!' he said, 'what have you been doing to your face? Have you been fighting?'

'Fighting!—Well, never mind my face; I don't want to talk about that; I shall settle that account some day,' said a voice. (*I* knew what voice; *I* knew what was the matter with the man's face.)

His surly tone seemed to shut young Mr Byrle up on the subject, for he gave a sort of forced laugh and said no more about it. 'When do you sail?—for certain now. I must know to an hour to-day, for I don't like what I hear of things,' said Mr Byrle.

'Don't speak so loud,' said the other; 'you can never tell who is listening;' and there he was more thoroughly right than he suspected. However, they dropped their voices so completely after this, that though I sat right up against the partition, I could hear nothing more than a stray word or so, out of which I could make no sense, until at last Mr Byrle said: 'Time's about up, skipper.'

'I suppose so,' said the other. 'Well, you feel quite confident about her then; her courage won't fail, you think?'

'*Her* courage fail? Ha, ha! skipper,' said Mr Byrle; 'you don't know her, or you wouldn't say that. She'll come with the material, you'll see. From first to last she's never wavered; and look what a penetrating mind she has got!'

'Yes; she's clever, I think,' says the skipper.

'Clever!' Mr Byrle repeated, with a deal of contempt in his voice—'clever! Who but her would have found out the scheme'——

'Hush!' said the skipper, stopping the young man, just as his conversation was getting, I may say, instructive and important. Then Edmund Byrle said his train was due, and posted off to the station.

A minute or so after I heard the skipper put down his glass as though he had emptied it, and then he too left. I followed at a little distance, and got into the same train with him, and got out with him, and still following, saw him go to the ferry, pick out, as I knew he would, the surly waterman; and I saw him rowed to his own ship, where the waterman left him and then rowed over to the other side. Very good. Then the skipper had gone to T—— specially to meet Edmund Byrle;

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and Edmund Byrle had gone there specially because his father was away; and—— Then I couldn't follow it up any further.

I went boldly into the *Yarmouth Smack*, and not seeing Tilley anywhere about, I asked for him under the agreed name, and was told he had gone to work on Byrle's wharf; not for the firm, but for some lighterman who frequented the public-house. This looked well; and if I got taken on, as I expected, the next Monday, I thought it would be very odd if between us we didn't find something out. Yet my interest in the business seemed dying away, or drifting into altogether a new channel, for I could not believe for a moment that Miss Doyle and Edmund Byrle, and the skipper and the sulky ferryman, were all linked in with stealing a few paltry brass fittings.

I crossed over before the old ferryman came back, and had my dinner in the tap-room of the *Anchor and Five Mermaids*. It wasn't a nice place for a dinner, and I was always partial to having my things neat and tidy, which was by no means the rule at the *Anchor*, and the company was not to my standard. I was late to-day, so I missed the factory hands; and there were only two men in the room with me; one was a costermongerish-looking rough in a velveteen coat and fur cap, which was about all I could see of him, for he was asleep all of a heap in a corner. The other was a man who had his dinner in a newspaper, and took it out, whatever it was, with his fingers, till he had finished it and then went away.

I was glad when he was gone, and I had the room as I may say to myself; so I sent my plate away, called for a little drop of rum-and-water (the only thing you could get fit to drink at the *Anchor*), and lighting my pipe, sat with my feet on the fender, to have a good smoke and a good hard think. I had sat there perhaps half-a-dozen minutes, and had fairly settled down to my thinking, when a low voice said: 'Mr Nickham!' My name! It was a very low voice which spoke, but the roar of an elephant couldn't have startled me more. In an instant it flashed upon me that my disguise was seen through and all my plans understood. Robinson Crusoe was not so staggered when he saw the foot-print on the sand as I was on hearing these two familiar words. I turned round, and there was that miserable-looking rough that I thought had been asleep, standing up and making signs to me. He was a regular rough and no mistake, with short hair, an ugly handkerchief twisted round his neck; his nose had been broken at some time or another, and he looked a complete jail-bird. 'Mr Nickham!'

It was he that spoke; no mistake about it this time; and he put his hand up to the side of his mouth to keep the sound straight.

'Who are you?' said I; for you know I didn't like to answer to the name at once, in case he wasn't certain.

'My name is Wilkins—Barney Wilkins,' said the man. 'But you won't recollect me by that p'raps; though I've been through your hands, sergeant; but I giv some other name then. You got me twelve penn'orth for ringing in shofula.' (He meant that he had been sent to prison for twelve months for passing bad money. I wasn't surprised to hear it; he looked fit for that or anything bad. But if he got it through me, why he should speak to me now was beyond my comprehension.) 'I knowed you directly I see you, sergeant,' he says, coming nearer, but still speaking in the same hoarse whisper as at first; 'and though you're a tight hand, you're fair and square, and acted as such by me when you copped me. You are down here on business—you're after some rare downy cards. Now ain't you, sergeant?'

'If you know,' I said, 'what do you ask me for? And if you think I am what you say, you don't suppose I shall tell you my business, do you?'

'Sergeant,' he says, coming nearer still, 'you fought a man in the street last night, and giv him a thorough good licking. You was the only man there as would take the part of a poor gal as wasn't doing no harm to nobody; and I respect you for it, sergeant; I do. That gal was my sister—my young sister, as has been like a child to me, and was so tidy and pretty that I was proud on her, and hoped—— Well, sergeant, whatever we are, we all have our feelings; and Sergeant Nickham, I'll do you a good turn. Look here!' With this he crept quite close and put his mouth almost to my ear. I watched him carefully, being much puzzled by his actions, yet I had seen such unexpected things occur in the police that I was quite ready to hear something of consequence from him. 'You are down here about that Bank paper, what is said to be all got back, but which you know it isn't. You are on the right parties, and it does you credit; but you'll never get them nor the paper without *me*.'

He stopped here, to see what I would say; but though I was ten times more surprised than ever, I kept my countenance, and only said: 'Well?' In point of fact I didn't know what *to* say.

'I've been used bad, Mr Nickham,' he went on. 'I've had a lot of trouble and risk about that there paper. I got it from B——, and took the money for it to him, honest; and have been as near took with it in my possession as anythink. Twice the slops (he meant the police; 'slops' is what we call 'back-slang,' a rough sort of spelling the words backwards)—'twice they have come into my place when the stuff was there. Once I was sitting upon it done up like bundles of rabbit-skins. Now he gives me (the party wot I am down on)—he gives me five pounds, and I can't get no more out of him. And you see there ain't no reward out.'

'No, not regularly, Barney,' I said; 'but there's no doubt at all that any man coming forward would be very handsomely considered by the Bank people.'

'He might be, if he'd got anybody like you to speak for him,' says Barney. 'But you know, Mr Nickham, that I am wanted for a lot of things by the bobbies; and I have been through the mill so often, that without I've got a friend I don't half like touching 'em again. But you're fair and square, and you licked the fellow last night; and I'm told you can box better than even Tom Sayers could; and if that's so, I'll trust you. And this here man won't give me more than five pounds; and he has settled with a regular fence, a sort of Dutch-Yankee skipper, what pretends to command one of them traders out there.'

'Yes, yes,' I said; 'the man I fought last night. I know him.'

'*Him!*' almost screeched the man (although, mind you, he never once forgot his hoarse whisper); 'was it him you licked? Sergeant Nickham, I'd go

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through fire and water for you now, for I hate and despise that wretch; and if I had got a chance to do it safely, I'd have'—— He checked himself very sudden here, as if what he was going to say wasn't exactly the sort of thing to say to a detective. 'I see you are on the right lay,' he begins again; 'but I tell you he has settled with that skipper to have the stuff put on board, if it ain't already there; and then he'll go with it to whatever foreign port the craft comes from.'

'And who is he,' I asked, 'who has arranged with the skipper?'

'Ah, Mr Nickham,' says Wilkins, with a very cunning look, 'as if you didn't know! Haven't you been on the lurk round his house for two days past? Wasn't you there this morning?'

Egad! I saw it all now! You might have knocked me down with a feather. I could hardly help saying something which would have shewed my astonishment; but I choked it down, and quite determined to keep the upper hand with him, I said as cool as I could: 'Now, Wilkins, no beating about the bush, or making me help you out. If you've got anything to say, any name to mention, out with it like a man, and I'm your friend. You understand me.'

'Fair and square you are, Mr Nickham,' says Barney; 'and so you'll find me. That young Mr Byrle has got the paper, and he means to go out with the trader. There is people over in Holland awaiting anxious for it; and if once they gets hold of it, it's all U. P. with our bank-notes. Now, I don't know where the paper is; if I had known, bust me if I wouldn't have blowed the gaff long ago!'

He meant that he would have exposed the whole transaction, and I noticed that this declaration did not quite agree with his anxiety to have a friend on his side, a point on which he had dwelt so much before; but that didn't signify.

'Now, Mr Nickham,' he went on, 'you must board the craft when the paper is shipped, if it ain't there yet.'

'It ain't there yet, my man,' I said, remembering what had dropped from Edmund Byrle, that 'she would come on board with the material.'

'Then I think it will be to-night,' he continued; 'for a sail-maker as has been at work aboard her says she drops down the river to-morrow; and I think by what I can learn in other quarters, he is right.'

I thought so too, and at once made up my mind that the meeting at the *Railway Tavern* was to settle about shipping the paper.

'I can give a pretty good guess at the man they will engage for the job,' says Wilkins.

'I know him,' I said; 'a tall, sulky-looking, bony-headed old fellow, with a game eye.'

'Why, Mr Nickham,' says Wilkins, 'you're a wonder, a perfect wonder! You're a credit to the force, and Sir Richard ought to hear of it! Why, that's the man, the very man; and here have you only been down two days, and know all about it! Keep your eye on him after dark, and you're all right.'

We had some more talk after this; and then he pretended to go to sleep in his corner again, and I went out.

I went straight into the City and saw some of our chief people, who sent over to the Bank. They would not chance my going there, for fear of somebody seeing me that had better know nothing about it. The gents from the Bank could hardly believe their ears, and the compliments they paid me, to be sure! It was decided that everything was to be left in my hands, and I was provided with letters to the right parties at the water-side. But I need not go into any further particulars of that kind.

I was not going to trouble myself any more just now about the pilfering at Byrle & Co.'s factory; as far as I was interested in it, the thieves might take boilers, wheels, chimneys, and all. I took up my post in the old arbours, and there, though the rain came steadily down, I sat. I managed to get a pretty dry corner; and with a little of the *Anchor's* rum-and-water and my pipe, I made myself tolerably comfortable while I sat and watched the Dutch trader. I was well screened from the sight of any one below, or else my corner would not have suited; and although I could hear the steps and the voices of the people going to the ferry, and could have touched them by leaning over, yet they could not see me.

The bony ferryman, in his tarpaulin coat and hat, was there this afternoon; and very sloppy and miserable all the boats looked; and as the tide fell lower and lower, the great broad bed of river-mud grew broader, and the path to the ferry-boat grew longer, and still I kept my watch, and meant to keep it. I must own, however, that I did not expect to see anything worth notice, for what could there be? But sometimes, you know, in our business, it is as necessary to watch to make sure there is nothing being done, as it is to make sure that some important movement is going on.

There was an oyster-smack not fifty yards from me as was left on the shingle or mud when the tide went down; and there was a man smoking his pipe on the deck of that oyster-smack, just as I was smoking mine in the arbour; and when night came, and the river got dark, and you couldn't make anything out of it but a great black space, with a hollow sound of the wind moaning over it and of the water lapping on the shore as the tide rose again—then there was a lantern burning on the deck of that smack, and there was a similar lantern burning in my arbour; but the light was shewn open on board of the smack, and mine was a dark-lantern (so was the other) with the light hid. But I was perfectly well aware that the man aboard that smack never took his eyes off me while it was light, and that after dark he watched to see if I shewed my lantern. I didn't shew it; but if I had, there would have been a Thames police galley and five armed constables alongside of that hard in a couple of minutes.

## AN EXTRAORDINARY PROJECT.

In the city of San Francisco resides Mr Hubert Howe Bancroft, a gentleman about forty-five years of age, formerly engaged in commerce, but now retired from business, in order that he may devote his whole life, as well as the wealth which he had amassed, to the furtherance of a project which he formed some sixteen years ago. This was no less comprehensive a task than the compilation of a full history, as well as a scientific account, of all that vast district west of the Rocky Mountains, which, stretching from Panama to Alaska, embraces Central America, Mexico, and California.

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It was to be in a popular form, and to embrace every point of interest that could be ascertained respecting the Pacific States, their aboriginal inhabitants, their successive civilised occupiers, their geology, botany, and other natural features. First of all in this stupendous task comes the history of the native tribes—to be completed in five volumes, the first instalments of which are already published by Messrs Appleton and Co. in New York, and by Messrs Longmans in our own country. These will be followed by a history of the States from the Spanish Conquest down to contemporary times, and for this portion of the work it is thought that some twenty volumes will be required. A third series will treat of the geological structure of the territory, its minerals especially, and of mining operations. Physical geography forms the fourth section of the proposed work; whilst the fifth will deal with agriculture; and the sixth with bibliography. It must be apparent that a man must be of a highly sanguine temperament to imagine such an enterprise; it will be well if he live to complete only a portion of it; and should he really succeed in doing what he wishes, he will have earned for himself an honourable distinction, and conferred on the world an extraordinary boon.

But how was such an undertaking to be begun? Where were the materials; and even granting that they were to be procured, how was such a mass of general reading as must be consulted, to be utilised? Mr Bancroft's first step was to solve this difficulty. He decided to establish at his own cost, in San Francisco, a library of reference, which should contain all the books to be had for money which could throw any light on the subject. With this end in view, he appointed agents in all the principal cities of the world, whose business was to frequent sales, examine book catalogues, and effect the purchase of any volumes which seemed likely to contain useful information. Of course by such a system many books were transmitted to head-quarters which ultimately proved to be of little or no value; but this was inevitable in the course of purchases of such magnitude. And notwithstanding all drawbacks of the kind, the collection has gradually increased, until it is said now to consist of between eighteen and twenty thousand volumes, including pamphlets; whether this number also includes manuscripts, we are unable to say. The acquisition of these works has been occasionally furthered by adventitious circumstances. The Mexican war, for instance, was the means of throwing in Mr Bancroft's way some highly valuable documents, which, under favourable circumstances, would have remained the property of their lawful owners; these, contained in four volumes, are a set of parchment records of the Church in Mexico between the years 1530 and 1583, and apart from their historical value, have an interest to the bibliopolist as containing autographs of many celebrated men, amongst others of Philip II., Torquemada, Las Casas, and Zumarraga, first Archbishop of Mexico. This last-named worthy is notorious for his act of insensate bigotry in destroying the Aztec records, and thereby depriving the world of the history of that race; he burned the hieroglyphic paintings of Anahuac in the public square of Tlatelolco, much as Ximenes did with eighty thousand Moorish manuscripts in Granada. These priceless records were stolen from the government archives! When the unfortunate Emperor Maximilian's library was sold, many valuable works were also obtained from that collection, which had been gathered together during a lifetime by a well-known amateur, Count Andrade.

The weakest part of the arrangement of Mr Bancroft's undertaking is the manner in which the books are housed, but this is probably an unavoidable evil; they occupy the fifth story of the owner's house in Market Street, San Francisco, where they are exposed to all the risk of fire, to say nothing of the inconvenience of such a plan. The apartment in which they are kept occupies the whole length of the building, and the books are arranged upon shelves reaching from the floor to the ceiling, and running from one end of the room to the other. Let us now see how it is proposed to utilise this mass of literature for reference.

No one but a resolute enthusiast with an abundance of means could have brought this extraordinary project into shape. The trouble spent in the undertaking has been enormous. Of course, the projector has a staff of assistants possessing the requisite accomplishments, headed by a librarian, Mr Oak, who has been indefatigable in producing a catalogue of the works collected, with copious subordinate references. So aided, Mr Bancroft, as we understand, has begun his literary operations; but whether he will live to complete his colossal production in proper artistic style must necessarily be left to conjecture. Fortunately, besides being still in middle life, he is said to have splendid bodily health and great powers of endurance, both of which must stand him in good stead. He always writes at a standing desk, and sometimes prolongs his hours of labour to as many as eleven or twelve—which seem to us excessive. Such application may do for work which is chiefly compilation; but any brain-worker knows that it is simply impossible to do really valuable work throughout such a time. As a matter of fact, very few men can read or write hard for more than six hours a day with profitable result. Let us hope, however, that the man who has had courage to undertake such a task, will have self-restraint enough not to endanger its success by an undue straining of the faculties, which must be kept in full repair to insure its accomplishment. We should be sorry to hear that any disaster from fire had put an abrupt termination to so well-meaning, though we may be allowed to call it a somewhat eccentric undertaking.

## GORDON.

SHE came on towards me, her trailing draperies falling round her with the soft grace she gave to all she touched. Sunshine was on her beautiful hair—evening sunshine, which turned the wreath of plaits she wore into a crown of burnished gold. She came floating on, through the flower and fruit gemmed orange trees, through the crimson and pure white camellia bloom; violets grew beneath her feet, and she seemed to me part of the glory and the fragrance of the sunset and the blossoms.

Below the terrace where I stood, lay the sea, where blue faded to green, and green to opal, melting into one deep far-stretching mystery of purple

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light and banks of golden cloud. Palaces and domes and tapering spires shone white against the dark background of distant mountains. Suddenly the music of many bells rung out on the still air, their chiming softened by distance into low faint sweetness. They were the bells of the stately marble city that shone so fair across her gleaming bay. The first bell-notes were taken up and echoed by the bells of chapels in villages along the shore; of convents hidden away in country dells and valleys, till the air was full of lingering prayerful sound. Through it, through the magical Italian twilight came the woman I loved. She came and stood beside me, looking across the water to where Genoa's palaces glimmered against the sky; but I do not think she saw or thought of them. There was a dreamy look in her eyes, a cold, set weariness about her mouth, which is only seen in those whose thoughts have drifted far from where they stand.

'Are you tired of this place?' I at length ventured to ask her.

'Not particularly,' she answered; 'you know I never care much where I am.' The words sound petulant; but said as she said them, they were only weary. I should have been glad if she had ever shewn impatience; anything rather than the cold quiet which ever lay upon her beauty like a pall. At first, in my triumphant happiness at having won her promise to be my wife, this coldness had not chilled me—as it sometimes did now—to the heart. I so longed, so hungered for a word of love, for a tender look. All her stately beauty would soon be mine, and it seemed still as far from me as ever.

We leaned on the low parapet of the terrace, while the music of the bells died away, till only the slow beating of the waves broke the stillness. It was an hour of wonderful peace and beauty, yet a strange sense of unrest took possession of me, and jarred the music of the waves and the restful quiet of the twilight. Standing there close to her, with the certainty that soon she would be my own for ever, a vague thrill of fear came over me, a fear lest all this feverish joy of knowing she was mine, might vanish away, and leave me a lonely mortal. This love for her had become to me an all-absorbing passion; and yet she never for one moment allowed me to think that my love was returned. Perhaps it was the might of her beauty that filled my senses; yet I have seen beautiful women since, and had seen them before I first saw her on the walls above the old Etruscan gateway at Perugia.

One morning the week before, I had strolled out from the dull hotel; and leaving the street with its tall houses and quaint old fountain, glowing in the day's first freshness, I sauntered on to the walls, and there I first saw her. Below in the valley the silvery olive leaves trembled in the sunshine; wreaths of broad-leaved vines clung to the gray old trees, clothing them with a borrowed beauty of youth and freshness. Hundreds of flowers blushed in the light, and varied odours from herb and blossom filled the air with a subtle languor. Above, on the lichen-covered wall, with a background of purple mountain, a fitting frame to her stately loveliness, she sat, looking out across the sunlit land, with the dreary far-away look in her great deep eyes, and the haughty coldness upon her chiselled face. I lingered about, drinking draughts of beauty; fancying it was my artistic sense that kept me there watching her face, till she rose wearily, and slowly walking down the street, entered the hotel where I was staying.

I found on inquiry that a Mrs Vereker and her niece, Miss Mayne, had arrived there the previous evening. I had sometimes met Mrs Vereker in London; and later on in the day, while I was carelessly examining the carving on the fountain in the square I saw her and my vision of the morning standing on the cathedral steps. Mrs Vereker came forward with that friendliness we feel for a slight home acquaintance whom we may chance to meet when abroad. So I joined them, and we strolled on chatting over home news. Miss Mayne seldom spoke, and yet that walk seemed to me a strangely happy one. Mrs Vereker told me they had only been a day in Perugia, and had intended going on at once to Rome; but the mountain air and mountain views were so delightful, they had changed their minds, and intended remaining for some time at Perugia.

I had come to the old town to study art; to search the blazoned manuscripts lying hidden in sacristy and convent, and learn from them their secrets of colour and design; to wander through frescoed church and palace, where walls and ceilings are brilliant still as when the hands which wove their gorgeous stories first laid the pencil down and thanked God for the great consoler—Art. I had come to watch the mists rising from the valleys, and wrapping the mountains in soft mystery of cloud—cloud which changes and shifts, and melts at last into the golden and purple, the opaline green of the sunrise; so that I might try to wrest from Nature a faint touch of her magic of shadow and light, of colour and form, and lay it at the feet of the one mistress I had ever known—Art.

What I was now studying was a woman's heart—and what I learned was—nothing. I do not think mine is an impressionable nature. I had spent thirty years in the world, and had never loved any woman until I saw Mary Mayne in the morning light sitting above that old gateway; yet in one short week I had grown to love her—well, as few women are ever loved.

At the end of that week came a letter from Willie Vereker, saying his yacht needed some repairs, and he would put in at Genoa for a few days if his mother could meet him there. He had been to the East, and she had not seen him for some time; so she decided on going back to Genoa; hoping the *Gwendoline* might need more repairing than Willie thought, and keep him there longer than he expected. The evening of the day Mrs Vereker received that letter, I told her of my love for her niece, and asked permission to accompany them to Genoa.

She regarded me with an odd look of compassion. 'Have you spoken to Mary yet?' she asked.

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I told her I had not; I wished to wait until we had known each other longer; I feared being too precipitate.

'Then,' said Mrs Vereker, 'I have no right to tell you anything of her story. It is a sad one, poor child! and I warn you, you have little chance of success. If you choose, you can come with us to Genoa; but if I were you, I should not do so. Save yourself while you can. You have known her a very short time. If you leave us now, you will soon forget her; later, you may find it a more difficult task.'

I shook my head. The advice came too late. I went with them to Genoa. The stately marble city had a charm for us all. Mrs Vereker had her son, and the two found marvellous attractions in the quaint narrow streets with their palace portals, their courts and halls, where fountains sparkled and flung diamonds of spray round the brows of pure fair statues; where in the coolness and the shadow, gold-laden orange trees and thick masses of crimson blossom gleamed with sudden startling glory.

I had my idol. Day after day I was by her side. It was a fool's Paradise perhaps; but I suppose there is such an Eden in every life; and looking back, when we have left its short-lived peace, we vainly long for a single throb of its rapture. So, during those quiet days at Genoa, each of us, except Mary Mayne, had our heart's desire: Willie, the life, the colour, the loveliness he and his *Gwendoline* sought in voyages to many lands; Mrs Vereker, her son; I, my new delirious joy. There, on the terrace where we were standing, I first spoke to Mary, and heard her tell me my love was hopeless. She told me her story.

Her wedding-day had been fixed. In a year she was to have been married to a man she loved with her whole heart; when the war with Russia broke out, and Gordon Frazer's regiment was ordered to the Crimea. He and Mary wished to be married before he left, but family reasons prevented it, and so they parted. He had never returned to England. A soldier brought Mary a little locket which she had given Gordon. The ribbon it hung upon was thickened here and there with deep dark stains; and the man said Gordon Frazer had given it to him to take to Mary, when the young officer lay dying after the charge at Balaklava. It was only the story of many an English and many a Russian girl during that dreadful time. When a strong, self-contained nature breaks down, it is almost utter collapse; so it was with Mary. For months she lay silent, tearless, listlessly unable to make the slightest exertion, to take the smallest interest in life. Her friends thought her brain had suffered from the shock; and when she recovered sufficiently to travel, Mrs Vereker had taken her abroad, where they had been moving from place to place ever since. Her body regained health; she was now quite strong; but the girl's heart and soul seemed dead; as she said, dead, and buried in Gordon Frazer's grave. Yet as I listened I did not despair. I had no living rival; he was dead, this man she loved; while my heart was beating, living, and strong with its worship of her. If I could only win her to be my wife, the dead love would pale and faint before my real and passionate devotion. So I hoped, as day by day I watched her every look, forestalled her every wish, until she grew accustomed to my presence, and to rely upon my care. My hopes were answered; ere long I won her reluctant consent to be my wife, but on the condition that our marriage should not take place until their return to England next year.

The rosy clouds were fading into the deep purple of Italian night. Silence fell around us as a mantle; only the throb of the sea below the terrace broke the intense quiet. Out on the sea shone the white sails of a little yacht. Nearer, within the harbour, rose the masts and spars of many ships, mysterious, spectre-like, as ships always look at night. As we were seated in calm enjoyment of the scene, a small boat shot out from the rocks beneath our feet, where lay some hidden cave or landing-place. It was rowed by two men; a third sat wrapped in a large cloak in the stern. They rowed well, and the boat was nearly a mile from us, leaving a bright line of light upon the shining water, when a cry broke the calm of the night—a wild, weird cry, with agony in its tone. 'Gordon!' I have never heard its like since, and I hope I never shall again. In its agonised tone I could scarcely recognise the voice of Mary, so changed was it, so shrill with long pent-up yearning, as it wailed out that one word—'Gordon!' The cry seemed to be repeated again and again, though softened by the echoes, while the little boat sped on its way, and its passengers—mere dark specks they seemed—climbed into the yacht. The white sails gleamed against the horizon, and then, phantom-like, were lost in its dim purple.

I turned and looked at Mary. She stood with her eyes fixed on the darkness which hid the yacht from sight, her hands clasped upon her heart, her face drawn and colourless. I feared the fate her friends dreaded for her had stricken her as she stood beside me there in the still luxurious twilight. 'Mary, my dearest, my own! what is it?'—taking her hand and drawing her closer.

She drew her hand from mine, and shuddering away from me, leaned against the stone parapet, resting her head on the cold marble coping.

'You are ill; let me take you home, darling,' I said.

'No,' she murmured; 'not ill. But oh,' she exclaimed, 'Harry, Harry! my good kind friend, help me! *Gordon was near us just now.* I felt it; I am sure of it. You will help me to find him; will you not?'

Help her to find him! help to break my own heart—to bruise this new-found sweetness out of my life! The very thought struck me with a sudden chill. What if this fancy of hers, coming so close upon my sure forebodings, should be a reality? What if Gordon Frazer were still in existence? I thrust the thought from me as I should thrust a temptation. 'I will help you in any way I can, my darling,' I said; 'but come in now; the night-air is chilling; and you are giving way to feverish fancies.'

'No,' she said; 'it is no fancy.' Drawing herself up wearily, she turned without looking at me; and I followed her down the terrace and across the marble court of the old palace which was our home in Genoa. I watched her glide, stately and pale and quiet, up the broad white staircase.

It was months before she recovered from the

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brain-fever in which she awoke next morning—such awful months, during which we often feared the worst. Yet when they were over, and she was among us again, paler, more fragile, but still her own beautiful self, stately, self-possessed as usual, I was almost thankful for the terrible illness, which proved that her cry and wild words on the terrace were but warnings of coming illness, the mere wandering of a brain diseased.

The Roman season was nearly over, yet Rome was full—full of English sightseers, like ourselves; full of Americans, on rapid flight across Europe; of eastern prelates, in flowing eastern robes, with olive-hued eastern faces; of eager-faced French ladies, and solemn-eyed peasants from lonely villages on the Campagna, and of Italians from city and from plain; for it was Easter-time. We were only waiting until the conclusion of the festivities to set out on our journey home. Home! I never until now felt half the meaning of that word. When we got home, Mary and I would be married. I should give up wandering, and settle down into a country gentleman. I thought with a pang of self-reproach of the grand old home which called me master, shut up in desolate state since my dear father died. How a fair young mistress would brighten and beautify the old rooms. I could see it all now—the oaken hall with its quaint old pictures; spring sunshine pouring in at the open door, red-coated sportsmen grouped under the beeches, horns ringing from the copses, children playing under the shadow of the avenue of limes—the loveliness of joyous life, where for so long had been the silence left by death. It was a sunny dream of home—home in fair England, into which I had fallen; standing there, upon the Pincian, under the deep dark blue of Roman night.

Below lay the city, its narrow streets dimly mysterious, no light visible in their tall houses; the fountain murmured its sweet monotonous music in the Piazza di Spagna; the wide white marble steps gleamed along the hillside; tall palm-trees cast weird shadows across the gravelled walks; nightingales answered each other in low rich trills of song, echoing from tree to tree, through whispering palms and odorous night-flowers. Beside me, cold and silent, was the woman whose charmful spell woke within me this new sweet longing for home—home musical with the soft rustling of women's garments; with the tender voices of little children. I suppose such a dream and such a longing come to all men at some time of their lives; it came to me that night as I stood above the city of vanished glories, of dead and buried dreams.

It did not last long. Suddenly, above the city roofs, a cross of silvery light shone out against the sky. The illumination of Saint Peter's had begun. Above the winding narrow streets, above palace roofs, above palm and cypress, above triumphal arch and mouldering temple, over the palace of the Cæsars, over Capitol and Forum, the silvery cross shone glad, triumphant; and from it, the light spread from window to window, from pillar to pillar, till the vast pile was one glory, changing rapidly from soft silvery radiance into a glow of golden fire.

'It was worth coming to see. Was it not, Mary?'

'Mary!' A stranger's voice echoed her name; and instead of answering my question, she sprang with a low cry from my side, and laid her head upon a stranger's breast. 'Did you not get my letters? I have been looking everywhere for you,' I heard him say.

She did not answer, nor raised her head; as if at last she had found her rest.

'You are not alone here?' he went on. 'Who are you with?'

Then with a quiver as of pain, she raised herself, and looked from me to him with beseeching eyes and trembling clasped hands.

Before she spoke—for even in all the agony of my crushed-out hopes, my love for her bore down all other feelings, and I tried to save her from the pain of telling me what I already knew—I said: 'You have found an older friend than I am, Mary. Shall I leave him to take you to Mrs Vereker?'

'An older friend?' he repeated. 'By Jove! I should think so.'

Then raising his hat, he shook hands with me as I turned away.

I turned into the darkness, but not before I had seen that until now I had never known her, my love, my promised wife. I had known a beautiful statue, not the beautiful woman who, with eyes upraised to his, stood in the subdued light looking up to Gordon Frazer. All the coldness, all the stately calm had gone, fallen from her as a mantle falls—a mantle which had hidden the fullness of her loveliness, and had concealed from me a tender grace and beauty I had never till now beheld. I have never seen her since.

Some time afterwards I met a friend who had seen a good deal of the Frazers. He was loud in admiration of Mrs Frazer's beauty and of her devotion to her husband. 'He was out in the Crimea, you know, and was reported dead; but he was only wounded. Some Russian family, to whose house he had managed to be sent, had tended him with kindly care after even his own doctors had given up hope, and had pulled him through his danger. Mrs Frazer told me,' continued my friend, 'how one evening when standing on a terrace at Genoa, she heard his voice; and thinking it was a reproach from the grave (for she was going to marry another fellow), she got brain-fever, and was near dying. The fact was, the yacht in which a friend had brought him from Constantinople touched at Genoa, and he had actually spent the day doing the palaces! When she heard his voice, he was returning to the *Peri*, which lay about two miles from the shore. Romantic story, isn't it? But Gordon takes her devotion coolly enough; the love seems more on her side than on his. I cannot understand that.'

Understand it? Yes, I could. Hers was one of those great-souled natures who like to give rather than to take, to pour out all the wealth and beauty of their being on the idol which they have clothed in all the glory of their own imaginings. God grant she may live on to the end, happy in her womanly idol-worship!

As for me, the dream I dreamt upon the Pincian Hill, before the cross of golden light shone over the city roofs, was never realised. No rustle of woman's garments makes low music in the old

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oak-panelled rooms; no children's voices wake the echoes under the avenues of arching limes. The old Devon manor-house stands as yet without a mistress.

## NARCOTISM.

In these days of medical knowledge, when so many merciful means for the alleviation of pain are known, it follows as a matter of course that great abuse of sleep-producing agents exists. We would therefore say a few words of caution as to the pernicious practice of people making use of chloral, chlorodyne, chloroform, and other kindred agents *without medical advice*. It is, we think, little known to how great an extent this evil exists. To come across a lady who is constantly more or less under the influence of chlorodyne, is by no means uncommon; every trifling ailment or passing *malaise* being an excuse for a few drops of that narcotic. Chloral is also extensively and improperly used; the more so because, unfortunately at the time of its first introduction as a sleep-producing agent, it was most erroneously stated to be perfectly harmless, and many are still under this impression.

The real truth is, that *no* narcotic of any kind whatever is harmless, but on the contrary, invariably pernicious when taken otherwise than by the advice and under the treatment of a medical man. True, sleeplessness is one of the most trying things a person can suffer from; but then there are other means of combating the enemy than by dosing one's self with chloral or any such agent; and thus making an infirmity chronic, which would in all probability have been only a temporary evil. Rely upon opiates for sleep, and sleep will not come without them. Thus a bad habit is formed; the bodily strength is undermined, the digestive powers enfeebled, the mind and intellect weakened and enervated, and the unfortunate sufferer becomes a slave, bound hand and foot to a habit that it is almost impossible to shake off. Sleeplessness often comes from want of sufficient fresh air and exercise, from over-mental work, mental distress, from too great a quantity of stimulants taken during the day, and from various other causes, which a little care as to diet and regimen would quickly overcome. Taking short naps during the day; too much tea and coffee drinking, especially shortly before bedtime—all these are apt to cause sleeplessness. In many cases a light and simple supper taken shortly before retiring to rest, and attention to the feet being thoroughly warm, will insure a good night's sleep when more energetic means have failed.

In those terrible abodes of suffering, our cancer hospitals, the method of all others most resorted to, and most efficacious for the alleviation of pain, is the sub-cutaneous (under-the-skin) injection of morphia. In sciatica, neuralgia, and other painful nervous affections, this remedy is often exceedingly beneficial, when used under competent medical advice and supervision; but like every other good thing it is open to great abuse, and often made use of merely as a soothing narcotic by the irritable, excitable, and discontented. A long train of evils follows; but with these we are not called upon to deal here. What we want now to lay before the reader is a plain statement as to the prompt treatment called for in a case of over-narcotism from too strong a dose of injected morphia. Coldness of the extremities, lividity of the countenance, profuse cold sweat, and loss of power over the limbs, insensibility, very deep breathing, and contraction of the pupils of the eyes to such an extent that they resemble a black pin-head, result.

What then is to be done? Time is precious, and perhaps half an hour or more may elapse before medical aid can be obtained. Taking it for granted that the patient is in a recumbent position, the first thing to be done is to raise the head, to sponge the face and chest copiously with fresh cold water, to rub the limbs steadily and strongly, to put hot-water applications to the feet and to the sides of the body, if it feel cold to the touch. Place strong smelling-salts to the nose; lay the head on one side with the mouth open, so that the tongue may not fall back and prevent respiration; give brandy-and-water, if the patient can possibly swallow it; but if the narcotism be severe, this will be impossible, and it is wisest to abstain from attempts which may result in fluid going the wrong way. In fact do everything to keep the body warm and the breathing unimpeded, and strive to rouse the unconscious faculties into action.

Supposing, however, that the narcotism be very excessive, and the breathing be slow, irregular, and low, then if medical aid be not forthcoming, it would be well to resort to artificial respiration; by no means a difficult matter to manage, if only any one present has a slight amount of knowledge on the subject. The following is Dr Sylvester's method, and is advantageous from its simplicity: 'Place the patient on the back, inclined a little upwards from the feet by raising and supporting the head on a cushion, placing support also under the shoulder-blades. Draw out the tongue and keep it forward, so as to leave the air-passages free. Remove all clothing from the neck, chest, and abdomen. Stand by the patient's head, take firm hold of the arms just above the elbows, and draw them gently and steadily upwards above the head, keeping them stretched upwards for two or three seconds. Then turn down the arms, and press them firmly and steadily against the sides of the chest for two or three seconds. Repeat these movements alternately, deliberately, and *perseveringly*, until a spontaneous effort at respiration is perceived; immediately upon which, proceed to try by every possible means to induce circulation and warmth.' However, should the case of narcotism be *not* a severe one, such extreme measures as artificial respiration will not be called for, and in all probability, after the use of those simpler remedies at first named, sickness will occur, and this may be taken as a sign that the worst of the evil is over.

And here let us once more emphatically state that in this and all other cases we assume that a medical man is sent for, and that our suggestions only refer to what is to be done *until* he appears upon the scene. Nothing is so annoying and so productive of harm as for a non-professional person to be constantly making this and that suggestion as to the treatment of a sufferer, when a medical man is giving his best thought and skill to the case; but on the other hand it is well for people—more especially women—to know what to do when thrown upon their own resources.

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Cases of poisoning from over-doses of opiates are of course only one class of such-like accidents; and the accidental swallowing of irritant poisons, embrocations, &c. often occur, and call for the utmost promptitude of action and presence of mind on the part of those present.

In the less densely populated parts of the country, it is a positive necessity that people should be able to rely upon themselves in cases of emergency, for if a doctor is many miles distant, and it takes several hours to fetch him, one might almost as well be without him, where sharp practice is called for. To produce vomiting, one of the best emetics we happen to know of is an American one. It consists of a table-spoonful of common treacle (molasses it is called across the water) and as much powdered alum stirred into it as the sticky compound can be made to contain. Now alum is such a valuable drug in many ways that it ought to be kept in every household medicine-chest; and treacle is not usually hard to get. We have never seen this remedy tried in a case of poisoning, but we *have* seen its effect in croup; and anything more decided and imperious in its action it would be difficult to imagine. Such a dose might freely be given in *any* case of poisoning; and after the emetic has acted freely, we would give some soothing mixture, such as thickened milk. There are various things which have the power to a certain extent of protecting the coats of the stomach from the action of irritant poisons; if the poison be an acid, the scrapings off a white-washed wall or chalk and milk are good. Milk almost stiffened with common brown sugar is one of them; sweet oil taken to nauseation is another.

In all cases of poisoning, *loss of time* is the one great thing to be avoided; and the nearest remedy at hand is the best one to make use of. Mustard and water, strong and plenty of it, is a capital emetic. Of croup, that enemy of juvenile humanity, we must now speak a few words; and we know of no better remedy than the American one above described, combined with a hot bath and a hot blanket to roll the child well up in afterwards.

The ignorance of the poor as to the treatment and still more the prevention of the diseases of children is something appalling, and there can be no doubt that thousands of little lives are annually sacrificed to this Moloch.

'I can't tell what ails my child, ma'am,' said a labourer's wife to the writer of this, one bitter day last winter, 'he 's carrying on so strange: crowing like a cock, and turning his-self almost black in the face every nows and again.'

The infant in question was comfortably seated on a nice cold door-step, and breathing as if he had swallowed a baby's rattle by mistake. 'Your child has the croup,' I said, picking up the unfortunate little creature and carrying it to the fireside; 'and if you don't do something for him at once, he 'll very likely die.'

However something *was* done for him, and he didn't die; but he had a kick for his life all the same, and very little more door-step would have finished him. Yet this poor woman was not an unloving mother; she was only ignorant, and in her ignorance, assisting her child into the grave she would have shed such bitter tears over.

From croup to diphtheria is a natural progression, and we would wish to say a few, a very few words on this terrible disease; not as to its treatment by the amateur nurse, for it is of the greatest importance that such cases should have close medical care. It is then on the subject of the operation called *tracheotomy*—that is, the making an outward incision in the windpipe below the seat of the disease, and inserting a tube for the purpose of respiration, that we would speak—not to discuss it in its medical aspect, but simply to say a word or two to nervous mothers who would shrink from the idea of the surgeon's knife touching a sick child under any circumstances whatever. Surely there can be no more pitiful sight to look upon than a child dying of diphtheria—the eyes wild with fear, looking appealingly for help from one troubled face to another; the little hand thrust into the mouth in helpless, useless effort to dislodge the terrible leather-like substance that is clogging up the throat, and making each breath a sound so painful that for days and weeks to come it will not cease to sound in our ears. What more agonising sight can the sick-room give us to gaze upon? And yet doctors have told us of cases in which a mother has had such an overpowering dread of the surgeon's knife, that even when things come to such a state as this, she has positively refused to allow of any attempt at alleviation of her child's agony by a simple operation!

Now it is on this head we wish to say a few words of encouragement and counsel. Tracheotomy is in the first place a *chance*—a very slight chance in most cases—but still a chance for life; but if it does not save life, it spares the child a death of awful suffering. The pain of the operation itself is so momentary as not to be worth considering, and relief is *instantaneous*. We are not speaking of recovery, but simply of the difference between such a death as that described above and the quiet 'falling asleep' of the child upon whom tracheotomy has been performed; and this is what the writer saw—the frightened appealing eyes; the pitiful effort at self-help; and then the instant relief given by firm and skilful hands; and four-and-twenty hours later, the quiet painless death; the boy smiling up into our faces as the pure spirit fled to that place of rest and peace where 'there shall be no more pain.' It was not a thing to be seen and forgotten.

## LIFE IN A MILITARY PRISON.

BY A PRISON CHAPLAIN.

In an address lately delivered at Birmingham, Professor Tyndall says: 'I met some few years since in a railway carriage the governor of one of our largest prisons. He was evidently an observant and reflective man. He told me that the prisoners in his charge might be divided into three classes. The first class consisted of persons who ought never to have been in prison. External accident, and not internal taint, had brought them within the grasp of the law, and what had happened to them might happen to most of us. They were essentially men of sound moral stamina, though wearing the prison garb. Then came the largest class, formed of individuals possessing no strong bias moral or immoral, plastic to the touch of circumstances, which would mould them into either good or evil members of society. Thirdly came a class—happily not a large one—whom no kindness could conciliate and no discipline tame. They

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were sent into this world labelled "Incorrigible," wickedness being stamped as it were upon their organisations.'

As a matter of fact, there is a distinction made, and rightly made, between the inmates of military prisons. They are divided into first, second, and third classes; which you may call bad, worse, and worst, if you are of the despairing type of philanthropist; or good, better, and best, if you are a great believer in human nature, even in imprisoned human nature. The first class wear a red stripe on the arm, and being the best conducted, are given less work to do and more food. Class number two are marked with a yellow stripe; while the third or lowest class are distinguished by a white badge. A stranger might perhaps shrink from all who wear white stripes as from 'incorrigibles;' but some in the third class may be really very little more 'incorrigible' than himself, for every prisoner, no matter what his character may be, except in very special cases, is placed in the third class on his reception. He then, by good conduct, becomes eligible for promotion into the second class, and subsequently into the first. Rule one hundred and sixty-six of the Regulations for Military Prisons, lays down that 'the first class will be composed of those prisoners who, from their quiet orderly habits and general good conduct under punishment, may appear deserving of being promoted from the second class after some experience has been gained of their characters. Prisoners in either the first or the second class will also be liable to be removed to a lower class for misconduct.' Though the first class of prisoners are employed during the same hours as those prescribed for the second class, the labour is of a less severe description: picking oakum or drill being substituted for the deservedly hated crank and shot exercise. Another privilege enjoyed by the first class is, that they are never deprived of their bed, whereas, 'all prisoners on reception are to sleep for the first week in the same manner as a soldier on guard—that is, on a board without undressing—and subsequently, the third-class prisoners are to sleep as on guard every other night; and the second-class prisoners in the same manner every third night: the prisoners of the first class being alone exempted from this rule.' First and second class prisoners are employed in this prison—which is no Castle of Indolence—at drill, shot exercise, the crank, cleaning the passages and other parts of the premises from six o'clock A.M. to six o'clock P.M.; and those of the third class from six o'clock A.M. to eight o'clock P.M.; with the exception of regular times for parades, chapel, and meals.

'If any man will not work neither let him eat,' is a motto strictly adhered to by the authorities; for no prisoner is allowed meat-dinner who is not employed at hard labour. Those not so engaged are only given porridge and bread-and-milk. When labouring at hard work, prisoners have a meat-dinner every Tuesday and Thursday. Eight ounces of beef without bone and one pint of soup is the allowance. The first class have an additional meat-dinner on Sundays. There is, we see, considerable advantage to be gained by the prisoner, to reward his ambition, should it prompt him to move upward into a higher class. Now this is no trifling matter, for the very essence of good prison discipline is the subordination of mere punishment to reformation; and this system of classification tends not only to preserve a man's self-respect, but to fan the spark of hope that otherwise might be extinguished in his breast.

The justly celebrated novel *Never too late to Mend* has made the public in some degree familiar with the 'silent system' of prison discipline. This system has been found not to work when sentences are for a long period. Speech is discovered to be more than a luxury, being essential to the mental health of prisoners. None now are condemned to the silent system except those who are imprisoned for only a short time. And how great is the punishment of not being allowed to speak, is proved to the chaplain by this one fact. Nowhere are prayers so diligently responded to and hymns sung with such *will*, if without musical taste, as in the chapel of a military prison, for prisoners recognise the service as an opportunity of convincing themselves that they have not become dumb. Until this explanation was given by the governor, I was full of admiration for religion, afterwards discovered to be more loud-sounding than genuine.

Prisoners condemned to solitary confinement are forced to turn to the wall on the approach of visitors or the superior officers of the prison. 'Has my face assumed any terrific aspect? Am I so much worse-looking than usual?' This is the thought that naturally comes into one's mind on walking through a military prison for the first time. Each man takes a quick glance at your Gorgon head, and then, fast as lightning, turns his back to you and his face to the wall, until your apparently baneful or bewitching influence has passed.

Another humiliation to which prisoners have to submit is that of having their hair frequently cut short. A man must sink very low indeed before he lose altogether personal vanity. It would seem as if there were a peacock as well as an angel and a beast in each of us. For this reason the regulation that requires the hair of all prisoners of the third class to be cropped every fortnight is no slight punishment. It is especially felt by those who leave the prison without having been promoted to the second and first classes, in which a prisoner's hair is permitted to grow during the last fortnight of imprisonment. How can a man shew himself in respectable society, or take off his hat to a lady, when that common act of courtesy would reveal the fact that his hair was cut by—government?

Some may desire to know whether flogging has or has not been entirely abolished. To the question, we answer: 'Yes; except for aggravated breaches of prison discipline.' Nor is it easy to see in what other way such cases can be dealt with. A man, let us suppose in a fit of sulky stubbornness, does not attempt to pick his oakum. He is brought before the governor, and sentenced to lose his supper and bed; that is, to be obliged to sleep on the floor. On going back to his cell he says to himself: 'What can I do now to avenge myself on the authorities?' and he acts on the impulse that seizes him, which is to break the window and destroy everything in his cell. Probably this sort of stubborn ill-conditioned character is a coward; and if this be the case, nothing is found to bring him to his senses so well as twenty-five lashes

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administered in the presence of the governor and medical officer.

The punishments which we should like to see abolished, if others without equal or greater disadvantages could be discovered, are the crank and shot-drill. 'What is the crank?' may be asked by happy people who have never had to do with prisons in any way. It is, we answer, a Sisyphus' wheel that the prisoner is forced to turn twelve or fourteen thousand times each day, for no other reason than because the useless monotonous exercise is sufficiently hateful to him to be a real punishment. 'To what purpose is this waste?' we may ask. Why is this wheel not made to pump water or grind corn or do some other useful work? Why should a man be degraded into a machine, and made to turn a wheel merely for the sake of turning it? Will he not in this way lose all self-respect? Yes; these are the unanswerable arguments against the crank. But then its very uselessness is urged as an argument for its retention. Suppose, for instance, that prisoners are employed in gardens where vegetables are cultivated for barrack-use, what will be the consequence? That soldiers will desire to abandon their own profession for Adam's calling, and for this purpose will designedly get into prison. If, again, the crank-wheel be utilised in any way, men will feel that they are useful members of society, and will probably prefer their new work to the dull routine and irksome duties of barrack-life. Almost the same remarks are applicable to shot-drill, or the very humiliating process of lifting six times each minute for three hours per diem a thirty-six pound cannon-ball, for no other reason than to put it down again three paces from where it originally lay. Nothing can be more fatiguing and worrying than this process of putting the shot there and back, there and back, there and back! But then we must again remark, that to make prisons very comfortable is absolutely to make them useless.

Almost all the inmates of military prisons are sentenced for such crimes as these: Desertion—the commonest crime of all—making away with kit, breaking out of barracks, insubordination. How is desertion to be stopped? This is now a very difficult problem with the authorities, and almost all officers give it as their opinion that the plague of desertion can only be stayed by again having recourse to the system lately abolished of branding the letter D on the deserter's side. In the absence of this *Nota bene*, there is nothing to prevent a soldier from enlisting over and over again in different corps, in order to get a bounty and new kit on each occasion.

As regards insubordination, when you speak to a prisoner on the folly of having resisted or disobeyed a non-commissioned officer, he will generally give an answer somewhat as follows: 'Well, sir, when I came back from foreign service I had a little money, and with this I drank with some comrades more than was good for me. There is a corporal [or sergeant] in the barrack-room who is always down on me; and upon that day, having had a little too much, I could not stand his going on at me; and so I—though indeed I tried to help myself doing so—just struck him between his eyes.' There is no doubt that nine out of every ten soldiers in military prisons have got into trouble through drink. A soldier was once overheard describing the advantages of the Cape as a station in these words: 'Drink is cheap, and you are always dry.' Men of this stamp fill our military prisons.

In some cases the crime of insubordination is provoked by the petty bullying and offensive manner of non-commissioned officers, though their superiors do their best to check them. Officers are now easily accessible, and are ready to give the youngest private an impartial hearing. In all respects the position of a British soldier is now greatly improved. Indeed it is not too much to say that life in a military prison now is quite as endurable as was existence out of it to the well-conducted soldier of forty years ago.

## DESOLATE.

LIKE a funereal pall,
Darkness lies over all;
Weirdly the owl doth call
From her lone steep.
Sadly the night-wind blows
Over December snows;
Vain 'tis my eyes to close—
I cannot sleep.

Thy voice is in my ear;
Once more thy words I hear,
Bringing now hope now fear,
But always love;
And thy sweet face doth rise
Radiant with starry eyes,
Cloudless as summer skies
In heaven above.

Once more at night's soft noon,
Under the pensive moon
Of a long vanished June,
With thee I stray:
As when in days of old
All my heart's love I told,
And to my pleading bold
Thou saidst not nay.

When thou wast by my side,
Calmly the days did glide;
Like an unruffled tide
My life did flow.
Then was each hour too brief;
Now I but seek relief
From my consuming grief,
Rest from my woe.

Now falls the scalding tear,
Shed for the present drear;
Shed for the past so dear,
So quickly flown.
Over thy lonely grave,
Hard by the sounding wave,
Madly the wind-gusts rave;
I am alone.

Yes; but my whole life through
Leal have I been and true;
True shall I be to you,
As true as then;
Till when that life is o'er,
Skyward my soul shall soar,
And on the heavenly shore
We meet again.

H. D.

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## CHRISTMAS-TIME.

'So many men so many minds' has been a proverb long before our days, and will be to the end of time and human history; and uniformity of sentiment is the one thing which men need never hope to attain.

Christmas-time is one of these battle-fields of feeling. To some it is just the consecration of so many circumstances of torture; to others the meeting-point of so many facts of pleasure. From the conventional greeting to the orthodox dinner—from the 'seasonable gifts' that are more obligatory than voluntary, to the toast that heralds the punch, and the dreams that follow on that last glass—all is so much pain to the flesh and weariness to the spirit; and they wonder how any one can find it otherwise. What is there in Christmas-time to make it pleasurable? they say. The gathering together of the family? A lot of rough boys home from school, who spoil the furniture and tease the dogs, lame the horses and ravage the garden, make the servants cross, the girls rude, and the younger children insubordinate; who upset all the order of the house, destroy its comfort like its quiet, and to whose safe return to discipline and your own restoration to tranquillity you look forward with impatient longing from the first hour of their arrival to the last of their stay? Or the advent of your married daughter with her two spoilt babies, who cry if they are looked at and want everything that they see, and that very objectionable young man her husband, with his ultra opinions and passion for argument, whom she would marry in spite of all that you could say, but to whom you can scarcely force yourself to be decently civil, not to speak of cordial, and whose presence is a perpetual blister while it lasts? Is this the family gathering about which you are expected to gush?—this with the addition of your son's fine-lady wife who snubs his mother and sisters with as little breeding as reserve, finds nothing at your table that she can eat, lives with her smelling-bottle to her nose and propped up with cushions on the sofa, and gives you to understand that she considers herself humiliated by her association with your family, and your son as much exalted as she is degraded? This is the domestic aspect of Christmas-time which is to make you forget all the ordinary troubles of life, creating in their stead a Utopia where ill-feeling is as little known as *ennui*, and family jars are as impossible as personal discomfort and dissent. Holding this picture in your hand, you decline to subscribe your name to the Io Pæan universally chanted in praise of Christmas, and wrap yourself up in sullen silence when your neighbour congratulates you on having all your family about you, and wishes you a merry Christmas as if he meant it.

If the domestic aspect is disagreeable, what is the social?—A round of dinners of which the *menu* is precisely the same from Alpha to Omega:—turbot and thick lobster-sauce; roast-beef and boiled turkey; indigestible plum-pudding and murderous mince-pies; with sour oranges and sweet sherry to keep the balance even, and by the creation of two acids perhaps neutralise each other and the third. This is the food set before unoffending citizens under the name and style of Christmas dinners for the month or six weeks during which the idiotic custom of Christmas dinners at all is supposed to last. You are expected to live in this monotony of dyspepsia and antipathetic diet till you loathe the very sight of the familiar food, and long for a change with a vehemence which makes you ashamed of yourself, and more than half afraid that you are developing into a gourmand of the worst kind.

As if your nights were not sufficiently broken by the horrible compounds which trouble your digestion and disturb your brain, torturers known as the 'waits' prowl through the streets from midnight to dawn, causing you agonies beyond those which even the hurdy-gurdy men inflict. You are just falling to sleep—painfully courted and hardly won—when a hideous discord worse than the wailings of cats startles you into a nervous wakefulness which banishes all hope for that night. What can you do? They are too far off for that jug of

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water to take effect, and you must not fire; anathemas do not hurt them, and if said aloud only waken up your wife and make her cry if she does not preach. You have nothing for it then but to lie still and groan inwardly, devoting to the infernal gods all the idiotic circumstances by which your life is rendered wretched, and your health, already frail, set still further wrong. In the morning, when wearied and nervously feverish from want of sleep, you go into the garden for a little quiet and delectation, you find your greenhouses stripped of the flowers which you had been lovingly watching for weeks, and your evergreens as ridiculously cropped as a shaved poodle. This is the day for the decoration of the church, and you, having made an expensive hobby of your garden, have to contribute what has cost months and good money to rear, for the childish satisfaction of John and Joan, lasting just two hours and five minutes. Not only have you lost your flowers and your evergreens—that splendid holly, which yesterday glowed like a flame, to-day nothing but a bundle of chopped ends!—but you know that your favourite daughter is flirting with the curate, and that a great deal is going on under cover of wreaths and crosses, laurustinus and chrysanthemum, of which you strongly disapprove yet cannot check. It is Christmas-time; decorating the church has become in these later days a kind of religious duty; and as a conscript father of your village, you must not forbid your daughter this pious pleasure any more than you can refuse your costly contribution in kind.

Turn to the financial side of the time; and what have you?—bills coming in that you neither expected nor knew of, and every one looking for a Christmas-box, and insolent or irritated if they do not get it. The servants obsequious to the worth of half a sovereign—tradesmen and their lads punctual in anticipation of half-crowns—postmen levying blackmail, and watermen and dustmen demanding as their right that they should be fee'd for their persistent neglect of duty—every one making a dead set at your pocket and trying to get your money for themselves—the very children more caressing and affectionate because it is Christmas and papa always gives them something on Christmas-day:—You groan as you ask yourself where is disinterestedness on this earth?—and you groan still more as you draw your cheques and reduce your balance and wonder by what law of right it is that you should be the pipe by which other folks are to be supplied.

No; you see no good or pleasure in this boasted Christmas-time as we keep it up in our benighted country. Its mirth is a sham and its inflictions are only too real. A time of tumult and expense, of indigestion and discomfort, you wait, grimly or fretfully as your mood may be, till it has passed and the current of your life is allowed to flow evenly as before. When you hear people sing its praises you long to stop their mouths, as you longed to silence the waits who woke you up out of your first sleep and spoilt your rest for the night. What manner of men are these, you think, who can find cause of congratulation in so much absurdity, if the fun is real to them—so much dreary make-believe, if it is unreal? You despise your genial, laughing, merry-hearted neighbour who goes into everything *con amore*, and accepts it all, from forfeits and snapdragon to plum-pudding and Christmas-boxes, as if he really liked it. You think what a fool he must be to be pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw like this. But for the most part you do not believe in his mirth; and then you despise him still more as a hypocrite as well. For a hypocrite shamming folly is an offender against reason as well as truth, whom you find it hard to forgive, let the motive of his mummery be what it may.

This is one side of the question; your neighbour takes the other.

Who on earth, he says with his hands in his pockets, his back to the fire and his kindly smiling face to the room, who on earth can grumble at the facts of Christmas-time? For his part he finds it the jolliest season of the year, and he finds each season as jolly as the other, and all perfect in their own appointed way. He is none of your crying philosophers who go through life bewailing its miseries and oppressed by its misfortunes. Not he! He thinks the earth beautiful, men and women pleasant, and God very good; and of all occasions wherein he can transact his cheerful philosophy, Christmas is the best. The boys are home for their holidays; and it is a pleasure to him to take them out hunting and shooting, and initiate them into the personal circumstances belonging to English country gentlemen. He looks forward to the time when they will take his place and carry on the traditions of the family, and he wishes them to be worthy of their name and an honour to their country. He is not one of those nervous self-centred men who live by rule and measure and cannot have a line of the day's ordering disturbed. He likes his own way certainly; and he has it; but he can press his elbows to his sides on occasions, and give room for others to expand. He does not find it such an unbearable infliction that his boys should come home and racket about the place, even though they are a little upsetting, and do not leave everything quite as smooth and straight as they found it. He remembers his own youth and how happy it made him to come home and racket; and he supposes that his lads are very much the same as he was at their age. He thinks too that they do the girls good—wake them up a little—and while not making them rough or rude—the mother takes care of that—yet that they prevent them from becoming prim and missy, as girls are apt to be who have no brothers and are left too much to themselves. Certainly he does not approve of the flood of slang which is let loose in the house during their stay; but school-boy slang at the worst is not permanent, and in a week's time will be forgotten.

As for the married daughter's children, they are the merriest little rogues in the world; and his wife looks ten years younger since they came. She was always fond of babies; and her grandchildren seem to renew her own past nursery with all the pleasure and none of the anxiety of the olden time. He rather wonders at his girl's taste in the matter of her husband—most fathers do—and cannot for the life of him see what there is to love in him. But if not an Alcibiades he is a good fellow in the main, and makes his young wife happy; which is the principal thing. And if his daughter-in-law is a trifle stiff, and fond of giving herself fine-lady airs, he for his part never stands that kind of nonsense, and will laugh her out of it before she

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has been twenty-four hours in the house. He finds good-humour and taking no offence the best weapons in the world against folly and ill-temper; and prefers them as curative agents to any other. The girl is a nice girl enough, but she has been badly brought up—had a lot of false ideas instilled into her by a foolish mother—but when she has been away from the old influences, and associated with themselves for a little while, she will open her eyes and see things in their right light. Who indeed could resist the sweet sensible influence of his wife, her mother-in-law?—and are not his girls the very perfection of honest wholesome English ladies? It will all come right in time; he has no doubt of that; and meanwhile they must be patient and forbearing for Dick's sake, and not make matters worse than they are by their own want of self-control.

Then as to the Christmas-boxes and the tips sacred to the season—well! well! after all they do not amount to much in the year, and see what pleasure they give! A man must be but a poor-spirited surly kind of hound who does not like to see his fellow-creatures happy; and a very little kindness goes a great way in that direction. He takes care to live within his income, and therefore he has always a margin to go on; and he does not object to use it. The servants have been very good on the whole, and do their duty fairly enough. And when they fail—as they do at times—why, to fail is human, and are they alone of all mankind to be blameless and never swerving in the right way? And are they alone of all mankind to be judged of by their worst and not by their best?—to be blamed for failure, but not praised for well-doing? He does not think so; and not thinking this, his half-sovereigns are given freely without the grudging which makes them an ungracious tax instead of a kindly voluntary gift. The tradespeople, too, do fairly well, and—they must have their profit like any one else! Those Christmas-boxes to their lads may be the nest-eggs for future savings; and even if they do go in a little finery or personal pleasure instead—young people will be young, and his own boys are fond of being smart and amused: so why not these others? You grumble at the waits? If you in your warm bed, well fed, well clothed, prosperous altogether, fret at the loss of an hour's sleep, what must these poor fellows feel, out in the cold frosty night, with the wind blowing and the sleet falling fast, and they not half fed nor a quarter clothed? For his own part he would like to give them a glass of hot grog all round; and as for grumbling at the few coppers which they brave all this physical discomfort to earn, he makes it shillings, and hopes it will do them good. We must live and let live, he says with his broad smile; and if we are sometimes a little inconvenienced by the efforts made by the poor to accomplish the art of living for their own parts—we must remember that our loss is their gain, and that they are men and women like ourselves—fathers of families who want to keep the pot boiling and the fire alight—mothers who love their children, and are anxious to do the best for them that nature and man will allow.

You complain of indigestion and grumble at the monotony of your Christmas fare?—That is strange! Who can grumble at good plain succulent meat?—and why do you eat the sweets if they disagree with you? Neither pudding nor mince-pie comes into the eternal necessities of things, and you would do very well if only you would refrain. He does not eat things that he cannot digest, and in consequence he sleeps well, and when he wakes has neither regret nor remorse. Surely that is not such a painful trial—to forbear eating what is hurtful to your health, and in touching your health corroding your happiness as well.

In a word, the whole difference of the spirit in which we meet the facts of Christmas depends on the good or ill humour with which we are naturally endowed, and which we have cultivated by common-sense on the one hand, or suffered to ride rough-shod over our reason on the other. If we are unselfish and sympathetic, Christmas-time is as pleasant to us as popular tradition would make it; if we are egotistical and peevish, it is a wearisome infliction and a sham which no honest man can pretend to believe in, nor any sensible one to admire.

For our own part we believe in Christmas, because we believe in the kindness of man to man, in genial good-humour, in unselfishness, and the liking of wholesome natures to give happiness; and so far as we have gone yet we have seen no reason to change our views. A merry Christmas then to you all, friends, readers, and countrymen; and a happy New Year to follow after; and may God bless the rich and care for the poor, and lead us all in the right way while the day lasts and before the night has come!

## A CAST OF THE NET.

### THE STORY OF A DETECTIVE OFFICER.

### CHAPTER IV.

Long after it had grown quite dark, all remained quiet, and at last I resolved upon making a move. I had determined upon fetching Peter Tilley. I had plenty of assistance, but I thought I should like to have Peter with me. So I went down to the ferry; a gas-light which burned at the corner shewed me before I left my post that the bony ferryman was not there; and choosing a pretty good boat, with a strong young fellow to pull, I got in. It was a most unpleasant night; as dark as pitch, which was bad enough, but every now and then it lightened, which was worse, as it dazzled my eyes, and made me think we were running smash on board some great vessel which I had not seen a moment before, and couldn't see a moment after. However, the boatman was used to all kinds of weather, I suppose, and knew the river thoroughly; so through the darkness and the rain, which never left off for a moment, we reached the other side.

I left the boat to wait for me, and ran up to the *Yarmouth Smack*. I looked in, and saw Peter leaning against the bar and smoking a short pipe, as a labourer ought to do; and he was talking in a friendly way to some rough-looking fellows. I slipped in, and using the name we had agreed upon, spoke to him. He knew my voice of course; but seeing me so changed, for my make-up was really splendid (it was, although I say so that shouldn't), it gave him such a shock that he was

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obliged to put the pewter down he was going to drink from and look steadily at me before he answered. 'I'm acoming,' he said at last, and we got outside; when, as we walked down to the ferry, I gave him a sort of idea of what was going on, and how I expected to make a great catch that night. Peter of course was very glad to be in for such a big thing as this, for he had never been mixed up with anything so important.

Not to trust the boatman too much, I kept Peter back a few yards from the water while I finished my story, standing a little on one side, so as to be out of the way of the people who came and went to and from the ferry. While I was talking to him, a wherry ran in; we heard her grate on the pebbles and the sculls rattle as the man laid 'em in; but that we had heard before. It's a part of my habit to notice little things however, and I looked to see who had come in by this boat. There was only one passenger, a woman, and she passed us walking quickly; but quick as she walked, I saw her, and she saw me. Blessed if it wasn't Miss Doyle! My being there was no odds to Miss Doyle, nor could it have signified to her if she had seen me fifty times; yet I felt I would rather not have met her just then; it looked unlucky, and she was such an uncommonly sharp one too. Sharp or not, I couldn't see what she could make out of my standing under a wall on a wet night talking to another labourer.

Having finished my explanation, we both got into the wherry, and I asked the man if he would like a good long job, which might perhaps last all night.

'The longer the better, governor,' he says, 'if the pay is accordin'.'

'The pay *will* be accordin',' I answered; 'and so you are engaged.'

The first thing I made him do was to row round that oyster-smack, for the tide had risen enough to take us round her. I shewed no light, but we went inside her twice; and the fellow on the watch was very sharp, so he was leaning over the side when we came round the second time, and I could say quite quiet-like: 'I am in this boat now—watch the river.' That was quite enough; he knew he would not now have to look to the *Anchor* for signals.

After this began what I believe was the most disagreeable sort of patrol I ever had. There was a time when I used to envy the Thames police; but I can't say I ever did after that night. We were obliged to be in motion almost continually, because we did not know from which side of the river the paper might come, and we weren't quite sure that it would come at all, especially on that night; and I don't know, speaking from my own experience, that there is anything more trying to the spirits than the pulling backwards and forwards and loitering about on the river Thames in a raw October night with a small thick rain falling. Twice we landed, and went once to the *Smack* and once to the *Anchor*. I couldn't grudge the men a glass of hot grog; in fact I was obliged to have some myself, even if I missed my capture through it.

It grew later and later; the flashes of lightning still came at long intervals; but the lights on the shore went out, and excepting the gas-lamps which burnt at street-corners, ferries, and wharfs, all was dark. The traffic on the river had long ceased, no shouts or rattle of wheels came from the shore; and the rain still falling, it was, I give you my word, most horribly miserable, dull and sloppy beyond description. Twelve o'clock had struck, and one, and perhaps half an hour beyond it. I had cautioned my companions to speak very low; so the boatman only whispered when he said: 'It's as quiet as it is likely to be, governor, if you've got anything to run. I have just seen the police galley creep along on the other side; I see her under that lamp. Now's your time.'

He thought we were smugglers! Perhaps he didn't care if we were thieves. I told him to be patient; when at that very instant, just as we were creeping along under the lee of a coal-barge, a wherry shot very silently by, right in front of us, going across stream, and not six feet from our bows. In her sat the sulky ferryman; I knew him at a glance, dark as it was. 'Pull after that wherry,' I said.

'Peter Tilley, my lad,' I continued, turning to Peter, 'the time's acoming, I think.'

'I'm precious glad of it,' says Peter; 'for I'm catching a cold in my head every minute I sit in this confounded boat; and it's all soaking wet where I'm sitting.'

Our man pulled on; he was a very strong fellow, as I have said, and we could have overtaken the other boat directly; but this of course I did not want. I knew where to look for the old scamp; and sure enough, after a few strokes across stream, he bent to the left and ran under the bows of the Dutch trader.

All was dark and silent as the grave aboard the ship; but that didn't deceive the old boatman, nor did it deceive me. I stopped our man in the shade of the next vessel, if you can call anywhere a shade, when it was all pitch dark. We had not been there a minute before I heard a slight noise—it was impossible to see any one unless he stood between you and the sky—and then I could tell by the sound that a man had dropped into the wherry. There was no need to tell me what man it was. With an almost noiseless dip, the ferryman dropped his sculls into the river again and rowed on, we still after him. I took it for granted he was going to the other side of the ferry; but he suddenly bore off to the right, and rowed on for some little time, then striking in between two vessels, he went straight for the land.

'Where is he going to?' I whispered.

'To the landing at Byrle's wharf,' says the boatman in the same tone.

So he was; and it appeared this landing-place was at the farther side of the wharf; that is, lower down the river.

It was so dark we could hardly see them—for we could just make out there were now two persons in the boat—but as they reached the shore, a lamp that was burning on the wharf helped us a little. We could not clearly see what they were doing; but they certainly got out of the boat, and as certainly there were then more than two figures moving about, and seemingly engaged in placing parcels in the wherry. But it was very gloomy there; they were in the shade of the wharf, and the lamp glimmered weak and faint through the thick rain. It was the more difficult to see what was being done, because there were several boats tied up to the landing-place, making some confusion in the darkness. At last, however, we could see that

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they were pushing off from the shore; so it was time for us to move. We pulled back for a while (there was no doubt as to which way the others would come), and then sheering off, lay between two colliers until we saw the wherry we had watched go by, and then we once more pulled after them.

'I 'm blest if I don't think there 's another boat following *us*,' says Peter Tilley, staring as hard as he could behind us. I looked, but couldn't see anything; and Peter owned he might have been mistaken.

We could not make out how many there were in the foremost boat. There was only one man rowing, that was plain; and he pulled short round at the proper place, as I knew he would, and rowed towards the Dutch trader. As he did so, we lost him for a second, a big steamer lying between us; but the hull of this vessel did not obstruct the view up the river. I seized the moment, and waved my lantern twice. It was all right. As quick as thought the light on board the oyster-smack was moved twice also, and then we too were pulling across the stream. I wanted to capture my men on board the trader, as otherwise the paper might be got rid of, because I couldn't be positively certain that it was not already on board. In fact, Mr Edmund Byrle was my chief aim, not the skipper.

The wherry pulled under the bows of the vessel; we followed just in time to see, by a very convenient flash of lightning, two packages handed up; then a figure, which we had recognised by the same flash as the bony ferryman, got into the ship. As he disappeared, our wherry touched the vessel; and at the same instant, to my great relief, a long black Thames police galley came alongside us, and its crew, five constables, with Barney Wilkins, who was there as guide, clambered up like cats. I and Peter imitated them, but not quite so quickly; and when I looked over the bulwark, I saw by the light of a couple of lanterns, screened from the outside, four or five men, the boatman and the skipper being two, lifting up a great lid which fitted in the deck—the hatches I heard it called—while by their side lay the packages of paper. I could not see Mr Byrle; but there was no time to consider; we all jumped in at once, the men looking round in amazement at the noise. I fancied that just then I heard a shout from the boat.

'What do you all want here?' said the skipper angrily.

'We hold a warrant'—I began.

'Oh, it is *you*, is it?' he screeched, like a hyena, or something of that sort. 'I owe you a little for a past score, and you shall have it.' As quick as lightning he pulled a long straight knife from the side of his trousers, where it must have been in some sort of sheath, and jumped at me with such suddenness that he would have stabbed me, only Barney Wilkins snatched a handspike from the deck, and dashing between us, hit him down with such a blow, that the skipper fell with a crash like a bullock when it is killed, the blood pouring from his head instantly.

It was all as quick as thought. The other men were all seized in a breath. So quick was it all done, that I had no idea Barney was hurt, until he reeled, made a wild clutch as if he caught at something for support, and then pitched forward on his hands and knees.

'Hollo, Barney!' I said, stooping down to him. 'What 's the matter, old fellow?'

'It 's all up, Mr Nickham,' he gasped; 'he 's done me. I only hope I 've killed him. Where 's the other?'

'Oh, never mind the other, Barney,' I says. 'Where are you hurt?'

But as I spoke, one of the men came with a lantern, and Barney had no occasion to answer me, for I could see a straight stream of blood running from his chest on to the deck; and his hands giving way from weakness, he fell over on his side.

'Pull in for the shore, you, sir!' said the sergeant of the Thames police to my waterman. 'You know Marigold Street? Knock up Mr Gartley, and tell him what has happened. Say we are afraid to move the man to his house, so he had better come aboard.'

'Send one of your own men, will you?' answers the boatman. 'I 've got something to tell the governor' (that was me), 'as I think he ought to know.'

'Cut away then, Bill,' says the sergeant to a constable; 'these fellows are ironed, and we can manage all that are aboard this craft.'

So the man went off in my wherry; and the Thames men tried to make poor Barney a little more comfortable, while I undid his waistcoat, hoping to stop the bleeding.

'It ain't no use,' he said; but in that short time his voice was almost gone, and we could tell that he was dying. 'I 'm done for, Mr Nickham. If there 's a reward, you 'll act fair and square, I know; you always was a gentleman—let my sister have'—— And with that he gave a gasp, and was dead.

I rose up, dreadfully vexed for the poor chap. The sergeant and one of his men were looking after the skipper, when I felt myself touched on the arm.

'I say, sir,' said the boatman, 'when I 'm in for a thing, I go through with it honourable. Did you know as you was followed?'

'Followed? no!' I said.

'I thought we was!' said Peter Tilley.

'We was followed, sir, by a light wherry with two people in it,' continues the boatman; 'and when they see our boats, they held hard; and as you all boarded the ship and the noise began, they rowed away as hard as they could go.'

'Which way did they go?' I said.

'Down river,' says the man. 'But it 's of no use thinking of looking after them now. They are ashore long afore this.'

This was likely enough; and it was quite certain that Mr Edmund Byrle was one of the two in the boat, and I had lost him for the present. Well, it couldn't be helped; so we set to work to question the men and search the ship, till the doctor came. The men knew nothing more about the business than that they were going to have two passengers, a lady and a gentleman, this voyage. One of the Thames men understood Dutch, or we should not have heard even this scrap of information. The sulky boatman never uttered a word, except that once he said as I passed him, and he said it with a bitter curse: 'I always had my doubts of *you*.'

The doctor came off; but poor Barney was stone-dead, while the skipper's skull was badly fractured. However, the paper was all there; so I supposed,

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and so it proved; and I shouldn't have cared if the skipper's head had been broken fifty times over.

We got our prisoners to the shore, leaving the craft in charge of a Thames police galley that came in answer to our signals; and late as it was, I drove with Peter Tilley in a cab to the City. Our people there were immensely glad, I can tell you; and when I went over to the Bank (for there was no need for secrecy or dodging now), I thought the gentlemen never would have left off paying me compliments. Poor Barney Wilkins that was dead deserved most credit; but it could not do him any good to say so now, so I let them go on. The paper was examined, and found to be exactly the quantity required; enough, I believe, to have made about twenty thousand bank-notes. Ah! if they *had* got into circulation!

I hope you will understand, however, that I did act fair and square; and when the reward was paid (and the Bank people did come down most liberal; I bought my house at Pentonville with my share), I told the gentlemen about poor Barney and his wishes; and I'm proud to say they found his sister out and took her away; and after a time she went abroad with kind people who looked after her, and took care of her money till she got married, and did well. Why, she sent me a snuff-box made out of pure Australian gold, with a letter signed by herself and her husband, who was a butcher in a great way of business out there; and they sent it as an acknowledgment of my having acted all fair and square. I promised so to do, and I did.

Edmund Byrle was never caught, and so far as we were concerned, was never heard of; and if it hadn't been for his father, I should never have understood a lot of things that puzzled me. I had given a pretty good guess as to how Miss Doyle came in the first place to inquire about Mr Byrle and the detective; a very clever idea in itself, but like many other clever things, it lost her the game. Mr Byrle had talked with his friends about employing detectives; and Miss Doyle knowing about the Bank paper, and being always on the watch, had got hold of just enough to mislead her. She went out with Edmund Byrle to Turkey, I think, and was married to him; and old Mr Byrle sent out a friend to see them; and it was in this way I got the particulars. It appears she knew me again—only as the limping labourer, of course—when she saw me talking at the ferry to Tilley. But she knew *him* as the detective at the *Yarmouth Smack*, and she thought that although it might be all right, yet a detective was a dangerous customer, and his acquaintances might be dangerous also. Consequently she tried to persuade Edmund to put off his journey; but he wanted the money for the paper, and wouldn't listen to her. But he agreed at last to go aboard in another boat, which satisfied her, as she felt so certain the skipper's boat would be attacked. As I have explained, her precaution saved him from fifteen years' 'penal,' which is the least he would have had. The skipper was sent for life, having killed a man in his arrest; but he didn't live six months in prison; he never got over the tremendous blow he received from Barney. All the reports spoke of his being a receiver of 'stolen goods.' The Bank paper was never mentioned, for the authorities did not want to unsettle the public again, or let them see what a narrow escape they had had.

And now comes about the queerest part of my story. Call me names if I didn't stop the thieving at Byrle's factory as well as recover the Bank paper, killing two birds with one stone.

It was all through my catching the bony ferryman. Finding that things was going hard with him, and hoping to make them easier, and being disappointed that those who were concerned with him did not come forward with money to provide for his defence, he 'rounded' on them; he split on them all, and owned how he was the means of taking the metal over to a fence on his side of the water, the things being stolen by a mechanic and a watchman who were in league. (I see I have used the word 'fence;' this means a receiver of stolen goods; but though I have been warned by the editor of this magazine, we can't do without *some* slang words.)

Peter Tilley got a tidy present, and was noted for promotion through this business. I was glad of it, for Peter was a capital chap—never wanted to play first-fiddle; and I admire people of that disposition. I tell you what I did: I got the newest five-pound note of all what the Bank gave me, and they were all very clean and crisp, and I wrapped old Bob the gatekeeper's own sixpence in it; and I went to the factory and I stood a pint of ale, and says: 'Bob, here's your sixpence!' He hadn't known exactly who I was till then, for I had made excuses as usual; and then I'm blessed if he didn't quite cry over his luck. Mr Byrle too thought a lot of Bob's kindness, for I told the old gent about it; and I heard that on that very account he put six shillings a week on Bob's wages, and I was glad to hear it.

They couldn't keep me off the detective staff after this; and although I am free to confess—now I am on my pension and nothing matters to me—that I only stumbled upon these discoveries by accident, I was praised to the skies by those for whom I worked. However, it all died away, as such things do; but I had managed to get my house at Pentonville, as I have hinted; and a pleasanter neighbourhood I don't know, or one more convenient for getting about. I have had some rather odd adventures since I have lived in my street; you can't help seeing strange things, if you keep your eyes open in London. But I didn't begin to tell about *them*. I have finished my account of the robberies at Byrle & Co.'s and my story finishes in consequence.

## FEATS OF ENDURANCE.

LONDON, which has witnessed many strange doings in its day, was lately the scene of the most wonderful feats of pedestrianism ever accomplished within a given period.

Every hour, day and night, for six weary weeks a man plodded on his way round a measured track, until the grand total of fifteen hundred miles in one thousand hours had been made up, finishing his self-imposed task with his physical and mental faculties apparently unimpaired.

The task of walking fifteen hundred miles in a thousand hours had never before been attempted, and henceforth the new achievement will throw into the cold shade of obscurity even the marvellous act of walking a thousand miles in as many

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hours, which was once accomplished in 1809 by Captain Robert Barclay of Ury, a Scotchman, who proposed to perform the then incredible task of walking a thousand miles in a thousand consecutive hours. The proposition was received with every sign of incredulity, though, when the affair was finally arranged to take place, many thousands of pounds were staked on the event. Newmarket Heath was selected as the scene of the exploit, and the famous walk began on the 1st of June 1809, at midnight. It is unnecessary to repeat the details of this feat; it will suffice to mention that the enterprising captain completed his task on the 12th July, at four o'clock in the afternoon.

Since then, an attempt has, we believe, been made to walk the same distance *backwards;* and within the past twelve months, Weston, the American pedestrian, has performed some remarkable exploits of the kind; being however at last beaten by an Irishman named Kelly.

The hero of the lately completed task (fifteen hundred miles in a thousand hours) is a little Welshman of not more than five feet three and a half inches in height, and about forty-two years of age; while in personal appearance and general *physique* he presents anything but what is usually supposed to be the characteristic of a good pedestrian. His name is William Gale, and he is a bookbinder by trade, living at Clerkenwell.

At the commencement of his task on Sunday the 26th of August, he weighed no more than eight stone four pounds (8 st. 4 lbs.); and from that day until Saturday the 6th October, during a portion of every hour day and night, he pursued his monotonous way around the inclosure at Lillie Bridge grounds, Brompton. When the attempt was first announced, even those most acquainted with pedestrian feats where great endurance was required, expressed themselves dubious as to the result; and in order to have a reliable record of his proceedings, Gale requested the different sporting papers to appoint competent men as judges—a request which was at once generously complied with.

Thus we have an official report of his great exploit, and the public are enabled to judge for themselves on the nature of the feat performed. Gale's average pace appears to have been about four miles an hour; but when he had reached his thousandth mile he assumed a brave spurt, and footed it in ten minutes, or at the rate of six miles an hour. During the last few days of his walking he started rather stiffly at first, owing to the pain caused by the swelling of some varicose veins in his left leg; but undaunted by so great and manifest a disadvantage, and other disadvantages which we shall presently refer to, the gallant little Welshman 'plodded his weary way' with a determined pluck that won the admiration and applause of every one present.

On Friday the 5th October, the day before the finish of the tramp, Dr Gant of the Royal Free Hospital was called in to see this extraordinary walker, and after examining his legs, he pronounced Gale to be in excellent condition so far as his physical powers were concerned; there being no fever, the pulse only seventy, no murmur at the heart; and the varicose veins which had been the cause of so much pain to him, were rather better than worse, having considerably decreased in size. Perhaps the most remarkable part of the performance is, that it has been accomplished on a system of training which entirely sets at variance all athletic rules, for Gale partook of no fixed refreshment, neither did he have his meals at stated hours. His chief food was plain mutton-chops; and as an instance of how he varied his dishes, his afternoon meal on Friday the 5th October, which might have been either breakfast, dinner, or supper (so irregular had he been in this respect), consisted of a lobster and bread and butter, followed by a fried sole, and one or two cups of ordinarily strong tea. During the walk he also drank a good deal of beer—not strong beer, but the ale which is usually sold at fourpence per quart, which he seemed to prefer to any other kind, probably on account of its freedom from that tendency to increase rather than assuage thirst, so remarkably apparent in the stronger beers.

Many strange incidents occurred in the course of the six weeks, which were calculated to while away the time, and occasionally to bring a smile to the pedestrian's lips. For instance, a certain illustrated sheet, notorious for its very sensational cartoons, published a picture of Gale on the track followed by Old Time with the conventional scythe on his shoulder; and many people it would seem actually paid their money with the idea that they were going to see the two figures as thus represented. One man, who had evidently gone to the grounds for this purpose, had watched Gale go round the track several times, when he could no longer control his disappointment. He shouted aloud, angrily demanding his money back, because, as he said with the greatest *naïveté* possible, 'the beggar with the scythe hadn't turned up!'

As the last week of the great walking match wore on, signs of weariness in the indomitable pedestrian became painfully apparent, and many persons began to fear that the task he had set himself would after all remain unaccomplished. On several of the rounds he fell asleep whilst walking, and dropped to the ground; but this contact with mother earth seemed to revive him instantly, and he plodded on as pluckily as before.

At length success crowned his efforts; and at seventeen minutes past five o'clock (less a second) on Saturday afternoon the 6th October 1877, Gale terminated his long and dreary walk in the presence of a large, fashionable, and enthusiastic assemblage, who rewarded his efforts with several rounds of hearty applause.

From the commencement of his task to the finish Gale bore up against all obstacles with extraordinary pluck and determination, his last mile being performed in *ten minutes and eight seconds.* He was at once removed to the tent or pavilion under which he had snatched so many brief half-hours' rest, and was examined by three medical men, who found that his heart was quite natural in its movements, and that the temperature of his body did not exceed one hundred and six degrees.

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The great feat which has thus been accomplished without the aid of artificial training, is a marvellous instance of what human endurance, allied with courage and determination, can effect; though of what particular benefit it may be to the world at large it is utterly impossible to imagine.

Since the preceding account was written, Gale has accomplished a still more extraordinary feat, and one which for strength of will and physical endurance far surpasses his previous efforts. We still fail, however, to see the benefit which can accrue from exhibitions of this kind, and well might he have been contented with the laurels he had already won. He had scarcely allowed himself time to recover from his former task, when he once more appeared at a public place of entertainment, namely the Agricultural Hall at Islington, to walk four thousand quarter-miles under the astounding condition, that it was to be done in four thousand consecutive periods of ten minutes.

This of course deprived him of the half-hour's rest which he could obtain at one time in the former race, and only allowed him a few minutes between each round to get a little sleep. Despite these drawbacks, however, Gale finished his task at eleven o'clock P.M. on the 17th November, after a dreary walk of nearly four weeks. By accomplishing his task, he has placed himself at the head of all the famous pedestrians the world has known; and we trust that this fact will be sufficient to satisfy his craving after what is at best but ephemeral fame.

Men have on many occasions attempted walking feats which required a vast amount of physical endurance, and have failed from their utter inability to go without the natural quantum of sleep; but Gale has not only shewn himself to be possessed of the former, but to be altogether independent of the latter. This, however, instead of indicating 'pluck' merely, would rather seem to point to a peculiarity in the man's constitution; as there are doubtless many persons whose courage would enable them to perform the same or even a greater task if, like Gale, they could walk about in a state of somnolency or semi-sleep—a state in which, to use his own words, he was as one in a dream, unconscious of all that was going on around him, and believing himself to be walking in forests and other places of silvan beauty; and the truth of this was made evident by the fact that he would have often exceeded the limit of his walk had not the voice of his attendant aroused him from his stupor.

The average time occupied by this extraordinary walker was by day about three minutes for each quarter of a mile, and by night about five minutes; and the fastest round recorded was done in two minutes and forty-two seconds. His pulse was always found to indicate a perfect state of health, and was as regular when he left off as when he commenced his task. His food consisted principally of fish, fowl, chops, eggs, and light puddings; and his drink was, with only one exception during the whole time, tea.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing about the whole affair was the fact that, although he sank into a deep sleep directly he reached his chair behind the curtain, which hid him from view between his walks, the moment the bell rang the second time, he would appear as fresh as ever and begin trudging away again.

When the feat was accomplished, Sir John Astley stepped forward, and amid a scene of great enthusiasm, presented the undaunted Welshman with a silver belt of the value of a hundred guineas, bearing the following inscription: 'This belt was presented to WILLIAM GALE of Cardiff, on the 17th November 1877, by some of the nobility and gentry of Great Britain, in commemoration of his hitherto unprecedented feat, namely walking one thousand five hundred miles in one thousand hours at Lillie Bridge Grounds, August 26th to October 6th, 1877; and four thousand quarter-miles in four thousand consecutive periods of ten minutes, at the Agricultural Hall, London, October 21st to November 17th, 1877.' The belt is of lion's skin, mounted on velvet, the metal portion of it weighing one hundred ounces of sterling silver.

None will begrudge Gale his well-earned reward; but it is to be hoped that such exhibitions will in future be discountenanced by the general public, as they not only detract from the dignity of man, but are needless and unwarrantable in a country which, we trust, will ever pride itself on a nobler civilisation than that which is founded upon mere physical endurance.

## A DIFFICULT QUESTION.

### THE STORY OF TWO CHRISTMAS EVES.

#### IN TWO CHAPTERS.—PROLOGUE.

IN the gray light of an Indian dawn, with the cool breeze blowing through the curtains of the tent, and his friend's sorrowful eyes looking down on him, a soldier lay on his rough couch—waiting for death. They were soon to be parted those two, who had lived and fought together; but the face of the one who was starting on that journey of which none has measured the distance, was smilingly calm, while the eyes of the other glistened with regretful tears as he spoke low, faltering, remorseful words.

'Hush, Ralph, hush!' the other said at last. 'Don't you think, dear old fellow, I would sooner lose my life in having saved yours, than in any other way? After all, a few days or years sooner or later, what does it signify? My fate is perhaps the happiest, though I hope it is not. I don't think life is so very desirable,' he continued; 'I am only twenty-six; but mine has not been a happy one. It was my own fault, though. Take my advice, Ralph; don't marry young. There is only one thing that troubles me'——

'Your little girl,' Ralph interrupted. 'Wrayworth, let me take care of her; if I can make her happy, it will be some slight atonement, some'——

'You would take care of her, Ralph? would you?' The dying man's eyes shone gratefully as he looked up in his friend's face. 'She has nothing, poor little thing,' he went on sadly—'motherless, fatherless, scarcely more than a baby either. It would be a heavy charge to leave you, Ralph.'

'Wrayworth! how can you speak so; you will drive me mad! You—you'—— He broke down

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utterly; it was something so terrible to see this friend dying there—for him. 'Anything on earth that I can do'—— he murmured.

'You will do for her,' said Wrayworth. 'Thank you. I have no friends to send her to. I meant to have made her very happy.'

'She shall be; I swear it!' Ralph answered fervently, thankful for this charge, which might in some degree help him to pay that debt of gratitude, and forgetful that he had no control of fate, that the promise he gave of happiness was a fearfully presumptuous one. But he made it willingly, gladly, solemnly, before God; and as far as lay in his power it should sacredly be kept; any sacrifice he would make for this child.

His friend's eyes rested on him searchingly for a moment. 'I trust you,' he said—'I trust you.'

The hours passed on, the blazing sun arose, and Ralph went out into the burning glare with bent head and staggering footsteps, while words he had heard long since seemed floating round him in letters of fire: 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend.'—'Is there *none* greater?' he thought. 'Is there nothing *I* can do to repay—nothing?'

## CHAPTER I.—ASKED.

The years were well on in their teens since that melancholy scene was enacted in the Indian tent—since Wrayworth consigned his only child to the guardianship of the friend whose life, at the expense of his own, he had saved on the battle-field. A carriage rolled along the snowy high-road through the cold clear air; the short winter's day was drawing to its close, and up in the darkening sky the stars were beginning to shine upon the world's most joyful season, upon Christmas eve. The world's most joyful season? We call it so, this festival, more than eighteen hundred years old; but does the world think it so?—the world, with its thousand cares and crosses, its deep and hidden sorrows, its partings and its tears? Of those amongst the myriads who keep the Yule-tide feast, how many hold it with a chastened joy! For on that day most of all our thoughts go back to other years, to other faces, to other lips that have wished us 'a merry Christmas;' to other hands, which have clasped ours so loyally, to those who have loved us so long ago!

But Major Loraine had no sad memories connected with the season as he drove up to the old house, from which duty had so frequently called him, and which he had not seen for five years. In the wide, dark, panelled hall his step-mother stood waiting to welcome him, as gladly as though he had been her own son. He was only a boy when she first came there, when the pink was fresh on her cheek and the gold bright in her hair; they had been drawn to each other then; and through the long years of her widowhood his loving care had helped to lighten her load of sorrow; so it was not wonderful that for months past she had been eagerly looking forward to his return.

The greetings over, they sat down side by side, talking, as those talk after long separation, of past, present, and future; of their acquaintances married, dead, or far away; of things on the estate, prosperous or failures; of the ball to be given next month, of the one they were going to, to-night; of how much Emma was improved since she 'came out,' how Katharine was considered one of the handsomest girls in the place, and how she might marry Sir Michael Leyland with thirty thousand a year if she liked.

'But why ever doesn't she like?' asked the Major, astonished at this new phase in the character of his worldly-minded sister.

'That is just what troubles me,' answered Mrs Loraine. 'They are all at the church now, helping to decorate. Louise wanted to stay at home to welcome you, but I sent them all off, so as to have you to myself for an hour. You will see a great alteration in Louise, Ralph.'

'Shall I, mother?' he said smiling. 'I think not. Her letters are the same always; they have altered in style a little of course in the last year or two, but it is the same spirit—the same creature.'

'But not the same face, Ralph. Remember you have not seen her for five years, which have not altered you, but which have changed her from an unformed girl of fourteen to a lovely woman; with that bright changing beauty, which has more charm for a man than regularity of feature. It is a very difficult question.'

'What is a difficult question?' asked Ralph, as his mother paused.

'What to do with Louise.'

'You hinted something of the kind in your last letter, mother,' he said gravely. 'I am sorry, but I must confess this house seems large enough for four women. You know how I am situated; you know the promise which binds me. But tell me,' he added smiling, 'what has Louise done? She seemed to me gentle and tractable enough when I was last at home.'

'I have not the slightest fault to find,' Mrs Loraine replied; 'you know I am very fond of her. You will think my difficulty very womanish; simply, Louise is too pretty.

'And some one has told her so,' said Ralph, laughing. 'Go on.'

'It is not that; but I cannot bear to see my own child's happiness destroyed by another, who, if not a stranger, has at least no claim upon her.'

Ralph frowned slightly. 'Perhaps not,' he answered; 'the claim is upon me, and it is a sacred one. So,' he continued, 'it is a case of rivals, I see.'

'Simply this, Ralph. You remember the Levesons of Leigh Court, where we are going to-night? Their eldest son is in the —th Dragoons, and has been home on leave. Louise was away when he first came here, and he appeared very much struck with Katharine; and no wonder; she is very handsome. Well—don't laugh at me; I don't like match-making as a rule; but I thought as she seemed interested in him, there was no harm in inviting him sometimes. But as soon as Louise came home, he transferred his attentions to her. Katharine says nothing; but it makes a kind of awkwardness between them. I know she feels it, poor child; though indeed I believe Vere Leveson is simply flirting with Louise.'

Major Loraine laughed. 'Poor mother!' he said, 'you will have enough to do if you take all your children's love affairs to heart so seriously. These things always right themselves, you know. But I confess I am surprised to hear of Katharine going in for sentiment; I should have thought Sir Michael more in her line. Is that all, mother?'

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'No; only the first of my difficulties,' she answered half sadly. 'You know what my health has been for the last few years; you know—— Well, you do not wish me to speak of that; but it is better to look in the face of possibility. Suppose anything happened to me, Ralph, what would become of Louise?'

'You speak of what I hope may be far distant, mother,' he answered tenderly. 'But why should you be uneasy about her? In the event of her not marrying, she would always have a home here with me.'

Mrs Loraine shook her head. 'Turn round and look in the glass,' she said; 'thirty-nine is not such a very formidable age.'

He turned, and contemplated his bronzed face in the glass; such a handsome, noble face, telling of a nature that could not act falsely or meanly. The broad square forehead, marred by a sabre-cut, and the dark hair flecked here and there, by the Indian sun, with gray; nothing else to find fault with in the frank kind smile, the fine regular features, the dark true eyes.

'I think there is no fear of my being taken for younger than I am, mother,' he said, smiling.

'It is an awkward position for you, though,' she answered; 'and as I said, a difficult question what to do. We must hope for the best, Ralph. You are going to join the others now, I suppose?'

'Yes; I think I can find my way.'

He went out into the keen frosty air, walking slowly, though it was unpleasantly cold to one accustomed to tropical climates. He was thinking over his mother's words, and knew she was right as to the awkwardness of the position. He saw the peace of the household was troubled, without knowing how to set matters right, and he thought of the old friend who had trusted his child to him. He had vowed she should be happy, and now it seemed a difficult vow to keep; but for the sake of the man who had died for him sixteen long years ago, the pledge then given must be redeemed.

Louise Wrayworth's life had been a bright one hitherto; her guardian's home was the only one she could remember, and he had striven to fill in some degree her father's place. To him, from infancy to womanhood, she had looked up with loving grateful reverence, regarding him, present or absent, as the noblest of created beings.

He reached the old church, and made his way round to the open vestry door. The steps were encumbered with bundles of evergreens; the voices of the workers, who had finished their task, were audible. He pushed the door further open, and went in. The floor was covered with boughs, and around the pillars were wreathed holly and other evergreens in honour of the joyous season. Some of the choristers stood waiting for the choir-practice, and the organist was softly playing *Adeste Fideles*.

'Ralph!' cried a young fresh voice; and a slight fair girl with a merry face sprang up from the floor, with her hands full of the scarlet berries, which fell hither and thither in bright-hued rain, as with complete indifference to the by-standers, she gave the returned soldier a sisterly embrace. 'You dear old thing to come for us!' she exclaimed.

'Emma, Emma!' exclaimed Ralph, laughing and disengaging himself; 'you have not learned to behave any better in five years.'

But his young sister had vanished, and he turned to greet the vicar; and one or two of the ladies he recognised. In a few minutes Emma reappeared; and behind her came a tall fair girl with masses of golden hair, and great beautiful cold blue eyes. She greeted Major Loraine affectionately, but with the quiet stately grace habitual to her. Five years had not changed Katharine Loraine; at twenty-four she was still the same majestic Queen Katharine as at nineteen, with whom he had always had so little sympathy, whose nature he had found so difficult to understand.

'Where is Louise?' he asked presently. 'Is she not here?'

'She went into the churchyard just now,' answered Emma, 'to put a wreath on Nellie Bryant's grave. You remember her, Ralph?'

'Louise's friend? Yes.'

'A *triste* employment for Christmas eve,' observed one of the gentlemen decorators to Katharine, as he stooped to disentangle her dress from a long sprig of ivy.

'Oh, Mr Leveson went to hold a lantern for her,' Katharine answered, with the slightest possible shade of contempt in the silvery tones of her voice; 'and Louise is never *triste*, unless she is by herself.'

The choir was now fully assembled; the organist struck up the anthem, the rest were silent to listen, and Ralph Loraine went out to look for his ward. He came round the east end of the old church, and stood still for a moment in the shadow. There were two people standing at the edge of the path, looking down on the grave at their feet, where the lantern's light shewed the shining holly upon the upright marble cross. It shewed too the face of his friend's child; a beautiful face, as his step-mother had said, with large dark eyes and wavy dusky hair, a clear delicate complexion with a little rose-flush on the cheeks, and full red lips half-parted by the sweetest smile he had ever seen; with the same erect carriage of the head, the same fearless straight regard which had characterised her father.

It was so strange to see her there a woman, whom he had left a mere girl; and as he looked on the fair face, something seemed to whisper that the ideal beauty he had so often dreamed of was before him at last. They moved away, and came slowly nearer, and paused again where he could see her companion; and for a moment he almost hated the man for his youth, and his handsome face, and the deep-blue eyes aflame with passion-fire as they rested on the child of his dead friend; and another whisper which silenced the first, told him how fitted was each for the other.

'If *I* were lying there,' said Vere Leveson, and Ralph could hear every one of the foolish, softly spoken words, 'would you ever make wreaths for *me*, I wonder?'

'I don't know.'

'Don't you? I wish you did; for I thought just now I should be glad to be lying there, if you would remember me.'

Ralph had heard enough, and tried to slip away unseen; but the gravel crunched under his feet and betrayed him.

Louise started, and a bright vivid blush covered her face as she sprang forward. 'Lorrie! Oh, how glad I am to see you again!' she cried, as she

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took both his hands in hers and lifted her cheek for his kiss.

He felt half sorry she had done so; that and the old childish name put him immediately in his place as guardian, and made him ashamed of his thoughts. 'How you are altered, Louise!' he said, looking down at her admiringly. 'I think I should hardly have known you!'

'I should have known you, Lorrie, anywhere,' she said reproachfully.

'That is rather different,' he said; 'when we once get old, we don't change so quickly.'

'You would not like it if I said you were old, Lorrie. But tell me, am *I* altered for the worse? or'——

'You have no need to come to me for compliments, surely,' he said smiling.

'I should think more of yours than of any one's,' she whispered, with that sweet dangerous smile; a smile which a man like Ralph Loraine should have taken as a warning not to feel its influence too often.

'How rude I am!' she said at last.—'Mr Leveson, do you know my guardian?' She turned to her companion, who stood holding the lantern a few yards from them.

'I had the honour of dining in your company once, Major Loraine,' he answered, stepping forward. 'It is some time ago, when I first joined at Madras; but I well remember my anxiety to see such a distinguished soldier as yourself.'

There was a ring of truth and honest admiration in the words, which raised them above an ordinary compliment, and which made Ralph hold out his hand and answer cordially: 'I have a bad memory for faces, or I think I should have remembered yours.'

'Thanks,' said Vere, laughing. 'We shall have the pleasure of seeing you to-night, I hope?'

'Yes; my mother told me of the invitation.'

'Of course he is coming,' said Louise. 'And you will dance with me all the evening, Lorrie; won't you?'

'Not quite all, Miss Wrayworth; please, don't forget my waltzes,' said Vere, holding out his hand. 'I must be off now; so good-bye for the present. You won't forget?'

She looked up quickly. 'Perhaps,' the lips said laughingly; but the dark eyes gave a sweet silent answer Ralph did not see, though he was watching them. But after Vere Leveson had gone, he walked home beneath the Christmas stars, with Louise's hand resting on his arm, dreaming as he went, a fair, fond, foolish dream.

The Christmas-eve ball at Leigh Park was a regular institution, one which Sir Harry Leveson had kept up for years. It was a pretty sight, Ralph thought, as he stood leaning against a window, and looking round to select a partner. And amongst all the fair women, the one he thought the fairest was his young ward Louise Wrayworth, in her white floating dress, with its wreaths of holly, and the red clustering berries in her dark hair.

Ralph had been watching Vere Leveson, trying to decide in his own mind whether Mrs Loraine's verdict of flirtation was a just one; and he judged that it was; for the attentions of the young officer were apparently equally divided between Louise and Katharine. Ralph did not happen to be near when, later on, he led Louise to one of the cool empty rooms, where through the open window could be heard the merry Christmas bells. He did not see the hand-clasp or the light that flashed in the eyes of each. He did not hear the hurried whisper: 'Louise, you won't forget me, you will trust me till next Christmas-time?'

The ball was over, the rooms were dark and silent; the whole world waited for the sun to rise on Christmas-day.

## IS THE TELEPHONE A PRACTICAL SUCCESS?

In September last appeared in this *Journal* an article entitled 'Singing and Talking by Telegraph;' and in that paper we attempted to describe the mechanism of that wonderful little instrument the telephone. It is now our purpose to say something regarding the progress that has been made towards perfecting the invention; but in order to make the article as clear as possible, we venture once more upon a few words explanatory of the instrument.

The telephone as it is now made is an exceedingly simple-looking apparatus similar in appearance to a stethoscope; to the handle of a girl's skipping-rope; or better still, to a large-sized penny wooden trumpet. Inside this hollow cylinder, and within an inch or so of the wider end, is fixed a plate of iron as thin as a well-worn sixpence, and about the size of a half-crown piece. This is called the diaphragm. Behind the diaphragm, nearly touching it, and extending to the narrower end of the cylinder, is a piece of 'soft' iron enveloped in wire coils, with a permanent magnet beyond. Outside the narrower end of the cylinder, and communicating with the coils that surround the iron inside, are attached two screws or 'terminals,' which are 'joined up' to a main wire, communicating with the distant or receiving telephone wherever that may be, and which is precisely similar to the one we have described. When we apply our mouth to the bell-shaped end of the apparatus, and speak or shout or sing, we set the diaphragm vibrating as in a tuning-fork; the vibrations thus created are electrically communicated through the wire to a distant telephone, and are repeated on its diaphragm with more or less distinctness.

It is known that the motion of an iron plate contiguous to the poles of a magnet creates a disturbance of electricity in coils surrounding those poles; and the duration of this current will coincide with the vibratory motion of the plate or diaphragm. When, therefore, the human voice (or any other suitable sound) impinges through the tube against this diaphragm, the diaphragm begins to vibrate, and awakens, so to speak, electrical action in the coils of wire surrounding the poles of the magnet; not a current, but a series of undulations, something like those produced by the voice in the air around us. In short the telephone is an apparatus designed to transmit sound through a wire of indefinite length; the voice being, so to speak, 'converted

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into electricity at one end, the electricity becoming voice at the other.'

With these few explanatory remarks, we now proceed to offer to our readers the following interesting experiments made by a gentleman well skilled in telegraphy.

'Journalists,' he says, 'with no special knowledge of the difficulties the invention has to encounter as a telegraph instrument, have expatiated in such enthusiastic terms upon the results said to have been achieved by the telephone, that a somewhat exaggerated notion of its powers and capabilities has been accepted by the general public. It appears, therefore, to the writer of those lines that a statement of the experiences of a person practically engaged in the work of telegraphy may assist in placing the phenomena of the telephone on a proper footing.

'Scientifically, the telephone is a great and undoubted success; and a person would be grievously in error if, because of some undoubted hindrances to its practical use, he pronounced it unworthy of further experiment. The emergence of telegraphy from the domain of experiment into that of daily practical use is a fact so undoubted, and one with which we are now so familiar, that it is impossible to say at what moment the telephone, at present a scientific toy, may become a daily necessity not only of telegraphic but of ordinary commercial work.

'Being engaged in daily contact with a large telegraphic centre, and in association with men who have the command of every means of testing the invention in a practical work-a-day manner, the writer was able to gauge pretty accurately the range within which the telephone can work. It must be understood, however, that in recording the effects observed by him and his associates, he has no desire to invalidate, or even to call in question the experiences of others who may have been able to arrive at better results. The telephone is in the hands of some of the first electricians and telegraphists of the day, and differences of conditions (not to speak of differences of capacity on the part of the operator) may give variety in the observations made. The very difficulties and drawbacks now to be recorded will no doubt some day suggest to a master-mind the method by which they may be overcome. But till that day arrives, the telephone must be content to remain where the writer leaves it, an undoubted success from a scientific point of view, but overwhelmed with obstacles to its practical use, in this country at least, in general telegraphy.

'When a telegraphist first gets into his hand this beautifully simple and electrically delicate instrument, his first inclination is to test its carrying-power. This is of course a closet experiment, not working with actual telegraph line, but with "resistance" equivalent to a telegraph line of stated length. An experiment of this nature gives better results than could be obtained by a veritable line, because the insulation is, so to speak, perfect. No leakage at undesigned points of contact, or disturbance from unfavourable atmospheric conditions, is felt, and the experiment is entirely under the observer's control. The apparatus used is designed to offer the same labour for the electric current to overcome, as would be offered by a stated length of outside telegraph line. This artificial resistance is nicely graduated, and as the method of testing was suggested by Ohm, a German electrician, the unit of resistance is, as we once previously explained, termed an "ohm." Removing the telephone to such a distance that the two observers were "out of earshot," the test with resistance was tried, and with a resistance of one thousand ohms—roughly speaking, equal to seventy miles of a well-constructed line—the sound was perfect, although not very loud. Every articulation of the speaker at the other end could be distinguished so long as silence was maintained in the room, or so long as no heavy lorry rumbling over the stones outside sent in harsh noises which drowned the faint whisper of the instrument. The resistance was gradually raised to four thousand ohms—nearly three hundred miles—with like favourable results; and for some little distance beyond, articulation could still be made out. But by the time ten thousand ohms had been applied, putting the speaker at a distance of, say, seven hundred miles, sound only, but not articulate sound, reached the ear. The tone was there, and every inflection of the voice could be followed; but articulation was absent, although the listener strove every nerve to catch the sound, which the speaker, as was afterwards ascertained, was shouting in a loud clear voice. The prolonged notes of an air sung could be heard with the resistance named, but again no words could be distinguished. The voice, whether in speaking or singing, has a weird curious sound in the telephone. It is in a measure ventriloqual in character; and with the telephone held an inch or two from the ear, it has the effect as if some one were singing far off in the building, or the sound were coming up from a vaulted cellar or through a massive stone wall.

'Proceeding to our next experiment, we joined up the telephones in one office to several wires in succession, putting ourselves in circuit with lines going to various distances and working with different instruments. When this was done, the real obstacle to telephonic progress at once asserted itself in the shape of "induction." The first wire experimented with was partly "overhouse" and partly underground, and the offices upon it were working Wheatstone A B C instruments. It is difficult to render clear to the person ignorant of telegraphic phenomena the idea expressed by the word *induction*. Briefly it may be put thus, that when a strong electric current is passing on a wire, it has the faculty of setting up a current of opposite character in any wire not then working, or working with a feebler current, that may be in its vicinity. The why or the wherefore cannot be explained, but there is the fact.

'In various recent articles on the telephone, mention has been made of "contact" as the cause of disturbance. This word, however, although it has been used by telegraphists, is misleading, and can only be used as an endeavour to express popularly an electric fact. Actual contact of one wire with another would spoil the business altogether. A wire bearing an electric current seems to be for the time surrounded, to an undefined distance, by an electric atmosphere, and all wires coming within this atmosphere have a current in an opposite direction set up in them. This is as near an explanation of the phenomena of induction as the state of telegraph science at present affords. Now the telephone works with a very delicate magnetic

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current, and is easily overpowered by the action of a stronger current in any wire near which the telephone wire may come. To work properly it "requires a silent line."

'In the place where the observations were made, there are a large number of wires, travelling under the floor, through the test-box, along passages to the battery-room and to a pole on the outside, whence they radiate, or out to a pipe underground, where many gutta-percha-covered wires lie side by side. On applying the ear to a telephone joined into a circuit working in such an office a curious sound is heard, comparable most nearly to the sound of a pot boiling. But the practised ear could soon separate the boiling into distinct sounds. There was one masterful Morse instrument—probably on the wire lying nearest the one on which we were joined up—whose peremptory "click, cli-i-i-ck, click," representing "dot, dash, dot" on the printed slip we read from, could be heard over all. Then there was the rapid whir of a Wheatstone fast-speed transmitter, sending dots and dashes at express speed by mechanical means; the sharp well-pronounced rattle in sounds of equal length of a needle instrument; and most curious of all, the "rrrrr-op, rr-op, rrrrrrrrrrrrr-op, rrrrr-op, rr-op" of the A B C, the deadliest foe to the telephone in its endeavours to gain admission into the family of telegraph instruments. There may be reason in this, for as the Wheatstone A B C is the instrument used for private telegraphy, or for the least important public offices, because it requires no "code" to be learned by the manipulator, so it would likely be the first to be displaced if an acoustic telegraph permanently took the field. So the sentient little A B C opens its mitrailleuse fire on the intruder, on whose delicate currents, in the words of an accomplished electrician, it plays "old harry." The peculiar character of the sounds we borrow on the telephone from this instrument arises from the fact that as the needle flies round the dial, a distinct current or pulsation passes for each letter, and the final "op" we have tried to represent shews the stoppage of the needle at the letters as words were spelled out.

'It must not be understood that the *sounds* of those various instruments are actually heard in the telephone. What happens is, that the currents stealing along the telephone wire by induction produce vibrations in the diaphragm of that instrument, the little metal membrane working on the magnet in ready response to every current set up in the latter. When it is remembered that the principle of the telephone is that the sound-caused vibrations in the filmy diaphragm at one end create similar but magnetically-caused vibrations in the diaphragm at the other end, and so reproduce the sound, it will be obvious why the rapid roll of the A B C currents, or the swift sending of the fast-speed transmitter, when brought by induction into the telephone wire, cause disturbances in the sound vibrations, and thereby cripple the instrument. One instrument of either kind named would have a certain effect, but one Morse or single needle would not have any greatly prejudicial effect. But a number of Morses or needles going together, such as were heard in our experiments, would combine to be nearly as bad as one A B C or fast-speed Morse. So delicate is the diaphragm to sound (and necessarily so), that in all experiments with the telephone itself, such as those with "resistance," or those made at home to test the instrument apart from telegraphic considerations, every sound from without broke in, giving an effect like the well-known "murmur of the shell."

'Joining up our wire now to a more distant station at some miles along the railway, and having on its poles a number of what are known as "heavy" circuits, the pot-boiling sound assumed even more marked characteristics. The A B C no longer affected us; but a number of Morse instruments were in full gear, and the fast-speed transmitter was also at work. While we were listening, the circuit to which we were joined began to work, and the effect was literally electrical. Hitherto we had only borrowed currents—or, seeing they were so unwelcome, we might call them currents thrust upon us—and the sounds, though sharp and incessant, were gentle and rather low. But when the strong current was set up in the wire itself, the listener who held one of our telephones nearly jumped from the floor when an angry "pit-*pat*, pit-*pat*, pit-*pat*-pit" assailed his ear, causing him to drop the instrument as if he had been shot! It was a result none of us had expected, for it did not seem possible that the delicate metal diaphragm and the little magnet of the telephone could produce a sound so intense. Of course it was only intense when the ear was held close to the orifice of the instrument. Held in the hand away from the ear, the telephone now made a first-rate "sounder," and we could tell without difficulty not only the signals that were passing, but found in it a more comfortable tone than that given by the Morse sounder in common use.

'Other experiments of a like character led to results so similar, that they may be left unnoticed; and we proceed now to describe one of a different character, designed to test the telephone itself. At a distance of about half a mile, access was obtained to a Morse instrument in private use, and joined to the office by "overhouse" wire. Dividing our party and arranging a programme of operations, two remained with a telephone in the office, while other two, of whom the writer was one, proceeded with the second telephone to the distant instrument. By an arrangement which a practical telegraphist will understand, the key of the Morse was kept in circuit, so that signals could be exchanged in that way. It may be noticed, however, that this was hardly necessary, as the diaphragm of the telephone can be used as a key, with the finger or a blunt point, so that dot and dash signals are interchangeable, should the voice fail to be heard. As the wire in this instance travelled almost alone over part of its course, we were in hopes that induced currents would be conspicuous by their absence. In this we were, however, disappointed, for the pot was boiling away, rather more faintly, but with the "plop-plop-plop" distinctly audible, and once more a sharp masterful Morse click was heard coming in now and again. The deadly A B C was, however, absent, so that our experiment proved highly successful. For some reason or another—probably an imperfect condition of the wire, or the effects of "induction" over and above what made itself audible to us—the spoken sounds were deficient in distinctness; but songs sung at either end were very beautifully heard, and indeed the sustained note of sung words had

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always a better carrying-power than rapidly spoken words. Every syllable, and every turn of melody of such a song as *My Mother bids me bind my Hair*, sung by a lady at one end, or *When the Heart of a Man*, sung at the other, could be distinctly heard, but with the effect before noticed, that the voice was muffled or shut in, as if the singer were in a cellar, while it was not always possible to say at once whether the voice was that of a man or a woman.

'In the course of some domestic experiments, it was remarked that in playing the scale downwards from C in alt. on the piano, the result to the listener was a "tit" only for the four upper notes, although all below that had a clear "ting," and the octaves below were mostly distinct, although at the low notes of the piano the sound was again lost. The ringing notes of a musical box were not so successful, but with close attention, its rapid execution of *Tommy Dodd* could be well enough made out. An endeavour was made to catch the ticking of a watch, but this was not successful, and the experiment is not recommended, as the near presence of a watch to a magnet is not desirable; and the watch exposed to it in this instance was, it is thought, affected for a short time thereafter, although it received no permanent damage.

'The observations made in the course of these experiments convinced those present that the telephone presents facilities for the dangerous practice of "tapping the wires," which may make it useful or dangerous, according as it is used for proper or improper purposes. It might be an important addition for a military commander to make to his flying cavalry; as an expert sound-reader, accompanying a column sent to cut off the enemy's telegraph connections, might precede the act of destruction by robbing him of some of his secrets. The rapidity and simplicity of the means by which a wire could be "milked," without being cut or put out of circuit, struck the whole of the party engaged in the various trials that are described above. Of course the process of tapping by telephone could not be carried out if the instrument in use was an A B C or single needle, or if the wire was being worked duplex or with a fast-speed Morse, for in these cases the sounds are too rapid or too indefinite to be read by ear. The danger is thus limited to ordinary sounder or Morse telegraphs; but these still form the mainstay of every public system.

'Since the trials above described were made, the newspapers have recorded a beautiful application by Sir William Thomson, of the electric part of the telephone to exhibit at a distance the motions of an anemometer; the object being to shew the force of air-currents in coal-mines. This is a useful application of an electric fact, and doubtless points the way to further discoveries. But it is to be noticed that the experiment, interesting as it is, hardly comes under the head of a *telephone*, what is reproduced at a distance being not sound but motion.

'Obviously the invention cannot rest where it is; and no one more readily than the practical telegraphist will welcome an instrument at once simple, direct, and reliable. Even in its present form the telephone may be successfully used where its wire is absolutely *isolated* from all other telegraph wires. But the general impression is that its power of reproducing the sound must be intensified before its use can become general even as a substitute in works or offices for the speaking-tube.'

## SINGING MICE.

These interesting animals are said to be smaller than ordinary mice, to be usually of a brownish colour, and to have long ears. Naturalists have not come to any exact reason as to why they sing. Some persons impute the singing to disease, as in the wheezing of any one from a cold. Others attribute it to an internal parasite. But these seem unsatisfactory explanations; for when the little creatures sing they are as lively as common domestic mice. The faculty of singing in a small way with various modulations appears to be quite natural to the animals. It has been noticed that during their musical performances there is a throbbing in the throat, and that the snout is elevated in giving play to the voice, as in the warbling of birds. The song or warble of these mice is said to be sweet and varied. Hitherto not much attention has been given by zoologists to the phenomenon; but we observe by various notices in *Land and Water* and in *Nature*, two periodicals devoted to pleasant discussions on subjects of natural history, &c., that singing mice are becoming objects of careful investigation.

An amusing account of a singing mouse appears in *Nature*, Nov. 9, from the pen of Mr Joseph Sidebotham, dating from Menton, south of France.

'Last winter we occupied the rooms we now do at Menton. Early in February we heard as we thought the song of a canary, and fancied it was outside our balcony; however, we soon discovered that the singing was in our *salon*, and that the songster was a mouse. At that time the weather was rather cold, and we had a little fire, and the mouse spent most of the day under the fender, where we kept it supplied with bits of biscuit. In a few days it became quite tame, and would come on the hearth in an evening and sing for several hours. Sometimes it would climb up the chiffonier and ascend a vase of flowers to drink at the water, and then sit and sing on the edge of the table and allow us to go quite near to it without ceasing its warble. One of its favourite haunts was the wood-basket, and it would often sit and sing on the edge of it. On February 12, the last night of the Carnival, we had a number of friends in our *salon*, and the little mouse sang most vigorously, much to their delight and astonishment, and was not in the least disturbed by the talking. In the evening the mouse would often run about the room and under the door into the corridor and adjoining rooms, and then return to its own hearth. After amusing us for nearly a month, it disappeared; and we suspect it was caught in a trap set in one of the rooms beyond. The mouse was small and had very large ears, which it moved about much whilst singing. The song was not unlike that of the canary in many of its trills, and it sang quite

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as beautifully as any canary, but it had more variety, and some of its notes were much lower, more like those of the bullfinch. One great peculiarity was a sort of double song, which we had now and then—an air with an accompaniment. The air was loud and full, the notes being low and the accompaniment quite subdued. Some of our party were sure that there was more than one mouse, until we had the performance from the edge of the wood-basket and were within a yard or two of it. My son has suggested that many or all mice may have the same power, but that the notes are usually so much higher in the scale that, like the cry of the dormouse and the bat, they are at the verge of the pitch to which the human ear is sensitive. This may be so; but the notes of our mouse were so low, and even the highest so far within the limits of the human ear, that I am inclined to think the gift of singing in mice is but of very rare occurrence.'

In the same periodical, the following additional particulars as regards singing mice are presented by Mr George J. Romanes, Regent's Park.

'Several years ago I received some of these animals from a friend, and kept them in confinement for one or two months. The description which your correspondent gives of their performance leaves very little to be added by me, as in all respects this description agrees perfectly with my own observations. I write, however, to remark one curious fact about the singing of these mice, namely, that it seemed to be evoked by two very opposite sets of conditions. When undisturbed, the little animals used for the most part to remain quiet during the day, and begin to sing at night; but if at any time they were alarmed, by handling them or otherwise, whether during the day or night, they were sure to sing vigorously. Thus the action seemed to be occasioned either by contentment or by fear. The character of the song, however, was slightly different in the two cases.

'That these mice did not learn this art from singing birds there can be no doubt, for they were captured in a house where no such birds were kept. It may be worth while to add that this house (a London one) seemed to have been suddenly invaded, so to speak, by a number of these animals, for although my friend has lived in this house since the year 1862, it was only during a few months that singing mice were heard in it, and during these few months they were heard in considerable numbers.'

As corroborative of the foregoing notices, we give the following very interesting account of a singing mouse, obligingly sent to us by a correspondent, Mr Alfred Wright.

'In the early spring of last year I was invited by an old widow lady to see a singing mouse, which she had at night heard singing and scratching beneath the floor of her bed, and been so fortunate as to catch in a trap. I went, and found the little animal in a cage with a revolving wheel, similar to that in which a squirrel is usually confined. Whether the mouse was shy at the presence of a stranger, I do not know. It remained silent; but at length, after my patience had been nearly exhausted, it began to sing in clear warbling notes like those of a bird. When I called the next evening to hear the mouse again, I heard him to perfection; and was so filled with interest in the novelty, that I begged permission to bring any friend who was a sceptic of the fact, or who might desire to see the phenomenon. My request was readily granted. One friend of course had heard of a singing mouse, but he certainly would not allow that a prolonged squeak was a song—not he! Another friend of course had heard a mouse sing when he was a boy; but he was told, he perfectly well remembered, that the *noise* produced by the mouse was the result of some internal disease. Well, both of these went with me to hear the little creature. Unfortunately, at first it was again shy; but after an interval of silence it commenced to sing—sweetly, like the low notes, the jug, of the nightingale. My friends had come, had heard, and were conquered! The one acknowledged it was really a song and not a squeak; the other, that the noise was certainly dulcet; but still he thought it possibly might be the result of disease, and not natural to the little animal. We suggested that this wonderful natural curiosity (as we deemed it) should be sent to an eminent naturalist who resided near. Great, therefore, was my astonishment and pleasure when it was presented to me, who could only treat it like a schoolboy would his white mouse—as a pet. And truly it became a great pet to both my wife and myself.

'In form, the singing mouse did not differ from his humbler brethren; but in colour he was of a darkish brown, and had very bright eyes. It soon became used to the presence of my wife, and sang constantly while revolving the wheel of his cage. The notes proceeded from the throat. He became exceedingly gentle, and was pleased at being caressed.

'I deemed him so rare a curiosity that I ventured to offer to exhibit him to the distinguished naturalist referred to above, and in my letter described the little creature and its peculiarities, as I have done here. The naturalist most courteously replied: "The case of the singing mouse is very extraordinary, but the fact is now well established. . . . The best account which has ever been published is by an American naturalist, and I have given an abstract of his account in my *Descent of Man*.

"The American referred to is the Rev. S. Lockwood, author of *The American Naturalist*, and he gives an account of his observations of the *Hesperomys cognatus*, an American species, belonging to a genus distinct from that of the English mouse. This little animal gave two chief songs. Mr Lockwood gives both songs in musical notation; and adds, that though this mouse 'had no ear for time,' yet she would keep to the key of B (two flats) and strictly in the major key. . . . Her soft clear voice falls an octave with all the precision possible; then at the wind up it rises again into a very quick trill in C sharp and D." I have made this quotation, as it far better describes the peculiar qualifications of a singing mouse, than my inexperienced observations could announce.

'My mouse remained in contented confinement upwards of a year, feeding upon a little sopped bread and canary-seed; and great was the grief of my wife (who was his keeper) and myself when he was found dead in his little nest. During the previous evening he had been heard singing with more than usual ardour.'

We shall probably return to this interesting subject.

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## USING UP WASTE SUBSTANCES.

THE subject denoted by the above title, more than once treated in the *Journal*, is adverted to by an obliging Lancashire correspondent who, surrounded by one of the busiest and most ingenious clusters of townsmen in England, has had his attention drawn to various substances waiting (as it were), for application to useful purposes. His suggestions are not wholly new, having to some extent been already anticipated; but they are sufficiently valuable to call for notice here.

One relates to the waste that presents itself in the processes of manufacturing cotton. A residue known technically as *willowings*, that falls into a receptacle during the preparatory beating and disentangling of raw cotton-wool, consists of a dusty heap of seed-husks and short broken fibres. It is used by farmers to absorb the liquid manure of their cowsheds and middens or dung-heaps. Although some of the cottony fibre may be separated through a sieve, so much adheres to the seed-husk as to render it unsuitable for paper-making, for which it has often been tried. The suggestion now made is, that though unfitted for paper, this refuse may possibly be found useful in the manufacture of *millboard*. Large quantities of this tough and durable product are employed for bookbinding, for making the discs of railway wheels, &c.; and as colour is not a matter of moment, the idea is that the mingled residue of cottony fibre and seed-husk might be rendered available. It is known that millboard made from wood-pulp is imported to a considerable extent from abroad; and we are told that 'a large portion of the private income of the great German Chancellor Prince Bismarck is derived from the manufacture of wood-millboard on his Varzin estate.' Many hundred tons of willowings could be obtained in Lancashire at a very cheap rate, even as low as two shillings per hundredweight.

Another suggestion bears relation to the utilisation of refuse from the manufacture of prussiate of potash, a most valuable product in the hands of the manufacturing chemist. The prussiate is obtained in large ratio from woollen rags, after the separation of all the pieces that can be worked up into shoddy for cheap cloth. The refuse is calcined in cast-iron retorts, lixiviated with water, and drained off for subsequent treatment: leaving behind it a thick black sediment of impure animal charcoal. The suggestion relates to the application of this residue to the manufacture of blacking—a humble but valuable agent for those who appreciate tidiness in the appearance of boots and shoes and economy in the preservation of leather. If useful for this purpose, it might be found advantageous and economical as an ingredient in printers' ink. Whether this carbon residue is at present applied to any other useful purpose, we are not fully informed.

A third suggestion relates to the preparation of animal size for the carpet-manufacture and for that of many kinds of woollen and worsted goods. This size is made from the clippings and scrapings of skins and hides, from rejected scraps of parchment and vellum, and from the worn-out buffalo skin pickers and skips largely used in textile manufactures; also from the pith of cattle-horns, which contain a large amount of valuable gelatine. The suggestion is, to utilise the refuse left after making this size. One large carpet factory in Yorkshire rejects as utterly useless a ton or more of this refuse every week. The horn-pith contains as one of its components phosphate of lime, and is on that account recommended to the notice of the manufacturers of chemical manures on a large scale.

One more suggestion comes from our ingenious correspondent. Old corks are applicable to a greater number of purposes than we are generally in the habit of supposing. That many of them are ground up to make cork-stuffing for cushions, padding, &c. is well known; but there are other uses for them as corks or half corks, besides making floating buoys and life-preservers. A taverner in a Lancashire town covered the floor of his lobby and bar with very open rope-matting, and filled up the openings with old corks cut down to the level of the surface of the mats. This combination is found to be almost indestructible under the feet; while it gives a good grip or foothold. As the making of rope-mats is one of the trades carried on in reformatories and some other large establishments, it is suggested that the managers should take into consideration the feasibility of adding old corks to their store of manufacturing materials.

As this *Journal* finds its way into every corner of the busy hives of industry, it may possibly be that some of our readers are already acquainted with such applications of waste refuse to useful purposes as those which our esteemed correspondent suggests. But this is a point of minor importance. The primary question is, not whether an idea is absolutely new, but whether it is practicably susceptible of useful application. The history of manufactures teaches us that apparently humble trifles like these have proved to be worth millions sterling to the country.

## LET BYGONES BE BYGONES.

LET bygones be bygones; if bygones were clouded
By aught that occasioned a pang of regret,
Oh, let them in darkest oblivion be shrouded;
'Tis wise and 'tis kind to forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones, and good be extracted
From ill over which it is folly to fret;
The wisest of mortals have foolishly acted—
The kindest are those who forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones; oh, cherish no longer
The thought that the sun of Affection has set;
Eclipsed for a moment, its rays will be stronger,
If you, like a Christian, forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones; your heart will be lighter,
When kindness of yours with reception has met;
The flame of your love will be purer and brighter
If, Godlike, you strive to forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones; oh, purge out the leaven
Of malice, and try an example to set
To others, who craving the mercy of heaven,
Are sadly too slow to forgive and forget.

Let bygones be bygones; remember how deeply
To heaven's forbearance we all are in debt;
They value God's infinite goodness too cheaply
Who heed not the precept, 'Forgive and forget.'

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## THE ROMANCE OF ACCIDENT.

MANY of our most important inventions and discoveries owe their origin to the most trivial circumstances; from the simplest causes the most important effects have ensued. The following are a few culled at random for the amusement of our readers.

The trial of two robbers before the Court of Assizes of the Basses-Pyrénées accidentally led to a most interesting archæological discovery. The accused, Rivas a shoemaker, and Bellier a weaver, by armed attacks on the highways and frequent burglaries, had spread terror around the neighbourhood of Sisteron. The evidence against them was clear; but no traces could be obtained of the plunder, until one of the men gave a clue to the mystery. Rivas in his youth had been a shepherd-boy near that place, and knew the legend of the Trou d'Argent, a cavern on one of the mountains with sides so precipitous as to be almost inaccessible, and which no one was ever known to have reached. The Commissary of Police of Sisteron, after extraordinary labour, succeeded in scaling the mountain, and penetrated to the mysterious grotto, where he discovered an enormous quantity of plunder of every description. The way having been once found, the vast cavern was afterwards explored by *savants;* and their researches brought to light a number of Roman medals of the third century, flint hatchets, ornamented pottery, and the remains of ruminants of enormous size. These interesting discoveries, however, obtained no indulgence for the accused (inadvertent) pioneers of science, who were sentenced to twenty years' hard labour.

The discovery of gold in Nevada was made by some Mormon immigrants in 1850. Adventurers crossed the Sierras and set up their sluice-boxes in the cañons; but it was gold they were after, and they never suspected the existence of silver, nor knew it when they saw it. The bluish stuff which was so abundant and which was silver ore, interfered with their operations and gave them the greatest annoyance. Two brothers named Grosch possessed more intelligence than their fellow-workers, and were the real discoverers of the Comstock lode; but one of them died from a pickaxe wound in the foot, and the other was frozen to death in the mountains. Their secret died with them. When at last, in the early part of 1859, the surface croppings of the lode were found, they were worked for the gold they contained, and the silver was thrown out as being worthless. Yet this lode since 1860 has yielded a large proportion of all the silver produced throughout the world. The silver mines of Potosi were discovered through the trivial circumstance of an Indian accidentally pulling up a shrub, to the roots of which were attached some particles of the precious metal.

During the Thirty Years' War in Germany, the little village of Coserow in the island of Usedom, on the Prussian border of the Baltic, was sacked by the contending armies, the villagers escaping to the hills to save their lives. Among them was a simple pastor named Schwerdler, and his pretty daughter Mary. When the danger was over, the villagers found themselves without houses, food, or money. One day, we are told, Mary went up the Streckelberg to gather blackberries; but soon afterwards she ran back joyous and breathless to her father, with two shining pieces of amber each of very great size. She told her father that near the shore the wind had blown away the sand from a vein of amber; that she straightway broke off these pieces with a stick; that there was an ample store of the precious substance; and that she had covered it over to conceal her secret. The amber brought money, food, clothing, and comfort; but those were superstitious times, and a legend goes that poor Mary was burned for witchcraft. At the village of Stümen, amber was first accidentally found by a rustic who was fortunate enough to turn some up with his plough.

Accidents have prevented as well as caused the working of mines. At the moment that workmen were about to commence operations on a rich gold mine in the Japanese province of Tskungo,

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a violent storm of thunder and lightning burst over them, and the miners were obliged to seek shelter elsewhere. These superstitious people, imagining that the tutelar god and protector of the spot, unwilling to have the bowels of the earth thus rifled, had raised the storm to make them sensible of his displeasure, desisted from all further attempts to work the mine.

A cooper in Carniola having one evening placed a new tub under a dropping spring, in order to try if it would hold water, when he came in the morning found it so heavy that he could hardly move it. At first, the superstitious notions that are apt to possess the minds of the ignorant made him suspect that his tub was bewitched; but at last perceiving a shining fluid at the bottom, he went to Laubach, and shewed it to an apothecary, who immediately dismissed him with a small gratuity, and bid him bring some more of the same stuff whenever he could meet with it. This the poor cooper frequently did, being highly pleased with his good fortune; till at length the affair being made public, several persons formed themselves into a society in order to search farther into the quicksilver deposits, thus so unexpectedly discovered, and which were destined to become the richest of their kind in Europe.

Curious discoveries by ploughmen, quarrymen, and others of caves, coins, urns, and other interesting things, would fill volumes. Many valuable literary relics have been preserved by curious accidents, often turning up just in time to save them from crumbling to pieces. Not only mineral but literary treasures have been brought to light when excavating mother earth. For instance, in the foundations of an old house, Luther's *Table Talk* was discovered 'lying in a deep obscure hole, wrapped in strong linen cloth, which was waxed all over with beeswax within and without.' There it had remained hidden ever since its suppression by Pope Gregory XIII. The poems of Propertius, a Roman poet, long lurked unsuspected in the darkness of a wine-cellar, from whence they were at length unearthed by accident, just in time to preserve them from destruction by rats and mildew. Not only from beneath our feet but from above our heads may chance reveal the hiding-places of treasure-trove. The sudden falling in of a ceiling, for example, of some chambers in Lincoln's Inn revealed the secret depository of the Thurloe state papers. Other literary treasures have turned up in an equally curious manner. Milton's essay on the *Doctrines of Christianity* was discovered in a bundle of old despatches: a monk found the only manuscript of Tacitus accidentally in Westphalia: the letters of Lady Mary Montagu were brought to light from the recesses of an old trunk: the manuscripts of Dr Dee from the secret drawer of an old chest: and it is said that one of the cantos of Dante's great poem was found, after being long mislaid, hidden away beneath a window-sill.

It is curious to trace how the origin of some famous work has been suggested apparently by the merest accident. We need but remind the reader how Lady Austen's suggestion of 'the sofa' as a subject for blank verse was the beginning of *The Task*, a poem which grew to formidable proportions under Cowper's facile pen. Another example of

What great events from trivial causes spring,

is furnished by Lockhart's account of the gradual growth of *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*. The lovely Countess of Dalkeith hears a wild legend of Border *diablerie*, and sportively asks Scott to make it the subject of a ballad. The poet's accidental confinement in the midst of a yeomanry camp gave him leisure to meditate his theme to the sound of the bugle; suddenly there flashes on him the idea of extending his simple outline so as to embrace a vivid panorama of that old Border life of war and tumult. A friend's suggestion led to the arrangement and framework of the *Lay* and the conception of the ancient Harper. Thus step by step grew the poem that first made its author famous. The manuscript of *Waverley* lay hidden away in an old cabinet for years before the public were aware of its existence. In the words of the Great Unknown: 'I had written the greater part of the first volume and sketched other passages, when I mislaid the manuscript; and only found it by the merest accident, as I was rummaging the drawer of an old cabinet; and I took the fancy of finishing it.'

Charlotte Brontë's chance discovery of a manuscript volume of verses in her sister Emily's handwriting led, from a mutual confession of the *furor poeticus*, to the joint publication of their poems, which though adding little to their subsequent fame, at least gives us another instance of how much of what is called chance has often to do with the carrying out of literary projects. It was the burning of Drury Lane Theatre that led to the production of *The Rejected Addresses*, the success of which, says one of the authors, 'decided him to embark in that literary career, which the favour of the novel-reading world rendered both pleasant and profitable to him.' Most of us know how that famous fairy tale *Alice in Wonderland* came to be written. The characters in *Oliver Twist* of Fagin, Sikes, and Nancy were suggested by some sketches of Cruikshank, who long had a design to shew the life of a London thief by a series of drawings. Dickens, while paying Cruikshank a visit, happened to turn over some sketches in a portfolio. When he came to that one which represents Fagin in the condemned cell, he studied it for half an hour, and told his friend that he was tempted to change the whole plot of his story, not to carry Oliver through adventures in the country, but to take him up into the thieves' den in London, shew what this life was, and bring Oliver through it without sin or shame. Cruikshank consented to let Dickens write up to as many of the drawings as he thought would suit his purpose. So the story as it now runs resulted in a great measure from that chance inspection of the artist's portfolio. The remarkable picture of the Jew malefactor in the condemned cell biting his nails in the torture of remorse, is associated with a happy accident. The artist had been labouring at the subject for several days, and thought the task hopeless; when sitting up in his bed one morning with his hand on his chin and his fingers in his mouth, the whole attitude expressive of despair, he saw his face in the cheval glass. 'That's it!' he exclaimed; 'that's the expression I want.' And he soon finished the picture.

The sudden prosperity of many a famous painter has resulted from some fortunate accident. Anthony Watteau, when a nameless struggling artist, timidly offered a painting to a rich picture-

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dealer for six francs, and was on the eve of being scornfully rejected, had not a stranger, who happened to be in the shop, come forward, and seeing some talent in the work, spoke encouragingly to the youth, and offered him one hundred and fifty francs for the picture; nor was this all, for he became Watteau's patron and instructor.—One day a little shepherd-boy was seated near the road-side on the way from Vespignano to Florence drawing upon a polished stone, his only pencil another polished stone which he held in his tiny fingers. A richly dressed stranger, who had descended from a conveyance that was following him, chanced to pass, and looking over the boy's shoulder, saw that he had just sketched with wonderful truth and correctness a sheep and its twin lambs. Surprised and pleased, he examined the face of the young artist. Certainly it was not its beauty that attracted him. The child looked up, but with such a marvellous light in his dark eyes, that the stranger exclaimed: 'My child, you must come with me; I will be your master and your father: it is some good angel that has led me here.' The stranger was Cimabue, the most celebrated painter of that day; and his pupil and protégé became the famous painter, sculptor, and architect Giotto, the friend and admiration of Dante and Petrarch.

How the fortunes of painters may hinge upon the most trifling circumstances, has another example in that of Ribera or Spagnoletto, which was determined by a very simple incident. He went to reside with his father-in-law, whose house, it so happened, stood in the vast square one side of which was occupied by the palace of the Spanish Viceroy. It was the custom in Italy, as formerly amongst the Greeks, that whenever an artist had completed any great work, he should expose it in some street or thoroughfare, for the public to pass judgment on it. In compliance with this usage, Ribera's father-in-law placed in his balcony the 'Martyrdom of St Bartholomew' as soon as it was finished. The people flocked in crowds to see it, and testified their admiration by deafening shouts of applause. These acclamations reached the ears of the Viceroy, who imagined that a fresh revolt had broken out, and rushed in complete armour to the spot. There he beheld in the painting the cause of so much tumult. The Viceroy desired to see the man who had distinguished himself by so marvellous a production; and his interest in the painter was not lessened on discovering that he was, like himself, a Spaniard. He immediately attached Spagnoletto to his person, gave him an apartment in his palace, and proved a generous patron ever afterwards.

Lanfranco, the wealthy and munificent artist, on his way from the church Il Gesú, happened to observe an oil-painting hanging outside a picture-broker's shop. Lanfranco stopped his carriage, and desired the picture to be brought to him. Wiping the thick dust from the canvas, the delighted broker brought it, with many bows and apologies, to the great master, who on nearer inspection saw that his first glance had been correct. The picture was labelled 'Hagar and her Son Ishmael dying of Thirst,' and the subject was treated in a new and powerful manner. Lanfranco looked for the name of the painter, and detecting the word Salvatoriello modestly set in a corner of the picture, he gave instructions to his pupils to buy up every work of Salvatoriello they could find in Naples. To this accident Salvator owed the sudden demand for his pictures, which changed his poverty and depression into comparative ease and satisfaction.

More than one famous singer might probably never have been heard of but for some discriminating patron chancing to hear a beautiful voice, perhaps exercised in the streets for the pence of the compassionate.—Some happy stage-hits have resulted from or originated in accidents. The odd hop skip and jump so effective in the delineation of Dundreary, says an American interviewer of Mr Sothern, was brought about in this way. In the words of the actor: 'It was a mere accident. I have naturally an elastic disposition, and during a rehearsal one cold morning I was hopping at the back of the stage, when Miss Keene sarcastically inquired if I was going to introduce that into Dundreary. The actors and actresses standing around laughed; and taking the cue, I replied: "Yes, Miss Keene; that's my view of the character." Having said this, I was bound to stick to it; and as I progressed with the rehearsal, I found that the whole company, including scene-shifters and property-men, were roaring with laughter at my infernal nonsense. When I saw that the public accepted the satire, I toned down what was a broad caricature to what can be seen at the present day by any one who has a quick sense of the absurd.'

An excellent landscape of Salvator Rosa's exhibited at the British Institution in 1823 came to be painted in a curious way. The painter happened one day to be amusing himself by tuning an old harpsichord; some one observed they were surprised he could take so much trouble with an instrument that was not worth a crown. 'I bet you I make it worth a thousand before I have done with it!' cried Rosa. The bet was taken; and Salvator painted on the harpsichord a landscape that not only sold for a thousand crowns, but was esteemed a first-rate painting.—Chemistry and pathology are indebted to what has often seemed the merest chance for many an important discovery. A French paper says it has been accidentally discovered that in cases of epileptic fits, a black silk handkerchief thrown over the afflicted persons will restore them immediately. Advances in science and art and sudden success in professions have often more to do with the romance of accident than most people imagine; but as we may have occasion again to take up the subject, we quit it for the present.

## A DIFFICULT QUESTION.

### THE STORY OF TWO CHRISTMAS EVES.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

### CHAPTER II.—ANSWERED.

THE mistletoe hung from the chandelier, the holly wreaths were on the walls, the clear fire shed a warm glow through the dimly lighted room, upon pictures and gilding, upon a great vase filled with crimson camellias, upon Ralph Loraine's dark handsome face. Christmas eve again, his first year in England over. How little certainty there is in this world; when we think we have smoothed our path, and see our way straight before us, there

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rises up some roughness, some unevenness we have left unnoticed, or thought too small to trouble us. So with Ralph; he had answered the question he asked himself last Christmas eve by another; he was very happy, but he was thinking now as he leaned against the mantel-piece whether he could bear to leave the army and give up the life he had led for so long; the life, at times one of bold daring, at others of lazy pleasure, which had suited him so well; that even now, with the wish of his heart fulfilled, it cost him a struggle to bid farewell to it, and to settle down into a quiet country gentleman. He had kept his oath to his dead friend, the oath he had taken in answer to the faintly spoken words, 'I meant to have made her so happy.' Louise would remain in her old home as its mistress.

It had been a happy year to Ralph, and had glided away so quickly since that first night when he had seen her standing in the snowy churchyard, listening to words which sounded very much like love from another man's lips. That other had, however, confirmed his opinion. Vere Leveson had been away with his regiment during all the twelve months; not once had he met Louise; the field had been clear for Ralph. Yet it was only a week since he had spoken; he had not dared at first to break through the barrier of childish affection. She looked upon him as her guardian, her father's friend, with the same grateful reverence she might have given to that father had he lived; so he had tried very gently to awaken deeper feelings, through the sweet early spring-time and the glowing summer days, till when the leaves were lying in brown showers upon the sodden earth, she had grown silent, shy, and distant, and so cold that he thought all hope was gone. He went away in November; and when he returned, his love unspoken became torture to his upright nature; he could not bear to live there day by day, to see her so often, to let her kiss him as a daughter might have done, and all the while that hidden passion burning in his heart. But after his temporary absence she had changed again; she was more as she had been, gentle, playfully loving; and so one day he had spoken. He told her of her dying father's words; how his great wish had been that she should never feel the loss he had caused her; how her happiness was his first object in life; and how that life would be indeed worthless and barren, should he go back to it alone. Grateful, she answered as he wished, and Ralph held in his arms as his betrothed wife the child he had promised to watch over in the silence of the Indian dawn.

'But you must give me time,' she had said timidly. 'I have never thought of you but as my guardian, Ralph.' She dropped the name of her childhood then, as a tacit acknowledgment that those days were over, and that she would learn to love him henceforth, not with a child's grateful unquestioning love, but with the tenderness of a wife.

She was the only one surprised by the event; all the neighbourhood had known it long before; so had Mrs Loraine and Emma; so had Katharine, whose wedding-day was now approaching, and whose bridegroom was Sir Michael Leyland. The drawing-room door opened, and Louise entered into the uncertain light, wearing the dress he had chosen for her—white bridal-looking silk, and holly wreaths like those she had worn last year. She went up to him composedly, with none of a young fiancée's usual bashfulness.

'Do you like my dress, Ralph?' she said, looking up with her sweet dark eyes, as he bent down and touched the rosy lips.

'I do,' he answered. 'You are always lovely, darling; last year I thought the same, but then things were different. I did not dare to hope for such happiness as this.'

'Are you happy, Ralph?'

'Happier than I have ever been in my whole life,' he whispered.

Then the others came in, and they started for the annual ball at Leigh Park. Vere Leveson had returned a week ago; and as he stood among his father's guests there was a troubled look on his face which deepened ever as the white silk folds of the holly-wreathed dress brushed past him, or the dark eyes watching its wearer met hers. At last he went to her.

'Are you engaged for this, Miss Wrayworth?' he said abruptly.

'No,' she answered.

'Then you will give it to me?'

Once more he held her in his arms, once more her hand rested in his, as they glided slowly round the room. Vere did not speak till the waltz was ended, and then he led her to the same window where they had stood a year ago. The same stars were shining down on the same world, only that night there was no snow-shroud over the dead flowers, and the moon was half hidden by a great splash of cloud. The same first faint Christmas bells were sounding in the distance, mingled with the echoes of a carol sung by boys' clear voices, telling for the angels the old story they had told so long ago.

'I wish you a merry Christmas,' Vere said, looking down on her with a half-scornful smile. 'What mockery there is in that salutation sometimes. If you were to say it to me, for instance.'

'Indeed I hope you will have one,' she answered timidly.

'I must go a long way to find it then,' he muttered. 'But I beg your pardon, Miss Wrayworth; I must congratulate you. I met—your sister I was going to say—Miss Loraine I mean, as I was on my way to call upon you the other day, and she told me of your engagement.'

'But you did not come,' said Louise.

'No; I thought you would be occupied. I congratulate you,' he repeated.

'Thank you,' she answered very low.

'Major Loraine is completely calculated to make a wife happy, I should think,' said Vere, in the same cold scornful tone.

She lifted her head quickly. 'Indeed he *is*; he is the best, noblest, most generous man that breathes!'

'And you love him?'

'He has been everything to me all my life long, Mr Leveson—father, brother, friend. Would you not have me do what I can to prove my gratitude?'

'By making him a still nearer relation? Certainly. But for my part, there is one thing I should rather choose my wife to feel for me than gratitude. How everything changes in this world!' he added abruptly. 'Can it possibly be only one year since I stood at this same window with a girl by my side who promised to *remember* me and

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*trust* me till next Christmas? Such a short time! only twelve little months. I suppose it is true that

> Woman's love is writ in water,
> Woman's faith is traced on sand.

But I never believed it.'

'I hope you will not find it so,' said the girl softly, as she played nervously with the shining holly leaves, breaking them, and crushing the scarlet berries till they fell spoiled upon the floor. 'I must congratulate *you*.'

'I beg your pardon! Congratulate me! What upon?'

'Your—your engagement.'

'My engagement! And may I ask to whom?'

'To Miss Leslie.'

'What!' he exclaimed. 'What do you mean? Alice Leslie! Who can have told you such a falsehood?'

'Katharine heard it when she was in London.'

There was a long, long silence, while each guessed the other's secret.

'Is it not true?' she said at last.

'No; on my soul!' he answered. 'I never said a word to that girl all the world might not have heard. I engaged to *her!* No! O Louise!' he cried passionately; 'Louise, my darling! I have loved you so long, and this is the end of it! Did not you know last year that I loved you and you only, when I asked you to trust me? I have been silent for a year, to obey my father, and—I have lost you!'

His voice trembled as he caught her hands, and a great longing tenderness gleamed in his deep blue eyes. 'Did not you love me, Louise? Have I been fool enough to delude myself all these months?'

'I was very—very unhappy when Katharine told me.' The answer was simply, hopelessly spoken, and there was another silence, broken again by her voice. 'Vere,' she said, 'Vere—I may call you so just this once—we have made a terrible mistake; but I must keep my word. Say good-bye to me, and let me go.'

'Oh, my darling! my darling!'

'Hush! Vere, hush!' she said brokenly. 'I owe *him* a debt nothing can ever pay; and I know he will keep the promise he made to my father years ago, to try and make me happy.'

'God helping me, I will!' It was Ralph Loraine's voice that spoke; Ralph Loraine's dark fearless eyes that rested upon her; Ralph Loraine's loyal hand which took her cold one, as she started back from the man she loved.

'Don't look frightened, dear,' he said gently. 'Poor child, how you must have suffered! Louise! do you think I would let you bear one moment's pain to save myself from a lifetime of misery? Forgive me, dear; the dream has been very bright, and the awaking is'—he paused for a moment and steadied his voice—'a little hard; but I shall soon be used to it. The vow I made to your dead father, I will still keep, Louise; I am your guardian, nothing more. Forget what has been between us, child, as soon as you can.' He turned, and held out his hand to Vere. 'It is a precious charge I give up to you,' he said solemnly; 'you must help me to keep my vow.' He paused, then added tremulously: 'You must make her happy for me.' Then without another word he passed out through the open window into the wintry moonlit garden, and left them alone.

He wandered down the avenue through the open gate among the waiting carriages on to the silent fields, bearing the sorrow bravely, the utter wreck of his life's sweetest hopes. 'Which is the harder,' he thought bitterly as he hurried on, scarcely knowing where he went, 'to lay down life or love?' In his great unselfishness he never blamed her who had wrought this trouble; he had vowed to make her happy; he had done his duty, nothing more, but it was hard to do. It had been a fearful temptation as he listened, to go away without speaking, and so keep her his; but he had conquered. Yet it seemed as though he could not live without her, as though that one happy week had swallowed up his whole existence, as though he had loved all his life instead of for one short year; and he looked up piteously to the cloudy heavens, to the wintry moon, seeking for the comfort that was not to be found, longing, in his wretchedness, to lie down upon the cold wet grass and sleep never to wake again.

'Won't you remember the carols?'

A shrill voice broke in upon his thoughts; he started, looking down suddenly, vacantly, as though he did not comprehend.

Two boys stood there, on their way home across the fields. 'Hush!' said the elder; 'don't you see it 's the Major? Merry Christmas, sir!'

Ah! how mockingly those words sounded now. The greeting stung him as the taunt of a fiend; he turned and hurried on. He paused breathlessly at the stile leading into the next field; all his strength seemed to have left him as he stood there alone with his grief. Then from the distance was wafted to him the sound of the boys' voices, and the words they sung were these:

> All glory be to God on high,
> And to the earth be peace;
> Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
> Begin and never cease!

Somehow they comforted him as no human sympathy could have done—the grand old words, the simple tune, the children's voices. Though he did not know that by what he had done that night, he had fulfilled as far as might be the charge given in the angels' song.

## A DREAM AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.

When I was about twelve years of age I was invited by Mrs Hall, my god-mother, to pay her a visit before going to a boarding-school, where I was to remain for a few years. My mother had died when I was very young; and my father thought it better for me to be at a nice school, where I would be amongst girls of my own age, than in the house with only his sister and himself. Mrs Hall was very fond of me; she had no children of her own; and had my father consented, she and Mr Hall would have taken me to live with them entirely.

It was a lovely day in June when I arrived at my god-mother's; and she was delighted to see me. The house was beautifully situated on high ground, surrounded by grand old trees, and at one side was a flower-garden.

One morning god-mother said to me: 'Come upstairs with me, Lilian, and I will shew you some

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Indian jewels that my uncle left me lately.' She opened the drawer of an inlaid sandal-wood cabinet and took out a small case, in which were a pair of ear-rings, a brooch, and necklet of most beautiful diamonds. I thought I had never seen anything so beautiful before. 'My dear Lilian,' said she, 'I intend to give you these on your sixteenth birthday. I see, however, there is a stone loose in one of the ear-rings, so I will take it into town to-day and have it repaired.' She folded it up carefully and put it in her purse; the case with the other diamonds she put in one of the drawers of her dressing-glass.

After lunch, Mr and Mrs Hall took me with them to the town, which was about four miles distant. The ear-ring was left at the jeweller's, and as we were to spend the day at a friend's house, we arranged to call for it on our way back. But you will say what has all this to do with your dream? Well, wait a little and you will see.

We spent a pleasant day, called for the ear-ring on our way, and arrived home about half-past nine o'clock. As I was taking off my bonnet, god-mother came into the room. 'Lilian,' said she, 'I cannot find the case of diamonds anywhere. Did I not leave it in the drawer in my dressing-glass, before I went out? I went to put in the other ear-ring now, and it was not there. Who can have taken it?'

'You certainly left it in the dressing-glass drawer,' I said. 'Could any of the servants have taken it, do you think?'

'I am sure they would not,' she answered. 'I have had them with me for years, and never missed anything before.'

'Are there any strangers about that could have come in through the window?'

'No, Lilian; there are no strangers about the place except the gardener, and he seems a most respectable man. I got a very high character of him from his last place; in fact we were told he was a most trustworthy person.'

Next day there was a wonderful commotion about the missing jewel-case. The police were sent for, and every place was searched over and over again, but to no purpose. One thing, however, puzzled us: on the window-sill was a foot-mark, and near the dressing-table a little bit of earth, as if off a shoe or boot; which led us to think that the thief must have come in through the window. But how did he get up to it? It was a good height from the ground, and the creeping plants were not in the least broken, as would have been the case had any one climbed up by them. A ladder must have been employed; and it was little to the credit of the police that this fact had not been properly considered. As the matter stood, it was a mystery, and seemed likely to remain so, and only one ear-ring was left of the valuable set.

In a few days I left for school, where I remained for four years. I spent every vacation between my home and my god-mother's. We often spoke of the stolen diamonds; but nothing had ever been heard of them, though a reward of fifty pounds had been offered by Mr Hall for any information that would lead to the detection of the thief. On my sixteenth birthday my god-mother gave me a beautiful watch and chain and the diamond ear-ring, which she had got arranged as a necklet.

'I am so sorry, Lilian,' said she, 'that I have not the rest of those diamonds to give you; but if ever they are found, they shall be yours, my dear.'

I must now pass over six years, which went by quietly and happily, nothing very important taking place until the last year, during which time I had been married. My husband was a barrister. We lived in the north of England. My mother-in-law Mrs Benson, and Mary, one of her daughters, lived some miles away from us near the sea-coast. It was a very lonely place, a long way from the little fishing-town, or rather village, of Burnley. I confess I often felt very nervous about Mrs Benson and her daughter living alone (her husband being dead many years). Except three women-servants in the house, and the coachman and his family who lived in the lodge, there was no one nearer than Burnley, four miles off. Besides, it was known that there was a large quantity of plate in the house; and the little sea-side village was often the resort of smugglers and other wild and lawless characters. One day, while thinking of them, I felt so uneasy that I said to my husband: 'I hope, Henry, there is nothing wrong with your mother; she has been in my mind all day.'

'Oh,' said he, 'why should you feel anxious about her to-day? I saw her last Tuesday; and if she were ill, Mary would be sure to let us know. It is only one of your "fancies," little wife.'

Still I did not feel easy, for more than once before my so-called 'fancy' had proved to be a 'reality;' so I determined that in a few days I would go and see Mrs Benson. All that evening I could not get her out of my thoughts, and it was a long time before I went to sleep. I think it must have been about three o'clock in the morning that I woke in a state of terror. I had dreamed that I saw Mrs Benson standing in the window of her bedroom, beckoning me to come to her, and pointing to a female figure who was stealing along under the shade of the trees in the avenue, for the moon was shining brightly.

I started up, thinking I heard her calling me. And here is the most extraordinary part of it all—though I was now quite awake, I heard, as I thought, a voice saying to me: 'Go, tell Mrs Benson, Martha is deceiving her; tell her to send her away at once.'

Three times these words seemed to be repeated in my ear. I can't describe exactly what the voice was like: it was not loud, but quite distinct; and I felt as I listened that it was a warning, and that I *must* obey it. I woke my husband, and told him my dream and the words I had heard. He tried to calm my mind, and evidently thought me foolish to be so frightened by only a stupid dream. I said I would drive over the first thing after breakfast, and see if anything was wrong with Mary or her mother. The only thing that puzzled me was that Martha should be mentioned as deceiving Mrs Benson. She acted as housekeeper and lady's-maid to her, and was believed to be most trustworthy in every way. She had been four years with her; and was much respected. She was a silent reserved kind of person, about thirty-five years of age. One thing I had often remarked about her was, that when speaking to any one she never looked straight at them; but I thought it might be from a kind of shyness more than anything else.

As soon as breakfast was over I set off, telling my husband I would very likely not return until

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next day; and if possible, he was to come for me. He could drive over early and spend the day; and we would return home together in the evening, if all was well with his mother.

When I arrived I found Mrs Benson and Mary looking as well as ever, and everything seemingly just as usual. Martha was sitting at work in her little room, which opened off Mrs Benson's dressing-room. I could not help looking at her more closely than I would have done at another time, and I thought I saw a look of displeasure cross her face at seeing me. Mary and her mother were of course delighted to see me, and asked why Henry did not come too. So I told them I would stay till the next day, if they would have me, and Henry would come for me then. They were quite pleased at that arrangement; for it was not very often my husband could spend a whole day with them.

As the day passed on and nothing out of the way happened, I began to think I had frightened myself needlessly, and that my dream or vision might have been the result of an over-anxious mind. And then Martha, what about her? Altogether I was perplexed. I did not know what to think; but I still felt a certain undefined uneasiness. I offered up a silent prayer to be directed to do right, and determined to wait patiently and do nothing for a while. I almost hoped I might hear the voice again, giving me definite instructions how to act. Lunch passed and dinner also; and the evening being very warm, for it was the middle of July, we sat at the open window enjoying the cooling breeze that set in from the sea.

As they were early people, shortly after ten o'clock we said 'good-night,' and went up to our bedrooms. My room looked on the avenue, some parts of which were in deep shade, while in other parts the moonlight shone brightly through breaks in the trees. I did not feel in the least sleepy; and putting out my candle, I sat by the window, looking at the lovely view; for I could see the coast quite plainly, and the distant sea glistened like silver in the moonlight. I did not think how long I had been sitting there, until I heard the hall clock strike twelve. Just then I heard, as I thought, a footstep outside my door, which evidently stopped there, and then in a few seconds passed on. I did not mind, thinking it might be one of the servants, who had been up later than usual, and was now going quietly to bed. I began to undress, not lighting the candle again, as I had light enough from the moon. As I came towards the window to close it, I saw, exactly as in my dream, a female figure—evidently keeping in the shade of the trees—going down the avenue. I determined to follow and see who it was, for I now felt the warning voice was not sent to me for nothing, and I seemed to get courage, girl though I was, to fathom the mystery. I hastily dressed, threw a dark shawl over my head, and going noiselessly down-stairs, opened the glass door in the drawing-room window, and left it so that I could come in again. I kept in the shade of the trees as much as possible, and quickly followed the path I had seen the woman take. Presently I heard voices; one was a man's, the other a woman's. But who was she? I came close, and got behind a large group of thick shrubs. I could now see and hear them quite well; they were standing in the light; I was in deep shade. Just then the woman turned her head towards me. It was *Martha!* What did she want there at that hour? And who was this man? I was puzzled. Where had I seen that face before? for that I *had* seen it before, I was certain; but where, and when, I could not remember. He was speaking in a low voice, and I did not hear very distinctly what he said, but the last few words were: 'And why not to-night? Delays are always dangerous, especially now, as they are beginning to suspect me.'

'Because Mrs Benson's daughter-in-law is here, and she is sleeping in the room over the plate-closet, and would be sure to hear the least noise. Wait until to-morrow night; she will be gone then. But indeed John, I don't like this business at all. I think we'd better give it up. No luck will come of it, I am sure.'

'Look here, Martha,' said the man. 'I have a chance of getting safe off now. I have it all settled, if you will only help me to get this old woman's plate. With that and a few little trinkets I happened to pick up a few years ago, you and I may set up in business over in America. The other fellows will help me. Meet me here to-morrow night, to let me know that all is safe for us. See here. I have brought you a valuable present. Keep it until the plate is secure with me; for you must stay here until all blows over; then make some excuse for leaving, and come over and join me in New York. If you want money, sell these diamonds in Liverpool; they are worth no end of money.'

I could see quite well that he took something out of his pocket and gave it to her. She held it up to look at it; and there, glistening in bright moonlight, I saw—my god-mother's diamond ear-ring! the one that had been stolen over nine years ago with the other jewels from her room.

Here then at last was the mystery solved, everything made clear, and all through my dream! Presently the light fell on the man's face again, and I instantly recognised my god-mother's very respectable gardener. A decent man he was believed to be, but a thief all the time, and one who hid his evil deeds under a cloak of religion. And who was this woman he seemed to have got such power over? Evidently his wife; for I gathered that from his conversation with her. I waited where I was until they were both gone—Martha back to the house, and her husband to the village; then as quietly as I could I returned to the house and reached my room. Falling on my knees I gave thanks to God for making me the means of finding out such a wicked plot, and perhaps saving the lives of more than one under that roof; for it is more than likely that had those desperate men been disturbed in their midnight plunder, they would not have hesitated at any deed which would enable them to carry out their wicked plans.

I slept little that night, and next morning tried to appear calm and composed, though I was frightened and really ill. I was longing for my husband to come, that I might tell him all, and consult what was best to be done, to prevent robbery and perhaps bloodshed. At last, to my great relief, I saw him coming. I ran to the gate to meet him, and told him what I had seen and

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heard the night before. 'Now,' I said, 'will you ever laugh at my "fancies" again?'

'No, my dear little wife,' said he; 'I never will.'

We then arranged that we should tell his mother and sister everything; and he was to go to the nearest police station and arrange with the chief officer to have a number of men ready in the wood near the house at twelve o'clock that night; that after dinner we were to say 'good-bye' to Mrs Benson, and drive home; but would return and join the police in the wood, and wait there until we saw Martha leave the house to meet her husband. We were then to go in and wait until the thieves came in, when they were to be surrounded and taken prisoners. My husband wanted me to remain at our own house; but I would not do so, as I said I would only be imagining all sorts of dreadful things; besides, I knew his mother and Mary would like to have me with them.

It all turned out as well as could be. The night was very fine; and just at twelve o'clock Martha stole down to the place where I had seen her the night before; then we all, about a dozen policemen and ourselves, went into the house. The men were stationed out of sight in different rooms, waiting for the robbers' entrance. Henry came up to Mrs Benson's room, where all of us women were, including the two servants. With breathless anxiety we watched and waited. From where I stood I could see the way they would come.

It was about two o'clock when I saw Martha coming up the walk and four men with her. 'Look!' I said; 'there they are.' They went round to the back door, and we heard them stealing along the passage in the direction of the plate-closet. Then a sudden rush—a scream from the wretched Martha—imprecations loud and bitter—a shot!—another scream!

'May God grant no lives will be lost!' we prayed.

Poor Mary nearly fainted. At last we heard the officer call Henry to come down. The four men were well secured and taken to the police station. Martha was taken there too. She confessed she had let them in for the purpose of stealing the silver. One of the robbers was slightly wounded in the arm, but no one else was hurt. Very thankful was I when I found next day that none was the worse for having gone through such a terrible scene.

The house where Martha's husband lodged was searched, and the case of diamonds and many other valuable articles found there. This immensely respectable gardener had been a disgrace to his family and his profession. Left very much to himself through the indulgence of his employer, he had contracted habits of tippling with low associates at the neighbouring village, and become so completely demoralised, as at length to assume the degraded character of a burglar. Now came the retribution which attends on wrong-doing. The thieves were all tried at the next assizes, and sentenced to various terms of imprisonment.

It is now many years since all this happened; but I can never forget what I went through those two dreadful nights; though I remember with thankfulness, that through my dream and the warning voice I heard, I was the means of averting a great wrong, and perhaps murder. I do not impute anything supernatural to my dream. It may have merely been the result of tension of feelings, supported by some coincidences. At all events, the results were such as I have described.

## ODD NOTES FROM QUEENSLAND.

QUEENSLAND, as is pretty generally known, is the latest planted British colony in Australia, and has already made a surprising degree of progress. Situated on the coast of the Pacific, to the north of New South Wales, its more settled parts enjoy a delightful climate, which is said to resemble that of Madeira. It is usually thought that nowhere in the world do new and small towns develop so speedily into populous cities as in the United States; but in this respect Queensland can shew results nearly as remarkable. In Brisbane, the capital of the colony, one finds immense enterprise, with all the tokens of civilisation on the English model. A correspondent favours us with the following notes suggested by the *Queenslander*, which we presume to be the leading newspaper in the colony.

A cursory glance down the advertising columns of the *Queenslander* gives one no mean notion of the colony's capacities. One auctioneer announces for sale three thousand square miles of land, twenty-one thousand head of cattle, and a hundred and twenty-four thousand sheep. A dairy herd of six hundred head is in the market here, and there a stock-owner announces he has seven hundred pure merino rams to dispose of. Sugar-plantations, salt-works, gold mines, are on offer; and—incontrovertible proof of the land's capabilities—nurserymen are ready to supply all comers with seeds or roots 'of all the favourite flowers known in England,' of every kind of grass and grain and vegetable familiar to the British farmer and market-gardener; and keep in stock thoroughly acclimatised apples, pears, plums, cherries, peaches, apricots, nectarines, quinces, mulberries, walnuts, chestnuts, cobnuts, grapes, figs, limes, lemons, oranges, dates, guavas, and mangoes, in every approved variety.

One correspondent extols the merits of chicory as a profitable thing to grow; another relates his successful attempts at rice-raising; and a third waxes eloquent anent the unique garden of Mr Barnes of Mackay, with its groves and avenues of cocoa-nut trees; its hundreds of fine date-trees; its grapes, oranges, apples, and fruits of all climes and seasons, thriving together; its enormous melons and magnificent pines ripening and rotting around. The owner looks forward to reaping a large profit from his twelve hundred cocoa-nut trees, many of them now thirty feet high, although as yet the return for his ten years' labour and expenditure has been something not worth mentioning.

Then we have an account of 'the acclimated wonders of the vegetable kingdom blooming in this present February 1877, in the government Botanic Gardens of Brisbane;' said gardens being

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then in the height of their midsummer glory, and a perfect blaze of colour. 'One of the most strikingly handsome as well as curious trees in the gardens is the *Kilgeria pinnata*, from India. Its branches bear a kind of drooping flexible vine-rope or liana stem, each of which terminates in a large spike of flowers; while at various parts of the said rope pendants, hang huge seed-pods, like in shape unto the weights of an extra large cuckoo-clock.' Several varieties of the mango just now are in fine bearing, and the wine-palm of the West African coast was never more juicy and strawberry-like in flavour. Ferns and palms are magnificent, but after all, the Queenslander finds a native plant excite his admiration most. 'No description can do justice to the exquisite colour of the so-called blue water-lily of this colony. It is *not* blue, nor white, nor mauve, nor lilac, but has a blended dash of all of them, and is lovelier than any. A Swiss or French dyer who could reproduce it faithfully would make his fortune. It is a colour suggestive of summer afternoons, of lawns, of croquet, of classic villas, swell society, and five o'clock teas in the garden, with greyhounds, spaniels, pretty girls, and rosy children grouped about miscellaneous like.'

Acclimatisation has succeeded too thoroughly in one instance—the rabbit, as we have had occasion to shew in a previous paper, having increased and multiplied until the colonists have reason to wish he had never been induced to settle in the land. One wheat-grower, wroth at having to sit up o' nights with his farm hands, dogs, bullock-bells, and tin cans, in order to scare the little pests back to their burrows, lest, like his neighbours, he should have nothing left to reap, declares either the rabbit or the farmer must go down; there is no longer room for both. Sheep-farmers are in a similar predicament; but their trouble is of native growth; the kangaroo is their *bête noire*, and they are busy arming against the pouched depredators. Kangaroo battues are the rage. At one held at Warroo, upwards of three thousand five hundred of these animals were disposed of in ten days; making eight thousand of which the run had been cleared in the space of a month—equivalent to saving pasturage for a like number of sheep. Another sheep-owner, after shooting down four thousand kangaroos on a small portion of his run, finds it necessary to call in outside aid, and lay in tons of cartridges for the use of those who respond to the appeal. By reports just to hand (Oct. 1877) we find that the process of kangaroo extermination is still at work.

There are other nuisances it would be well to see to. A woodman at Maryborough lately died of a scorpion sting; and we read of a man being bitten by a black snake while working a short distance from Brisbane. His mates scarified the wound, bound up the arm, and administered a large dose of brandy; put the patient into a cart, and made for a dispensary with all possible speed. Here the wound was scarified again; and a doctor passing by, being called in, cauterised it, and injected ammonia. In a few minutes the man's spasmodic struggles ceased, and he was able to walk to a cab. By the time he reached the hospital all traces of the venom had disappeared, and he seemed only to suffer from the effects of the spirits he had imbibed. The ammonia treatment of snake-bite is not efficacious with the lower animals; at least in a series of experiments upon dogs, not a single canine sufferer recovered. Although Queensland is reputed to be a land of rivers and streams, there are tracts where water is scarce, and those who recklessly go on the tramp, or 'wallaby,' as this kind of vagabondising is called, sometimes experience the horrors of thirst, and actually sink down and die in the wilderness.

To prove the truth of this, and to shew that examples are not wanting of travellers who have died of thirst, a correspondent of the *Queenslander* tells how, following the tracks of some horses that had strayed from their beat, he came upon a pair of moleskin trousers hanging upon a tree, as if put there for a signal of distress. Looking about, he picked up a torn pocket, containing an illegible cheque and a match-box; and scattered about on the grass saw a blanket, shirt, hat, and water-bag. Searching further, he found the skull and bones of a man who had apparently been dead some two or three weeks; some of the flesh was still on the bones, and the brains were almost intact. Bags of flour, tea, and sugar lay near; a proof that the poor fellow had not died of hunger, but of thirst, the nearest water being twelve miles from the spot where he died his lonely death.

Thomas Stevenson, a lad of seventeen, started one December morning from his brother's station, some fifty miles from Louth, New South Wales, for the post-office at that place, which he reached safely, and left again at daybreak on the Saturday. The following Wednesday his horse arrived home, bearing his rider's coat, scarf, and spurs. His brother started for the bush with some black trackers, who found that the missing lad had been wandering on the Debil-Debil Mountains, but finding it impossible to get his horse down them, had turned back to get round the base of the mountains, but mistaking the road and overtaken by darkness, had camped out and hobbled his horse. After a three days' search the trackers discovered the body of young Stevenson lying between two logs in a lonely part of the bush. The weather had been extremely hot, and it was known he had no water-bag with him; so there was little doubt that he died of thirst. After losing his way and losing hope, he must have taken off his coat, scarf, and spurs, fastened them to a saddle, and turned the horse loose. Then placing the two logs on a track, he had lain down between them with his head resting on a cross-piece at one end, and so waited Death's releasing hand.

If advertising means business, business should be brisk indeed at Darling Downs, since the editor of the *Darling Downs Gazette* finds it necessary to explain the absence of the customary 'leader' in this wise: 'Owing to a press of advertis——. In fact it is coming to this, that we shall have to throw up the business if people come hustling their advertisements in at the rate they are doing. The general appreciation of the fact that the *Gazette*

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is bound to be read by everybody, is becoming overwhelming. We plead guilty to no leader this time; but what were we to do? Only just now a bald-headed man came rushing in—— But stop! let us first explain that we mean no offence to bald-headed men, and they needn't get up in arms. Goodness knows, we were bald-headed enough ourselves once upon a time, and used to be up in arms frequently about that period. Ask our nurse. However, as we were about to say, a bald-headed man came hustling in just as we had commenced our leader, and had got as far as, "When the history of mankind shall have been disinterred from the triturated and inevaporable sediments of its consummated cosmogony"—and while with our pen suspended we were working up the continuation in the same gay and sparkling style, that bald-headed man violently brought us down from the ethereal heights in which we were soaring, and wanted to know whether we could spare space for a column or so of advertisements. He fluttered some dingy papers, each marked five pounds, under our eyes, and we rather liked it. But we conquered our feelings and remarked: "Caitiff! our duty to our readers demands a leading article; hang advertisements! Take your beak from out our heart; take your form from off our door." The wretch winked, and went to the book-keeper, and inveigled him into finding space for that advertisement. Since then, there have been processions of bald and hairy men with insidious manners and fluttering notes, palming off advertisements on us. In short—or if the reader objects to that phrase as inappropriate—at length, we have no leading article, and if the reader could only witness our tears!'

With certain parliamentary proceedings fresh in remembrance, we dare not cast stones at our cousins for not eliminating the rowdy element from their legislatures. That it should be predominant is not surprising, since we are assured, that in view of a coming dissolution, candidates swarm on the ground like frogs in a marsh. Every man who has figured in the insolvent list for the last three years; every boot-black whose stock of materials has given out; wild wood-carters whose only horse and hope is dead; country newspaper reporters down on their luck; country-town bellmen whose vocation has been supplanted; seedy men who cry penny papers in the streets: in short, all Bohemia and its dependencies have taken the field with a view to winning senatorial honours and the three hundred a year going with them. Prominent among these candidates stand Tom M'Inerney, who bases his claims upon the fact that he owns fifteen drays and fourteen children, and is under the impression that S. I. after a man's name denote him to be a civil engineer; and Patrick Tyrrell, who objects to 'circular' education, and who proved himself a real Irishman when asked if he would tax absentees, by replying: 'To be sure I would, if they didn't live in the country.'

However Australian legislators may indulge in libellous personalities, it is pleasant to note that such things are not received into favour by the press; the *Queenslander* notifying to all concerned, that 'any statement, comment, or criticism of a personal character calculated to provoke ill-feeling in the community from which it may be penned, will not only be rigorously excluded, as hitherto, but any correspondent who may think fit to forward such matter for publication will be immediately requested to discontinue his connection with this journal.' To be perfect, this notification only needs the N.B.—English papers please copy.

## TAKING IT COOLLY.

Some of many instances of extraordinary coolness in the midst of danger and otherwise that have been recorded, are here offered to our readers, together with some amusing sayings and doings. When gallant Ponsonby lay grievously wounded on the field of Waterloo, he forgot his own desperate plight while watching an encounter between a couple of French lancers and one of his own men, cut off from his troop. As the Frenchmen came down upon Murphy, he, using his sword as if it were a shillelagh, knocked their lances alternately aside again and again. Then suddenly setting spurs to his horse, he galloped off full speed, his eager foes following in hot pursuit, but not quite neck and neck. Wheeling round at exactly the right moment, the Irishman, rushing at the foremost fellow, parried his lance, and struck him down. The second, pressing on to avenge his comrade, was cut through diagonally by Murphy's sword, falling to the earth without a cry or a groan; while the victor, scarcely glancing at his handiwork, trotted off whistling *The Grinder*.

Ponsonby's brave cavalry-man knew how to take things coolly, which, according to Colonel R. P. Anderson, is the special virtue of the British man-of-war, who, having the utmost reliance in himself and his commanders, is neither easily over-excited nor readily alarmed. In support of his assertion, the colonel relates how two tars, strolling up from the Dil-Kusha Park, where Lord Clyde's army was stationed, towards the Residency position at Lucknow, directed their steps by the pickets of horse and foot. Suddenly, a twenty-four-pound shot struck the road just in front of them. 'I'm blessed, Bill,' said one of the tars, 'if this here channel is properly buoyed!' and on the happy-go-lucky pair went towards the Residency, as calmly as if they had been on Portsmouth Hard. During the same siege, a very young private of the 102d was on sentry, when an eight-inch shell, fired from a gun a hundred yards off, burst close to him, making a deal of noise and throwing up an immense quantity of earth. Colonel Anderson rushed to the spot. The youthful soldier was standing quietly at his post, close to where the shell had just exploded. Being asked what had happened, he replied unconcernedly: 'I think a shell has busted, sir.'

Towards the close of the fight of Inkermann, Lord Raglan, returning from taking leave of General Strangways, met a sergeant carrying water for the wounded. The sergeant drew himself up to salute, when a round-shot came bounding over the hill, and knocked his forage-cap out of his hand. The man picked it up, dusted it on

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his knee, placed it carefully on his head, and made the salute, not a muscle of his countenance moving the while. 'A neat thing that, my man?' said Lord Raglan. 'Yes, my lord,' returned the sergeant, with another salute; 'but a miss is as good as a mile.' The commander was probably not surprised by such an exhibition of *sang-froid*, being himself good that way. He was badly hurt at Waterloo; and, says the Prince of Orange, who was in the hospital, 'I was not conscious of the presence of Lord Fitzroy Somerset until I heard him call out in his ordinary tone: "Hollo! Don't carry that arm away till I have taken off my ring!" Neither wound nor operation had extorted a groan from his lips.'

The Indian prides himself upon taking good or ill in the quietest of ways; and from a tale told in Mr Marshall's *Canadian Dominion*, his civilised half-brother would seem to be equally unemotional. Thanks mainly to a certain Métis or half-breed in the service of the Hudson Bay Company, a Sioux warrior was found guilty of stealing a horse, and condemned to pay the animal's value by instalments, at one of the Company's forts. On paying the last instalment, he received his quittance from the man who had brought him to justice, and left the office. A few moments later the Sioux returned, advanced on his noiseless moccasins within a pace of the writing-table, and levelled his musket full at the half-breed's head. Just as the trigger was pulled, the Métis raised the hand with which he was writing and touched lightly the muzzle of the gun; the shot passed over his head, but his hair was singed off in a broad mass. The smoke clearing away, the Indian was amazed to see his enemy still lived. The other looked him full in the eyes for an instant, and quietly resumed his writing. The Indian silently departed unpursued; those who would have given chase being stopped by the half-breed with: 'Go back to your dinner, and leave the affair to me.'

When evening came, a few whites, curious to see how the matter would end, accompanied the Métis to the Sioux encampment. At a certain distance he bade them wait, and advanced alone to the Indian tents. Before one of these sat crouched the baffled savage, singing his own death-hymn to the tom-tom. He complained that he must now say good-bye to wife and child, to the sunlight, to his gun and the chase. He told his friends in the spirit-land to expect him that night, when he would bring them all the news of their tribe. He swung his body backwards and forwards as he chanted his strange song, but never once looked up—not even when his foe spurned him with his foot. He only sang on, and awaited his fate. Then the half-breed bent his head and spat down on the crouching Sioux, and turned leisurely away—a crueller revenge than if he had shot him dead.

It is not given to every one to play the philosopher, and accept fortune's buffets and favours with equal placidity. Horatios are scarce. But there are plenty of people capable of behaving like Spartans where the trouble does not touch their individuality. 'How can I get out of this?' asked an Englishman, up to his armpits in a Scotch bog, of a passer-by. 'I dinna think ye *can* get oot of it,' was the response of the Highlander as he went on his way.

Mistress of herself was the spouse of the old gentleman, who contrived to tumble off the ferry-boat into the Mississippi, and was encouraged to struggle for dear life by his better-half shouting: 'There, Samuel; didn't I tell you so? Now then, work your legs, flap your arms, hold your breath, and repeat the Lord's Prayer—for its mighty onsartin, Samuel, whether you land in Vicksburg or eternity!'

Thoroughly oblivious of court manners was the red-cloaked old Kentish dame who found her way into the tent occupied by Queen Charlotte at a Volunteer review held shortly after her coming to England, and after staring at the royal lady with her arms akimbo, observed: 'Well, she's not so ugly as they told me she was!'—a compliment the astonished queen gratefully accepted, saying: 'Well, my good woman, I am very glad of dat.' Probably Her Majesty forgave her critic's rudeness as the outcome of rustic ignorance and simplicity.

There is no cooler man than your simple fellow. While General Thomas was inspecting the fortifications of Chattanooga with General Garfield, they heard some one shout: 'Hello, mister! You! I want to speak to you!' General Thomas, turning, found he was the 'mister' so politely hailed by an East Tennessean soldier.

'Well, my man,' said he, 'what do you want with me?'

'I want to get a furlough, mister, that's what I want,' was the reply.

'Why do you want a furlough, my man?' inquired the general.

'Wall, I want to go home and see my wife.'

'How long is it since you saw her?'

'Ever since I enlisted; nigh on to three months.'

'Three months!' exclaimed the commander. 'Why, my good fellow, I have not seen my wife for three years!'

The Tennessean looked incredulous, and drawled out: 'Wall, you see, me and *my* wife ain't that sort!'

The Postmaster-general of the United States once received an odd official communication; the Raeborn postmaster, new to his duties, writing to his superior officer: 'Seeing by the regulations that I am required to send you a letter of advice, I must plead in excuse that I have been postmaster but a short time; but I will say, if your office pays no better than mine, I advise you to give it up.' To this day, that Postmaster-general has not decided whether his subordinate was an ignoramus or was quietly poking fun at him.

Spite of the old axiom about self-praise, many are of opinion that the world is apt to take a man at his own valuation. If that be true, there is a church dignitary in embryo somewhere in the young deacon, whose examining bishop felt it requisite to send for the clergyman recommending him for ordination, in order to tell him to keep that young man in check; adding by way of

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explanation: 'I had the greatest difficulty, sir, to prevent him examining me!' This not to be abashed candidate for clerical honours promises to be as worthy of the cloth as the American minister who treated his village congregation to one of Mr Beecher's sermons, unaware that the popular Brooklyn preacher made one of his hearers. Accosting him after service, Mr Beecher said: 'That was a fair discourse; how long did it take you to write it?'

'Oh, I tossed it off one evening,' was the reply.

'Indeed!' said Mr Beecher. 'Well, it took me much longer than that to think out the framework of that sermon.'

'Are you Henry Ward Beecher?' asked the sermon-stealer.

'I am,' said that gentleman.

'Well, then,' said the other, not in the least disconcerted, 'all I have to say is, that I ain't ashamed to preach one of your sermons anywhere.'

We do not know if Colman invented the phrase, 'As cool as a cucumber;' but he makes the Irishman in *The Heir-at-Law* say: 'These two must be a rich man that won't lend, and a borrower; for one is trotting about in great distress, and t' other stands cool as a cucumber.' Of the two, the latter was more likely to have been intending a raid on another man's purse, for the men whose 'very trade is borrowing' are usually, we might say necessarily, the coolest of the cool; like Bubb Dodington's impecunious acquaintance, who, rushing across Bond Street, greeted Dodington with: 'I'm delighted to see you, for I am wonderfully in want of a guinea.'

Taking out his purse, Bubb shewed that it held but half a guinea.

'A thousand thanks!' cried his tormentor, deftly seizing the coin; 'that will do very well for the present;' and then changed the conversation. But as he turned to take leave, he inquired: 'By-the-by, when will you pay me that half-guinea?'

'Pay you? What do you mean?' exclaimed Dodington.

'Mean? Why, I intended to borrow a guinea of you. I have only got half; but I'm not in a hurry for t' other. Name your own time, only pray keep it!' saying which, he disappeared round the corner.

'John Phœnix' the American humorist being one night at a theatre, fancied he saw a friend some three seats in front of him. Turning to his next neighbour he said: 'Would you be kind enough to touch that gentleman with your stick?' 'Certainly,' was the reply, and the thing was done; but when the individual thus assaulted turned round, Phœnix saw he was not the man he took him for, and became at once absorbed in the play, leaving his friend with the stick to settle matters with the gentleman in front, which, as he had no excuse handy, was not done without considerable trouble. When the hubbub was over, the victim said: 'Didn't you tell me to tap that man with my stick?' 'Yes.' 'And what did you want?' 'Oh,' said Phœnix, with imperturbable gravity, 'I wanted to see whether you *would* tap him or not!'

'Jack Holmes,' a man-about-town, living no one knew how, was once under cross-examination by a certain sergeant-at-law, who knew his man too well. 'Now, sir,' said the learned gentleman, 'tell the jury how you live?'

'Well,' said Holmes, 'a chop or a steak, and on Sunday perhaps a little bit of fish; I am a very plain-living man.'

'You know what I mean, sir,' thundered the questioner. 'What do you do for a living?'

'The same as you, sergeant,' said the witness, tapping his forehead suggestively; 'and when that fails, I do'—going through the pantomime of writing across his hand—'a little bit of stuff—the same as you again.'

'My lud, I shall not ask this obtuse witness any more questions,' said the angry counsel.

'Brother,' said Baron Martin, 'I think you had better not.'

Here is a hint for our old friend the clown in the pantomime. At the burning of a provision store, the crowd helped themselves freely. One man grasped a huge cheese as his share of the salvage; rising up with it he found himself face to face with a policeman, and with admirable presence of mind put the plunder into the officer's arms, saying: 'You had better take care of that, policeman, or some one will be walking off with it.'

Equally ready to relinquish his loot when there was no help for it was a Chicago negro, caught by a poultry fancier in the act of carrying off some of his live stock, and challenged with: 'What are you doing with my chickens?' 'I wuz gwine fer ter fetch 'em back, boss,' explained he. 'Dere's a nigger roun' here what's bin disputin along er me 'bout dem chickens. I said dey wuz Coachin Chyniz; an he said dey wuz Alabarmar pullets; an I wuz jes takin 'em roun' fer ter stablish my nollidge. Dey don't lay no aigs, does dey, boss? Ef dey does, I'm mighty shamed of hustlin 'em roun'. Aigs is scase.'

Impudently cool as the darkey was, he must yield the palm for effrontery to the Erie Railway guard, whose interview with Manager Fisk is thus related in an American paper.

'You are a conductor on the Erie, I believe?'

'Yes, sir.'

'How long have you been on the road?'

'Fifteen years.'

'Worth some property, I learn?'

'Some.'

'Have a very fine house in Oswego? Cost you some thirty, forty, or fifty thousand dollars?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Some little money invested in bonds, I am told?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Own a farm near where you reside?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Had nothing when you commenced as conductor on our road?'

'Nothing to speak of.'

'Made the property since?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Been at work for no other parties?'

'No; but I have been saving money, and invested it from time to time to good advantage.'

'Well, sir, what will you give to settle? Of course you cannot pretend to say you have acquired this property from what you have saved from your salary? You will not deny that you have pocketed a great deal of money belonging to the railway—at least fifty or sixty thousand dollars? Now, sir, what will you give to settle, and not be disgraced, as you certainly will be if a trial is brought, and

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you are compelled to give up the property you profess to own, but which in reality belongs to the Company?'

'Well, Mr Manager, I had not thought of the matter. For several years I have been running my train to the best of my ability. Never looked at the matter in this light before. Never thought I was doing anything wrong. I have done nothing more than other conductors; tried to earn my salary and get it, and think I've succeeded. I don't know that I owe the Company anything. If you think I do, why, there's a little difference of opinion, and I don't want any trouble over it. I have a nice family, nice father and mother; relatives all of good standing; they would feel bad to have me arrested and charged with dishonesty. It would kill my wife. She has every confidence in me, and the idea that I would take a penny that did not belong to me would break her heart. I don't care anything for the matter myself; but on account of my family and relatives, if you won't say anything more about it, I'll give you say—a dollar!'

## THE MONTH:

### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

Mr Charles Barry, President of the Royal Institute of British Architects, in his opening address, mentioned that with a view to facilitate the studies of young men, the library of the Institute is open from ten in the morning till nine at night, to members of the Architectural Association, to the architectural classes of the Royal Academy, of University College, and King's College. A fee of five shillings a year and a proper recommendation are the conditions on which this valuable privilege may be obtained; and it is to be hoped that earnest-minded students—the architects of the future—will hasten to avail themselves of this generously offered store of knowledge.

The Council of the Institute have given notice of lectures which are to be delivered at University College, London, during the present session, comprising Ancient Architecture as a Fine Art; on Construction and Materials; on Roofing, Masonry, Quarries, Arches, and Groining. At King's College also there will be lectures on the Mechanics of Construction; on Constructive Design and Practice, besides classes for the study of Architectural Drawing, Descriptive Geometry, and Surveying and Levelling. Young men who wish to study architecture and allied subjects have in the courses thus provided for, a favourable opportunity. Among the papers announced for reading at the meetings of the Institute are: On the Architecture of Norway; On the Prevention of Corrosion in Iron; and Syria, the Cradle of Gothic Architecture; which may be expected to present especial points of interest.

The Council of the Royal Agricultural Society have published a statement of members' privileges which is worth attention. On payment of a moderate fee the advice of a competent veterinary inspector can be had in cases of disease among the live-stock; post-mortem examinations can be made, and the animals may be sent to the Brown Institution, Wandsworth Road, London, where the Professor-Superintendent undertakes 'to carry out such investigations relating to the nature, treatment, and prevention of diseases of cattle, sheep, and pigs, as may be deemed expedient by the Council of the Society.' Reports on the cases are drawn up quarterly, or specially as may be required. Analyses of guano and other fertilisers, of soils, of water, of vegetable products, may be had; also reports on seeds, with determination of the quantity of weeds mingled among them; on vegetable parasites; on diseases of farm-crops. And besides all this, any member whose lands are infested by noxious intruders may have a 'determination of the species of any insect, worm, or other animal, which, in any stage of its life, injuriously affects the farm-crops, with a report on its habits, and suggestions as to its extermination.'

Experiments on the fattening of animals by Messrs Lawes and Gilbert help to settle the much-debated question as to whether fat is produced exclusively from nitrogenous food or not. Their conclusion is, that excess of nitrogen contributes to growth but not to fatness. 'There is, of course,' they say, 'a point below which the proportion of nitrogenous substance in the food should not be reduced; but if this be much exceeded, the proportion of the increase, and especially of the fat-increase, to the nitrogenous substance consumed, rapidly decreases; and it may be stated generally, that taking our current fattening food-stuffs as they are, it is their supply of digestible non-nitrogenous, rather than of nitrogenous constituents which guides the amount, both of the food consumed and of the increase produced, by the fattening animal.'

Since the outbreak of discussion on spontaneous generation and the germ theory, many readers have become familiar with the term Bacteria, by which certain minute organisms are described. The question involved may be studied from different points of view, as appears from a communication addressed to the Royal Society by Dr Downes and Mr Blunt, a chemist, on the Effect of Light upon Bacteria and other Organisms. Properly prepared solutions were inclosed in glass tubes; some of the tubes were placed in sunlight, others were covered with paper or some material that excluded light. The dark tubes became turbid; the light tubes remained clear. The experiments modified in various ways were continued from April to October; and the conclusions that the experimentalists came to were that—Light is inimical to the development of Bacteria and the microscopic fungi associated with putrefaction and decay, its action on the latter being apparently less rapid than upon the former—That the preservative quality of light is most powerful in the direct solar ray, but can be demonstrated to exist in ordinary diffused daylight—and That this preservative quality appears to be associated with the actinic rays of the spectrum. 'It appears to us,' say the two gentlemen, 'that the organisms which have been the subject of our research may be regarded simply as isolated cells, or minute protoplasmic masses specially fitted by their transparency and tenuity for the demonstration of physical influences. May we not expect that laws similar to those which here manifest themselves may be in operation throughout the vegetable, and perhaps also the animal kingdom wherever light has direct access to protoplasm? On the one hand, we have chlorophyll (colouring substance of leaves, &c.) owing its very existence to light, and whose functions are deoxidising; on the other, the

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white protoplasm or germinal matter oxidising in its relations, and to which, in some of its forms at least, the solar rays are not only non-essential, but even devitalising and injurious.

'This suggestion,' continued the gentlemen, 'we advance provisionally and with diffidence; nor do we wish to imply that the relations of light to protoplasmic matter are by any means so simple as might be inferred from the above broad statement.'

A paper by Dr Burdon Sanderson, F.R.S., read before the same Society, contains, amid much that is controversial about *Bacteria*, germs, organised particles, development and so forth, a few passages which all intelligent readers will be able to understand. On the question of disease-germs, the learned doctor remarks: 'In order that any particle may be rightly termed a disease-germ, two things must be proved concerning it: first, that it is a living organism; secondly, that if it finds its way into the body of a healthy human being or of an animal, it will produce the disease of which it is the germ. Now there is only one disease affecting the higher animals in respect of which anything of this kind has been proved, and that is splenic fever of cattle. In other words, there is but one case in which the existence of a disease-germ has been established. Comparing such a germ with the germinal particles we have been discussing, we see that there is but little analogy between them, for, first, the latter are not known to be organised; secondly, they have no power of producing disease, for it has been found by experiment that ordinary Bacteria may be introduced into the circulating blood of healthy animals in considerable quantities without producing any disturbance of health. So long as we ourselves are healthy, we have no reason to apprehend any danger from the morbific action of atmospheric dust, except in so far as it can be shewn to have derived infectiveness from some particular source of miasma or contagium.'

In a communication to the *American Journal*, Professor Kirkwood discusses the question—Does the motion of the inner satellite of Mars disprove the nebular hypothesis? This satellite he remarks is within three thousand four hundred miles of the planet's surface, and completes three orbital revolutions in less than a Martial day. How is this remarkable fact to be reconciled with the cosmogony of Laplace? The Professor then remarks that there is some similarity between the movements of the satellites and those of the rings of Saturn. The rings are composed of clouds of exceedingly minute planetoids, and while the outer ring revolves in a period somewhat greater than that of Saturn itself, 'the inner visible edge of the dusky ring completes a revolution in about eight hours. These rings, in the words of Professor Tait, 'like everything cosmical, must be gradually decaying, because in the course of their motion round the planet there must be continual impacts among the separate portions of the mass; and of two which impinge, one may be accelerated, but at the expense of the other. The other falls out of the race, as it were, and is gradually drawn in towards the planet. The consequence is that, possibly not so much on account of the improvement of telescopes of late years, but perhaps simply in consequence of this gradual closing in of the whole system, a new ring of Saturn has been observed inside the two old ones, called from its appearance the crape ring, which was narrow when first observed, but is gradually becoming broader. That crape ring is formed of the laggards which have been thrown out of the race, and are gradually falling in towards Saturn's surface.' It is then suggested that, by a process similar to that here described, the phenomena of the Martial system may have been produced, and the argument concludes thus: 'Unless some such explanation as this can be given, the short period of the inner satellite will doubtless be regarded as a conclusive argument against the nebular hypothesis.'

In a paper read at a meeting of the Royal Astronomical Society, Mr Brett argues against the hypothesis that Mars is in a condition similar to that of the earth. He grounds his conclusion on the fact that in all his observations of Mars he has seen no clouds in the atmosphere thereof. That atmosphere is very dense, of great bulk, and is probably of a temperature so high that any aqueous vapour contained therein is prevented from condensation. Mr Brett implies that the glowing red colour of the middle of the disk is glowing red heat; and he remarks, in terrestrial experience there is always an intermediate phenomenon between vapour and snow, namely opaque cloud; and the absence of this condition seems fatal to the hypothesis that the white polar patch, as hitherto supposed, consists of snow. According to Mr Brett this patch is not only not snow; constitutes no part of the solid mass of the planet; but is nothing more than a patch of cloud, 'the only real cloud existing in Mars.'

From particulars published in the *Quarterly Journal* of the Geological Society, it appears that metallic copper and copper ore have been discovered along a tract of country in Nova Scotia, that the specimens when analysed at Swansea yielded satisfactory results, and that 'Nova Scotia may soon appear on the list of copper-producing countries, it being confidently expected that during the approaching summer fresh localities will be proved to contain copper-bearing veins.' And shifting the scene, we learn from the same *Journal* that in the South African Diamond Fields, two claims in Kimberley Mine, comprising eighteen hundred square feet, have yielded twenty-eight thousand carats of diamond; that at Lyndenburg, in the Transvaal country, most of the alluvial gold is supplied by Pilgrim's Rest Creek, the gold being coarse and nuggety, in well-rounded lumps, some of which, ten pounds in weight, are worth from seventy-six to eighty shillings an ounce; and that near the Oliphant River cobalt ore is found, of which a hundred tons have been sent to England. The same locality yields beryls, and is believed to be rich in other minerals.

Compressed air on being released from pressure can be cooled down to a very low temperature by throwing into it a jet of cold water. Advantage has been taken of this fact in contriving a new refrigerator or freezing chamber; and we are informed that at a trial which took place with a view to commercial purposes, 'in half an hour after commencing to work the machine, the thermometer within the freezing chamber stood at twenty degrees below zero; the interior of the chamber was covered with hoar-frost half an inch thick, bottles of water were frozen solid, and the general temperature of the room in which the

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freezing chamber stands was reduced to thirty degrees Fahrenheit.' It is clear that by this invention a very cheap way of producing ice and maintaining coolness has become available; and that it should have been adopted by a Company for use on board ship to keep meat fresh during the voyage from Canada is what might be expected. Bearing in mind that in April of the present year the United States sent to England more than eight million pounds of meat, the importance of the new cooling method will be appreciated. Moreover, it may be applied to many other purposes which require a low temperature.

Another step has been taken towards diminishing the risk of railway travelling. Experience has shewn that the danger most to be dreaded is collision; and that collision is brought about by defective signals. The interlocking system of signals is good, and the block-system is good; but they have failed in critical moments. The manager of the Railway Signal Works at Kilburn has invented a method which combines the two systems, and, as we are informed, has thereby 'dislodged the last atom of human fallibility' from railway signalling. Time will prove.

The block-system has been adopted, with endeavours to improve it, on some of the principal lines in France; and the companies point to statistics which shew that railway travelling is safer in France than in Belgium or England; there being not more than *one* death to forty-five millions of travellers.

Professor Marsh's address to the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science cannot fail to interest all readers who desire to learn something of the Introduction and Succession of Vertebrate Life in America. It is a subject very inviting, and very difficult to trace the succession from fishes to amphibia, reptiles and birds, and onwards to mammals; but cannot be properly discussed without the aid of much dry scientific detail. We shall content ourselves therefore with a few points in the address which admit of presentation in a popular form. 'During the Triassic time,' says Professor Marsh, 'the Dinosaurs attained in America an enormous development both in variety of forms and in size. The Triassic sandstone of the Connecticut valley has long been famous for its fossil footprints, especially the so-called bird-tracks, which are generally supposed to have been made by birds. A careful investigation, however, of nearly all the specimens yet discovered has convinced me that most of these three-toed tracks were certainly not made by birds; but by quadrupeds which usually walked upon their hind-feet alone, and only occasionally put to the ground their smaller anterior extremities.'

According to present knowledge, the earliest appearance of birds in America was during the Cretaceous period. Among them was one to which the name *Hesperornis* has been given. It was aquatic, nearly six feet in length, had jaws with teeth set in grooves, rudimentary wings, and legs similar to those of modern diving-birds. We have it on the authority of Professor Marsh that this strange creature 'was essentially a carnivorous swimming ostrich.'

Coming to the Miocene period, we are told of the Brontotherium, an animal nearly as large as the elephant, but with much shorter limbs. A countryman looking at the skeleton of one of these monsters in the museum at Newhaven, was heard to say: 'Adam must have had a bad time of it when he branded that critter there.' It was succeeded by the equally huge *Chalicotherium*. And a little later we have the statement that 'the Marsupials are clearly the remnants of a very ancient fauna which occupied the American continent millions of years ago, and from which the other mammals were doubtless all derived, although the direct evidence of the transformation is wanting.'

It has long been supposed that the New World was peopled by migrations from the Old World. Professor Marsh holds a directly opposite opinion, whereby an interesting question is presented for discussion. The surveys and explorations carried on of late years by the United States government have brought to light such an amazing number of fossils, indicative of more, that the museums in America will soon be the largest and the richest in specimens in the world. On the other hand, we may point to Central Asia, and suggest that when that vast country shall be thoroughly explored, fossil relics may be discovered more diversified and interesting even than those of America.

A remarkable statement occurs in a Report by one of the government naturalists on the Injurious Insects of the West, namely that in the United States the loss of agricultural products through the ravages of insects amounts to 'probably more than two hundred millions of dollars each year, and that from one-quarter to one-half of this sum might be saved by preventive measures.'

Another item from beyond the Atlantic is the gigantic cuttle-fish, which was found after a storm at Catalina, on the coast of Newfoundland. The measurements of this monster were: circumference of body seven feet; length of tentacular arms thirty feet; of the ventral arms eleven feet, and eye-sockets eight inches diameter. This, the largest specimen ever preserved, is now in the New York Aquarium. With a grasp of sixty feet when living, it must have realised the descriptions in old writers of horrid sea-monsters that devoured divers, and enveloped even ships with their terrible arms. It is not the first that has been found on the shores of Newfoundland.

Readers who prefer the study of geography when mixed with adventures will find instruction and entertainment in Mr Alfred Simson's *Notes of Travel Across South America from Guayaquil to the Napo*, an affluent of the great river of Brazil, as published in the last number of the Geographical Society's *Journal*. Among descriptions of perilous incidents, of laborious exertions, and of narrow escapes, are accounts of wonderful scenery, of natural products, and of some of the native tribes, which make us aware that much yet remains to be discovered in that mountainous interior. In one place a party of the numerous Jívaros tribe was met with, one of the most independent and warlike in South America, who withstood alike the attacks of Incas and Spaniards, and have still a habit of killing white people. A Jesuit padre who had resided among them three years, told Mr Simson 'that he found it impossible to make any progress with them.'

On another occasion Mr Simson explored the almost unknown Putumayo, one of the largest of the Amazonian tributaries, navigable to the foot of

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the Andes, eighteen hundred miles from the sea. This voyage, aided by the Brazilian government, with a view to steam-navigation, occupied fifty-seven days, beset by hardships, and the plague of the blood-thirsty Pium flies, all of which Mr Simson appears to have overcome by indomitable resolution.

In reply to further inquiries made regarding vegetable size, we are told that 'the best and purest, if not the cheapest, is the *haï-thao*, which is sold by Messrs Renault aîné et fils, 26 Rue du Roi de Sicile, Paris. Its price (last year) varied from 5.50 to 7 francs per kilogramme.' We are further told that this 'gum' was applied to the sizing of cotton cloths with good results, and that it might prove equally useful for the sizing of other materials such as paper. To one gallon of water, four ounces of the size are added and *well* boiled, the result of which is a jelly which gets very thick when cool. Besides the *haï-thao*, there are other kinds of size made from sea-weeds, such as the *gélase* of M. Martineau, druggist, St Parchaise, Charente Inférieure—sold at 3.50 francs per kilogramme; the *thao-français*, sold by M. Steinbach, Petit Guerilly, near Rouen, from 3.50 to 5 francs; and the *ly-cho* of M. Fichet, 8 Rue de Chateau, Asnières, Seine. Of the foregoing we believe the *haï-thao* size to be the best.

## THE ROLL-CALL OF HOME.

'FOR VALOUR.'

A SOLDIER came from distant lands, to seek his childhood's home:
A gallant boy he marched away, when first he longed to roam
With colours flying o'er his head, with music's thrilling strain;
But now a saddened, dying man, he wandered home again.

He left his love, the village belle, and cried, in careless glee:
'When medals shine upon my breast, a hero's bride thou 'lt be.'
To bring his mother laurels back, his youthful heart had yearned;
A simple cross, a life of toil, were all that he had earned.

Beside the old churchyard there sat, upon a rustic stile,
A pretty little village maid, who gave him smile for smile.
He asked her news of dear old friends—his dog among the rest—
And trem'lous then he slowly asked for those he loved the best.

But when his father's, mother's, name she heard him softly say,
The merry face grew grave and sad; the bright smile passed away.
She told, their son was lost or dead, their hearts' delight and pride;
''Neath yonder yew-tree,' said the maid, 'they 're sleeping, side by side.'

He asked her of his boyhood's love; a joyous answer came;
'Thou knowest all my friends,' she cried; 'that *was* my mother's name.'
The soldier's face was fraught with grief she could not understand;
Yet, with a child's quick sympathy, she placed in his her hand.

'Come home,' she said; but with a kiss, quoth he, 'That may not be;
I soon shall reach the only home now left, on earth, for me.'
She was his last remaining friend; and thus, life's journey done,
He gave her all he had to give—the cross, too dearly won!

Bethought the maid, he needs repose as he has come from far;
So prayed that he would tell, some day, the story of the war.
'We two will rest a little while, for I am tired,' she said;
'Where daisies grow, beneath the tree, come now and rest thy head.'

She led him, gently, to the spot; and sleeping, calmly, there,
The mother found them, hand in hand. How different the pair!
*He* was at peace; but in that rest where sorrow ne'er may come.
Ah! may the soldier then have gained, in Heaven, a better home.

AUGUSTA A. L. MAGRA.

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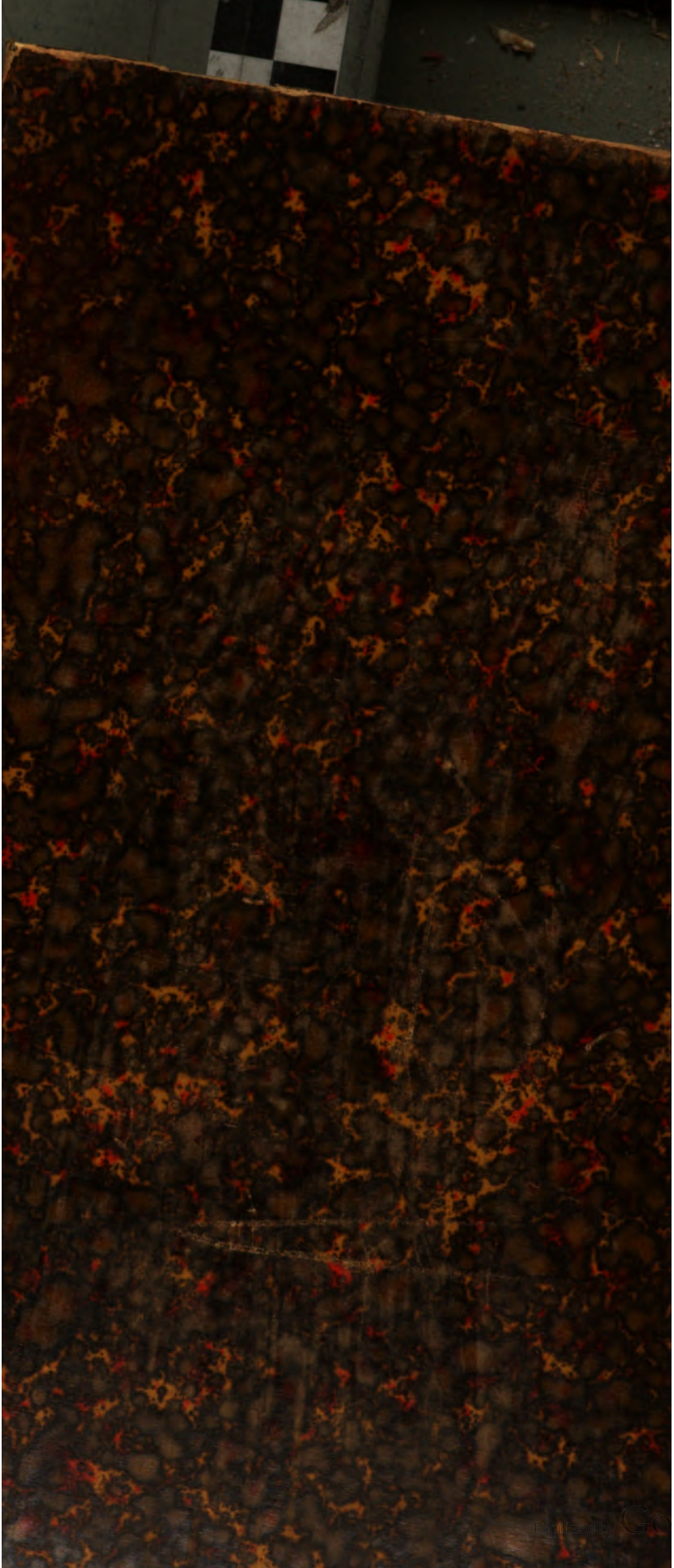
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